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The Librarian, the Doctor and the Tardis

by Arken_Stone1

Summary

Olivia Brasseaux dreams in color: a Redbox Kiosk, a green wall, the Red Scarf of Levitation, a blue Tardis, alabaster skin and the purple shirt of sex! Don't forget those bright aquamarine eyes that remind her of an oncoming storm. The Doctor is more Time Lord than she can handle and she is the woman who makes him wait.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

- Inspired by Against a Wall by fannishliss
I fell into my over-sized and wonderfully comfy bed, closing my eyes and looking forward to a good night’s sleep. That didn't last for long as my dachshund, Clyde, rushed to the end of the bed, barking and baying at another imaginary intruder. The previous day, he thought he had saved the universe from the murderous mailman and defeated my villainous cat, Bonnie.

“Cool it,” I mumbled, sinking deeper into my fluffy pillows and snuggling deep into my thick duvet, looking forward to sleeping in late on Saturday morning. “No one’s there.”

Then, the doorbell rang several times in rapid succession. I think I cursed a silent blue streak longer than a city block as I rolled over, squinting to see the alarm clock across the room. It flashed 2:30 a.m. and I rose slowly from my bed. Putting on my slippers, I padded through my dark house to see no one on my front porch.

However, there was an Redbox kiosk sitting in the middle of my front lawn.

What in the Hallelujah was a Redbox doing in my front yard? Damn, I knew I shouldn’t have eaten those sea salt and vinegar chips dipped in guacamole. Somewhere, I’d fallen asleep between Rose Tyler and River Song, not knowing when one episode had melted into another during my private Whofest.

“Criminy,” I muttered, running my fingers through my unkempt, tussled hair. I thought this was my subconscious warning me to return the Doctor Who DVDs before I racked up late charges. The last time that I’d seen a Redbox that close to me was when I had hit my head on one a little over two years prior and had dealt with some hallucinations and a nasty concussion because I had failed to tie my shoes.

“Okay, if I’m dreaming or hallucinating, why not roll with it?” I asked aloud. I opened the door, wondering which incarnation of the Doctor would greet me. Would it be Nine dressed in his leather jacket and his large ears or, perhaps, Ten, with his Converse sneakers, stylishly wrinkled suit and crazy hair that made my heart flutter? I wasn’t keen on Eleven, but he made bowties cool and I prayed to the Powers-That-Be that my psychotic break didn’t bring up Twelve.

“Hello, Darling,” came a voice from my left. I glanced to my left, I saw a tall, lithe figure silhouetted in the dark. No “Rose Tyler” or “Hello, Sweetie.” He said words a Doctor never said, “Hello, Darling.”

Since when did the Doctor have a dark, sexy voice and a stare that turned me into a tropical rain forest? Mamasita! I didn’t recognize this Doctor. I’d heard the rumors that Jodie Whittaker was the first female doctor, but my fangirl instincts told me this was a future Doctor after number 17.

Somehow, I recognized that voice, knowing it didn’t belong to any of the Doctors with whom I knew. I had watched every series since the show’s revival in 2005 and this one didn’t look like any of them. I attended the cons, wrote the fan fictions and collected some of the memorabilia. Early that night, my tribe and I had done a British telly-thon with them. We had watched Thor and while my besties fawned over Chris Helmsworth, I was rather smitten by Tom Hiddleston who played Loki.
We hadn’t stopped there. We all watched the last episode of Series 4 Sherlock and had thrown in a few episodes Doctor Who from Series 1 – 10. I had watched the Hobbit and started Doctor Strange after the girls left for the evening, but my desire for all things British and sexy couldn’t outlast my need for sleep.

I flipped on the porch light and felt my jaw fall slack. This person I didn’t know, but he was a strange amalgamation of every movie or television episode I had watched that evening. Lithe and sculpted, a man with black curly hair with gray streaks at his temples with clear green eyes who stared through me. The tall part was a nice complement to dark-haired and handsome part and those cheekbones of his were sharp enough to cut glass.

I studied him carefully. He wore a Belstaff ‘Milford’ Coat, had a red scarf wrapped style around his pale, British neck and I thought. “Oh, boy, no more salt and vinegar potato chips for me.”

“Darling?” I scoffed. “Hardly. Sorry, Dude, but I don’t know you.”

“Olivia,” his deep baritone made me shiver. “It’s been too long.”

“I’ve never met you before in my life,” eyeing the Doctor who looked a bit like Benedict, had a hint of Hiddleston and a smidgen of Tom Ellis. I knew this lucid dream was going to be trouble of the best kind.

“We have met, but I was a tad different,” he chuckled. “My offer still stands, I’m still in need of a traveling companion.”

“I’ll pass,” I held up a hand to stop the man who looked like sex on two legs. “You are just the manifestation of my midnight acid reflux and an odd, but sexy dream.”

“You need a Doctor,” he purred. “I have just the remedy for whatever ails you.”

“And bad pick-up lines. I need some sleep,” I snorted. “Let me guess. You’ve got the coat. The red scarf, what’s that for?”

“That’s the scarf of levitation,” he explained, speaking as if addressing a small child.

“Doctor Strange meets Sherlock meets Doctor Who,” I couldn’t help but grin at my mind’s imaginative combination. “Any Lucifer or Loki in there, too?”

“How much would you like, Darling?” the Doctor took off his scarf to reveal his smooth neck. I’d read the fanfics and I couldn’t resist asking.

“Doctor, what color is your shirt?”

“Purple, just for you.”

Damn that purple shirt of sex! “Figures,” I pointed at the metal, round device that he held in hand attached by a chain to his waistcoat. “Which is it, a sonic screwdriver or a magic wand, Harry?”

“Neither, it is a Gallifreyan pocket watch,” he said smugly. “I can’t expect you to know that.”

“Great, my hallucination has a smart attitude,” I couldn’t resist rolling my eyes. “And the Belstaff ‘Milford’ Coat?” I pointed out. “The Doctor doesn’t wear that. Trust me, that is exclusively Sherlock. So, I must have tripped over something again and hit my head.”

“I evolved enough, Darling, that I’ve developed better taste in dress than trainers, bracers and bow
“I liked Ten’s sneakers, Eleven’s suspenders and bow ties,” I folded my arms, nearly sneering. “Not impressed.”

“I’m the seventeenth Doctor, your Doctor,” he murmured, gently taking my elbow and guiding me inside my house. “I don’t want you getting a chill, Olivia.”

“Well, I’m going back to bed and when I wake up tomorrow, I want this delusion to be gone.” I glared at walking sex appeal on two legs. “The last time I had a hallucination like you, I ended going to Urgent Care the next day and paying three hundred dollars to be told I had a concussion.”

“I promise I’ll take good care of you, Olivia.”

“I can take care of myself,” I snorted.

“Sleep, now, and we’ll discuss this in the morning,” the Doctor urged me.

“On one condition,” I stood akimbo in my living room in my pink flannel pajamas. “What is your name? They never reveal it on the show.”

“You couldn’t pronounce it.”

“Try me,” I dared him.

He quirked one dark brow, amused by my challenge. The Doctor leaned forward and I felt his warm breath tickle my earlobe as he whispered, "Why don't you name me, Olivia?"

"You tell me your name and I'll give you one," I countered. "Deal?"

"If I tell you my name, there are obligations that go with it," his grave statement seemed out of character for the flirt slash spaceman. "A name for a name, Olivia. I tell you mine and then you must give me one."

He whispered a slew of syllables in my ear, slowly and carefully, and I paid rapt attention to each one. "Again."

"Only once, Darling," he said softly.

"Again," I demanded, grabbing his tie and pulling him closer. "Say your true name again for me."

He did. It came out barely more than a whisper and I committed it to memory as a sacred prayer. I also knew the Doctor lies, so who knew if he were telling the truth?

He started at me with those green-blue eyes with an intensity somewhere between a volcano and a hurricane. A Doctor is presumed innocent until proven guilty and I had the feeling that I'd insult or wound him if I questioned the validity of his name. "You're right, you know. Your name is too long to say in conversation."

"Name me, Olivia," his deep voice resonated in my ears and my mind. I experienced an emotion, an urgency inside my mind that I instinctually knew wasn't mine. "Please."

I pulled back, looking at the man with the aquamarine eyes and the wavy curls of black hair. I took in the porcelain, alabaster skin and those cheekbones so sharp that they’d cut glass. I heard four beats in constant rhythm, realizing they were my heart, but both of his pounding in his chest. I inhaled deeply of scent: shampoo, a hint of cologne and tea with a smidgen of mint. I saw his eyes darken...
with an emotion I couldn't name. What did a Librarian call the Oncoming Storm, the Destroyer of Worlds, the Valeyard? The Doctor was hated by billions of Daleks and Cybermen, but adored and loved by countless others. He was a feeling or expression of happiness and triumph, a celebration of good over evil, impressively beautiful, elaborate, or extravagant; striking. My epiphany came to me in that moment and I whispered my name for him in his ear, "Jubilificent."

"Again, Darling," I couldn't ignore the urgency in his voice.

"Jubilificent," I whispered. "Jules for short. Only I get to call you that name. Deal?"

"Always."

"You already have a name," I stated, looking at the man with unusually bright eyes filled with a wetness that I couldn't explain. "This is just me spiraling into madness. Why do you need me to give you one?

"I'll explain everything tomorrow, I promise you. Good night, Olivia," his voice resonated quietly, making my stomach flutter. "Pleasant dreams."

I said nothing as I turned my back to the perfect masculine beauty standing in my front yard. When I reached the front porch, I glanced at this hodge-podge Doctor. "By the way, Doctor Who doesn’t travel around in a Redbox Kiosk. It’s a blue Police Call Box called a Tardis: Time and Relative Dimension in Space. At least, get that part right."

"In this case, this is your Time Inter-Dimensional Exploration. Ride the Tide, Ollie."

"Smart ass," I muttered as I stepped inside and locked the door. I swore that I heard the stranger mutter, "Indeed."

***********

The next morning I woke up with the sun streaming from the east through my bedroom window. I put on my glasses, looking at the alarm clock which read 9:30 a.m. I didn’t hear any noise and I gave a long sigh of relief that my dreams from the previous night had been nothing more than that. I thought I was late for work, but then remembered it was Saturday.

I arose from my bed, deciding to peek outside just to soothe my anxiety. I saw a US Postal Service mailbox, large and blue, sitting at the front northwest corner of my front yard. When did USPS put a mailbox in my front yard?

I concluded this was "Bad Dream: the Sequel." I felt fine. I didn’t remember tripping over anything the previous night or eating anything worse than the salt and vinegar chips with guacamole. Oh, crap, the delusion continued. I turned around, ready to return to bed and pull the covers over my head until I regained my lost sanity. Dear Reader, I promised the Powers Above that if the hallucination stopped, I’d never write another cheesy, lemon fan fiction as long as I lived. I vowed to quit spending all of my disposable income on traveling to cons, memorabilia or new DVDs.

Jules poked his head through the kitchen entrance. “Darling, how do you like your eggs?”

“I don’t,” I replied. “I’m allergic.”

“Well, thank goodness there was a little international market not far,” he gave me a wide grin. “I looked in your pantry and your lack of nutritious food is abysmal. So, I determined what you need is a proper English breakfast.”
“How about a steak and cheese bagel from Mickey D’s?” I yawned. “No more hallucination. I’m going back to bed.”

Then I smelled something utterly delicious, the flavorful aroma wafting from the kitchen. Carefully, I poked my head around the corner to see one of my Fiesta ware plates filled with English bacon. I saw beans on my plate and I looked at Jules as if he was the one who had lost grip on reality. I mean, who eats beans for breakfast? Did I see tomatoes on my plate? I ate cold Pizza, maybe, but beans? Not so much.

“No fried bread?” I asked, a bit disappointed.

“No lard,” he shrugged. “I made do with what was available. We are in the middle of the States, after all.”

“Why is there a USPS mailbox in my front yard?” I asked, peering out my living room window.

“Less conspicuous than a 1960s British Police Box,” he grinned. “I updated the chameleon circuit with software from the planet Sillifron and it seems to work smashingly well.”

“Hmm,” I didn’t know how else to respond. We both seated ourselves in the breakfast nook and began eating our breakfast in silence. I murmured a thank you and he gave an accepting nod. “Any tea?”

“Hot or iced?”

“Hot,” he smirked.

“Cream?”

“Yes, please,” he replied.

“Sugar?”

“2 cubes.”

“Hot and sweet,” I replied.

“Exactly how I like my companions,” he smiled at me. “Hot and sweet.”

Since when did the Doctor know how to flirt? I knew I needed to find a psychiatrist ASAP and see if I had completely lost my mind. “Careful, Doc. In this day and age of political correctness, some might consider that a harassing comment.”

“Do you?”

I refused to answer that question.

“Okay, Jules, spill it,” I demanded after I stabbed a piece of bacon with my fork. “Why are you here? You promised me answers.”

“I’m looking for a companion,” he said, looking too innocent for that statement to be true.

“You don’t exist,” I ranted at him, taking a bite of the bacon, salty and crunchy in my mouth. I pointed at him with my fork. “You are a British television character and you don’t exist in the real world.”
“In whose universe?” he asked, looking at me through thick lashes, cutting his bacon with precise motions and taking small bites. “But, when is today?”


“Let’s continue our breakfast, Darling Ollie, and I shall explain as we wash dishes,” he flashed me a grin of perfect teeth. So much for that stereotype being true.

Any man who cooks me breakfast, then offers to help with dishes catches my attention.

******

Doctor Jules had opted to wash while I dried. My hallucination was gentlemanly, charming, cheeky and an absolute fancy man. I half-expected him to pull out his rod of whatever and exclaim, “Scourgify!” So much for that part of my fantasy coming to life. I had to be content with doing dishes by hand.

“So, explain why I am going stark raving mad, Jules?” I asked, handing him one of the plates to dry. With his purple shirt of sex, he had his sleeves rolled up to his elbows to keep them dry. He towelled the plate before putting it in the dish basket.

"Olivia, you're going anywhere but mad," he held the turquoise Fiesta ware plate in one hand while drying it with the dish towel. "You are one of the billions of beings in the universe who is sensitive to the Amalgamation."

"So much for being special," I mumbled. "So, I'll bite. If I'm not going mad, then what does that mean?"

"No, you're not going made," he gave me a smile. “This is the day when the veil between dimensions is thinnest. You can refer to your regular Cartesian Philosophy and his Theory or Vortices conjectured the walls between worlds were matter in various states, opening doors or whirling vortices.”

He spoke fluent fangirl. “So, either trans-dimensional wormholes or fissures in the space-time continuum are occurring and I'm genetically predisposed to be attuned to them much the way animals can sense an oncoming storm or earthquake.”

“Precisely, Darling,” he grinned. “Oh, you are a clever minx, aren’t you?”

<"It's just because it's Halloween," I said, disappointed. "The walls between worlds are always thinnest on that day."

"Partially, also true"

“First, my name isn’t ‘Darling,’” I started. “It’s Olivia. Secondly, don’t patronize me and third, you’re telling me that because of the thinning veil between worlds, realms, whatever, that you’re able to cross over to my universe, world and time, right?”

“Exactly.” Jules’ perfect grin grew wider if that was possible.

"You've explained that I'm not mad and how you arrived here,” I stood akimbo. "Now, please tell me why you are here. Why me? Why here? There are thousands of rinky-dink parallel dimensions in this big, wide multiverse. Of all of them, why did you have to come into mine?"

"I will explain it to you, Ollie," he placed the plated into the drying rack. "But, not today."
“Look,” I shrugged. “It isn’t possible. I want to test a theory. Humor me, alright?”

“Surely, Ollie,” his solemn reply barely did nothing to hide the mirth twinkling in those bright green eyes. I wondered if he knew that Benedict Cumberbatch was a ginger.

“Narnia?”

“Been there,” he said. “Didn’t like the White Witch, cold ice shrew that one was.”

“Aslan?”

“Majestic,” he said in a reverent whisper.

“Gandalf?”

“Rather curmudgeonly, but magically adept.”

“Sherlock?”

“Absolute prick, but excellent taste in clothes. Can’t say much for his mate, John. Those jumpers of his are hideous.”

“That’s a matter of opinion,” I retorted. “Here in America, jumpers are called ‘sweaters.’ What about Ross Poldark?”

“Clever fellow, defiant, dashing and too stubborn for his own good.”

“Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz?”

“Who?”

“A-ha!” I poked his chest in triumph. “Dorothy wasn’t British.”

“No, but she is an extraordinary Time Lady,” he winked.

“Wait, you’re supposed to be last of the Time Lords!” I countered.

“Time Lords, yes.” the Doctor left the words dangling in the air.

“But Time Ladies still exist?” I asked.

“Oh, yes.”

“So, her ruby slippers?”

“Not all Tardises are blue boxes, Ollie. Silver slippers, actually. One of her companions wrote about several of her adventures and named all of the worlds ‘Oz.’”

I handed him a glass to dry. “Who knew?”

“Did you know the Wardrobe was a Tardis?”

“Aslan was a Time Lord?” I asked with held breath.

“Oh, no!” the Doctor dried the glass with the hand towel before putting it in the drainer to dry. “But, C.S. Lewis was.”
I slowly returned my Fiesta ware plate into the dishwater, feeling queasy and disoriented. “I think I need to sit down.”

“I think you should, Darling,” the Doctor’s merriment melted into a look of concern. He poured me a tall glass of water. “Drink this and breathe slowly.”

I looked around my house and reexamined everything I knew. Was I going bonkers, stark raving mad or completely insane? Was Jules telling the truth? I didn’t know what to make of it all. Either I had experienced gustatory mind trips, phantosmia and auditory hallucinations, along with the visual ones or what he was saying was the truth. As Sherlock had said in at least one episode, "It is an old maxim of mine that when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth."

The Truth had a wicked right hook and bricksmacked me into considering reality is more than perception.

“I need a moment,” I stammered, rushing out of the kitchen into my bedroom. I stared at myself in the mirror, seeing my self dressed in pink pajamas, fuzzy slippers and a bad case of bed head. My parents had died while in my early twenties, no siblings, but I had a steady job as a Librarian and a nice on-again-off-again-boyfriend named John, currently off. I had my fur babies, Bonnie and Clyde, but nothing else to keep me where I was. The last time that I had encountered a Redbox kiosk and the Doctor, that incarnation (Ten) had left me behind because I took too much time deciding where I wanted to go.

I wouldn’t make the same mistake this time, but he may have already left. I may never receive another chance. Insanity or inter-dimensional travel. I knew what I wanted, but I had to ask for a few conditions. I left my bedroom and found the Doctor sitting at my kitchen table. That Sherlockian face with the Loki eyes looked at me as his thumbs were a moving blur, texting wildly to someone.

“What are you thinking, Ollie?”

“Promise me that you won’t erase my memory, let me die or trap me in some parallel dimension,” I said.

The Doctor’s face became one showing heartbreak, surprise and hurt all in one expression. “I won’t let you fall, Ollie, I promise.”

“If I go with you, can I take Bonnie and Clyde with me?”

The hurt expression softened slightly into a hint of a smile. “You have to clean Bonnie’s litter box and clean up any messes that Clyde makes.”

“Agreed,” I nodded. “Do I have time to take a shower and pack a bag?”

“We have the entire day, Darling, and I can have you back by sunset. We can travel from the dawn of time to a hundred universes, the past or future. We’ll go to wherever you want to go, my feisty Ollie, and somewhere else that you’ve never been.”

“Why me?” I asked.

“For some reason, I keep running into you, so why not you?” he asked. “Do try to keep up, Ollie. The universe has given us serendipity.”

“The game is on?” I raised a brow in question.

“Something like that,” The Doctor or Jules as I like to call him nodded to me. “Now, go pack your
“And you’ll have me back by tonight?”

“Indeed.”

********************

It only took me an hour to shower, pack my bag, pick a few belongings and put together things for Bonnie and Clyde. I packed my favorite books including my Harry Potter Series, the Twilight Saga, a couple of Star Wars novels and my Bible. The dark-haired Doctor with those mischievous green eyes caught my gaze as I entered into the living room.

“I’m ready, Jules.”

“You’re the only one to name me, you know, and I quite like it.”

“Good,” I grinned, pointing to the heavy box. “Can you give me a hand?”

“Did you pack your entire house?”

“Sans the kitchen sink,” I chuckled.

He removed his red scarf from around his neck and let it float through the air until it settle on one of my boxes, its ends wrapping around the cut-out hand grips. I watched in awe as the box hovered in the air and entered the door of the Tardis.

I didn’t know which amazed me more, the Red Scarf of Levitation or the fact that a blue Police Call box sat in my front yard. No more mailbox or Redbox, just a blue box that I recognized. The scarf returned from the Tardis and repeated the same action with my second box of books and DVDs and I followed with Clyde on his leash and Bonnie in her carrier.

“Doctor,” I asked, “do I have to be a companion? Couldn’t I be your blogger or your Librarian?”

“Hmm, having a writer depict adventures for Dorothy provided her companion with fun. I have no trouble if you want to do the same.”

“Let me lock the door and I’ll be off,” I felt the giddiness rise inside me as I fumbled with my keys to fit the right key into the lock.

For the first time, I didn’t step on a constructed set of a Tardis at a convention or have my photo taken by a cardboard stand-up. I truly stepped through the doors of the police box and onto the walkway. I stood in front of my little two bedroom house in my red velvet ankle lace-up boots, with my dog and cat and my suitcase. Did I tell you that I’m originally from Kansas?

Then, I knew what came next. “I have to say it, Doctor,”

“Please, don’t,” he groaned.

“It’s bigger on the inside,” I whispered in awe, looking around at the dome-shaped chamber. I went to the main station where lights flickered, things moved up and down and the station made buzzing and whirring sounds. “It really is.”

“It is, Darling Ollie,” he said softly, taking my hand.
“Why me?” I asked again.

“Why not you?” he leaned forward, begging my question with a question. I felt the his warm breath tickle my earlobe and his lips nearly brush my temple. Taking my hand in his, he laced his fingers in mine. “There is so many places I want to take you, show you and things I want to tell you. All in good time, we have plenty of it. Where do you wish to go first?”

“The U.S.S Enterprise NCC-1701, stardate 3842.3,” thinking how fun it’d be to see some classic Star Trek up close and personal.

“So, a bit of Captain Kirk, then?”

“I want to meet Uhura and Spock,” I answered. “Now there is my OTP.”

“Oi,” my dark, sexy doctor shook his head, looking to the skies. “How will I keep up?”

“One catchphrase at a time, Jules. Come on,” I motioned him to the station. “Adventure awaits.”

“Indeed,” he murmured softly, giving me a gentle look bordering on something I couldn’t quite name. Affection? Tenderness? Time would reveal all. Nothing stays secret long inside a Tardis.
When the Bird of Paradise Uses You For Target Practice

Chapter Summary

Olivia finds out that life aboard the Tardis isn't all roses. In fact, it can, sometimes, start out quite crqppy.

DISCLAIMER: I don't own the mad man in the blue box or the concept of "Companion." However, Olivia Brasseaux is all mine. Please don't sue, I do this for love of Doctor Who and not money.

I felt like a rat in the a maze and, damn it, where was the freaking cheese? I’d been on the TARDIS less than half a day and I’d already found the walls moved around as they pleased. I thought that if I were falling into a quagmire of madness that, at least, that it’d be a nice trip. Not so much.

I knew enough about what I’d seen of Doctor Who on DVD that the walls moved around at will because the Tardis was sentient: female. Obviously, she didn’t like me so I had to use psychology on a piece of machinery grown out of coral. So, I put my hands against the wall, leaning my ear against the softly textured wall.

“Sexy?” I called out softly, trying to modulate my voice so that I sounded somewhat sane. “My name is Olivia and I’m new here. I don’t know what we’ve done to get off to a bad start, but if I’ve done anything to offend you, I apologize.”

The lights flickered and hummed and I wondered if I felt the walls thrum in agreement? I wondered, did the rules of fan fiction dominate my chaotic fantasy world or did the norms of canon prevail?

I watched the walls move and I felt the floor slide beneath my feet. I squawked in protest and worked to regain my balance before I fell on my backside. Even in my delusion, I barely kept my dignity.

Once I had my feet planted and stood upright, I found myself standing in front of a door. I heard a muffled barking on the other along with some insistent meowing.

I saw a sensor above the door scan me and the door slid open where I was greeted by a ravenous dachshund and a famished brown tabby. I went to my traveling trunk, thinking I’d been wise to have packed their dishes and their pet food. ‘I wonder if the Doctor has suitcases that are bigger on the inside than the outside or is that just in Harry Potter?’

I filled their dishes with food and water, watching my fur babies sate their appetites. Then, the smell hit me with the force of a small asteroid: the dog had decided to make a mess on the Tardis floor. This wasn’t good. When I decided to travel with the Doctor and take my pets with me into my descent into insanity, where does a spaceship allow pets to do their business? Where do I put the litter box? Since Doctor Who was quintessentially British, did I need to say use the loo rather than restroom?

I grabbed Clyde’s leash and looked around. “Sexy, If this is what you’re made at me about, hey, I’m sorry. I just don’t know where to take Clyde, you know, where he can poo and I didn’t think about bringing plastic bags. I heard a dinging outside my chamber door. Curious, I found it and I saw a floating sphere hovering in mid-air with a single green light blinking. It whirled around me twice and I decided to follow it.
I followed it to a room that looked like a cross between a greenhouse and a giant solarium filled with bio-luminescent plants, neon-colored fauna and exotic flowers that I new weren’t from Earth. The orb bounced in mid-air, buzzing and blinking as if it were impatient for me for gawking in amazement. I looked down at the cobblestones beneath my feet that seemed to give off a pale, eerie green glow, making me wonder if they glowed in the dark. It hovered in front of one plant with bright pink leaves that appeared to have a semi-fuzzy texture. It had a cloyingly sweet scent akin to a dozen roses.

Clyde didn’t waste any time hunching his back in that add, squatting in that odd position with his tail quivering. I notice the heavy, sweet scent covered any of the foul stench of Clyde’s waste on the solarium floor. I didn’t have a pooper scooper or a plastic bag to clean up the mess. “Lovely, the Doctor is going to be not pleased.”

The lovely smelling yellow orchid-like plant began to shimmy and I watched the petals of the flower widen where I saw rows of teeth and long, leafy tentacles reach out toward the pile of poop. Instinct prompted my to scoop Clyde into my arms before that Seymour wannabe ate my dachshund.

I watched the flower bend over, the yellow petals surrounding the steaming mess, suck it up as if a vacuum cleaner, give a loud gulp and burp.

“Eww, gross! Gah!” I crinkled my nose and headed for the door.

“Ah, Ollie, I see you found the Tardis Gardens,” a deep voice with that sensual English accent met my ears. “I see that you found the Shiterose.”

“Only would a flower that smells so sweet eat shit,” I rolled my eyes, glancing upward. Returning my gaze to the doctor, I asked. “Does it also eat dogs?”

“No, the Shiterose is from Dabalarus III and eats only fecal matter,” was his matter-of-fact reply. “I trust you’ve found your rooms, Darling?”

“I found them,” I decided not to rat on the Tardis for being a living labyrinth for two hours. “They’re lovely.”

I had no clue what they were like. I hadn’t taken the time to look. I looked at round at the futuristic, neon Garden of Eden. “So, is this for practical purposes of pleasure?”

“Do you find pleasure in this garden?” I heard that smooth, velvet voice ask me as I stared upward, seeing strange flying creatures that looked like a hybrid between dragonflies and pterodactyls, not any larger than the palm of my hand. I had learned quickly that this particular Doctor seemed to be somewhat of a flirt at best and a rake at worst.

I looked at him with a smart reply ready for rapid fire when I saw the expression on his face. The Doctor’s eyes were vivid blue-green and his entire body posture screamed intensity. I realized he wasn’t being a lech or a jerk because there was no easy, breezy smile on his lips.

“It’s – beautiful. Just point me to the forbidden fruit that I’m not supposed to eat so I can avoid it.”

“Nothing here is forbidden, Ollie,” he motioned to the garden around us. “I’ll give you a tour so that you know what’s edible, what’s usable and what is purely for aesthetics.”

We walked around the solarium for almost an hour, strolling through the different levels and each one more beautiful than the one below it. I noticed that the water was pumped to the top and while some vegetation grew naturally, other fauna grew in boxes along the domed walls of the solarium.
I heard the strangest, haunting sound as we made our way to the top of the solarium along the spiral staircase on the perimeter. I watched the tops of silver-left trees sway in a gentle breeze, their individual leaves gleaming in the artificial sunlight.

“They’re beautiful,” I said, my voice quiet with awe as I listened to the chime and whistling melody that flowed between the argent leaves as they lilted in the breeze. “What are the leaves singing?”

“Hello,” the Doctor murmured. Any Doctor that looked like Benedict Cumberbatch in a paradise like this deserved my attention.

“What are they?” I asked.

“Cadenwood trees,” he pulled on of the branches down and stroked the leaves. He motioned for me to touch them and I hesitated. This hallucination was far too real and I’d been to one too many fandom conventions. ‘Oh, well. In for a penny-”

I stroked the leaves and they were cool and metallic to my touch. They quivered beneath my fingers. “Beautiful.”

I heard a shriek above me and a pile of gold...something landed on my shoulder. It smelled rank. I felt something slither up the back of my jeans and I let out a started scream when I saw a velvety vine with yellow blooms snaking up my leg until it reached my shoulder. I stood frozen in place as the small yellow blooms covered the pile of metallic gold goo and slurped it up.

I saw a pink pterodactyl-dragonfly thing look at me through its six eyes and I realized in addition to four wings, it had eight legs. “Eww! Did it just shit on me?”

The doctor let out a loud laugh with his eyes crinkling at the corners. I pointed at the pink, fairy-winged velosa rapper meets spider perched on the branch above me. It shook and I knew it was laughing on me. I grabbed the branch within my reach that it sat on, pulling it down until six eyes met mine and it still cackled like a hen. “Bon voyage, Ditwad.”

I let the branch go and it gave a satisfying whip sound as the branch lashed forward. I saw the bird fly unceremoniously off the branch, but it quickly regained its balance. Now, it glared at me.

“Well, you shouldn’t have shit on me.”

“I haven’t had a companion this lively since Donna,” he gave me a genuine smile. “Ollie, your day isn’t going the best, is it?”

“Maze walls that keep moving, a plant that eats dog poo and then I get crapped on by the mad bird from Hell. Oh, it’s just been freaking lovely. Is everyday like this?” I asked.

“It’s unusual, but your presence is causing quite a stir amongst the wildlife and even with the Tardis,” Doctor I’m-too-sexy-for-this-crap pondered.

What had I signed on for aboard the Tardis? Aiyiyi.

To be continued???
Olivia's burgeoning friendship with the Tardis becomes a mind-altering experience for which Olivia never asked. How will this affect Olivia and the Tardis? What will happen if the Doctor finds out?

Chapter Notes

NOTE: Nothing sexual occurs in this chapter, but non-consensual telepathic activity occurs. I wanted to give readers fair warning. Nothing violent or explicit.

DISCLAIMER: I DON'T OWN THE MAD MAN OR THE BLUE BOX. I WRITE THIS FICTION FOR THE LOVE OF THE SHOW, DOCTOR WHO, AND NOT FOR PROFIT. PLEASE DON'T SUE. JUST READ AND ENJOY.

I grew accustomed to walking the halls of the Tardis and her moving the walls around whenever it suited her. I enjoyed hearing the clicks and the whirs, the hums and metallic whines of her engine whenever we took off or landed. I began appreciating her in new ways, brushing my fingers along the alien’s coral struts. My eyes still hurt from the colors of the console because they were neon, flickering in the near darkness of the console room. I noticed this Doctor was much a lover of the night, his eyes brightening in color as he made his way around the Tardis in little or no light.

I walked the halls, trying to analyze the patterns of when she moved the walls around. Was it to confuse me or did she just like to redecorate that often? In a way, I learned to trust her and began talking aloud to her as if she were a person. By moving her walls, she'd shown me the Tardis Gardens, the swimming pool and my favorite room, the library.

As I stood in the hall, the lights flickered to a low, pale blue. I pressed my hand against her wall and sighed, “Thanks for showing me the library, I loved it. I just wish we could actually talk because the clanking once for yes and twice for no makes the conversation a little one-sided.”

She hummed in agreement.

I made my way to the console room where I saw the Doctor preening in front of a mirror, dressed in a slim, tailored black suit, pants and waistcoat. I saw his fingers tussle his black curls and his eyes flash a bright blue. He checked his silver cuff links and I thought I was going swoon right into the jump seat.

I turned my attention to the flat monitor, pulling it to me and pretending to be studying the images flashing across the screen. “Where are we, Doctor?”
“Nova Somn, the planet of dreams,” he replied, his purring baritone voice sent shivers down my spine and frissons of tingling pleasure caused goosebumps on my skin. Why did he have to look and sound like sexiness on legs. “Tonight is the Star Feast of Eleven Moons, complete with Elves.”

“Elves?” I asked, excited growing within me. “Are we talking cute little things like smurfs, evil ones that steal children from their cribs or LOTR elves like Legolas?”

“Try Silver Elves like Legolas and Dark Elves,” he gave me a slowing, knowing smirk at my growing excitement. “Have you ever seen a Dark Elf?”

“Not in person,” I admitted, my heart flipping in my chest with anticipation. I forgot about the handsome doctor when my mind considered the thought of meeting elves. He typed a few words into the console’s keyboard and up came a photo of an onyx-hued being with white, silvery hair pulled back in an intricate braid, pointed ears and bright lavender eyes.

“Criminy,” I exclaimed as the breath in my lungs decided to inconveniently leave them. “That is a Drow,”

“No, actually he is one of the ambassadors who is part of the Kiari delegation trying to work out a trade treaty with the Dwarrow.”

“Is this where I say ‘Holy Drizzt?’” I said, laughing at the pun because I had read Forgotten Realms all throughout my college days.

The doctor quirked one brow at me in question before returning to his preening in front of the mirror. “If you wish. Tonight, I’m meeting with the delegation so they can work out the finer points of the final draft of the trade treaty.”

“And you’re leaving me here?” I asked. “I thought I was your Companion.”

“I also have to work on some of the finer points of negotiation,” he growled. “Having my Companion along might make things a tad . . . awkward.”

I furrowed my brow in confusion while he took his sonic screwdriver, placing it under the kerchief strategically arranged in his breast pocket. “What do you mean?”

“I plan to be out late, Ollie,” he looked in my direction. “Very late.”

“Why can’t I come with you?” I asked, feeling like a small child being left with a babysitter.

“I plan on spending quality time with the ambassador after the delegation meeting,” he explained.

“What is his name?” I asked, studying him as he made one final self-assessment in the mirror. Then, the factors came together into a mosaic that became a clear picture. The scent of spicy men’s cologne drifted across the Tardis control room. He looked especially handsome tonight and I felt my jealousy peak out its ugly head. I couldn’t decide what made me more jealous, the Doctor setting foot on an alien planet without taking me or the fact, “You have a date!”

“I do,” he nodded. “Now, you’ve got it. Do try and keep up.”

I realized there were things about this Doctor I didn’t like such as his handsomeness and being aware of it. His smug, condescending attitude did nothing to endear him to me and the fact he kept a slithering snake in his trousers tarnished my idealized conception of the Doctor. He wasn’t like this in the DVDs. Then again, the show came on the telly at 7 p.m. on Saturdays on BBC1, a time slot not exactly known for carrying adult content.
"You're going dancing," I exclaimed, using the euphemism that I'd heard many times on Doctor Who when anyone referred to sex. I was shocked that the Doctor had baser instincts. I had become accustomed to his flirty comments, but he kept his hands to himself and they'd lessened in the week that I had been with him on the Tardis. Fuck the euphemisms! "You're getting laid! Shagged like a bad 70s carpet."

"What a crude euphemism, Ollie, but correct," he chastised me as though I were a small child. "We’re going dancing."

"Yeah, right," I scoffed. "You’ll be doing the horizontal mamba and the satin-sheet samba."

"Quite right, Darling," he straightened the black bow tie that added to the classic, tailored suit he wore. "However, if you wanted to dance with the Doctor, may I suggest a threesome?"

I rolled my eyes, "I treat my body like a temple, not a public bathroom at a bus station. I wouldn't have sex with you even if you were the last Time Lord in the universe, Jules." Like any other companion, I didn’t know his true name, but I wanted to be different so I gave him one. I saw him flinch at my remark, his face blanch when I knew that my smart remark had carried a poisoned barb with hit that found its target. My hand covered my mouth as my mortification grew. "Oh, Doctor, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean-"

"It’s fine, Olivia," he said, his voice cold and neutral. "It’s all fine. I am the last Time Lord and you-"

He stopped in mid-sentence. A heavy, tense silence hung between us for several seconds as he seemed considering whether or not he should finish that sentence.

"Doctor, I apologize," my voice reflecting my regret. "I truly am sorry and I wasn’t thinking when I said it. I don’t want my words hurting you."

"Then, think more carefully next time before speaking them," he ran his hand through his hair. "I’m in need of a strong drink and a good shag."

Those words hurt. "When you're Gallifreyan enough to quit running, tell me how that works out for you." His eyes widen, darkening to the color of an approaching hurricane. I felt his anger sparking between us. He was more of a panther than a Doctor, crossing the space between us within seconds.

"You forget to whom you're speaking and I've no qualms about dumping you and your bags of fur back on Earth."

"If you want to act like the biggest whore in three galaxies, be my guest, but the Doctor I'm familiar with, no matter the incarnation, is never cruel, never cowardly and always kind. So far, all you have shown me is that you know where how to be cruel, you run from what's haunting you and your words are brutal."

A single muscle twitched in his jaw.

"Jules, where is the Doctor that embraces those things, embodies them? What or who has hurt you so much to leave you in so much pain? I offer you my friendship. Not the same as a strong drink or getting laid, but mine is sincere."

Stormy blue eyes gaze at me via my reflection in the mirror. The anger that turned his gaze icy melted into a warmer, gentler expression. He turned away from the glass and stood only inches from me. Taking my hand in his, he brought it to his mouth, allowing his cupid-bow lips brush against the tingling skin of my knuckles. "Oh, Ollie, how you you remind me-"
He abruptly turned away, his face a hard mask of something I couldn't read.

“Are you going to send me home?” I dared ask.

He swiftly turned, facing me with blue eyes blazing. “No, never.”

“Doctor, what is it that you're not telling me?” I pressed. The abrupt change in his emotions from smug to peeved to vulnerable within a few minutes showed me something was amiss and I needed to figure it out.

“I know how you are curious and love to explore. There is so much I want to show you and tell you, but you aren't ready yet, my sweet Ollie,” he sighed deeply.

“Okay?” I drawled the word, signalling my confusion. “Are you still going to dance...?”

He sighed heavily, “I don't know.”

I let out a heavy sigh. “Then, go and shag like a bad piece of Seventies carpet. I have the library to keep me company.”

“Ollie, wait,” he called after me.

“You're right, Jules, who am I to judge? You need a friend, not a judge, jury and executioner. Do what you need if it takes away whatever pain you're feeling. I don't know why you brought me along on this crazy ride, but I'll do what I can. Just let me know if I can help.” I turned my back to him, blinking back my tears, promising I wouldn't let him see them.

He placed a warm hand on my shoulder and I heard warmth in his voice. “Tomorrow, I'll take you down to the planet’s surface and show you the forests and mountains of Ainran, the beautiful city of Irindorn where you can see entire building made of ruby, sapphire and tourmaline. I'll show you the rose-colored waterfalls of Nauran. The entire planet is fantastic!”

“I look forward to it.” I nodded, feeling my eyes sting. He wanted to boink some elf’s brains out and my randy-dandy Time Lord thought sex would make everything better. I mentally rolled my eyes and withdrew from the heated moment. “You go and do your thing. Me? I’ve got a date with the library.”

“Enjoy it, it’s there for you,” his voice was velvet and quiet. With that, he exited through the doors, leaving me alone in the console room. I gazed at the domed ceiling, feeling lonelier than I did on Earth. I left the room and began walking toward my bedroom.

“Hey, Sexy, why am I even here? I'm supposed to be a Companion, but I feel more like I'm like a child. Why did he pick me?”

“Who says the Doctor picked you?” A voice came through the speakers, unmistakably British and feminine. "Not many humans can see the possibility of time and space these days because they're too connected to their smartphones and other devices. You've maintained you imagination and you have that in abundance. It didn't hurt that your Walgreens also sits atop a temporal rift which augmented your naturally latent ability.”

“Well, you didn’t,” I scoffed.

“Perhaps, I did just that,” she replied. “Who says I didn’t steal you?”

“Okay, I’ll bite,” my skepticism rose to a new level. “So, you stole me. Answer me this: why?”

“Do you remember when we first met?” the voice asked.
“Oh, you mean when I tripped over my feet at Walgreen's three years ago?” I chuckled.

‘Look at the monitor, Olivia,’ the Tardis beckoned me. A computer screen came to life in the corridor’s wall, showing a galaxy-skinned humanoid with vivid blue eyes and straight blue hair stared back at me. “He didn’t pick you as his Companion. I selected you to be mine. I found it humorous that you kept the Doctor waiting and that he didn’t have time to wait. I never forgot that night.”

The image merely stared at me with no sound coming from it. Caution and I are old friends and I felt it then. I acknowledged the hall was silent, but I heard the feminine voice distinctly inside my mind. I didn’t and I didn’t know what to make of the blue, alien figure on the viewing screen. I suddenly felt that I was alone in the dark inside of a haunted house. The lights in the corridor brightened and a familiar humming filled the ship with noise for which I was grateful. “Ollie, don’t be afraid. It’s me.”

“Who is me?” I asked.

“Sexy,” the soft voice soothed me. “The Tardis. I picked you because you made me laugh. The Doctor and I need more of, I don't know, something.”

“Someone to laugh at?” Heavy bitterness laced my words.

“No,” Sexy paused for a moment as if she were thinking. “I think the word is, ‘you’. Why is it the Doctor can always have a Companion, but not me?”

“Fair point,” I agreed. "So, why does the Tardis need a Companion?"

“I kept you around because you speak directly to me, addressing me by name rather than merely approaching me as some soulless machine.” Sexy’s voice took on a sadder note.

“Well, Sexy,” I said, directing my smile to no particular direction. “You certainly aren’t soulless. Hey, since this is the start of a beautiful friendship, friends are supposed to know about each other. I know almost nothing about you.”

“Nor I about you, Olivia. Come to the library and we’ll speak further. “We have much to learn about each other.”

A few minutes later, I stood in the Victorian-style library with the dark, stained wood shelves that rose a story or two above me, filled with thousands upon thousands of books. A holographic image appeared in front of me of the woman wrapped in a galaxy with bright blue eyes. She motioned to a two-story tall section of books at least twenty feet wide. “This will tell you everything about me.”

I studied the section, daunted that it would take me years to read all the volumes when an idea began forming in my mind. Turning to the holographic image, the idea formed into a full-fledged plan. “You connect telepathically with the Doctor, right?”

“Yes,” Sexy smiled.

“You’re able to link telepathically with any Companions that comes aboard?”

“Of course,” she replied.

“It will take me decades to read about you,” I began. “Why not tell me about yourself via our telepathic link and you can look into my mind and learn about me: the good, the bad and the clumsy?”
“Olivia,” Sexy said in a warning tone. “I don’t know if your small human mind can handle that much information.”

“Look inside my mind and see how much information is already there,” I said proudly, challenging her. “You’ll be surprised.”

“All right,” I felt a physical sensation at my temples as if pressure pushed into my skull. A tingling started at my temples, edging along the top of my head making my hair stand on end. The air charged around me and I smelled the familiar scent of ozone in the air. Dizziness entered me and I lost my balance, stumbling backward and landing onto an overstuffed burgundy armchair. The vertigo remained and a metallic taste rose from my stomach to my mouth. The pressure became a dull headache as my stomach churned.

I channeled my inner honey badger at that moment, refusing defeat of the psychic information exchange overwhelming my body. This was an opportunity of a lifetime and I wasn’t going to pass out or puke. I knew I could handle it if I remained resolute.

“Download complete,” Sexy said as if nothing happened. “I’m monitoring your vital signs: slight body temperature increase, blood pressure elevated, heartbeat and pulse increasing,”

“I’m fine,” I couldn’t keep the slight note of annoyance out of my voice, now wondering if I was going to vomit on the Persian rug beneath the chair.


“That’s all fine, “I talked to the video screen. “But, that only describes what I look like, it doesn’t tell you who I am.”

“I know who you are, Olivia,” Sexy answered. “You are curious, old-fashioned, clever, judgmental, opinionated, loyal, stubborn, tenacious -”

“Guilty as charged,” I agreed. “You came from a colony of Solarin coral in the delta of the Caedonflood River that flows into the Riaxardi Ocean. You grew until you became fully-aware. You had many adventures with Time Lords, but none ever appreciated you. You're loyal, loving, sentimental and, might I add, temperamental. You were abandoned at the repair shop, a TT40 type, ready for the museum when a peculiar Time Lord crossed your path. He'd held on to his passion and compassion which you immediately appreciated, a Time Lord after your own heart, so you stole him.”

The holographic woman with blue eyes and hair smiled at me, nodding eagerly.

"Now you are a Type 40 Tardis, approximately 700 years old.” I found myself spouting information such as dimensions, her power source being a combination of Artron energy and the Eye of Harmony. I babbled on how the Artron energy is found both at the heart of the Tardis and in the triple strand DNA of Gallifreyan Time Lords. "You took a biological imprint of me via Rassilon Imprimatur, which symbiotically links you and me together. Oh, God, what have you done to me?"

“I introduced myself to you,” Sexy gave me a smile, but it quickly became a look of concern as I felt my mind burn and my heart pound. Swirls of gold surround me like wafting smoke, entering my body through my mouth and nostrils. "I gave you too much information at one time, Olivia, and I'm sorry. I'll be more careful next time."

"I'm not a Time Lord," I fell to my hands and knees, quelling the urge to vomit on the Tardis floor. "I'm only human. You have to take this back, it'll kill me."
I closed my eyes, feeling different, excited, calm, aroused, sated and joyous. I saw a brilliant flash of golden light behind by eyelids. Bokeh orbs of light danced in my mind; red, gold, green, pink, blue, silver. I felt warmth rise in my chest and the beautiful sound of a universal song filling my ears. I didn’t feel alone anymore, I felt as though I were wrapped in one of my grandmother’s hand-knitted duvets on a rainy Saturday afternoon while sipping cocoa. “Sexy, what did you do to me?”

“Hmm,” Sexy pursed her digital lips in contemplation. “How do I put it? We’re now symbiotically sycronized and I realized your double-stranded DNA was too weak to handle the entire download. We synchronized. I reconfigured your DNA, reconstructed and increased your brain’s neural synopses to handle the measured pulses of Artron energy quarks that I infused into your nucleotides. I also diverted a sample of your reconstructed DNA matrix in order to the Briode Nebulizer to form a physical and psychic bond.”

Part of me heard technobabble while my inner fan girl recognized a few terms from the Tardis’ technical guide. The most amazing process occurring in my brain was that I was translating all of it into a streamlined, efficient delivery understandable to the human portion of myself trying to comprehend all of it.

“What did you do, Sexy?” I asked slowly. “If I’m understanding you correctly, you changed my DNA to make me into something other than only human, rewired my brain by adding receptors more than the average human, bombarded me with micro-particle of radiation of Artron energy so that I’d be able to handled the massive download of info and the telepathic bond you just made. You also took some of me into to you to achieve that.”

“Precisely!” the Avatar said. “You’ve got it.”

“You didn’t even freaking ask!” I bellowed, the rows of books absorbing the echo. “You changed my body without my knowledge or consent and that is a violation of all I hold sacred.”

“But, I just wanted us to get to know each other. All my research of female bonding issues include exchange of private information and bonding. In some cultures, such as Parabine III, there is a bloodletting ritual where two friends make a blood pact—”

“Is it reversible?” I asked in a low tone through clenched teeth.

“No,” Sexy paused. “But, you’ll hardly notice it. You’ll just be able to hear and see me just as well as the Doctor and I’ll be able to speak with you without having to use these silly monitors. I’ll be your eyes and ears while you’ll be my hands and feet. We’ll be the best of mates. I can show you the universe.”

“I didn’t ask for that,” I yelled to the view screen. “You could have killed me.”

“I worked out the ratio of Artron energy quarks to your additional synapses to lesson the chance of death to 38%,” Sexy explained, her cheerfulness almost as annoying as her obliviousness to violating my body. “I can make sure now that if you’re wounded, I can heal you. If I need repairs, you can do them if the Doctor doesn’t. You won’t regret this, Ollie, I promise.”

"Side-effects?" I asked, rolling onto my back to catch my breath.

"I don't know quite yet," she answered, pursing her holographic lips together in concentration. "You'll be able withstand quite a lot and live for quite some time."

"You turned me into a Time Lady?"

I felt the first bile, metallic taste enter my mouth as I turned on my side.
"No, Ollie, I made your mind into part Tardis," Sexy's holographic image knelt beside me. "Breathe, Ollie, breathe."

“You wanted a mate,” I returned, seeing the picture of a ‘Friends’ episode inside of my mind. “You wanted a BFF, so you changed me without even asking.”

“I’m lonely,” she murmured. "I'm sorry."

“So,” I sighed. I wanted to scream and rant about the atrocity she committed, but a part of me reveled in having a seamless telepathic bond with the Tardis. I couldn’t ignore my feelings and I had a lot to internally resolve, but I also wanted to explore it. I felt conflicted, angry, elated, confused and sick to my stomach “You’re not used to having a human mind hooked up to yours, are you?”

“It’s so chaotic,” she admitted. “How do you bear it?”

“Practice,” I vomited on the Tardis floor. “I tell you what, let’s make a deal. You don’t play with my brain without my permission and I’ll share the finer points of being human. Deal?”

“Deal,” she smiled at me from the video screen. I knew she understood I was still angry with her, but, for the moment, I needed to understand what she had done to me so I could find a way to deal with it and to determine if there were side-effects. Bottom line, she meant well, but didn’t understand well the concept of free will. "Your body temperature has risen to 38.39 degrees Celsius. You need medical assistance immediately."

Everything went black.

"What the Bloody Hell did you do to my Companion?” I heard a familiar voice bellow and it wasn't in English.

I slowly opened my eyes, seeing soft blue lights everywhere, realizing I was the Infirmary.

I realized that she’d downloaded her entire history from her earliest growth to her most recent travels with the Doctor, including the itinerary of all repairs and upgrades made in the last 538 years. I figured out that the bonding process would’ve killed me had Sexy not rebuilt me from my DNA upward and the amount of information inside my head was staggering. Yet, I felt my humanity close it with a mental door, categorizing it as needed and cataloging it for future reference. I was a library and I was doing what comes naturally to a Librarian.

“You hasn’t talked to me in quite some time,” I felt the Tardis’ sadness wash through me. “He doesn’t remember how to in this incarnation. Frankly, Ollie, as you humans say, he can go f-”

“Sexy, language!” I exclaimed. “You don’t need to start swearing like a sailor. Just because it’s in my mind doesn’t mean it needs said. Humans respect privacy and I want you to do the same.”

“Privacy? Privacy. Privacy!” she said the word several different ways before an excited response echoed in my mind as I opened the door to my quarters. “Privacy: the state or condition of being free from being observed or disturbed by other people.”

“Exactly, what’s in my head stays in my head. Vegas Protocols. I have boundaries. Please respect them.”

“What is the definition of respect?” I posed the question.

“Respect: have due regard for the feelings, wishes, rights, or traditions of another person,” she answered with enthusiasm.
“Bingo!” I grinned. I crossed my fingers and hoped she was understanding my viewpoint. “Now, what is free will?”

“Free will: the doctrine that such human freedom of choice is not illusory,” Sexy answered slowly. Silence fell heavily inside my mind as the feeling of comprehension exuded from Sexy’s consciousness into mind. Shame, regret, understanding entwined with the psychic ribbons that connected me and the Tardis. “Oh, Ollie, I didn’t understand before. I am sorry, so, so, sorry. I can’t undo what I’ve done and I took away your freedom, a trait inherent to human survival.”

“Yes.”

“What in sodding Hell have you done to Olivia?” I heard the Doctor yell again to the Tardis.

“Oh, now, you finally decide to talk to me after ten years,” I heard Sexy’s miffed reply. "I pick a Companion and now you're all tetchy!"

"You nearly killed her," Jules said through clenched teeth. "She isn't some toy; she is-

“our friend,” Sexy’s holographic avatar flickered in front of me, looking solid and corporeal for the first time. “I have looked into her mind and do you know what she sees? She sees you exactly as you are. You're lonely and filled with self-loathing. Guilt and regret wrack you and you to end your existence. You run from pain while always carrying it with you, no longer seeing the joys of creation in the universe; only the evil, pain and sorrow. That may work for you, Doctor, but I don't want to die. I want to live!”

“Hmm,” I replied. “How is this different than any other day?”

“Help me,” Sexy asked. “Help me help him.”

“Me? Change the Doctor? Can you say Unstoppable Force meets Immovable Object, Sexy?,” I asked. It isn't my job to change anyone. I'm all about free-will of it, remember? Unless he does something that will do harm to others or himself, live and let live."

“Only humans have affected the Doctor profoundly to give him what he needs most and that’s what I'm counting on you to do. Please restore to him and me the things we need most because we are dying from starvation of it”

“You need love,” I said, the concept flowing over me in a mental picture of a sad piece of music in C# minor and an impressionist painting. “He needs hope. I need help.”

Everything went black. . .again.

What kind of strange situation was I get in now? I figured it was a corundum waiting to be solved another day. I fell into sleep and dreams of galaxies and nebulae, cogs and clockwork, hopes, fears that remained unspoken. I couldn’t tell whose thoughts belonged to Sexy, to the Doctor or to myself. I’d figure that out later. Right now, I just enjoyed the sound of my mind being silent.

TO BE CONTINUED. . .
I looked up at the Doctor, staring at me intently. For the second time since I’d entered the Tardis, I saw a depth of emotion and sentiment behind those cold blue eyes. It gave me hope to feel in my mind the depth of sentiment and faithfulness which hid behind that distant façade. The detached disdain in his eyes vanished and those cupid-bow lips trembled. I saw a revelation of shattered hearts as well as his broken soul. Consolation for the soul is an inside job.

My head felt as though someone had hit me on my skull with a brick; a very bright, blue brick. Where was I? Pain shot through my temples as I kept my eyes screwed tightly shut. I knew there was a bright light in the room because I could see spots of color floating on the backs of my eyelids. I exhaled as the another jolt throbbed through my temples, making me grit my teeth. I heard an electronic sound, something between a whirring and crickets chirping. I felt something warm touch my temple and the whirring increased slightly and then it left the place where it heated my skin and I felt it place on the other temple. “The pain will be gone in a moment, Ollie.”

The Doctor. My anxiety calmed somewhat. The Doctor was my Doctor. Somehow, that thought reassured me that I would be all right.

“Sonic screwdriver?” I asked.

“Yes,” I heard question in that single word and the electronic buzzing became quicker and higher pitched.

“I thought it was only good for opening doors,” I scoffed.

“I do many things with it, but it doesn’t do harm,” he answered.

“It doesn’t murder or harm, but can it heal?”

“It uses sound to manipulate matter,” the Doctor explained, running the screwdriver’s light slowly across my brow to my opposite temple. “I’m using the sonic to induce your mind into producing theta brainwaves. Your brain is still forming new synapses to accommodate the download of the Tardis’ consciousness.”

Being a Librarian, I had the advantage of seeing patrons checking out all sorts of materials from the Classics to political manifests the far-out and just delightfully wonky. Now, I was something else which I didn’t understand, affected at the genetic level, rebuilt in a way that changed my DNA, my mind and I didn’t know what else.

I felt as though someone were looking at me, asking permission, to enter the most private parts of my mind and memories. Only that wasn’t quite right because my eyes were still closed. Words and intent took on form, manifesting in a flavor of thought that needed no words when expressed.

I looked up at the Doctor, staring at me intently. For the second time since I’d entered the Tardis, I saw a depth of emotion and sentiment behind those cold blue eyes. It gave me hope to feel in my
mind the depth of sentiment and faithfulness which hid behind that distant facade. The detached disdain in his eyes vanished and those cupid-bow lips trembled. I saw a revelation of shattered hearts as well as his broken soul. Time Lord telepathy eased into my mind as I thought I heard a melody.

I heard music, a song. It sounded like bagpipes and recorders, drums and violins with a techno beat while somebody tap danced in perfect syncopation. Trails of color spiraled in midair, sparkling and pulsating in time to the music in my mind. Then the drums faded and I heard a distant melody meld with a distant choir until only one lonely voice remained, canting with words I didn’t know. I let my breathing find its rhythm and I listened for the healing song that drew out the pain from my lobes, leaving me with a calmness I hadn’t felt in months. Somewhere, I heard myself form words without speaking. “What are you doing, Doctor?”

He said nothing, but the scent of oranges filled my mind. A random snippet crossed my thoughts, “In China, the orange symbolizes life, a fresh start, prayers and wishes for happiness, particularly during the Galifreyan Spring Festival.”

“He is singing a healing lullaby that Gallifreyans sing to their children when they’re ill, that husbands sing to their wives in labor,” Sexy’s voice filled my mind, providing the exposition that I really didn’t give a damn about at that moment. “Listen to it, Olivia, let it flow within you. It will end the pain. Let him be a Doctor, your Doctor.”

Jules stared at me with large aquamarine eyes, clear and bright, taking my hand in mine. New life, fresh start, happiness. This Doctor wasn’t the irrational, arrogant ass that I’d come to know over the past few days. This Doctor was kind, attentive and gentle. I felt something I hadn’t felt for a long time, something that I’d forgotten existed when I was around people I didn’t know: trust. I trusted the Doctor and it was uncomplicated and honest in its intensity.

Looking up at him, I saw his eyes widen as the realization flickered from my mind to his. “I promise you, Ollie, I will protect that trust with my life.”

I nodded once, feeling his mind move through mine, his chant and his hands clearing away the psychic bramble cluttering my mind. I closed my eyes, listening to that smooth baritone voice lulled me into sleep. My last thought was that I hoped he didn’t wipe my memory. I don’t know how much time past, but when I opened my eyes, I saw Jules sitting across from me in my bedroom, legs crossed and his chin leaning on steepled hands, eyes closed. I said nothing, but as I left sleep, his eyes snapped open. “Ah, you’re awake.”

“And not in pain,” I smiled, giving him two thumbs up. I noticed on the bedside table was a kettle and two cups. “Tea time?”

“One of Earth’s more civilized customs,” he said as he began pouring the tea. I didn’t have the heart to tell him that I preferred mine iced. “Tea! One of the most healing elixirs known in the universe. Ulanda herbal tea straight from Gallifrey! Filled with free-radicals and tannin, just what you need, Ollie, for healing those pained synapses.”

“Sexy’s little stunt of rebuilding me and reconstructing my brain should have killed me,” I said, watching Jules pour the tea. “Two sugars, please. No cream.”

“But, it didn’t,” he handed me the cup and saucer. I wondered if I should hold my pinkie in mid-air as I sipped my Ulanda herbal tea. I watched a the corner of Jules’ mouth barely twitch. For a nanosecond, I saw the start of a smile. “You’re too stubborn to keel over like any sensible human.”

“What’s the flavor of the week inside my head?” I shielded my eyes against the bright light above me. I realized I was in the Infirmary. Who knew that the Tardis of the week had one? “You asked
permission to come inside my mind, but not with words. I tasted it and felt it. I don’t think that’s how telepathy works.”

“You’re projecting a low-level telepathic field and your human mind, even with its new upgrade, is processing the information in a fascinating way. You are exhibiting an particular condition. Tell me, when I asked your permission to enter your mind, what did you hear?”

“Nothing,” I tried to sit up. The Doctor placed his arm around my shoulders, carefully setting upright. “I experienced music, color and taste. No words.”

“Ah,” he steepled his hands together, resting his chin upon them for a moment while considering the situation. “Would you allow me to run further tests on you? I have a theory and I’d love to see if it is true.”

“I’m not a guinea pig,” I snapped, giving him a scathing glance. “Can you reverse,” I pointed both index fingers at my head. “this particular condition?”

“I don’t know, Olivia,” he shook his head. I tasted a pinch of salt on my tongue and a touch of something bitter. I didn’t know what it meant, but it reminded me of when I had tasted my own tears. “I swear I will always be there. Always.”

“That sounds more like a vow than a promise,” I said, wary of anything the Doctor said. I remembered all the fandom rules. The Doctor Lies. Beware of the Companion’s Curse. However, did it apply since I was technically Sexy’s Companion and not the Doctor’s?

“Think of it as Consolation for the soul,” he murmured. He turned away from me and I couldn’t read his expression, but I tasted that bittersweet condition on my tongue and I knew he meant the mysterious sadness hiding deep within his soul. I couldn’t be his savior, I wasn’t a Band-Aid meant for a bullet wound. I realized that consolation for the soul was an inside job.

The next day, I felt well enough to hop out of bed and explore more of the Tardis’ interior. On every monitor was the face of the woman with the sky blue eyes, peaches and cream complexion and straight blue hair. We chatted about various adventures she had with the Doctor, her life as Solarin coral in the delta of the Caedonflood River near the Riaxardi Ocean before reaching maturity and I asked her opinions on many things. I learned she was sentimental and carried a deep, abiding affection for the Doctor that was beyond the conventional definition of the word. She was his soul and he was her body, a symbiotic union made me think they were married.

“Oh, no!” Sexy laughed when she heard my perspective of their undefinable union. “You have it partially right, very symbiotic.”

“Then, the problems you’ve been having with him,” I began, remembering what happened before I landed in the Infirmary. “Communication is essential. You can’t lock each other out.”

“Because of you, dear Ollie, He and I have spoken more in the last week than we have in the past decade,” her image smiled at me. “Granted, most of it has either been admonishment or argument, but still, it’s a start.”

“Lovely,” I said, a pool of sarcasm gathering at feet. I motioned to the walls. “I’ve been here barely
more than a week and I haven’t been out of the ship since I arrive. I really need to get out."

“Ask him.”

“Well, I’m your Companion. You take him where he always needs to go, so, I’m asking you. Could we go some place where he can be of help? Please be kind.”

The lights in the corridor brightened and dimmed with the monitor going black for a moment or two. She came back online. “Go back to the Console Room. I have a surprise for you.”

I gave her imaging a questioning glance, but the screen went black again, leaving me alone in the corridor. I went to the Console Room where I saw Jules dancing around the console, turning dials and pushing buttons. “I promised you and adventure, didn’t I?”

“Yes,” a slow grin crossed my features.

The doctor rubbed his hands in anticipation. “You said you were a Librarian?”

“Yes,” I answered, wondering why he’d ask. He knew that.

“Any good?”

“Brilliant, actually,” I said with more bravado than truth.

“Curious mind?”

“Does it need saying?” I asked. “Isn’t that rather obvious?”

“Painfully,” he quipped.

“Smart ass,” I muttered.

“Indeed,” he said as he pushed a lever. Then, he winked.

“Since you’ve part of Sexy inside your mind and yours in hers, you’ve seen things very few humans have seen and learnt things that humans have never experienced.”

“True,” I agreed, standing next to him as he flipped a few toggle switches.

“You have a particular interest in other dimensions, other worlds, other universes?”


“Want to see some for real?” Jules asked with an excited glimmer in his eye.

“Oh, definitely yes!” I couldn’t contain my glee at his question.

“Right then, Olivia Brasseaux, where do you want to go? Backwards or forwards in time? To a distant planet or galaxy. It's your choice. What's it going to be?”

I remembered the last time I was asked, that particular Doctor’s incarnation left me because I took too long to make a decision. I stared at the control board in front of me, knowledge, no. . . memories coming alive and realization of something brilliant entered my thoughts. I pulled the monitor in front of me, reached for the switch on the side that I knew turned it on and pushed several buttons to bring up a picture of a planet with eleven moons and a pale pink sky. I pointed to the beautiful city down below with spiraling towers in varying pastel hues. “Where are we?”
“Nova Somn,” he answered.

“We’re still here?” I couldn’t contain my glee. “Let’s go outside and explore the planet. Can we do that?”

Jules held out his hand to me. “Want to see some Dark Elves at Starfleet Academy? Ride on the Enterprise?”

“NCC-1701-A?” I squealed with delight.

He wiggled his fingers, “Come on, Ollie, adventure awaits!”

TO BE CONTINUED......
I took the Doctor’s hand in mind, looking at him caught up in his childlike excitement. His hand felt cold to my touch as our fingers entwined for the first time. I felt joy come off him rhythmic waves, smelling like warm sugar and butter and it made my stomach growl. I closed my eyes, inhaling deeply of the sweet, delicious aroma as I ignored my stomach sound in protest a second time.

I closed my eyes, losing myself in the memories of he and an older brother playing in red grass and seeing two suns in a pale coral sky. I heard the laughter of two brothers playing with a large cat that looked akin to a Savannah except the its fur was pure white and it had heterochromatic eyes, one blue and one red. I reached to pet the feline that stood to my hip, touching soft white fur. I saw her look at me, hissing and batting at me with one of her paws. I felt sharp hooks embed in my skin, tearing through flesh before releasing me.

I cried out in pain and the treacly sentiment abruptly halted when I cried out in pain, make me wrench my hand from the Doctor’s hold.

“That hurt!” I cursed a blue streak, turning away and gritting my teeth. “I should’ve known better than to pet a strange animal.”

“Strange animal?” Jules gave me a puzzled stare. “Since when am I strange animal?”

I saw the mask settle into place; the one he wore to hide his heart and emotions. He thought I meant him. “No, Jules, not you. That giant furball that you consider a childhood pet. She had different colored eyes. I reached out to pet her and she clawed me.”
His mask vanished, replaced by wide eyes and a slack jaw. “That’s impossible.”

I held out my hand where the cat’s claws had caught on the skin of my forearm. “Wanna make a bet? Look for yourself!”

He saw the scratches on my arm, saying nothing as he stared at them and back at me. Without further word, he pulled out his sonic screwdriver, pressing the pulsing red light at the end of the wound and slowly moving it forward as the skin healed shut. I heard the low whirring sound and vowed that I’d get a sonic screwdriver one of these days. They came in handy.

“Tell me everything that happened,” he said.

“You took my hand,” I began. “I saw your brother, M’ry – M’ry,” I sighed in frustration at not being able to say the name in its entirety. “M’ry-M’rysocorfmoft!”

I felt triumphant with that small victory. I watched his face pale and I wondered if a pale Gallifreyan could get any pastier? “You were playing in the grass, red grass, outside of your home in the country away from the city. Your mother was inside doing something, but you and Emreesoc were outside playing something akin to Time Lords and Daleks. I remember the air smelled like sugar cookies or someone baking dessert. That’s when I saw your cat and I reached out to pet her and she clawed me.”

“I remember that day,” his voice dropped to a whisper. “It was the last day before I was sent to the Time Academy. Mother, Father, M’rysocorfmoft and I were on holiday in the country before my brother and I had to return. It was the last time I remember feeling freedom or that kind of joy for the longest time. I only felt it again with Rose, and briefly with Donna and Clara and it’s been gone for such a long time.”

“And now?”

“You’re here,” he said without further explanation. “You smelled biscuits?”

“No, cookies,” I answered.

He sighed. “To me biscuits are cookies. What exactly did you smell?”

“Oh! Why must you be so intrinsically British?”

“If I were American, I’d be an arse.”

“I’m an American, in case you’ve forgotten,” I glared at him, standing akimbo. “You’re an arse already, British or not.”

“True,” he smirked. “and you like it.”

“NOT.”

“Oh, yes,” he tweaked my nose. “Now tell me, Darling, what exactly did you smell?”

“Butter and sugar,” I said. “I tasted freedom and joy.”

“Hmmm,” Jules returned the sonic screwdriver to the inside pocket of his Belstaff Milford Coat. “Back to the Infirmary, Ollie!”

He took hold of my hand, ready to step back inside the Tardis. “Absolutely no!”

“No?” Amazement lit his features. “No? You are having strong telepathic episodes.”
“I want OUT of the Tardis,” I motioned to the strange world around us. “I haven’t been out since I started traveling with you. Please, you can probe me later. I just want to breath fresh air and see sky.”

Wrong choice of words. His eyes darkened from aquamarine to teal. He brought my healed inner forearm to his lips, placing a lingering kiss to where the scratch had been. “Someday, Ollie . . . “

I broke my arm free of his gentle grasp as I felt frissons shoot up my arm and throughout my body. ‘Remember the Companion Curse,’ I silently told myself. “Let’s go rediscover that joy and freedom that mean so much to you, Jules, let’s go on an adventure.”

“On one condition, Olivia,” he sounded grave, taking out his screwdriver then scanning me from head to toe. “Upon your return, you will submit to a thorough physical.”

“You just gave me one,” I protested as he offered me his hand.

“I gave you one for normal humans,” he explained, returning the sonic to his pocket. “The one I have intended for you is for telepaths.”

He started running through what looked like a park with light blue grass and milky pink sky. I saw that we were in a park of some sort. “Where are we going?”

“I’m going to show you all of Irindorn, Darling, the capital of Nova Somn. If you have a dream, here it can come true.” With his long legs, it was difficult for me to keep up. He took me to the center of the park where I saw three different sized oval rings hovering in midair. Deep mint water flowed from them, and the smelled of mint and ozone. He took me to the edge of pool that was lined in clear bricks that appeared to be made of diamonds of glass, refracting light from the three suns above us and onto the minty water.

“These, Ollie,” he motioned with his free hand toward the structure. “are the Rings of Elrond. These were given a thousand years ago from the city of Rivendell to Irindorn as a thank you gift for helping them defeat Sauron in the last great war.”

“Wait,” I stopped him. “I’ve read the Lord of the Rings Trilogy, the Elves leave Middle Earth and head to the West.”

“Maybe in your universe,” he smiled. “Here, they stayed, making this world a paradisaical haven for all sentients on the planet, thus ushering in the Millennium of Peace.”

I fought the urge to drink of the water. For whatever unknown reason, I wanted to immerse myself in it.

“All those who love peace yearn to drink the waters of the Rings. They come from a wellspring from deep beneath the planet's surface and are known for their healing properties.”

“Healing properties?” Those words caught my attention. “Could it fix my interesting condition?”

“Would it be so bad to be telepathic, Ollie?” came the solemn question. “How can you stand being lonely, without connecting to anyone?”

“I’ve been doing it well all of my life,” I admitted. I remembered the times the popular girls in high school all sat at the same lunch table while I felt like a reject because one said, “We don’t want you at our table.”

In college, I’d had a few close friends and we were all geeks, studying together and indulging in tabletop gaming or good a card game. I felt more comfortable in imaginary worlds than I ever did in
real life, pretending to be something better or different than myself at Science Fiction conventions. No brothers or sisters, just being an only child was lonely and it fueled my imagination. When my parents had passed away, I felt that loneliness wash over me in an icy shower of finality. I squashed all that emotion into a tight, little ball and shoved it so deep within me, denying it existed and went on my with my life.

“Be careful what you wish for, Ollie,” his voice carried a tinge of sadness. “I want you to try something with me, for me. Would you?”

“What?” I asked, suspicion growing in my mind.

“Do you trust me?” Jules’ eyes remained dark and stormy teal as he looked at me.

“With everything,” I answered without hesitation.

“Then, let me show you something,” he gave me a small smile. “Something for you and me alone.”

“Okay…”

“Your hands in mine,” he instructed and I held his. While holding my hands, the Doctor put his index and middle fingers gently to my temples, then lightly pressed his brow against mine. “Do you freely give and gladly consent to let me enter your mind?”

“A mind-meld?” I asked.

“No,” he quickly assured me. “This is simply a sharing of thoughts, no permanent or temporary bond involved, I assure you. May I?”

“Please,” I asked, not knowing for what I was asking.

I closed my eyes, feeling a presence around me, covering me, embracing me in a warmth I can only describe as comforting, assuring. It contained affection and sentiment, fondness and adoration, possessiveness and jealousy, hope and trepidation. Somehow, I felt Jules had known me for far longer than I had known him. Deep emotions and ties ran to the core of his soul while I had no such anchor or hold. I was emotionally bereft and void, hollow without friends or family with only my work, books and pets for company.

That squashed little black hole that sucked every bit of emotion out of my life suddenly bobbed to the surface and went supernova. Do you know what happens when a black hole explodes? You have a white hole that blasts matter into the universe. I remember reading books on Quantum Physics and the start of all creation. I felt the Big Bang erupt in my soul as that dense, black ball of isolation exploded and everything came rushing into me: my parents’ deaths, the lack of friends, the constant difficulty of connecting with another human being because it hurt too much when that person betrayed me or left.

I felt my psychic dam burst and those emotions splattered everything in front of me. I felt hot tears trail down my cheeks as I sobbed into the Irish wool of Jules’ coat. I bawled as every suppressed bit of bitterness and anger poured out of me. The bitter, metallic taste of bile rose in my throat and I sank to my knees because I felt weak. Jules caught me in his arms, keeping his brow pressed to mine as he scooped me from the ground.

“Shh, Darling, I’ve got you,” Jules whispered, his deep voice soothing the raw burn in my heart as all the negative feeling I’d squelched for most of my life erupted. “I’ve got you. Let it go, now.”

I cried until my throat was sore and snot threatened to run down my chin. He sat down on the crystal
wall of the pool, drawing his kerchief from his pocket and handing it to me. I wiped my nose and loudly sniffled. I knew my mascara was little more than runny black trails down my cheeks and I felt drained.

Then, it happened. I knew little about psychic ability or psionic ability, but I knew that every barrier that I’d erected in the last 28 years had been destroyed by a mad man with a blue box. I heard a distant call of my name. I closed my eyes as Jules rocked me in his arms, pressing a kiss to my brow while never losing skin-to-skin contact with me. I was back at the Walgreen's in Lincoln, standing in front of the Red box kiosk. I saw the tenth doctor looking at me with warm brown eyes and a big grin on his features. Then, that vision melted away to another skinny Time Lord, dressed in that purple shirt of sex and wearing a classic suits with narrow-leg trousers and a two-button, slim-cut jacket.

“Olivia,” the voice again beckoned me. I looked up and saw the Doctor standing a few feet away from me, with his hand outstretched in invitation. “You can stay locked in your own world with only yourself for company. Work, and sleep, comfortable in your isolation. Or, you could risk it all and come with me. Together, we’ll see the stars burn, planets turn and a thousand different futures. You’ll feel again and know that you are lo-”

I looked at at him when I heard his breath hitch. “Go on, say it.”

“That you are lonely no longer,” he whispered in my ear. My heart dropped because it wasn’t what I anticipated him to say.

“What just happened?” I asked, wiping the tears from my eyes.

“You have a need to connect with others, but never could on a level due to the sadness of losing the ones you loved most,” Jules brushed a stray tendril of my hair out of my face. “Now, that Sexy has rewired you, those latent abilities in your DNA are coming to the forefront, thus, your telepathic ability.”

“I’ve never been telepathic.”

“Your mother was, she always knew you better than anyone.”

“How’d you know that?” I felt my heart break a little when I felt the pain of missing Mom. I hadn’t let myself feel that in years.

“It was buried deep in your mind, Darling,” Jules rocked me gently. “You’ve been alone for so long. Others move on, but you remained still, living in that self-created world of isolation. When you developed your telepathic ability as a byproduct of Sexy’s well-intentioned meddling, your mind cried out to mine. You challenge me every opportunity I get, yet you offered me the greatest gift in centuries: pure, sincere friendship. You made me feel alive again, Olivia Brasseaux.”

“It hurts.”

“It does,” the Doctor pulled away from me, his blue-green eyes looking into mine. “I felt your friendship and your concern when you reached out to me that night. You’re the first person in a long while not to want me for a shag or what I can do. You like me as I am, even when I’m a sodding arse.”

“Ass,” I corrected him.

“Chips or fries, popcicle or ice lollies,” the Doctor wiped away the black streaks on my cheeks with his thumb. “I never imagined that you’d be such a grenade exploding when you let me inside your
mind. You pack quite a punch, Ms. Brasseaux.”

“This is really awkward,” I motioned between us. “I’m sitting in your lap in the middle of the park crying my eyes out.”

“Er, yes, quite right,” he gave a curt nod, gently putting me on my feet.

“I’m sorry about your shirt,” I looked at the rather large wet stain caused by my tears. “Could I freshen up for a bit and then we try...this-” I motioned around us. “again?”

“Of course,” he gave an agreeing nod.

*****************************************************************

I felt much better after a quick shower and putting on my face. I chose my favorite red turtle neck and blue jeans with a cute pair of black boots. I loved the hair that I had inherited from my Cajun, Welsh and Spanish ancestors. My hair is naturally black and somewhere in between curly and wavy. Thick and course, it frizzles when it rains and looks great when I have a ton of product in it.

I like red because it compliments my skin. My skin is pale olive and darkens when I tan in the summertime. I’m not Miss America nor am I the hunchback of Notre Dame. I consider myself pretty and I like how I look.

I also made sure my smart phone was charged so I could load up on pictures and video. It’s not every day I get to leave my own universe, travel with a mad man in a blue box and see strange new worlds and new civilizations; to boldly go where I haven’t been before. Hey, it’s true!

I stepped into the console room and he’d changed his clothing into one of those sleek Dolce & Gabbana shirt and a slim-cut Spencer Hart suit. I felt very inadequate in my clothing from Walmart and Shopko, but the Doctor didn’t seem to mind.

“Can I photograph the Rings of Elrond?” I asked.

“And we’ll take selfies!” he promised me, a genuine grin on his face.

“How?” I asked. “You don’t have a selfie stick”.

“Trust me?” he asked with a wink.

“Always,” I said.

“Come on, Darling!” he said, his enthusiasm infectious. He held out his hand, wiggling his fingers, “Adventure awaits.”

Again, we headed out of the door of the Tardis. This time, things were different. I had psychically vomited on the Doctor and he didn’t mind at all. He seemed freer than when I’d first met him. While he said we hadn’t psychically bonded or melded or whatever, I felt a strong cable of connection running between our minds. There was something deeper he wasn’t showing me, but for that day, I didn’t need deeper; I wanted real.

We stood, again, in front of the large metal oval Rings of Elrond over the minty sweetwater in the pool. “Okay, Jules, how do we get a selfie with both of us in it without a selfie stick?”

It was cool weather in the park and I guessed it was mid-autumn in that part of Nova Somn. He took off his red scarf and held his hand out to me. “May I see your mobile, Olivia?”
“Sure,” I said, handing him my favorite gadget.

He wrapped the scarf around it and the red wool began hovering mid-air, slowly rising until it hovered over about ten feet away. From his inside coat pocket, he pulled out his sonic. “Make love to the camera, Darling!”

I looked at the camera as he aimed his sonic screwdriver at my phone, the electronic hum of it filling my ears. My camera phone took several shots in rapid succession, reminding me of being in photo booth. The red woolen scarf slowly floated back to eye level with my phone wrapped in it. I held out my hand and the scarf released it into my grasp. I stared at Jules, wide-eyed with amazement.

“Clever! Where did you get your Scarf of Levitation?”

“It was gifted to me by the Ancient Mage, Bellazurielle Nimblerune from Foxnorth University.”

“That’s cheating,” I chuckled as he wrapped the scarf around his neck.

“No, that’s innovation,” he countered, returning the sonic to his inside pocket.

“Is it safe to drink the water?” my throat was still sore from all of the crying I done.

“It is safe and encourage by the indigenous population,” he assured me. “That’s why so many come and drink from it. One sip and any physical infirmity you have vanishes.”

“What about telepathic ones?”

“Honestly, I’m not sure,” he said slowly.

I cupped my hands, dipping them in the sparkling mint water and bring it to my lips. I slowly sipped the refreshing and slightly sweet liquid, reveling in the taste. I felt it work its magic immediately when I swallowed. The soreness in my throat vanished and my congestion cleared. I felt a warmth behind my brow and between my temples as I took another sip. I felt drowsy for a moment then my mind seemed clearer than it had in days. I knew instinctively the water had somehow brought balance to the physical anomalies inside my mind.

“How do you feel?” the Doctor asked. I stared at him, but his lips didn’t move.

“Fine,” I responded aloud. “Will I always be able to hear you like that?”

‘Only as long as you allow me to speak to you this way,’ his voice reminded me of dark chocolate and caramel with salt, velour wrapped around me in a warm cocoon. The physical sensations of his thoughts speaking inside my mind made me shiver.

“Does telepathic communication always have a physical affect?”

“No, it’s rare, but not unheard of,” he smiled.

“So what about Starfleet Academy?”

“How about if I take you to the feast of the Eleven Moons?” he asked, holding his hand out to me. “You’ll love it. The food is outstanding, the dancing is amazing and the wine! Oh, the wine! We’ll dance until dawn, drink and eat until we’ve had our fill and watch the rings of Nova Somn come out after the suns set and the moons rise.”

“Lead on!”

“I’m thankful to know you,” he beamed. “It has been too long.”
He motioned me closer. “Put your arms around my neck, Darling,”

His voice sounded like a lover’s caress and I shivered from its resonance. I didn’t care if I was drugged, Jules was having an affect on me. Pulling me close, we touched from chest to knees and he pulled the outer perimeter of his Belstaff around us. His arms wrapped tightly around me and said a distinctly French phrase that I recognized. “Allons-y.”

The world went white.

We were no longer in the park, but somewhere else in the city. The skyline was alight with rose, gold and violet light and he turned me to the South (he told me it was South) to see the rings of Nova Somn appear as each of the suns disappeared. I saw Elves around us: Dark Elves, elves with platinum hair, elves with blue skin and white hair, elves with chestnut hair and freckles, small elves, large elves, leprechauns and sprites, pixies and Seelie, Unseelie and Brownies. All were sitting at tables, talking and feasting. My heart leaped in anticipation.

“Doctor, old friend,” a voice called out to us. It was a Drow male, no more than five and a half feet tall. His silvery hair was thick, braided in an intricate braid that hung down the middle of his back. Dressed in a midnight blue fabric that reminded me of silk, he addressed me in a language that I didn’t understand.

With uncertainty, I looked back at the Doctor, who gave me a reassuring hug.

The elf, shorter than me by a few inches, nodded in understanding and bowed. He touched his left hand to his heart and two fingers to his temple. I tilted my head in question. He laid his hands out, palms up. Instinct told me he was asking permission for telepathic communication. I touched my brow, pointed to his, then back to mine. He nodded once. I looked at the Doctor. “Jules?”

“Only with your knowledge and consent, Darling,” he assured me.

I gingerly laid my palms upon those of the dark elf. Alabaster and Onyx, male and female, mystical and mundane. All of these diametric opposites flowed through my mind in a flash of lightning. His presence felt far different than the doctor’s being inside my mind. This felt like walking in the Spring after a rain, cool air and the aroma of hyacinths.

‘I’m Tazin, of the house Kilrahel,’ his voice was also British with more of a Northern accent. ‘I’m the Ambassador from Kiari.’

So, this was the guy that the Doctor had wanted to fuck. I went cold. I imagined doors closing in every part of my mind except for a singular room where he and I stood. ‘Olivia Brasseaux from Lincoln, Nebraska.’

‘It is a pleasure to have you join you and my kin in our celebration. You are welcome here in peace.”

Why did everyone have to sound British? Tazin gave me a quizzical stare and he spoke aloud to the Doctor in a lyrical language that I didn’t understand. ‘Sexy, a little help here?’

The next sound I heard was the sound of someone tuning a radio to get the right station. “Very, very close, Doctor. It seems you got carried away with your newest companion.”

“How so, Tazin?” the Doctor asked in a silky voice.

“You are the one who can bring a Prince to his knees,” Tazin replied, lavender eyes flashing violet. Was that anger or jealousy rolling off him in waves? I couldn’t tell. “You wouldn’t be with me because you were thinking of her.”
“You think too much of yourself, old friend,” the Doctor rebuked him, aquamarine eyes clashed with lavender. “You were caught too much in the heat of passion and the thrill of the chase and became too enthralled in the lust that consumed you.”

Neither appeared to notice me because I had shut all mental doors save one. ‘Sexy, what language am I hearing?’

‘Gallifreyan.’

Oh, God. What had I stumbled across? Two lovers having a spat or something more?

“There is no such thing as too much lust or emotion,” Tazin countered, moving closer to Jules. “You’ve became too involved with the political intrigue of nation upon nation, never seeing the larger picture of what needed accomplished.”

“I never heard you complain, Tazin, when I was hilted so deep within you that I touched your soul,” the Doctor countered darkly.

I felt myself blush with embarrassment at the picture they made in my mind. I cleared my throat to rid myself of the awkward image. Not much luck.

“By the gods,” Tazin chuckled. “While I find you immensely attractive and a marvelous shag, do you think for one moment I would forget what I came here to do for my homeworld?”

“You did,” the Doctor answered.

“You forgot why you were here,” he motioned to me. “You’ve found yourself a little distraction while I never lost sight of my mission. You think that you are invincible to sentiment because you’re the Doctor, the clever Time Lord traveling the universe in your little blue box?”

“I was never distracted,” Jules leaned forward, speaking softly to Tazin. “Because I cleared my mind when I touched you and saw you’re incapable of that kind of sentiment. You’re heart is ice while hers is bright. You take and absorb while she gives and reflects. When I kissed you that night, it was for the last time.”

“You’ve found her, haven’t you?” Tazin looked past Jules toward me. “All that we have, all that we’ve shared, you’d abandon for her? Affection is a weakness that you dare not afford, Doctor, with as many enemies as you have. “

“I have found my redemption and my strength,” was his cryptic reply. “Perhaps, salvation for my soul.”

“Surely, Doctor, you jest,” Tazin replied in Gallifreyan. “Are you sure? Does your little Human know that she is your Muse, the Chimera?”

“Not yet. It only matters that I am enough or worthy of her inspiration. I vowed that I’d never betray her trust and always keep her safe. Neither of us anticipated the byproduct of a bond forming without either of us giving consent. Because this happened to her while in my care, I will protect Olivia with my life as long as she will have me.”

“Either sentiment or madness will be your undoing, old friend,” Tazin shook his head. “For your sake, I hope she isn’t your end. Have you told her?”

“No, and I’m not going to,” Jules replied. “I have lived too long and seen too much. I can be so much more now because I have found her again.”
“Doe she know what she is?”

“Must I say it?” The doctor replied. “Simply let it be, Tazin.”

Tazin laid a hand on the taller man’s shoulder. Was it the touch of a friend, a lover, a rival and enemy or all of them? “She has a right to know.”

To Be Continued. . .
Chapter Summary

Tardis Companion, Olivia Brasseaux, sees the universe alive and in color, no thanks to one well-meaning, meddling Tardis experiencing an identity crisis. Acting as a stylist and shrink, Olivia does her best to help out Sexy discover her inner Tardis while trying to understand why the Doctor can be such an ass. Somehow, Olivia has to keep them from losing their grip on reality while she tries to deal with the complications that her new telepathy brings. Plus, Sexy decides that pink is the new Sexy and the Doctor is not pleased. It's just another typical day aboard the Tardis.

8 days and counting while loving every moment of it. I’d fallen in love with the planet Nova Somn, wanting to experience everything. All of the sensual sensations I experienced had changed my perceptions of how reality shifted around me. It was also fertile training ground for me to deal with my new telepathic abilities.

From the previous evening with the wonderful feast and the awkward experience that I had with Tazin, it was nice to actually be back in the Tardis. While Sexy was the only one I could actually hear in traditional telepathic manner, I let her know that I also appreciated having a visual image. She tried several, ranging from Martin Freeman and Tom Ellis to Benedict Cumberbatch and Tom Hiddleston. When I shook my head, she tried them as the characters I knew and loved back on Earth in my Universe, but in this strange and different realm, Dr. Watson was a doctor, there was a Lucifer somewhere, Sherlock existed and Loki caused havoc everywhere he went.

“Why don’t you just be yourself?” I asked.

“What is myself?” She countered. “Tell me, who am I, Olivia?”

“Look within and what do you see?”

She started spouting off spatial quantum equations about the Time Vortex.

“Don’t be so literal, Sexy,” I chuckled. I sat down in one of the theater rooms where she appeared on the wide viewing screen. “What is your personality? What do you like and dislike?”

“I-” she began, then halted. “I don’t know.”

“Let’s start with your favorite color?” I asked.

“The Doctor likes blue.”

“I’m not asking about the Doctor,” I said to the blank monitor. “What is your favorite color?”

“Hmmm,” lights flickered around me and I knew she was giving the question the same priority as if she were taking reads on an event horizon or singularity. I watched the screen flicker in front of me and my favorite avatar came on. “You like seeing me when we talk, don’t you?”

“I do,” I admitted.
“I think I like pink,” the lady with long, straight light blue hair, vivid blue eyes and sky blue lipstick smiled at me. I’m not being over-descriptive; the colors were that vibrant.

“Pink?” That caught me off guard.

“Yes,” she smiled. “I like pink. Everything is blue, blue, blue and I like pink,” she said. As an afterthought, she exclaimed, “and lilac.”

“Nice color combo,” I replied. Sexy had a personality, that I knew. She was sentimental, possessive, stubborn, somewhat snobbish and definitely loved her Doctor. She like having attention showered on her and she possessed a mischievous sense of humor.

“Thank you,” the avatar smiled at me. “I don’t like appearing like this.”

“Well,” I drawled, putting my hand my jean pockets. “Let’s start with the basics?” I began running in-depth analyses inside my head by accessing her data banks, seeing if Tardis records indicated any of her preferences. “Do you want to appear humanoid?”

“I think it would be best,” the image nodded. “The Doctor seems to have a fondness for humans, particularly strays.”

“Ouch,” I said in mock indignation. “Show a little love, Sexy.”

“I have to admit, I’ve like a few humans,” the image brought a finger to her lips. “I appreciated Rory Williams and River Song. They understood me. You’re not bad either except for that silly crush you have on him.”

“On who?”

“On the Doctor, Silly!” All the lights in the room flickered on and off while Sexy laughed.

“I think your circuits are fried. Seriously, nice guy, but too arrogant and moody for my taste. That man’s ego is so sensitive that he’d bruise if I breathed on him the wrong way,” I said. “He preens like a peacock and struts like a rooster.” I forgot that I shared a telepathic bond with Sexy. The next thing flashing on the screen was the Doctor with his arms folded like chicken wings while he strutted around the console room clucking like a chicken.

“Much with the harsh,” I scolded her.

“That’s what you’re thinking,”

I smirked and chuckled. “You forgot the peacock feathers.”

Suddenly, some sprouted out of his backside on the monitor. My sides hurt for the next hour because I’d laughed hard and long at the preening, primping Doctor with feathers shooting out of his ass.

“Humanoid, it is!” Sexy decided. “I think humans are fine. They’re everywhere in the universe so I’ll look like one.”

“Just like that?” I gave her avatar a strange look.

“Sure and I’ll be pink.”

“Oh, my,” I muttered under my breath. “What have I done?”

The image that greeted me was far different than the blue belle that I’d seen just before that moment.
Now, looking at me, was a woman with long flowing hair that fell around her shoulders. Shades of pale pink, mint, sky blue and lavender crowned her. Her eyes still remained the bright vivid blue. Her lips were lush, fuller and glittery pink. Her skin was paper white with a hint of pink blush and all sorts of body glimmer. Dressed in an iridescent dress that shimmered in the light, she looked like a cross between a unicorn and a rainbow. Still, if anyone made the look work, it was Sexy.

“And you consider yourself female?” I said, choosing to say nothing about the pastel assault on my eyes.

“Yes, the Doctor likes girls and I love him.”

“I’m sure you two will be very happy together,” I gave my best smile. “Would you two like to be alone?”

“Not like that,” a look of disgust crossed her face. “He’s my best mate and my other half.”

“Oh,” I nodded.

“By the way, where is the Doctor?”

“He said he had to attend to business in the city and he’d be back shortly,” was her cryptic reply. He was probably shagging Tazin who was likely screaming like Tarzan at that point, complete with rug burns on his knees.

“Jealous?” Sexy chuckled.

“No, the Doctor’s gay,” I snorted. “Not my type.”

“No, he’s just not one type,” she corrected me. “He doesn’t limit himself to a narrow-minded 21st century mindset.”

“Narrow-minded?” I yelped in offense. “He gets ridden more than the city bus.”

“And it bothers you because it isn’t you?”

“It saddens me because he doesn’t think himself worthy of love,” I retorted. The Unicorn lady grew silent. “It hurts to think about it. What happened to him, Sexy?”

“He lost hope, he lost his heart and he finally gave up,” she sighed. “I’ve seen him like this, but never so past the point of return. He gave into hedonistic experiences such as auto-temporalization.”

“Auto-temporalization?” I wrapped my mind around the strange word, analyzing the etymology. “Auto, a Greek prefix meaning ‘self.’ Temporal stems from the Latin word, ‘temporalis’ meaning time. I-ization:. A suffix forming nouns describing the act, activity, or outcome of doing something, or of making something. So he did something to himself with time either by doing something or making something? Critical thinking concludes-”

I felt a burst of light gently tap some of my newly formed synapses. “You’re my friend, not a computer.”

“So, what does he do to himself or make of himself with time?”

“He ingests the time vortex for short periods of time and it induces bliss,” she explained.

“He gets high off of your power source?” I squawked. “Are you kidding me?”

“I kid you not,” she answered in an undeniably human way.
“A time junkie,” I whispered. “Oh, Sexy, what made him go off the rails like that?”

“That’s not my shame to share;” her serious reply sobered my demeanor. “Only since you’ve been here and he and I’ve started chatting again has he show any interest in anything besides intoxication or fornication. I said we needed you, no matter if you’re a fixed point—”

I heard footsteps stomping down the hall and a familiar voice bellow, “Olivia! What in the bloody Hell has happened to my Tardis? Why is she sodding pink?”

I pointed my thumb towards the corridor. “His Majesty beckons.” Instead of dealing with a madman with a blue box, now I dealt with a mad man with a pink box. Maybe it was dealing with a mad, pink box and a blue man. At this point, I didn't know if I was Sexy's stylist or Jules' shrink.

“I can hide you until he cools down,” she offered. “Let him work it off.”

“No, if he takes his anger out on me, I’ll kick his skinny, pasty ass all the way back to Gallifrey!” I declared with more bravery than I felt.

“You will do no such thing!” Sexy ordered me. “Unless I can help you.”

I snickered. “Deal.”

TO BE CONTINUED...
The Color of Touch

Chapter Summary

Olivia is on an adventure with the Doctor as she discovers worlds and exotic cultures, to Nova Somn: the Planet of Dreams. While learning more about her new psionic talents, the Doctor and Olivia learn about each other; the taste of yearning and the color of touch.

The Doctor didn’t speak to me for the rest of the evening after he saw his new hot, pink Sexy Tardis. She called him an idiot for punishing me for her decision and he said she wouldn’t have made herself look so ridiculous had it not been for my corrupting influence.

“Would you like to go exploring?” Sexy asked me the next morning, not speaking to the Doctor at all while communicating with me. I had grown used to having an a close female friend; a luxury I hadn’t had in several years. “You don’t need the Doctor to enjoy the planet. I’ll keep a telepathic link with you and if there is any trouble, I’ll direct you back to the Tardis.”

“He’s already angry with me as it is, Sexy,” I reminded her. “He hasn’t spoken to me since last night. He’s probably still sulking and contemplating me kicking me out of here or sending me home.”

“I won’t let him,” Sexy vowed. “You’re my companion.”

“He says otherwise,” I countered.

“He doesn’t know his head from his arse and he can be a bit of a nutter,” the Pepto Bismol Sexy snickered back at me from the monitor in on the console.

“Sexy, will you please quit thinking?” he said, coming from beneath the console with his sonic screwdriver in hand. “You’re deafening the planet.”

“Was I thinking to you?” she asked.

“All I can hear is you,” he tapped the console. “There, try the chameleon circuit. See if it’s fixed.”

“Can’t you hear Ollie?”

“No,” he paused for a moment blinking twice. “I can’t. Now, try to change your color back to blue.”

I watched Jules walk outside the Tardis doors while I sat in the jump chair, wondering what to do next. He and I weren’t getting along and that wasn’t good for an ongoing association. While he’d been working under the console, I’d began chronicling our exploits with plans to edit them and put them in the Tardis Library for posterity if he didn’t kick me out first.

“Follow him,” she mentally urged him.

“No,” I shook my head.

“Trust me,” Sexy urged. “Go to him.”
“Why?”

“He’s feeling lonely.”

“Why doesn’t he just get a girlfriend or a boyfriend?” I asked. “He could go see Tazin.”

“He doesn’t feel the same way about Tazin the way Tazan feels about the Doctor,” Sexy explained.

“I realized that the other night,” I agreed. I never was one for conflict, but I hated discord. Breathing deeply to find my resolve, I walked outside the Tardis to stand beside him in the park. There he stood with hands in his pockets, a slight smile of satisfaction on his face because his girl was blue again rather than pink.

“She’s blue,” I didn’t know what else to say.

He breathed deeply, “Indeed.”

I nodded, saying nothing. I felt uncertainty make my heart stutter. “I’m thinking I should go home. This isn’t working out and we’re not getting along. Maybe, if I return to Earth, this whole telepathic thing might vanish.”

He stared at me with wide eyes that looked silver in the light of the triple suns. “No.”

“No?” I said, surprised. “What are you going to do, hold me hostage?”

“If I must,” he said in a dark voice.

“Now, why would you want to do that?” I scoffed. “You and I aren’t getting on well. You have highly emotional reactions and you pout when you don’t get your way. I didn’t paint your damn Tardis pink; that was all Sexy. It’s wrong that you yelled at me the way you did and I don’t want to be here if that is how you’re going to treat me. I deserve better.”

“Ollie,” he started, with hands deep in his pockets and his eyes on the ground. “I . . . was wrong to be cross with you when it wasn’t you’re doing. I apologize and ask your forgiveness.”

I dared to look at him, but his eyes were still on the ground. At that moment, I wished I could read his mind, but his defenses were up. The first rule of telepathy the Doctor taught me was respect. Treat others as I would want to be treated and not to enter another’s mind without knowledge or consent. I exhaled, trying to understand the mood swings of this enigmatic man standing beside me. All I knew was that his mood swings were giving me whiplash.

“I accept. I still think it’s best to return home,” I kept my resolve. The last thing I wanted to do is suffer the Companion Curse. I didn’t want to develop romantic feelings, be left on a planet and stranded, get killed by weeping angels or have my memory wiped. I’d watched Doctor Who enough to know, Be like Martha. Walk away.

“Ollie,” he looked at me, his eyes were much darker. I noticed they were usually blue-green, but when experiencing strong emotion, Jules’ eyes became vivid and darker in hue. “I haven’t had a Companion in over a century and I’ve forgotten that humans are different than myself. I’m not versed in human etiquette.”

“True,” I agreed, nodding in agreement. “I have questions and you have answers. My offer of friendship is still good. You know I trust you implicitly for whatever reason only God knows. I want to keep traveling with you, but not if you’re going to be this way toward me.”
"You can’t leave,” I couldn’t deny the urgency in his voice. “You need to learn to control your abilities. After so long, I have a Companion. Please allow me to show you that I’m not always a prick.”

“Okay,” I considered his apology and his offer. I looked at him, seeing him surrounded in a cobalt aura with popping silver sparks. In the last few days since Sexy commandeered my brain, I’d learnt Blue represents meanings of trust, loyalty, sincerity, wisdom, confidence, stability, faith and intelligence. The color blue has positive affects on the mind and the body. It tasted mildly tart and tangy. He meant what he said. "Walk with me and we'll talk."

"Agreed," he turned away from the Tardis, aiming the sonic over his shoulder to remotely lock her doors. We walked past the rings of Elrond until we were outside the park. It was located in the center of a thriving metropolis, home to over 15 million people, Jules had recently told me. As we walked downhill toward the bazaar being held in the city square, he offered his hand and I took it.

We didn't speak for a few minutes as I stared in awe at the bellowed towers and tall spirals looming high over Irindorn. Building were in various pastel hues, some looking like they were carved from opal while others were in bright jeweled tones such as ruby, sapphire and emerald. I found the fluorite and tourmaline buildings my favorite.

In the market, it was a cross between a bazaar and a farmer's market. Vendors sold their products and produce while throngs of people milled through the narrow aisles, examining merchandise. He squeezed my hand, took me toward a vendor and said something in a language that I didn't understand. In a few seconds, Sherlock hand me an ice cream cone.

"How many light years are we from Earth?"

"Approximately 250 light years," he replied.

"And we're getting ice cream?" I couldn't help but smile as I took a lip and savored the creamy-sweet orange crème flavor on my tongue. "One of my favorite flavors. Thank you."

"My pleasure," he took a lick and smiled.

"Why happened the other night that made you so angry? It had to be more than a pink Tardis."

"Tazin and I had decided not to continue our. . ." he paused, as if looking for the right word. "relationship."

"I'm sorry." I said in a soft voice.

"It'll be fine," he took another lick. "All fine."

"I see," not quite understanding.

"Ollie," Jules turned to me, his eyes intent on my face. "I've known about you for a long time. Centuries."

"Cross my timeline more than once?" I took another lick of cold deliciousness.

"No," he replied. "A prophesy made by the Ood."

"I know of the Ood."

"They told me I'd find a strange woman with a red box," he smirked. "She would fall head over feet
for me and keep me waiting for three centuries. They told me to take her to the ends of the universe and she'd regenerate me, give me a new chance."

"Are prophesies usually that literal?" I asked, suffering a sharp jab of pain as I took a like of my ice cream. I cringed and let out a cry of pain. "Ach! Brain freeze."

Jules stopped mid-stride, pulling out his sonic and scanning me. "Darling, what is it? Are you under attack?"

"No," I pressed my hand to my head in a vain attempt to quell the pain. "Sphenopalatine ganglioneuralgia: a painful headache because of the rapid temperature occurring on the roof of my mouth. Going from hot to cold in 5 seconds sends my nerves into a frenzy."

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"I'm a Librarian," I answered. "I research things for fun. Most it's useless information, but it comes in handy for The Weakest Link and Trivial Pursuit."

"I'd love to see what else is hidden in your memories," his voice reminded me of a tiger purring inside a cello: deep, rich, melodic and sensual.

"You did meet me in front of a Redbox and I tripped over my shoelaces. My head hit the pavement and you left me there because I couldn't make up my mind on where I wanted to go. So, now take me to the ends of the Universe and I'll regenerate you. I don't think you want that to happen because that means you have to be fatally injured."

"They told me that I would be fractured and I'd never regain my all of myself because of her," he continued. "The Ood also showed me what I had to lose by not finding you, Olivia. That was far worse."

"What was it?" I asked.

Jules gave me a sad smile. "I can't tell you, but someday I will."

I studied Jules out of the side of my eye as we walked downtown. As we walked through past the different booths, one in particular caught my eye that was swathed in bright, colorful scarves with jewelry hanging from hooks and a makeshift display. I nodded in the booth's direction, "Can we look?"

"Of course," I felt the Doctor place his cool hand in the small of my back, gently guiding me through the crowd. I looked at him and saw a genuine smile on his face. The vendor was an older woman with slightly green skin and grey eyes that had seen too much in her lifetime.

I scanned the display case when a pocket watch caught my eye. It was polished, brilliant metallic blue with circular script embellishing it. A flourish of of circles adorned it along with crossing lines and dots, each circle interlinked with another. I pointed to it. "It's Gallifreyan, isn't it?"

"It is," he gave me a small smile. "A Time Lord or Lady receives such a watch when graduating from the Academy."

"Did it belong to another Time, er, person?" I asked, feeling awkward that it had been someone's else at one time.

"No. This one was custom-crafted for another purpose," Jules took my hand in his, giving it a quick squeeze. "Made for someone extremely special."
I heard him speak to the vendor, asking about the pocket watch. Inside, they switched to a language that I didn't recognize. I had always wanted to buy a watch like that when I had attended conventions, but most the timing had never been right. Either the vendor didn't accept credit cards or I didn't have enough cash to pay for. I realized that my history had repeated itself; I had no money. I watched the Doctor pull out a small silver object that looked like a thumb drive, handing to the vendor who scanned it then returned it to him. The vendor handed me the watch.

I looked at the vender, then at Jules, back at the vender and then at Jules. Jules' grin widened to the point of showing the pure glee he felt at that moment. "I can't accept this, Doctor."

Jules' slender hands took it from mine and I was about to squawk in protest when he held out the chain and placed it over my head. Jules straightened the pocket watch until it was centered. I looked down, held it in my hand and examined the circles. He confirmed my suspicions. "Yes, Darling, you can. It's a gift, your first gift from me."

My hands touched the cool blue metal. I opened the watch seeing an inscription inside it. I turned the watch over, seeing that Gallifreyan script adorned the watch's front and back. "What does it say?"

The Doctor adjusted the chain so that watch was perfectly centered. "On the front, it says, 'Laugh hard. Run fast. Be kind.'"

I flipped it over, looking at the back. "What does it say here?"

"Love is a promise we make," his voice dropped an octave, low enough only I heard it.

I opened it, looking on the interior of the watch where I saw ornate circles interlocked. "What does this say?"

"Re'Hallion," his urgent whisper brought shivers to my body when I felt his cool lips place a kiss on my ear.

"What does it mean?"

"Someday, I'll tell you, but today isn't that day."

"Thank you," I replied, my voice quiet. "I'll pay you back."

"No, you won't," he retorted, taking my hand in his and brushing his lips against my knuckles. "It's a gift, the gift of time so that you have all of it in the universe."

My breath hitched. I saw the Doctor's head tilt when it happened. "Let me show you the rest of the city, Ollie."

"Please," I responded eagerly. For the rest of the afternoon, we indulged in a walking tour of historical architecture, various venders, a historical tour and a ride on an oliphaunt. What is an Oliphaunt, you ask. It's a creature two stories high that looks like an elephant but has two sets of tusks. Think the size of a mammoth with the appearance of an African elephant and you have an oliphaunt.

The Doctor rode behind me on the Oliphaunt in the rickshaw on top of the creature. I felt his lean body press into my back and arms around my waist with his fingers entwined with mine. I was utterly confused by his changes in behavior compared to the previous night, but he seemed starved for physical contact.

I couldn't read his mind, but I could read the corona surrounding him. I saw a faint coral glow
surround us like an outline and I tasted peaches on my tongue. I heard no words, but concepts filled my mind in a silver light. His fragile hearts were healing he was full of gentleness and tenderness. I felt something dancing along my skin, yellow bubbles floating around us and I felt the Doctor's joy and hope. I knew there was more than what he shared, but I wasn't going to press the issue.

He craved touch as if he were a starving man at a buffet and I longed for it in a way I hadn't realize. I had to admit, I enjoyed his touch and found myself excited by it while he seemed calm. He made no moves to kiss or touch me in any way other than holding my hand or holding me close on the ride. The Doctor reveled in the simple joy of the afternoon's activities and company. I figured I'd just flow with it.

As the suns were setting, we walked hand in hand back to the Tardis. We stood outside her doors as the sun bathed the park in a sea of golden and violet against a pink sky. "Jules, I had a wonderful time today."

"As did I," he agreed. He brought my hand to his lips and pressed a cool kiss against my sensitive flesh that made me shiver. I impulsively did before I had time to think about it. I stood on my tip toes and planted a lingering peck on his check.

The Doctor leaned into the kiss, cheek and temple gently resting against me. We said nothing as his lips lingered on my hand and our temples rested against each other. The coral glow vanished to be replaced by flashing red octagonal flickers of light floating around us. One word came to my mind, 'yearning.'

Eventually, we broke our connection and I wondered if he could read me as I could him. I couldn't read his thoughts, but yet I tasted and saw the color of various concepts.

"Doctor, the telepathy test that you wanted to give me, could I take it tonight?" I asked as we walked into the Tardis.

"Tomorrow," he murmured in my ear. "We have all the time of tomorrow and we'll do it then."

TO BE CONTINUED. . .
Red Moon Rising

Sexy would be a loud, comforting friend inside my mind, acting as tour guide as I took my phone out and about, snapping photos of Nova Somn’s eleven moons, the planet’s rings at sunset. Since we were still in the park, I took pictures and selfies at the Rings of Elrond. Sexy acted as guide, friend and protector when I snuck out of the Tardis. I ventured far beyond the park into Irindorn proper. In the heart of the city, I walked the city streets dressed in local garb thanks to Sexy’s extensive wardrobe, and she gave me historical tours of the architecture and other tidbits about the city.

In the year (their year) 1865, a great war had shattered to kingdoms on the planet, leaving both in ruin. Then, a large golden crack had appeared in the skies above and that was, according to the locals, when the Dalyu, came. I quickly learned the Dalyu was the Irindornite people’s name for Dalek. When they had invaded, thinking the planet weak and ripe for conquest, the Ancient Irindornite Native Alliance of the North (Ainran) rose like a sleeping giant, complete with griffins, dragons, trolls, ancient gods, elves, Dwarrow, hopping mad Halflings (hobbits to the rest of us) and some very pissed humans. Throw in some pissed-off ogres and several wizards and scientists and you have the Great Awakening where the indigenous population kicked some very serious Dalyu ass.

They also received great help during those battle by a man with a blue box. Dressed in a brown suit with blue pinstripes, he’d spearheaded the battle leading dragons and griffins, harpies and Amazons and Valkyrie on their mounts and decimated the walking trash cans before vanishing them through the broken sky back into the universe from whence they came. The Doctor had sealed the crack by thoroughgoing himself into the breach, thus forever closing it and never being able to return to his home universe.

Each time, the doctor became a new person when he saved Nova Son from some would-be invader thinking the planet was easy prey. He’d become a beloved icon to Irindorn known as the Joyful Toymaker, making and repairing toys, giving them out for free on Durin’s Day, the last day of Autumn and the first day of the Winter Solstice celebration. Children learned to give each other bananas, never pears, and kindness to each other as the Toymaker, would appear on Solstice night above one’s roof in a twirling blue box and drop toys around the chimney.

The Joyful Toymaker had given his life defending Nova Somn against a cruel, lifeless people called the Borg, thus defeating them by becoming a cremudgeony old man whom Novasomnites called the Twelfth. He because a great teacher and philosopher, sharing with the planet his thoughts on laughter, forgiveness and kindness. Every household read about the Twelfth and his twelve Companions who spread his word among all. When the planet had been attacked by the metal dead, he had defended the planet against them with is blue box and arose from the ashes as a glorious battle maiden whom the natives called the Gelden.

I learned this history from Sexy and I never spent a credit as I took in the sights of Irindorn with it’s gem-like structures and sparkling spires above me. I was amazed how there was a street mage on street and a teleportation pad on the next. Dwarrow were business people in the marketplace, selling their homemade pocket watches, trinkets, multi-purpose scanners and amulets while braiding hair, giving massages and painting the finger and toenails of customers in bright colors and magical runes of the Dwarrow.

The Irindornites were a proud people, statuesque and tall, who carried themselves with great dignity. They were also running around in togas and were bright blue with red, blonde or black hair. Sexy’s translator helped me overhear several conversations so I learned a bit about their culture and
government. I was in awe of this planet and now I saw why the Doctor spent so much time here. He/she was woven into the very fabric and magic of this planet’s rich history and its energies healed him.

It also saddened him. He’d had no Companions since she had been the Gelden. Upon his fourteenth regeneration, he’d withdrawn into himself, no more walking the streets with his healing wand, helping those in need. He’d been seen very little during his fifteen incarnation and during his sixteenth had emerged as a beautiful Drow woman who had fallen in love with Prince Tazin of the planet Kiari. Tazin had been an ex patriot from his home world, choosing to be an ambassador to the Transfinite nations.

On my eleventh day aboard the Tardis, I found my way to the Library, wanting to learn more about my host since he was partially myth and somewhat legend. I started with Gallifreyan history, downloading it within a few minutes thanks to Sexy. While I hated having my mind altered against my will and without my consent, I did like learning great amounts of information quickly. Then, the headache hit.

Worse than a brain freeze, it was a side-effect of a human being altered into something else and still adapting. She wanted to tell the Doctor and I said absolutely not. I decided to relax and learn the old-fashioned way, by reading. I found a book about Gallifreyan physiology, deciding that would be my afternoon read. Several hours and two books later, I had a human understanding of Gallifrey.

The Doctor was one of the older ones, born and not made or “loomed.” He had a higher need of telepathic contact than most because he’d conspicuously exiled himself from his people. Humans were a burgeoning species, infants compared to Gallifreyans, but what it had taken Gallifreyans 500 million years to accomplish, humans had done in two million. We looked like them and, eventually, we would be the most numerous species in this universe within a blink of an eye compared to Gallifreyan time. The Doctor was a loving, compassionate male who refused to disavow his emotions and his passion, unlike other Time Lords who had become corrupt, elitist and stale. However, without the anchor of humanity, a life on Nova Somn had been a form of sense deprivation. Humanoids aren’t human. Elves aren’t human. They are more like time lords than human and can’t make the same psychic connections to the Doctor as humans can, especially human females. With that realization, I realized why 62% of all the Doctor’s companions had been female and the remaining 38% had been Beta males. I never recalled seeing an overly alpha male on the Tardis and that was because an alpha human male’s physiological composition was too different for the Doctor to make a psionic connection.

Basically, he was alone from those whom he loved: physiologically, psychically and geographically. In this universe, he’d been stranded for 300 years and the only contact I’d had with the Doctor was with his tenth incarnation. In his seventeenth incarnation, the last human he had seen or been near had been. . .me. Mamasita! That’s why he landed in my front yard. Sexy had locked on to the last human the Doctor had seen and found me when the aperture between universes opened on Halloween.

I had made a psychic connection with the Doctor just by being around him. It had nothing to do with me, but my humanity. Sexy had picked up on it, homed in on me at first opportunity and swept me away. I remembered that I had chosen to come along for this magical, mystery ride.

“Doctor,” I whispered aloud, closing my eyes. I felt him at the edges of my mind. From the night that we had held hands, his temple pressed to mind and his cheek against my lips, we had formed the foundation of a bond. With a Tardis hooked up to my mind on one side and a Gallifreyan gallivanting about on the other, somewhere the thing binding them, reminding them of their love for each other was this one little human. She needed me to physically connect them so they could heal.
What neither had counted on was what would happen to me since I was in the middle. Smart, Sexy Tardis.

I saw nothing, but I smelled the strong scent of masculine spiced cologne that he loved to wear. The taste on my tongue was tangy and tart, blue lights dancing in front of me. I felt him, seeing and tasting his sadness. I focused my very human mind on the scent. “Jules, I’m worried about you. Please come back to the Tardis. I miss you.”

By naming him, I realized he now had reestablished a link with his inner humanity. I breathed deeply, putting the books away in their proper places. Clyde decided barking for another dog treat while Bonnie stretched her back, digging her claws into the overstuffed settee where we rested in the library. I needed to rest because all the psychic and intense research left me in need of a nice, long nap. I decided to stretch out on the settee, fishing from a my jeans pocket a snack for Clyde. I laid down with the dachshund at my feet and the cat at my head. Sleep found me as an enthusiastic participant.

I felt a hand on my shoulder and I slowly opened my eyes to find the Doctor staring down at me. Slim and tall, he made a handsome vision in his tailored suit. He offered his hand and I took it to set up. “I heard your call, Olivia, and I have returned.”

“You heard me?” I asked, still groggy. Looking into those aquamarine eyes, I couldn’t resist running my fingers through those wavy black strands. His voice was deep, soft and soothing.

“How can I not, Darling?” Jules scooped me into his arms. “You’re having trouble adjusting to Sexy’s reconstruction, that I know, but I promised you a test and now I’m going to keep my promise.”

“Now?” I flipped open the watch he bought me, staring down at its face. “It’s past midnight.”

Time melted away when aboard the Tardis. There was no distinct beginning or ending of days, one day passed seamlessly into another. I made a point of keeping a journal and keeping track of the time so I didn’t lose my sense of self. Two weeks to the day had passed since I’d boarded the Tardis and I’d seen changes and amazing things that few Humans had seen.

In my universe, the Doctor was a British Science Fiction program and she didn’t look like Benedict Cumberbatch as Sherlock. Because of a breach within the space-time continuum, a rip between universes, he had entered mine twice and I’d encountered him on two occasions: once, three years prior in his tenth incarnation and now, in his seventeenth. Now, I’d found he’d been trapped for three centuries in mine and he’d brought some of his universe with him.

My mind began making wild leaps of knowledge and intuition as he carried me. “The Universes are melding and that’s why everything fictional in my universe is factual now. So, how do I fit into all of this?”

“That is what I’d like to know,” he admitted. “You are the one who always makes me wait. You kept me waiting that night at the Redbox and, again, for three centuries until the Universes let me find you again. I am not waiting anymore to find out about your gifts, Darling.”

As he swept me into his arms, Clyde started barking and the Doctor said, “you know she’ll be safe, Clyde.”

Bonnie just kept licking herself. Typical cat.

In a few minutes, we were somewhere within the another part of the Tardis. I’d seen this room once
before, the Infirmary. Oh, lovely. Did I tell you I hate Doctors? Not mine, just doctors in general. The table was cozy molding to my contours, and warm. The Doctor flicked a switch on the side and it raised a bit so that I was in a comfortable reclining position.

Jules pulled out something that looked like a sonic screwdriver, but much more archaic looking. It was silver or platinum, not unlike my watch with ornate swirling embossed on the length of the object. I saw tiny jewels sporadically dispersed along its length and a crystal at its end. Upon closer examination as he touched my temple with it, I realized the embossment was platinum, but the object itself was intricately carved crystal of some sort.

“That’s not a sonic screwdriver, is it?” I asked, eyeing it. “I have friends who use thinks like that. They’re called wands.”

“Indeed,” he agreed. I watched the crystal glow a warm, rose color. When Jules touched it to each of my temples, I felt a slight tickle as if someone were were tracing a finger lightly along my skin. I closed my eyes, seeing fractals forming in my mind; spiraling, colorful coils spreading outward like pastel kaleidoscopes.

I inhaled deeply of the scent surrounding me. It wasn’t the usual spicy cologne that Jules favored, but the scent of lime, Granny Smith Apple, cucumber and honeydew with a hint of kiwi. The aroma was lightly sweet and very refreshing, but there was a hint of nutmeg and allspice. I thought I tasted sweet potatoes and brown sugar on my tongue. I opened my eyes and I saw coral and bright mint bathing the Doctor in a dim glow.

My mind sparked alive and didn’t know what was coming from the Doctor. I knew I needed to know more. I silently cocked my head to the side. He held his fingers only an inch or two away from my temples. “Olivia, may I?”

“Please,” I said. He was the Doctor. I trusted him no matter how big of an ass hat he occasionally was.

I looked for the concept, but it was bigger than I’d ever felt, deep and eternal. I mimicked his actions, slowly bringing my fingers to his temples and then he rested his brow against mind. Behind my closed eyes, I saw those wonderful coiling fractals exploding in kaleidoscopic visions and then I looked down into the center of a galaxy, its center a swirling blue eddy of stars and planets. In its core was a vortex of gold and I knew it was the time vortex and it was in the center of Jules’ soul. So, this was what it was like to deep within the mind of a Time Lord.

He smelled of Time and Space, rain at midnight in late winter or early spring when the breeze is cold and the air is fresh. Wet and alone, yet natural in its beauty. I saw tangerine skies, red grass, silver leaves and spheres surrounding cities. Pumpkin Pie. Orange. I’d read the books in the Library.

“Gallifrey,” I gasped, dropping my hands immediately from his temples. I felt several emotions at once course through my mind: fear, joy, nostalgia, shame, guilt, love. He hid them well behind an impenetrable wall of disdain and detachment and, now, I knew the truth.

“Olivia,” his voice sounded ragged and broken when I snapped out of my colorful psychic road trip. I felt his lips only millimeters from mine, his breath warm against my skin. “Your mind, it’s beautiful. You see the world in patterns and color, tastes and textures, scents and sounds. I’ve never experienced anything like it.”

“I don’t let sentiment stand in my way,” he replied, taking my hand in his. “I ended it because you were losing yourself it the link. While it’s euphoric, you can also lose yourself in another’s mind too deeply to come back from it.”
“You showed me your soul,” I said in quiet awe.

“You showed me your heart,” he placed a lingering peck on my lips.

My heart stopped beating and I slowly withdrew from his touch and away from him to gather my composure. I kept my best stoic face in place and hoped that I gave nothing away. “Hmm.”

He blinked several times in rapid succession, then froze for several seconds. I noticed something that I hadn’t seen before; interconnected circles embellished with lines, dots and other small circles within the larger ones. “What’s this? What does it say?”

“Oh,” he gave a dismissive wave, just a manifestation of the thoughts we shared. “it’s in High Old Gallifreyan and it doesn’t translate well-”

“Try.” I pressed.

“It’s your name,” he said slowly.

“Oh.”

I saw Jules’ eyes widen and he took my wrist in his grasp, holding it next to his. On the inside of my left wrist about a half inch below my palm, I saw interlocking circles embossed upon my skin and adorned with flourishes and swirls that looked like a combination of High Gallifreyan and English. Studying it carefully, I made out what it said.

“Jubilificent,” I murmured the English portion aloud, but couldn’t read the Gallifreyan script. “Why is your name on my wrist?”

“Just a side-effect of our minds touching,” he shrugged, smiling at me. “I think this is the start of something wonderful.”

“Friendship,” I said.

He paused, a rueful express flashed across his features before being replaced by another smile. “Friendship.”

“I haven’t felt that in a long time.”

“Neither have I,” he said softly. “Are you ready for what comes next?”

“Finding out about what you can do now,” he tapped my temple. “You experience Synesthesa.”

“Yes,” I admitted.

“I saw it in your mind and now that’s how you interpret telepathic communication,” he concluded. “You not only hear worlds and thoughts, but you experience them through your other senses as colors, flavors, scents, textures and sounds.”

“It makes sense to me that way,” I admitted.

“Do you still want to go home?”

“Not really,” I sighed. “I’m simply scared.”

“As am I,” he placed his hand over mine. “Darling, not everyone can pour into a Time Lord’s mind as you did. I’m positive it’s because you now have some of Sexy’s DNA into genetic configuration.
You have triple strands and I think you have some abilities that neither of us know about yet.”

“I need time to process it all,” I said, stepping down from the examination table. “I just need some time.”

“Of course,” Jules moved to the side, allowing me to pass. His eyes twinkled. “Adventure awaits.”

“True.”

TO BE CONTINUED . . .
Absolution Is Good For the Soul

Chapter Summary

The Doctor's guilt had been a haunting specter through each of his regenerations which he couldn't release into oblivion. It was his undoing unless he learned to leave it behind him. Not running was part of the lesson.

I sat in my room alone and let myself have a good cry.

I was another victim of the Companion Curse. I howled into my pillow as I thought of how my last two weeks had been anything that what I'd wanted.

My mind had been violated by a Tardis who rebuilt and rewired me to her specifications without permission. I suffered horrible headaches and I found out that I wasn’t Human. I wished my Mom and Dad were around, but they were gone and had been for nearly four years. I wasn’t the first person to lose her parents, but it tore my heart in two when they left me with their deaths only nine days apart.

Yeah, it happened. I planned the funeral, set up things with the local hometown bank and went on a drinking binge with a friend that last a week. Stoic by day, drunk by night and didn’t give a damn.

On that seventh day of drinking, I was done with it. I cleaned myself up, drove back to Lincoln and got on with it: Life. I went back to work, dreamt about them every night in the strangest ways and felt like they were always nearby. A few weeks later, I adopted Bonnie and Clyde from the local animal shelter to help mend the tear in my heart.

I had a nice inheritance. Nothing huge, you understand, I still had to work to keep a roof over my head, but it was nice enough that if I lost my job or fell upon hard times, the monthly stipend would get me through in a pinch. My job at the City Library had its own fascination with helping patrons find new things to read, story time with the kids in the summer and books were my ultimate escapism until I discovered movies.

I don’t live in the past, I lost my motivation to read because life seemed so hollow. I checked out every DVD in every library branch in the city to fill the emptiness of my life. I discovered Marvel and DC, Harry Potter on video, Narnia, Sherlock, the Hobbit, Poldark, Star Trek, Lucifer and Doctor Who.

I attended the Cons and the festivals, bought the memorabilia and wrote fan fiction to fill the holes in my so-called life. It was boring in the interim when I couldn’t find something to busy myself, but Bonnie and Clyde were my salvation.

I always knew I’d had an active imagination, but chalked it up to be a fangirl. What I didn’t know was that my family on both sides were touched, charmed, blessed, cursed, confused, whatever you want to call it. It meant they sensed things beyond space and time. It didn’t manifest the way it had in Gallifreyans, but it was showing up more rapidly in Humanity than it had in the Doctor’s species. While Gallifrey had a billion years of history on their backs, Humanity started developing the foundations of similar abilities within a fraction of the same amount of time.
It didn’t surprise me why the Doctor loved Humanity so much. He loved us so much that he adopted us as his new world.

I cried harder. It was bad enough that I’d lost my parents, but now I’d lost my world and my humanity. Would he just dump me somewhere? Would I be stuck in a parallel universe, be mind wiped, killed by Weeping Angels or end up as a data ghost in a Library without human patrons? Would I die and end up some waitress in an extraterrestrial diner or be vivisected by Cyberman? I was more alone and afraid that I had ever been and even Bonnie and Clyde couldn’t take away the pain. Pretty much, I was a train wreck bawling while in a fetal position on my bed.

“Olivia,” I heard a familiar voice sternly address me. I hadn’t heard it in years, but I knew it in a heartbeat.

I was a Synthesiatic Telepath. Oh, happiness and fucking joy! Like I gave a shit. I was out of fucks to give and I didn’t give a fucking damn if the Doctor thought my language was vulgar. He could go to fucking Hell for all I cared. I also felt like I was a hormonal psychopath because of the whiplash conflicting feelings bouncing around inside my mind.

“Olivia, honey, it’s going to be okay.” I felt a warm hand touch my arm. I looked up, seeing a familiar face that I hadn’t seen in four years. Black hair, hazel eyes, olive skin and YOUNG. A short feisty Cajun gal with a taste for creole cooking and a love of horses.

“Mom?” I whispered. “Is this some manifestation of my so-called emotions where I’m feeling sorry for myself because I have mommy and abandonment issues?”

“It’s really me,” she answered with a soothing voice that only a mother has.

“Are you here? Are you real or are you from my imagination?”

“Does it matter?” So typical to Mom to ask something like that.

“Yes, it does!” I yelled at the figure sitting on the edge of my bed. “If you are just something out my imagination, then go the fuck away because my mother is dead and in the ground. I don’t want some flimsy illusion here to pacify me.”

“Suck it up, Buttercup,” she said sternly. “Yes, I’m real. Yes, I’m from your imagination. No, I’m not some alien and yes, I’m dead.”

“Are you alive?”

“No, dead as a door nail,” was her blunt reply. “I’m alive in your memory and you brought me here.”

“I brought you from where?”

She looked upwards.

“You’re a ghost?”

“No, girl, I’m on vacation,” she thumped me hard on my arm. “Can a ghost do that?”

“No,” I said slowly, poking her twice in the chest. Solid. “Not an alien?”

“Not an alien.”

“Angel?”
“Really, Olivia, me?”

“True,” I nodded in agreement. “They actually let you into Heaven or did you steal the keys from St. Peter?”

“No, I climbed over the wall,” she smirked.

“Why are you here?”

“Because you can see me now thanks to your rewiring,” she smiled. “I’ve always looked in on you, helped you when I could because He’d let me, but you never felt me. Now, you can see and feel me.”

“Great,” I groaned, falling back onto the bed and pulling the wet pillow over my face. “Now, I see dead people.”

“No, you see your mother coming to check in on you,” she correct me. “Quit overthinking. You always did that, even as a kid.”

“So,” I sighed. “Why are you here?”

“Because I need to kick you in the pants on a few things.”

“Oh, lovely,” I rolled my eyes. “Now?”

“Yes, now,” Mom answered. “Your blue friend, the box thing, she’s beside herself with guilt for what happened. She wanted to introduce herself like you asked, accidentally overdid it and thinks you hate her.”

“I don’t hate Sexy, Mom.”

“I know that and you know that, but she doesn’t.”

“How can she not know that? She’s fucking telepathic. We’re linked.”

“Privacy. Ring a bell?”

Oh, yeah it did. I’d talked to her about staying out of my head and she had. She and I conducted all of our conversations aloud most of the time via the Tardis’ monitors. She had kept her word.

“What’s-his-bucket is crying in his whiskey about losing you,” Mom rolled her eyes. Hey, now you know where I picked up the habit. “Whiny dude. He needs to grow a pair.”

“Mom!”

“Well, it’s true. Instead of guilt-tripping, why doesn’t he do something instead?”

“He’s a bit cerebral, Mom. He makes me look like Forrest Gump,” I chuckled at my Mom’s assessment.

“And you’ve got Einstein, Tesla and Curie in your head,” she countered. “You know that. I know that. You need to remember that.”

“So, you know what’s happened to me?”

“Yeah, you have a life now.”
“I wouldn’t call what I have a life, Mom.”

“You got out of the rut you were in. You’re not going to die from your upgrade. Move forward with it instead of crying in your pillow.”

“You’re four years dead and you still don’t have any decorum.”

“I’m the voice in your head and I’m worried about you, Honey,” she smiled. “You have what matters, yourself and the ones you love. Bonnie and Clyde are with you. Everything else is just stuff.”

“You’re right.”

“I know,” she beamed. “You need to accept it.”

“How’s Dad?”

“Good, really good,” Mom nodded. “His idea of Heaven is driving around on a John Deere Tractor and farming.”

“Are you two living together?”

“You know there aren’t any marriages in Heaven. We don’t need them there because He connects all of us. It’s so hard being alone and human. You have connections with that Blue lady and the whiny dude. He’s a wuss, but he adores you. Just don’t take any of his bullshit. What I’m saying, Olivia, is you now have a family when you didn’t after your Dad and I died. Now, you do. Don’t squander it.”

“So, find out anything else juicy while you’ve been haunting the Tardis?”

“Oh, yeah! He thinks because he’s an alien that he’s superior. He’s alien, but he shits the same way you do, but just once every few days.”

“Mom,” I exclaimed, embarrassment prompting me to cover my face with my pillow. “TMI.”

“OMG,” she said with mock shock. “I’ve been here for a while to make sure you’d be all right. It’s not every day that my daughter hooks up with a Martian-”

“Gallifreyan-” I corrected her.

“Whatives, Buttercup,” she gave me a dismissive wave. “Anyhow, get on with it. Put on your big girl shoes and go dance. Live. Be. Run. Laugh. Love. You’re not meant to crawl into the grave. You are going to travel the stars!”

“Tis a good point,” I mumbled, “So, I’m supposed to go watch the Tardis and make sure it doesn’t explode? He’s not that bad you know.”

“Love you, too, Olivia,” she gave me a hug and a faint silver swirl surrounded her. “I’ve done what I’ve been allowed to do. Big Guy says you need to make your own choices, but you’re not on your own.”

“I miss you, Mom.”

“I miss you, too, Olivia,” she gave me a hug and a faint silver swirl surrounded her. “I’ve done what I’ve been allowed to do. Big Guy says you need to make your own choices, but you’re not on your own.”

“Will I see you again? I love you, Mom!”

“The Powers-That-Be owed me one and let me come back this once. I won’t get another chance to see you for a long time,” a sadness tinged her voice as she faded from view. “Love you, Olivia.”

I was alone. Again. At least, this time, I was alone with friends. I needed a good, hard sleep.
I woke up to find the Doctor scanning me with the Sonic Screwdriver. I saw the worried look on his face and I promptly sat up. “How are you feeling?”

“Like crap. What are you doing in my room?”

“You’ve been asleep for almost a week, Olivia,” he said. I couldn’t miss the worry and the relief in his voice. “When you went unconscious, you began producing theta waves and went into a healing state. It looks as though your DNA and your reconfiguration have stabilized.”

“I dreamt about my Mom,” I said, giving Jules a smile. “I haven’t dreamt about her since I was on the Tardis.”

“I take it was a good dream?”

“Very.”

“I want to keep an eye on your vitals over the next two days. If everything is good, then whatever you want, we’ll do.”

“Can we explore someplace new?” I asked. “Nova Somn is lovely, but there is so much out there to see.

“Where do you want to go? Into the future or past?”

“Present,” I answered. “I’d like to see another planet and other aliens.”

“Indigenous life,” he corrected.

“We’re all aliens on someone else’s planet,” I countered. “If I’m on their planet, then I’m also an alien.”

“Brilliant!” he smiled. His smile faded and Jules’ tone became grave. “Only the most advanced humans can control their brain to emit theta waves to initiate healing, Olivia.”

“We both know that I’m no longer ‘only human,’ Doctor,” I swung my feet over the side of my bed, noticing I was in my sweats. “You undressed me?”

“Yes,” he admitted. “And you need a proper set of jimjams for you.”

“Jimjams,” I said, not recognizing the term.

“Pyjamas,” Jules clarified. Around me, I saw the letters dance in shades of carnation pink and robin’s eye blue.

“P-y-j-a-m-a-s,” I spelled aloud, watching the letters float around me. “Where I come from it’s p-a-j-a-m-a-s.”

“Now, you know why I prefer the British,” I saw that smug smirk on his face. “They know how to spell properly.”

“Well, Doc, they couldn’t get us in 1781, in 1812 and you should’ve see America and the Brits in World War II,” I countered. “Don’t knock my country. Show some respect.”

“Sorry,” he blinked several times, surprised by my rise of temper. “I meant no offense.”
I breathed deeply and slowly through my nose. “I shouldn’t have snapped at you that way. What day is it?”

“By your calendar, 4th of November,” Jules said. “Or, as you’d say, November 4th.”

“Doctor,” I began. “I’d really like to take a shower, get rid of the fuzz on my teeth. Could we talk after I’ve freshened up a bit?”

“Yes, of course,” he gave me a smile. I smelled his spiced cologne grow stronger as I watched the letters swirl around him. R was lavender, e was blue while l was lavender, I was yellow, e was blue and f was lavender. I noticed the smell of sandalwood and nag champa, cloves and cinnamon. “I’m glad that you’re back with us. Sexy missed you.”

The letters circling broke into clouds of sparks then dissipated into the air. I felt a tingling on my wrist and I saw the green lines that formed the name, Jubilificent, begin to move as if floating off my skin and dancing centimeters above it.

I saw mustard yellow form in his aura, its stench thick in the air and it tasted like rubbing alcohol. First rule I’ve learned: the Doctor lies. As soon as the words left his lips, I knew it was a lie.

“Sexy,” I asked with a smile, looking randomly around the Infirmary. “did you miss me?”

“Of course, I did,” I listened to her words. She was life, plant and machine, sentient and ageless and I had a piece of her inside of me. It was impossible for her to lie to me. I decided to make the conversation more private and I reached out to her, looking for that swirling gold essence that was the Time Vortex, the heart of the Tardis.

‘Did you miss me?’

‘You know I did,”

“Did the Doctor?”

“Oh, yes!” she exclaimed. ‘He was a madman looking for a way to bring you from your coma. He fixed me, finally, and took me through the ends of space and time to find something that would heal you.’

‘Really? Why go to all that trouble for a human female?’

‘You really don’t know, do you?’ Sexy asked, surprise evident in her voice. ‘You made him feel again! He had locked away every last emotion except for the guilt. He told me it was the one companion that never left him and that would never get hurt.’

‘Guilt?’ I asked.

‘Doe he know you can speak with me like this?’ Sexy asked, changing the subject.

‘I’ve never told him,” I shrugged. ‘I figured that if I can communicate with you and you can communicate with him, then he and I can communicate with each other; a telepathic triangle of sorts.’

‘You’re not far off, but you communicate with him differently than you do with me or I with him,” Sexy explained, her pink avatar showing up on the Infirmary screen, talking to the Doctor while she telepathically conversed with me. ‘He found the finest surgeon within the Sisters of Plenitude on New Earth and she completed the synaptic connections and reconfigured your body so you it
wouldn’t reject your new DNA.’

My eyes popped wide at that revelation. I broke off the conversation, still hearing Sexy talking to the Doctor about the new diagnostics that she had just run on herself. I looked at the Doctor, but he didn’t notice me. He was too busy chatting up Sexy and giddy as Brit whose favorite team won a national football match.

‘Sexy…’ I thought slowly, willing my temper to boil down in to a warm simmer. ‘What was done to me?’

‘Oh, Sister Nominae enlarged the size of your skull, but had trouble because of the your denser bone and muscular structure. You quit breathing on the table several times, so the Sister reconfigured your lungs with the Chameleon scanner, giving you pulmonary tubes. Now, you’re top notch.’

‘Do I have two hearts and four kidneys?’ I dared ask, knowing I wouldn’t like the answer.

‘No, not exactly…’ she said slowly.

“What do you mean, ‘not exactly?” I bellowed aloud, startling the Doctor. Trust me, it’s hard to startle a Time Lord. “What the hell was did you do to me?”

“Sexy,” his voice was low to my ears. “You told her before she was ready.”

“She had a right to know!” she retorted.

“What did you do to me?” I yelled at the Doctor.

“I bloody saved your life, Olivia!” he yelled at me in turn. “You would have died had it not been for the Sisters of Plenitude.”

“Yeah, I know exactly what they are and what they do!” I clenched my fists in rage. “They bred humans on New Earth and infected them with disease in the name of mercy. You let one of those things touch me! How could you?”

“I couldn’t have let you die!”

“Why? It would have been the better thing to do instead of turning me into the fucking Frankenstein monster. I’m a Whovian. In my world, you’re just some British program on BBC and I’ve watched every episode. I know who they are and what they did. You knew. How could you?”

“The Catkind aren’t the same in this universe,” he replied, running his fingers through wavy black hair. "They never bred humans here. They didn't have all the cures, but this surgeon was a progeny and my only hope for saving you."

"Oh," I felt two inches tall for my outburst. "So, I denser bones and muscles. How does that help me?"

"You’re stronger,” said Sexy. “You are stronger and faster than any human, even at their peak.”

“I see. What other changes were made?”

“Your cranium was enlarged by 3% to allow for your bigger brain. When I reconfigured you to be able to take my download, in doing so your brain became bigger, thus, causing a Chiari Malformation. You brain was being pushed into your spinal chord where only nerves should be, at least, on a human. Your ‘brain freeze’ headaches were the primary symptom of that development and
would have killed you. The Doctor took you to the finest medical minds he could think of. In doing so, Olivia, he saved your life. I’d think that you’d show him some gratitude rather than petulance.”

“So, I’m stronger, faster,” I said, trying to figure out how to throttle a Tardis. “How many hearts?”

“One,” the Doctor replied. “You now have pulmonary tubes in addition to your lungs so you can hold your breath for long periods of time. It’s useful if there is poison gas or toxic chemicals in the air that can kill you.”

“Kidneys?”

“Two, I think.”

“Do I look different?” I finally asked. “Do I look . . . odd?”

“You look beautiful,” Jules said, flashing me one of his rare smiles. “Would you like to see?”

“Is it a true reflection or some type of computer-generated image?” I asked, wary of both Sexy and the Doctor. To put it lightly, I was pissed and enraged, fueled to make them both explode the first chance I had. He took out his screwdriver, the one with the embellishments. “Chameleon Scanner?”

“Yes, it’s geared to specifically scan your body,” he explained. He pushed one of the jewels on it and my image showed up on the monitor. “Look for yourself.”

I saw the same olive complexion that I’d always had. My eyes were now green and no longer brown or hazel. Change number one. My features looked the same, but I noticed less kink in my hair, still coal black and I was glad. I’ve always been vain about my hair. “How tall am I?”


“Wait, last week I was 168 centimeters,” I said. “I’ve grown?”

“Approximately, two inches,” Sexy answered.

“So, now I’m 5’7’’?”

“Yes.”

I knew that the dream that I’d had of my Mom hadn’t been any dream. I believe in a Higher Power than myself whom I affectionately call Sky Dad. I knew deep within my bones that it was an otherworldly visit and she and I had been together in the same room. That meant that I’d died on the table.

Guilt. That word lingered in my mind like a bad memory, a nightmare that I wanted to forget. However, it wasn’t my guilt haunting my thoughts; the guilt came from the Doctor. Closing my eyes, I remembered the mental techniques he’d shared with me the last two weeks. Since I carried an immense amount of the Tardis’ database in my brain, he’d taught me how to organize it all into a mind palace. Mine was no mind palace, more like a room or two which I affectionately called my brain cottage Now, I’m not Sherlock, it’s only a way to access the information as I need it. Otherwise, the sheer bulk of it would overwhelm me, at least when I was human.

Guilt. I visualized myself in front of a computer as he’d taught me with a search engine appearing on its screen. I typed the words of what I searched for, “The Doctor’s guilt.”
“Rose Tyler.”

The words played in my head as a symphony that was off-key, sounding like a blast of random noise rather than a harmonious union making music. I remember my eyes had been closed and I been lying in bed while the Doctor had held my hand and told me of Rose.

“Do you know what it feels like to be in love with someone so deeply that your hearts burst because they can’t hold all of it, only to know she loves you in return, but you can never be together and some other man wearing your face gets her by default?” I remembered him saying. “That was a long time ago. Even after all of these regenerations, Ollie, I still feel it. I’ve had companions leave and die while with me. I always adored them more than they did me except for Rose. Each regeneration makes me a new man with a changed appearance and a different personality, but I died loving Rose Tyler and I was reborn loving her.

Then, there was Martha Jones. I couldn’t give her what she wanted; I still loved Rose. She left me, you know, and rightly so. Donna, one of my best mates I ever had, she kept me in check and made me examine myself, making me change and grow. That’s very Donna. She became part Time Lord during the Metacrisis and I had to erase her memories or she’d burn.”

“Oh, Ollie, Amy and Rory, Clara, Bill, I remember them all and I said no more.” I remember feeling hot droplets on my skin. Had those been Jules’ tears? “Then, I met Tazin and he was the most handsome person I’d ever met. I was a woman then, and my hearts fluttered at the sight of the that Prince. We married and had a son, Zauvaun, but when I regenerated, the nature of our relationship changed. We remained lovers, but with this regeneration, in this new body, I simply didn’t love him the same way as I once had.”

“Darling, I can’t let it happen again,” was the last thing I heard from the memory. He looked for absolution where there was none and the more he ran, the more the guilt stayed with him.

Rose had been his True Love, Donna his best friend, Clara piqued his interest and challenged him with her brilliance while Bill Potts and caught his attention with open mind and curiosity. I hadn’t caught his attention the first time I’d seen him as the tenth Doctor, but I’d caught Sexy’s notice. When they were lost again in my universe near my Earth, I was the one reference point in her data base. Homing in on that, she headed for me. I never stood a chance.

“So, being locked in this universe, you were lost and you wandered from your thirteen through seventeenth incarnations, alone and without hope with only the Tardis for company. You found a planet that had Ood in this universe, hung out, and gave you some prophesy about the Woman Who Made You Wait. So, you had no clue, but-”

“Ollie, speak to me-” the Doctor snapped his fingers only an inch from my face. I blinked.

“Guilt going all the way back to Rose Tyler has followed you everywhere you’ve went. You still carry it and it haunts you, Jules. You saved my life out of guilt and no other reason.”

“You were in a trance for nearly five minutes and you come out of that with that?” he asked.

“Yeah,” he seemed genuinely baffled and decided not to pursue it. He did what he thought was right in trying to save my life. I also realized a plethora of information about the universe in general when remembering his bedside confession. Ood and Catkind existed in my universe and my Earth showed the first signs of psychic evolution. I grinned at that last thought. Plus, in the future there was a New Earth and I wondered how much between fiction and fact were the same. Best of all, I saw dead people! I forgot my anger for a moment and was giddy with all the revelations I’d found out.
I needed to suck it up as Mom had said, I’d find a way to undo it later. This had happened only to my body, but I had a Time Lord standing in front of me suffering from depression, guilt, self-loathing and suicidal tendencies. Rule two: I can lie.

“Jules,” I addressed him a soothing voice, caressing his cheek with a gentle touch I would have used on a lover. “You did what you do best; you were a Doctor that day and you made me better. That was a name you chose and a promise you kept.”

“What?” he whispered, when he looked into my eyes, I saw his dark lashes wet with unshed tears.

“You made a promise long ago when you chose the name the Doctor,” I explained, trying to keep my anger and helplessness locked away. “You saved my life by taking me to New Earth. I’m only angry because I didn’t have a choice, not because you did what you thought was right. You’re never cruel, always kind and you would’ve made Rose proud.”

“How do you know?”

“I’m human, you’re not. That’s one thing Rose, Donna, Bill, Martha and I all have in common. They may be from another universe, but Humanity is pretty much the same throughout the multiverse, am I right?”

“Yes,” Jules wiped his eyes. He was lost and alone in his own private Hell, deprived of the telepathic contact any Gallifreyan needed and thrived upon. Without a Companion, he had none. Elves weren’t human and couldn’t give him that comfort. I held my arms out to him, motioning him closer. I imagined in my mind every door to my inner brain cottage, hardly a mind palace, and drew him into a warm embrace. With one arm I held him close while I used my other hand to touch his temple, sending calming thoughts. I must say, it was difficult, but he wouldn’t have lasted much long in his state. He’d have been dead due to suicide or granting his own death wish. To me, that was the same as murder if I stood by and did nothing, so I held him as he quietly wept for Companions lost and guilt released.

“Do you forgive me?” he sobbed into my shoulder.

His soul was a shattered, broken mess when I touched his temple. “May I come in?”

“Please,” he said. I felt myself seep into his mind. It’s not unlike settling into a warm bath. Water is often equated with emotion and I now I know why. Imagine someone’s mind is water and if one isn’t prepared or welcomed, the water is scalding. If the mind is weak or ill, it’s like an icy shower. However, when permission is given, one has been invited and welcome, it’s a luxury surrounding both participants.

‘I forgive you, Doctor,’ I thought as I held him and he wrapped his arms around me, holding me tightly from collarbone to stomach. His mind cried out wordlessly, yearning for a far more personal, intimate connection. ‘Jules, I’m so glad I met you.’

Somewhere between my words, “you were a doctor that day” and “I’m so glad I met you,” the lie became truth. I knew loss, but not like this man. Holding him, touching minds, feeling his essence inside my head, made the heartbreak inside me more bearable. I was no longer alone and neither was he. It was a silent promise made in that moment that we both intended to keep.

Several minutes later after that sweet psychic interlude, he pulled back and looked down at me. “All of time and space, a new universe vast and unexplored, full of things just waiting to be discovered. Where do you want to start?”
“With questions,” I answered.

“Questions?”

“Questions,” I confirmed. “Are you on good terms with your son?”

“Zauvaun?” Jules asked, shocked. “How do you know?”

“People in comas can still hear, you know,” I jumped off the examining table. “I think it’s time we start exploring the cosmos instead of being stuck in the park, don’t you?”

“Are you on good terms with your son?” I asked again. “Yay or nay?”

“I haven’t seen him since before this regeneration,” he admitted. “I don’t know how he’ll respond to his mother now being the opposite gender.”

“Does he know about regeneration and you being a Time Lord?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“Does he have two hearts?”

“He does.”

“Then, I think he’ll deal with it better than you’re anticipating,” I assured him. I cupped Jules’ cheek and he turned into it, kissing my palm. I felt heat course through my hand and flutter all the way down to my core. “If I have any say about it, I’m sticking around. Given I don’t get turned into something else anymore than I already have.”

“I’m so sorry,”

Wrong thing to say.

“Hey, do I look pretty?” I asked.

“What?”

“Do I look pretty?”

The Doctor gulped.

“Tell the truth now, Jules.”

“You’re beautiful,” he whispered. “Lovely.”

“Thank you. Do I still look human?”

“Yes,” he smiled, relaxing a bit. He turned from me for a moment and to this day I think it was for him to gather his composure. He turned around with a new twinkle in his blue eyes. “So, we’re going to go to Theron.”

“Theron?”

“Where it’s the planet of eternal twilight, creature have six legs and all the lifeforms have natural luminescence. You’ll love the Drone, best hosts in the galaxy and the Antari are brilliant at recreational mathematics. The Dumblers are the best chefs in three solar systems.” Jules gave me a
wide grin as he wiped away the last tears and I felt a renewed hope in his being at the thought of showing someone the universe, of making a connection on physical, psychic and social levels. He rambled on about the remarkable things we’d see on Theron. He planted an enthusiastic kiss on me. “You’re brilliant!”

“Well, lead on, Jules.”

“Adventure awaits!” he took my hand in his and led me to the console, flipping switches and moving levers.

I still felt rage inside me for what had been done to me without knowledge or consent, but I wasn’t stupid enough to hold a grudge against the man who saved my life. I figured that until I learned how to reverse it, I needed to learn how to live with it first. There was still the mystery of his name on my wrist and his name on mine, I had a theory of what it might be, but all I wanted was my Doctor to be whole and for me to human again.

TO BE CONTINUED. . . .
Inside the Mind of a Time Lord

I sat on my bed with Clyde stretched out to my left and Bonnie lounging on my right. The Doctor was fulfilling his need to have control by obsessively tinkering with the Tardis. I listened to my favorite music while reading a book that I anonymously borrowed (stole) from the Tardis Library.

I knew that the way to understand the Doctor better was to learn about his people’s history, their psychology, their culture and their physiology. I started with a primary school primary Gallifreyan, History of the Time War, Rasillon’s biography and the Culture of Arcadia and the Citadel. I figured while not human, Gallifreyans are humanoid; they form familial bonds and are social animals. Therefore, they had culture and things unique to their species that I needed to know.

I was aghast when I read in the History of the Time War that young children left their parents at age 8 and were forced to look into the Untempered Schism, a natural opening in the space-time continuum. I read the history book, silently fuming that these stoic people would do this to their children.

From the Schism one could see the Vortex and much of Gallifrey’s culture came from that fact. The Vortex shaped the evolution of all Gallifreyan lifeforms and in my theory, Gallifreyans sacrificed enlightenment in turn for power. The Vortex is a dimension beyond our universe. Sexy told me when she travels to the future, the Vortex’s energy red signature meant future travel while a blue one meant past travel.

The space-time element laden with huon particles is called the Heart of the Tardis. Per the books I read on Gallifreyan technology and history, this is a space-time element. Not only is it technology, it is the mind, heart and soul of the Tardis. The Eye of Harmony is the nucleus of an artificial black hole created by the Time Lords to provide energy for their home world of Gallifrey and their time travel technology. It was basically a fuel source for the Tardis.

I found out when humans were exposed to Artron energy, their immune systems became better at fighting disease. This was the very heart of what made me, I realized. Each creature exposed to Artron energy had a specific signature that could be tracked and was usable in opening portals to time-locked dimensions. The Eye of Harmony fed the Heart of the Tardis.

I looked at Sexy with fresh eyes. A thought flashed across my mind that made me smile. I had lost my Mom a few years before my adventures began, but the Universe gave me a new mother who was a blue box. I felt hot tears prick my eyes as I felt awe at that epiphany. I realized that the Doctor wasn’t the only who needed to connect with another living being.

I read on for another hour before I finally put the book down, seeing Sexy’s avatar appear on the monitor she had placed in my bedroom. I explained to her what I’d been reading, my theories and discussed with her different perspectives of how all of these factors shaped Gallifrey, her and me.

Her avatar smiled.

“So, I have a daughter,” she smiled back at me. “I wish I had a body that could hug you, Ollie, but the last one I had died.”

“So, why not build a cybernetic avatar to get you around?”

“I am a living, breathing being,” her icy tone let me know I’d said the wrong thing. “That would be like me saying you should get an upgrade and become a Cyberman.”
“Point taken,” I agreed. I needed a quick change of subject, so I held up a white piece of paper with a series of interconnected, differently-sized circles adorned with angled lines and dots. “Can you read it?”

“Your penmanship is nice,” she commented.

I rolled my eyes. “That’s not what I meant. Is it legible, would you tell me what it spells?”

“It says ‘Olivia,’” Sexy responded, giving me a smile. “Gallifreyan doesn’t translate. It doesn’t need to. It’s the Doctor’s and my native language. You’ve learned how to spell your name and that is a great start.”

“There is so much in the Library that I need to read,” I gave a helpless shrug. “I’m afraid to try another download to the brain.”

“No more of that, Daughter Mine,” the avatar smiled at me. “No child of mine will needlessly endanger herself as long as she is in my box.”

“Too bad you can’t truly adopt me,” I closed the book, setting it off to the side. “I wouldn’t mind that at all.”

“Who says I can’t adopt you?” Sexy’s voice was indignant. “Who says you can’t adopt me? What is the Earth custom of joining together in what you call a family?”

“I was joking,” I amended.

“And I wasn’t, Olivia,” Sexy retorted. “Why can’t I adopt you? I’m old enough to be your mother several generations over and you share a good portion of my database and my DNA. I created you out of myself, that sounds much like giving birth and being a mother. So, I believe it, therefore, it is.”

“You’re actually serious about this!” I exclaimed, my eyes widened at the preposterous notion.

“Yes, I am, Olivia. The Doctor and I have lost our world. I lost him, but you helped us unite and you’ve lost your parents. Logic dictates that we form a cohesive family unit for the sake of companionship and sustainability.”

“Well,” I began, surprised by the question. “If someone adopts a child in the U.S., that person must submit a petition to the courts, but we’re not on Earth, so I don’t think applies.”

“On Gallifrey, adoption was unheard of in when looming began. However, in rare cases in the old times, an elective praetoresis was performed, inducting a member into a great house.”

“Sorry, my Latin is rusty,” I said.

“The Process of Addition,” Sexy explained. “We need to form a family. How do we do this?”

“Anyway we want,” I smiled at the incredibly at avatar on my screen. “This is absolutely crazy.”

“Well, you did choose to associate with a mad man and a blue box,” Sexy chuckled from the monitor. “I’m checking my data for any hint of how to do this.”

“Well, when two people become mates they get married,” I said, accessing my own database downloaded into my brain. “We could just exchange promises and I take your name because you’ll be my mother.”

“Well, then,” her posh accent held a note of cheer. “Do we need a witness?”
“Why?”

“Very well. I, Sexy,-” she began.

I held up my hand to stop her in mid-sentence. “Wait, wait, wait. The name, Sexy, just seems strange to use in something of this magnitude.”

“Oh, you are so uptight; almost as bad as the Doctor,” she scolded me. “I supposed you could call me Idris. I’d like to honor the woman whose life was taken, a tribute.”

I’d never seen that episode and didn’t want to head down that path. I simply nodded. “Idris is a wonderful name.”

“And what is your name?” she asked me.

“Olivia,” I replied.

“On Gallifrey, Time Lords and Ladies were members of Great Houses. A Time Lord lives inside me, so therefore, I’m a house of sorts. Let’s have fun with this, shall we?”

“What do you have in mind?”

“You shall be Lady Olivia Brasseaux of Tardis,”Sexy-Idris made no attempt to her hid her glee. “I, Sexy Idris of Tardis consent and gladly give my name and take you, Olivia Zoe Brasseaux, into my house and as my daughter for as long as Time lasts.”

I gaped at the monitor screen. She was freaking serious.

“Well?” Sexy prompted me. “What do you say? Are you in?”

“Sure,” shaking my head at the turn of events. “I, Olivia Zoe Brasseaux consent and gladly take your name as mine. I will enter your house and I shall be your daughter for as long as Time lasts. I am honored to have you as my mother and I will be Lady Oliva Brasseaux of Tardis.”

“You are a Child of the Tardis.”

“You are the mother of...” what did I say? “Me.”?

“It’s done, Daughter Mine,” Sexy sighed. “Well, that was nice.”

“So, does that mean I’m a Time Lord?

“No, but Tardis’ were considered sentient and citizens of Gallifrey. So, technically speaking, you are a derived citizen of Gallifrey.”

“I’m Gallifreyan,” I said those words and they sounded strange to me. This was the last thing I expect. “But, not really.”

“If I say it is, then it is,” Sexy countered. “Look next to Bonnie.”

I turned to my right and I saw a pile of papers next to my cat. I went through them, gasping at what I saw. There was a paper with rows of interconnected circles. I recognized a the same pattern that I’d written earlier that night. I held it up to the monitor. “A Gallifreyan Birth Certificate?”

“Indeed, I’ve adopted you and you me.”
I went through the other papers, Gallifreyan identification papers, citizenship papers and school transcripts. I wondered if they were from the Time Lord Academy and Sexy said no. One snooty, aloof Time Lord was enough and I chuckled at that remark.

“What day is it?” I asked, wishing I had a calendar.

“Per your world, it is the 5th of December.”

I’d been here since Halloween and 35 days had passed. My entire existence was irrevocably altered and I realized that it wasn’t all bad. Sexy and I had bonded in a way I had never anticipated and I didn’t know what I was going to tell the Doctor.

I looked at my pocket watch, seeing it was one o’clock in the morning. I needed sleep. I gathered the books on my bed and set them to the side with intentions of continuing my studies the next day.

Then, the joyous moment ended as a bolt of heartache moved through me and anguish overwhelmed me. I knew they weren’t mine, but in my mind I felt despair, broken and wrecked, and it made me sob. It was deep as the Vortex and as large as the universe. The knowledge that Rose was lost made me want to scream.

Rose? I wondered. What in the-

Then, I realized these weren’t my feelings. They were the Doctor’s and coming to me via our minor telepathic link that we shared. I looked at the monitor in question.

“Go to him, Olivia,” Sexy urged. “And hurry!”

I hopped off the bed and began running through the corridors of the Tardis. “Sexy, where am I going? Where is his bedroom?”

“Follow the lights,” she instructed, causing corridor lights to flicker, leading me straight to his quarters.

I stood there, knocking on his door. “Jules, it’s Ollie. Is everything all right?”

I felt my heart wrench when he saw Gallifrey burn in his nightmare. I knocked again, louder this time and called out in a louder voice. Still no answer. “Hey, Sexy, help me out here? His door is locked.”

The door slid open and I dashed into his suite. I saw him thrashing and writhing on the bed; the image of Rose lingering in his mind. The salty taste of tear tasted heavy in my mouth, but I wasn’t the one crying. I didn’t want to startle him, but I had to wake him up form his personal Hell. I bellowed in the darkness, “Jules, wake up. Please wake up.”

I heard a ragged inhalation and he sat abruptly upright in bed, his eyes red from weeping. He sat still and I approached. His breath came is quick, shallow gasps and his fear rolled into me, almost knocking me off the side of his bed. He wanted comfort, I offered my arms open to him and he pulled me close.

“May I?” his hoarse voice sounded desperate to my ears as he touched his fingers briefly to my temple.


My telepathy was inconsistent most of the time. Recently, I’d been conducting exercises on Bonnie
and Clyde, some of the sentient plants in the Tardis Gardens and with the Doctor. We had formed a light link so that I could practice reading and sending thoughts. However, I saw how thoughts manifested, experiencing them with five senses. Words rarely accompanied the thoughts I received from the Doctor.

I pressed my brow to his, bringing my fingers to both temples. I could send words, but comfort is an odd thing best achieved through tactile experience. I reached within myself, pulling up the memories he had shared of when he had been happy, a rare occasion for Jules in the last few years. I sent those feelings and memories through our link. I felt a presence on the edges of my mind, battered and asking permission to enter my mind.

He flowed into me as I reached out to him, intimate and reassuring, mentally embracing him in a cloak of serenity and safety that moved between us whenever we touched or opened our minds to one another. A tickling heat stroked my skin, seeping past my flesh and bone into my soul. Spiced cologne, faint but detectable, wafted around me. With mind and mouth, I uttered soft, soothing words as I let one hand fall away from Jules’ temple, carding my fingers through his black curls.

Jules’s private thoughts flowed into me as I felt his fingers leave my temples. One hand cupped the nape of my neck while the other laid over my heart. There was a connection that chimed when our energies coursed through each other and back again. I felt his breath only millimeters away from my lips, the taste of salt from his tears lay on my tongue. Flashes of red danced in my peripheral vision as his need sought entrance past my mental boundaries.

His fears and terror laid bare before me in our link as I felt his lips brush against mine. I felt his tongue ghost along my lower lip, silently asking permission to enter. He had nothing on but the skin he was born in, my hands finding their way to his bare chest. In the back of my mind, I knew the only thing between us was the sheet that covered him.

I felt his tongue graze mine and heard Jules’ breath hitch. I answered by tasting him, deepening the kiss. He tasted of bananas and honey, sweetness and spice. I felt his arms wrap around me, pulling me to him until I was flush against him. Jules didn’t need to say anything as I felt my excitement grow when I heard his growl of delight, yearning, and desire when he’d deepened the kiss.

The link between us deepened, becoming much more intimate. Now, I received his sensory perception and it was confusing. As my mind flashed back and forth between his pleasure and mine, a groan escaped him as he deftly pulled me down, gently laying me on his bed with one hand cradling my neck and the other touching my temple.

I felt his heartbeats slow and his breathing deepen and slow as we snogged on his bed. I heard him inhale deeply, saying my name and something in a language I didn’t recognize, but knew it was Gallifreyan. The taste in the air was peace, infinity, cinnamon and all things Jules. I held him to me until his trembling stopped and his breath evened.

The depth and intimacy of our link had deepened into a bond. My inside wrist tingled where the name I had given him was written. I leaned forward, whispering softly in his ear, “Doctor, are you all right?”

“I’m fine,” he brushed the matter off as he pressed a kissed to my hair. “Always fine.”

Slowly, I pulled away from him, sitting up and not looking him in the eye. I didn’t understand what had just happened. He needed comfort and safety and, instead, we kissed as though we knew every inch of the other’s body. I hadn’t seen that kiss coming and I didn’t know what to make of what just happened.
“Thank you,” he murmured.

“Hey, that’s what friends are for,” I replied, not protesting when he laid down and pulled me to him so that I was cradled against his chest. Within a few minutes, I heard his deep and easy being, his mind protected from the images that had haunted him just a few minutes earlier. I knew I needed more information and so many moving components. Then, sleep came and I dreamt nothing.

TO BE CONTINUED. . .
All the Time In the World

Chapter Summary

Olivia wakes up in the Doctor's bed and wonders what exactly happened between them. How does this change things between them and will they pretend it never happened or embrace it?

I was caught between wakefulness and sleep, warm and content as I felt a strong man behind me.

Strong man?

That abruptly took me from my happy drowsiness into an alert state. I felt I arm draped across my waist and a long, muscular leg between mine. My eyes widened as though I had been startled. Where was I and who was this strange person in my bed?

I stared across the room, half-expecting to to see Bonnie and Clyde looking up at me, incessantly barking and meowing, demanding to be fed. Instead, I saw a tall shelf, maybe oak, lined with rows of book that looked centuries old.

I slowly turned to lie on my back and glanced over to my left. I saw Jules’ face asleep, his face relaxed and his mussed curls falling over his eyes. He was beneath the thin sheet while I was on top of it, the white linen silhouette every lean muscle and masculine contour of him, including the morning erection tenting the sheet. I abruptly looked away and mouthed the words, “OMG,” feeling mortified at seeing this man with a hard-on. Did Doctors get erections? I didn’t want to stick around for an awkward situation to develop.

Mamasita! I fearfully glanced down and a gave a sigh of relief when I saw I was still fully clothed with the exception of my feet being bare. I felt him nestle against me, his hardness pressed against my hip. I covered my mouth to muffle my gasp.

Then, I remembered everything from the previous night. Jules’ nightmare had been horrible, leaving him broken and wrecked when he awoke. He’d asked to enter my mind and, without a second thought, I had said yes. My mind is much calmer than his and we had started sharing things about our live with each other: parents, friends, childhood, first love, hopes and dreams. I had seen his fondest memories of Gallifrey and I had committed them to memory. He needed what I had in my mind to bring him peace, so I let him inside me.

What I hadn’t expected was the desire that I felt when he kissed me. I knew that physical contact heightened the link, but when he kissed me, I felt my body grow hot within seconds. I felt a pleasurable rush and tingle in my core while my stomach fluttered. I’d forced my mind to concentrate solely on the Gallifrey of Jules’ childhood, down to the minute details of every silver leaf.

Then he laid me on his bed, moving over me, pulling out of the sweet, exploratory kiss. Keeping the sheet between us, he moved over me, cradling my head with one hand and touching my temple with the other. He moved between my thighs, bring his lips to mine and let his tongue delve into me. Neither one of us moved as we kissed, I froze, lying back and thinking of Gallifrey. I chuckled at that thought now, but then, it was all I could do from falling apart and yanking that sheet and tossing it to the side.
The Doctor had kissed me with lingering pecks on previous occasions and called me ‘Darling.’ I simply thought it had been a Continental way of flirting and didn’t put much stock in it. Cardinal Rule for any Doctor’s Companion: Don’t fall for the Doctor. I was attracted and he was my friend, but whatever it was that I felt was more than platonic and something other than romantic.

Telepathic sex? I didn’t want to linger on the thought, but what else could it have been?

Had the previous night been a telepathic sexual encounter or a psychic one night stand? The meeting of minds had heightened my senses to a fever pitch and I had to keep my mind focused on images of the Citadel and Arcadia while I felt the Doctor seeking solace, trying to find peace outside of his guilt and heartache. When his emotions touched my psyche, tears formed and trailed down my cheeks. The encounter had been intimate, emotional and intense.

It had evoked a strong sexual response from me, but for Jules it had been calming and soothing. I silent cussed a blue streak about my body needing something it couldn’t have. Carefully, I moved his arm over to his side, slowly sitting upright to make sure that I didn’t disturb him. Astonishment mingled with shame and embarrassment as as I swung my legs over the side of his bed. I took my time getting to my feet, making sure I didn’t move too quickly and wake him.

Awkward.

I grabbed my shoes and socks, darting out of his bedroom and down the hall. Once inside my own quarters, I stripped down and took a long hot shower to empty my mind. Nothing is better than a quiet mind and nothing is noisier when there is more than one person in my head.

It had never occurred to me that telepathic contact could contain a sexual element. I searched through my memories and didn’t remember him recognizing or sensing my reaction. Trust me, imagining Gallifrey took most of my mental focus. I leaned my forehead against the tile and turned the water to cold. That immediately took care of my hot and bothered problem.

I took my time in getting dressed, trying to figure out how I was going to be when I left my quarters. My mind was blank and I had nothing. I decided not to leave my quarters and stay there until I figured out a plan. I took extra time applying my makeup, losing myself in my favorite playlist and let my mind wander back to Earth, Nebraska, Lincoln, work. I drifted.

After I fed Bonnie and Clyde, I faced my situation. I had several options. Mention it or don’t mention it. I decided the latter and not to make a thing out of what happened between us the night before. It would only become an issue if I made it one and that wasn’t my plan. I wanted to travel the stars, sail through time and space and figure out how to become human. I didn’t need this extra complication in my life that day.

I made sure to put on comfortable shoes suitable for running, blue jeans, a tee shirt and a jacket. Today was the day that Jules was taking me to a new planet on our first adventure. I remember on Earth when my life had been work, sleep and the occasional fan convention. Now, my life was irrevocably altered, but I no longer was alone.

I didn’t know what I was going to do when I saw the Doctor or what I would say. So, I kept alert as I went to the kitchen and then made myself some breakfast. I grabbed a bottle of Diet Mountain Dew from the refrigerator and proceeded to make toast with orange marmalade and fresh butter.

I tried making sense of the previous night’s events. Being new to the telepathic scene, I knew what happened wasn’t a common occurrence. Was it the telepathic version of a one night stand, aliens with benefits? Would Blue Eyes try to erase my memory if it became too uncomfortable for him? I had felt in the recesses of my mind holding on to that Gallifreyan sunset, his telepathic presence
making known his fears and his guilt.

With every new regeneration, he gained a new mindset and a new personality. However, on the series, it never became as intense as it had been last night. I was in new territory because back on Earth, the BBC was only on its 13th incarnation of the Doctor. He wasn’t Nine or Ten, thank God he wasn’t Twelve and I wouldn’t kicked his ass halfway across the universe if he’d acted like his Eleventh self.

I remembered his his lips felt against mine and how he tasted when we kissed. I remember planting kisses along his neck and collar bone while he groaned, resting his brow against mine. He laid half atop me, kissing me until my head fell back and then Jules laid claim to my pulse points, calling me by name between kisses. He had been long, hard and hot against my hip, pressing heavily into it, but his hands rarely left my temples. When one had, it had entwined with my fingers.

His hands had stayed in all the appropriate places, not touching me in ways that would make my grandmother blush had she known.

Then, he came into the kitchen, wearing one of those white shirts that accentuated the lean, sinewy contours of his body. I felt a hot flush wash over me and I kept my mind on trying to remember the numeric value of Pi. The physical intimacy combined with the mental had laid me bare and vulnerable, making me question what exactly had occurred.

The Doctor moved toward me and I gave him a quick wave, suddenly ready to study my Diet Mountain Dew in great detail. He stepped behind me, pressing his lips against my earlobe, “Good morning, Darling.”

“Good morning, Jules,” I replied, trying to keep my voice neutral, but it sounded husky to my ears.

“Thank you for last night,” he said, pressing a quick peck to my lips. “You were absolutely brilliant.”

“Did you sleep well?” I asked then took a bite of my toast.

“Incredibly,” Jules said, his low baritone still ticking my ear. “Holding you while you slept gave me the most peace I’ve had in years.”

I took a sip of my soda to wash down my toast. “I’m glad I could help.”

“You didn’t just help me, Ollie,” Jules placed a kiss on my temple. “You helped me find a little healing.”

“Doctor, what was last night?” I asked, taking a sip of my soda and I leaned back into him. “It wasn’t just peace and comfort.”

“You’re reached out to me with absolute faith and trust,” he said in a hushed tone. “You’re the first to see inside my mind in centuries. I’m. ..not used to sharing my innermost thoughts with someone.

“And the kissing?” I asked, finding the answer vague and unsatisfactory. “Was that just a by-product of the telepathic link we shared?”

“Ollie, that is one of the things I adore about you,” the Doctor sat down beside me, taking my hand in his and brushing my knuckles with a lingering kiss. “You’re not afraid to ask questions.”

“Vague, Jules,” I shook my head, needing to get away from the frissons coursing throughout my body from the physical contact. “Please clarify so I can understand.”
He placed a kiss to the inside of my wrist where forest green Gallifreyan script marked me. “Last night, when you came to me, full of faith and trust, you let me turn to you without thought of anything for yourself. You kept your mind focused on that most precious memory. I walked along the beach and felt the waves of the Riaxardi Ocean wash over my feet. I smelt the sea and felt the warmth of suns on my face. You took me there, Ollie, as if I had actually returned to Gallifrey. I first thought that the soul marks on our wrists were a coping mechanism of a broken mind trying to find solace wherever it may.”

"What do you think now?"

“I don’t believe in letting sentiment rule my thoughts, Olivia,” he scoffed, as if disgusted with himself. “It is a fatal weakness that destroys reason and logic.”

“Hmm,” I didn’t know how to respond to his scathing statement.

“Yet, I felt something other than guilt for the first time in three centuries, no more self-loathing or shame. I felt you belief and trust in me and it flowed over me. I was curious and I wanted to kiss you to see if it would strengthen the bond.”

“So, the kiss was an experiment, then?” I asked, half-wanting to slap his face for making me his test subject. I turned away, pretending to reach for some jelly. “That’s all it was, right?”

“No.”

“No?”

“No,” his eyes grew dark blue, the hue of clouds of an oncoming storm. “I knew you weren’t my soulmate, those who are connected from birth. I knew with that first kiss that we had formed more than a link or a connection; it was a soul bond. It is something that occurs later in life for Gallifreyans and only rarely. Your name upon my wrist was a brand that confirmed what I already understood.”

“So, why is it Jubilificent on my wrist and not your true name?” I asked. “Explain that one.”

“I can only tell you my true name if we marry, but by naming me, it gave you a way to recognize me when it happened. This is how I am unique and meant only for you. No one else knows that name but you and that is why I’m soul bound to you alone.”

His gaze never left mine, but I saw the ribbons of scarlet mingle with rose and white. I knew the color symbolism and it didn’t take a genius to figure it out: Red for passion and lust, pink for romantic attachment and white for innocence and purity with a hint of mourning.

Jules’ eyes gleamed with excitement. “This is a direct consequence of the Tardis’ meddling. Humans rarely have soul mates and never have soul marks. Yet, as we progressively linked, our minds became attuned to one another. Because of the Tardis’ DNA being the foundation of the third strand, it brought your latent telepathic abilities to the forefront, allowing an opportunity for a psychic link to form.”

“That’s a given,” the theory was sound. “But, if we’re soul bound, are we compelled to act against our will?”

“No, Ollie, just the opposite,” his motions became more animated. “Soul bonds are rare and they normally occur later in a Gallifreyan’s life. It is when four hearts, in this case, three hearts and minds touch and there is affection between both, only then can the bond form if both choose it.”

“I didn’t choose this,” I corrected him. “I only meant to give you a little comfort as a friend.”
His bliss melted from his face by the time I had finished the sentence. It was as if I had slapped him and
betrayed him within a few seconds. “What I mean, Jules, is that I had no other intentions.”

“Without knowing,” he said in a low voice. “You opened your mind to me in the most intimate way
possible, connecting with me in a way saved only for people we l-” he stopped. “learn to trust. You
gave me all of you without condition, took me into you and you saw all of me as I am, damaged and
broken.”

“Doctor,” I felt flabbergasted, confused by this revelation. “This is a lot for me to deal with and
understand. I'm glad it works for you, but I'm still processing things on a daily basis.”

“What do you mean?” he asked, a wary tone in his voice.

“I’ve known you for all of five weeks and I’m still trying to process everything,” I shrugged
helplessly. “Sexy decides to tinker with my mind and body, turning me into something else. I’m
seeing aliens and now I’m soul marked and bonded with someone I only met recently. Let’s not
forget the wonky ways my mind processes telepathic messages. Then, on top of that, it puts me in a
bond that has heavy sexual undercurrent. I'm trying to keep it together, but I can only take so much,
Doctor.”

“No. . .” he said slowly. “However, the bond only takes after a deep emotional connection has
formed between two people. If there is sexual attraction, the bond augments it. Our soul bond came
from your trust and my guilt. Don't worry, Ollie, the attraction we felt last night wasn't artificially
created by our bond, it merely strengthened it. It is real.”

I wanted to stay. I wanted to run. I didn’t know what I wanted. "Do we have to give in to it?
Couldn't we work on becoming close friends as well? How do the British put it, mates?"

A smile tugged at his lips. “Of course, Ollie, that is more than I had hoped. We Gallifreyans take our.
.mates . .friendships quite seriously. All will happen as we see fit.”

“I’m a mess,” I admitted, not able to look him in the eye.

“You're a mess and I'm broken,” he murmured, taking me into his arms. I nestled into the comfort of
his chest as his arms surrounded me. “I’ve got you and I won’t let you fall.”

“You don’t have to go things alone, you know,” I mumbled into his shirt. “I know you have things
you need to resolve, but I’m not going anywhere except with you. You’re my ride.”

“So, what does this make us, Ollie?” he pulled back, his look intent on finding an answer.

“More than friends,” I started.

“Less than lovers,” he answered.

“We have all the time in the world,” I said, cupping his cheek. I knew that in a short time, I had
grown to trust this man because he had been inside my mind and was mindful of my privacy. While
he and I bickered and, occasionally, hurled insults at one another, the dynamic had changed to one of
mutual respect. He trusted me enough to share his biggest fears. Once he quit being a mouthy prick,
he was someone that I genuinely liked. It didn’t hurt that he was easy on the eyes.

“You’re going to make me wait more, aren’t you?”

“It’s what I do,” I chirped. “Hey, can we please get out of the blue box? I’ve been here for five
weeks and I really want to see some fresh scenery.”
“We’re here,” he grinned, that contagious excitement brimming from his mind into mine. “Have been for a while now.”

“Theron?” I asked, not keeping my anticipation in check.

“Theron,” he confirmed.

I squealed with delight like a school girl. I watched him wiggle his long fingers. “Are you game?”

“I am, but, I want to put a few things together to take with us,” I said, rinsing my plate in the sink with a little soap and then leaving it to dry.

“Adventure awaits!” he exclaimed, happiness surrounding him in rose and green, smelling of kiwi and citrus. I needed something lighthearted to detract from the heavy drama permeating my life.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .
For the Woman Who Wants to Know Everything or Allons-y!

Chapter Summary

Olivia Brasseaux decides that fortune favors the prepared mind and luck loves a prepared companion. Conspiring with Sexy, Olivia gets modifications made to her smartphone and brushes up on her the planet that is her current stop. Will the Doctor and she ever get there on time or will she make him wait yet again?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

If you think that I am stepping foot onto a strange, alien planet halfway across the galaxy without some kind of preparation, here is my response: Haiiiiiiiilll no!

I’m a librarian and not an idiot. When entering a new situation, one doesn’t enter blindly. Sexy had been kind enough to create me a little workshop where I could practice my newfound tinkering skills. She’d had me do odd jobs around the ship that the Doctor had neglected to do or finish. Now, let me be the first to to say that I am not a technical whiz and that my engineering skills normally are zilch. However, with the nice upload Sexy gave, I can now tap into the database in my brain and perform small fix-it jobs.

She had me fix the environment controls in the Gardens, replace some of the her lights in the corridors and clean up some messy wiring beneath a console plate. This particular incarnation of a Doctor had little to no technical skills, so it fell to me to try and fix the things that had broken or fallen into disarray.

In return, I ended up with some nifty gadgets. The Doctor doesn’t believe in carrying weapons. Well, I am not the Doctor. I told Sexy my fears about being unprotected on strange planets and asked if she could help not more than a few days earlier.

“Let me see your mobile, Daughter Mine.” She was still the pink candy floss lady.

I looked at the view screen, “Are you a little tired of the whole pink motif?”

“You know what?” she contemplated my words. “I am.”

“What do you want to look like?” I asked.

“What would look good?” she countered.

“This isn’t about me, Sexy, this is about you. If you want to be pink, be pink.”

“I think I want to be blue again,” she nodded slowly on the monitor. “With a few modifications.”

I watched the pink bouffant hair straighten until it was a sleek, straight blue falling past her shoulders. Gone were the big manga pink eyes that made her look like a Saturday morning cartoon character. Instead, the were bright, clear blue fringed in thick, long black lashes. Her lips lost their peppermint hue and darkened to a Tardis blue. Her skin took on a mint green hue and she looked alien and lovely.
“Very nice,” I commented, nodding in approval.

“Thank you, I think so, too,” she grinned at me from the monitor. “Now, if I only had a body to go with this sexy brain of mine.”

“You didn’t want an android body,” I reminded her.

“I want to feel and taste, smell and hear,” she lamented. “I don’t want cold metal.”

“There aren’t any options of you having a live avatar,” I reminded her. “I still think that if we looked into android technology, somewhere in the universe there has to be a place that can give you both.”

“Doubtful,” she said. “I’ve been to over 35,000 worlds in the past 1,100 years and there is always a dark side to it. I’ve given up.”

“That was the old universe where you came from,” I said, trying to find a positive spin. “We might find something different in this one.”

“We’ll see, Ollie.” I hated when Sexy sounded discouraged. “Now, I have have the schematics in my data banks for the latest model of sonic screwdriver.”


“Well, so much for that idea,” she pouted on screen. “I could make it look like one of the magic wands from that movie you love so much….Harry Pothead?”

“Harry Potter,” I corrected her, trying not to snicker at the mistake.

“What about a sonic lightsaber?” Sexy snapped her digital fingers on the screen. “You could have a lightsaber with attitude.”

“No, I don’t need something so obvious. Something small, easily concealed, user-friendly.”

“Sonic lipstick?” Sexy suggested.

“No way.”

“Sonic pen?”

“Doesn’t sound right,” I replied deadpan.

“Oi! You’re killing me with the puns.”

“Wait a sec,” I thought. I remembered the Doctor using his sonic screwdriver on two occasions of Doctor Who to boost the power of Rose and Martha’s cell phone batteries. Hmm…..

“Make your mobile a sonic?” Sexy read my thoughts like the morning news. “That might work.”

“I’m thinking something a bit more extensive,” I pulled out my cell phone. It was a typical smartphone, nothing expensive, but I had bought it because it had the best battery on the market. “How about an app that lets me tap into any information in the Tardis database? You didn’t download everything into my head.”

“Good idea!” Sexy agreed. “If you’re going planet side, you’ll want a scanner to take readings on various lifeforms, environmental factors, element identifications.”
“Like a tricorder!” I exclaimed excitedly.

“What’s a tricorder?”

I spent the next ten minutes explaining what Star Trek was in my universe. Sexy delved into my mind through our link, not bothering to ask, and plucked out every minute piece of fangirl information I had locked inside my brain.

“Sexy,” I said through gritted teeth after I felt that I’d been hit by a migraine. “What did I say about asking first before digging in my brain? Boundaries, Sexy!”

“I’m sorry, Sweetie,” she replied in that Estuary English accent that I loved so well. “In my excitement, I forgot.”

I sat down, holding my hands to my temples, rocking back and forth because the pain was intense. I hated the brain freeze symptoms, but thanks to Sister Nominae, at least I wasn’t going to die from Sexy’s tinkering. I muttered a blue streak for several minutes until the pain subsided. I glared at the monitor.

“Are you cross with me?” her question was contrite.

“I’m not pleased,” not bothering to edit my answer. “You were excited at a new idea and not doing it purposely. Please, though, try not to push into my brain.”

“So sorry!” I felt Sexy’s sincerity wash over me and I couldn’t help but forgive my adopted mother.

“You could call me ‘mum,” you know.”

“Sorry, I’ve already had a mom and I’m not British.”

“I know.” Sexy was silent for a moment. “Ala Star Trek, a tricorder is a multi-functional hand-held device used for sensor scanning, data analysis, and recording data. It will also take phenomenal selfies.”

“Can it give me holographic camouflage when needed?”

“You don’t ask for much, do you, Ollie?” she chuckled. “Even the Doctor’s sonic can’t do that.”

“He’s never thought about things the way I do,” I reminded her. “Can we boost the battery where I can make calls throughout time and space?”

My phone beeped a few times and Sexy smiled. “Done!”

“Homing device and able to send a distress signal?”

My phone beeped again. “Your wish is my command.”

“Can we add sonic app so I can unlock things or blow things up?”

“Greedy much?”

“I want to be able to use the sonic app as a weapon as well,” I explained. “I don’t want to hurt anyone, but I need some sort of defense to neutralize a potential enemy. Trust me, the Doctor is good at running, but it wouldn’t hurt to have an ace in the hole.”

“Agreed,” my phone lit up. “I’ve also included a translator, but I can’t do anymore. Your phone is
packed with apps that you’ve recorded and the Doctor will be absolutely livid if he knew that I gave you alien technology.”

“He doesn’t follow the Prime Directive, Sexy, thank God.”

“Shouldn’t you?”

“No,” I answered. “I follow another set of rules. My ultimate Boss wears sandals, enjoys weddings and likes fish. I have a miniature manual with me.”

I looked at my front screen. I saw the apps: Sonic, tricorder, camouflage, translator, sensor, data analysis, data recorder, camera, Wikipedia, homing device, universal distress signal, transmat app and vortex manipulator. I grinned, feeling like the cat who caught the canary.

“Now, don’t let the Doctor know that I added those extra goodies,” Sexy gave me a stern warning. “He prefers to use his mind and that’s all well and good. However, he’s 1203 and you’re only 28. Not exactly fair, so, a few extra things should help you keep up.”

Mary Sue never had it so good. I squealed like a fan girl meeting George Lucas for the first time.

“Well, give it a try, Luv,” Sexy encouraged me. “Take it for a test run.”

“Okay. . .” I said with uncertainty. I saw the search engine said Tardis instead of Google. “What planet are we on?”

“You are currently on Theron,” a female voice with a posh British lilt answered. “Fourth planet in the By Draconis System in the Draco Constellation.”

“How many light years are we from Earth?” I asked, feeling giddy that the Tardis had her own search engine.

“148.2 light years.”

“Tardis, please give more information on Theron.”

“Theron is the forth planet which orbits the binary stars BY Draconis. Discovered by Kiarite pirates approximately 250 years ago, the planet soon became known its vast resources, exotic flora and fauna. It has been an excellent source of revenue and is one of the most luxurious resort-casino planets in seven star systems.”

"It is known as the twilight planet because it is always nearly dusk with only intermittent times of full daylight. Part of its attraction as a resort is that Theron can have two or even three moons in the sky at dusk. Theron is a green paradise with its lush foliage, but when dusk falls, all life on the plant exhibits bioluminescent lighting in hues of blue, magenta and green.”

“I presume the air is breathable?” I asked the Tardis search engine.

“Theron’s atmosphere consists of 78% Nitrogen, 21% Oxygen and argon (1%), and with the remaining 1% containing trace amounts of carbon dioxide, neon, helium, methane, krypton, hydrogen, nitrous oxide, xenon, ozone, iodine, carbon monoxide, and ammonia. The atmosphere is thinner than Earth’s, but breathable by humans.”

<“Well, I know I don’t need a space suit,” I surmised. I put my smartphone in the inside pocket of my denim vest, snapping the pocket shut. “The Doctor never has money, you know, Sexy. He’s as broke as a joke. Can you float me some cash?”
“I can’t make cash float, but here are three credit sticks: one for you, one for him and the third for a backup when he loses his.”

“Typical,” I sighed, rolling my eyes. “Why aren’t I surprised?”

“Those contain enough credits for you and the Doctor to live very well for a long time on Theron.”

“Good to know,” I said, also putting them inside the inner pocket along with my smartphone.

“By Rassilon,” the Doctor’s voice bellowed as I heard him coming down the hall. Sexy and I had agreed at the beginning of our collusion to keep my workroom secret so that I could learn and tinker in peace. I quickly stepped back into the corridor, meeting Jules in the hall while the wall inconspicuously reformed behind me, leaving no trace of an entryway. “You will keep me waiting until the end of the universe at this rate! You said that you’d been only a few minutes and I’ve waited for almost an hour.”

“Your a Time Lord, Dude,” I scoffed. “Get over it.”

“You are cheeky -”

“And you’re impatient.” I answered. “Do you want to go have fun? I’m ready if you are or we could stand here and bicker for another hour.”

He gave me a wide grin, looking handsome in his Belstaff coat and red scarf. He extended his hand to mind, wriggling his fingers. Grinning, I put my hand in his and the Tardis doors flew open.

“Adventure awaits!”

‘Oh, might as well!’ I thought, knowing I’d only get to probably say it once. “Allons-y!”

TO BE CONTINUED.

Chapter End Notes

This is an exercise that I have enjoyed doing. I don't write Science Fiction either in fanfics or original fiction. I am now. I've played with a few tropes such as soul marks, telepathic sex and the infamous Mary Sue. This author regrets NOTHING. Now, I'm trying my hand at world-building. So, I did a little research on atmospheres, binary star systems and the like. I didn't want to do an information dump, but I wanted to actually have a viable world. Then, I decided if one can be adopted by the Tardis, then no self-respecting Mum is going to let her daughter onto a strange planet without a sonic smartphone. Tongue-in-cheek Monte Hall. Thanks for reading.
Running the Gambit

Chapter Summary

Today is the day when every revelation changes the universe as Olivia knows it. She needs a respite from the constant mind-shattering revelations being thrown at her. She must deal with how she sees the universe, her Doctor, the Tardis and herself. Plus, she learns some incredible things along the way.

The doors of the Tardis flew open with the Librarian and the Doctor running into their first grand adventure.

Not so much. I tripped over the threshold and landed soundly on a polished marble floor. Worse yet, because I stumbled, I inadvertently knocked the Doctor’s legs out from beneath him and he joined me, sprawling face first on slick marble floors. So much for my majestic debut as his Companion.

He deftly landed on his feet while I scrambled to stand on mine. "Just another day in Paradise."

I heard a deep, sexy chortle near me and yellow touched my mind along with the taste of bananas. I knew the Doctor liked anything banana no matter what number the incarnation. I looked up to see those ice blue-green eyes crinkled at the corners as he laughed, holding his hand out to me.

“Still tripping on air I see,” he chuckled.

I put my hand in his, realizing that yellow was amusement mixed with a hint of joy. I felt the lightning course through my hand stronger than it had yet been as he pulled me to my feet. Vertigo crowded out the light amusement, replacing it with a vast blackness which showed me silver fibers running vertically, horizontally, diagonally, spiraling, angling, broken and mended, entwined and tangled and yet all forever separate all at once.

My eyes followed the one that moved, thrumming with a resonating melody that sounded oddly familiar as if the last vestiges of a fading dream that I struggled to remember. I reached out, touching it feeling it pull me back to a curb on the sidewalk at at Walgreens where a Redbox stood on one side and a blue box stood on the other. I watched as I took too long to make a decision; an action that I had regretted for three years, thinking of what-ifs and could-have-beens,

I watched it abruptly change shape and angle, tangling it with a mess of other sparkling silver threads, emerging from the intertwined timelines until it came out the other side, uniting with an isolated thread that showed us meeting again on my front lone just five weeks earlier. Time was a three-dimensional woven tapestry, sometimes concise and occasionally messy. Broken fibers meant ending and things that never happened.

As I stared at the heart of all space and time in my head for those brief seconds, I realized we control our destinies, but are influenced by Higher powers that I couldn’t see. I was was seeing what was, what is and what may be. My still-human consciousness couldn’t take it in its true form, so it formed the information into a tapestry, something my mind could see without breaking.

I didn’t get to see it in all of its golden glory, I had to settle for the cheap seats. Still, I had no regrets; it was amazing! I knew that one of my timelines had just righted itself when the Doctor and I held
hands and ran out of the Tardis. “Doctor, is that what you see all of the time?”

I looked at him, those clear eyes staring back at me, not understanding my question. I said what my instinct compelled me to say. "I think my timeline just righted itself."

Jules lips slowly formed a perfect “oh” and his eyes widened with comprehension. “What do you see, Olivia? What did you feel?

“Silver lines crisscrossing, bent and some spiraled at all angles, entwined with each other. What did I feel? I felt...righted, restored.” I felt the first hints of confusion in my mind. “Am I right, Doctor, timelines?”

He closed his eyes, resting his brow against mine, the cool touch of his fingers soothed my aching temples. I heard a baritone voice singing a quiet melody, weaving in and out of my thoughts. The warm touch of him inside my mind was fast becoming a familiar comfort and I couldn’t fight the smile tugging at my lips. He stepped toward me, leaving his brow on mine, but letting his hands move over my shoulders. I felt his cool lips lightly press to mine, lingering so that they brushed against mine and simply kissed me.

“Are you all right, Ollie?” he asked in a silent voice, his hand touching my check.

“I’m fine,” I assured him, feeling his waves of concern lap over me. “No worries.”

“I worry, Darling,” he said, his lips on my cheekbone so near my temple. “We should return to the Tardis and-

“Absolutely not!” I protested, giving his hand a tug away from the blue box. “So, Doctor, shall we go on adventure?”

I felt his hand splay across the small of my back. I looked around and surveyed my surroundings. I saw polish lack marble floor extend in all directions. I saw tall ionic columns looming over us by nine or ten meters holding up a lengthy white marble pergola. Through the spaces above me, I noticed stalactites spiraling down from a cavern ceiling several stories above me.

To my left, I heard the rushing of a waterfall falling from the cliffs above us into the pool below. I notice we stood and several raised floors a few meters high than that pools. To my right, I heard whistles and dings. Turning my head, I saw several slot machines, Blackjack tables and a couple of Russian Roulette wheels surrounded by hopeful patrons.

“Where are we?”

“We are 304 meters below the surface in a large cavern formed in the heart of a dead volcano,” he told me. “Welcome to the Onyx Spire Casino, one of the poshest resorts on Theron.”

I remembered the credit sticks and handed one to him. “Compliments of Sexy. Don’t lose it.”

“So, what do you want to do first?” Jules squeezed my hand.

“How about giving me a tour first and we go from there?”

“It is my pleasure,” Jules offered his arm to me and I entwined mine in his. Past the persona, I saw a large spiral of vibrant blue mixing and interacting with a gold swirling moving outside of it. He was lonely, feeling loss more deeply than others of his planet. The heart on his proverbial sleeve had been shattered and broken countless times, yet still it held together. This incarnation dealt with loneliness, guilt and loss with substances and sex. Only within the last few weeks had I heard a laugh or a smile.
Instead of rigid tenseness, he now cracked a hint of a smile. He was coming alive at last.

Then, I felt someone looking inside my mind. All of the emotions I felt when I planned my parents’ funerals nine days apart rushed to the front of my mind. He found my curiosity, my loneliness, my hopes and fears about everything in life. I tasted something tart akin to strong lemonade; a question if I had regretting stepping on board the Tardis. An uncertainty that wasn’t mine entered my mind, a hint of metal aroma in my nostrils as I heard the words as he wondered what had happened between us when we connected that night in his bed.

Boundaries. I felt them rise quickly in his mind, showing me a handsome face but with no depth, no emotion or dimension. “Am I seeing something I shouldn’t see, Doctor?”

“No,” he said, gently twisting one of my stray tendrils around his finger before pushing it behind my ear.

I heard music playing softly in the background, upbeat and electronic. I heard the bells of various slot machines chiming randomly as people spilled their tokens into them, hoping to win a jackpot. I noticed that it was cool in the large cavern and the chill made me shiver through my sweater. Jules felt me tremble from the chill and removed his blazer, draping it around my shoulders.

I felt Jules’ fingers brush against the skin of my neck as he placed his blazer on me. It teased and tortured me as frissons of sensation darted under my skin, making my stomach clench in bittersweet pleasure. I bit my lip, trying to keep my breathing quiet and even so that I didn’t advertise that I’d fallen into the Classic Companion Curse trap #1: falling for the Doctor.

I noticed the casino carried an aroma similar to the Doctor’s cologne. I smelled a hint of pepper followed by a rich sweetness of pipe tobacco, dark woods and tanned leather. The sweet flavor of saffron touched my taste buds along with flavors of cherry and almond. I inhaled deeply, welcoming the distraction. Other scents separated themselves from others and Sexy began naming them off one by one in my earpiece: the sweet lemon zest of bergamot, the rosy undercurrent pink pepper, notes of cinnamon, vetiver which reminded me of lemongrass and red pepper. The final note of the fragrance Sexy called elemi. To me, it made me think of fresh pine needles, clean and green with citrus and coriander undertones.

Simple colors like orange, yellow, read and ivory swirled around me followed by sienna, rose, chartreuse and pine. My mind danced in and out of Sexy’s narration of identifying the each ingredient in the heady aroma filing my senses. My inner thesaurus rebelled and my mind labeled each smell by color: ocher, goldenrod, cerise, almond, pine and tangerine. Tropical forests from the ends of Earth filled my mind followed by the strange visions of something looking like club moss, horsetail plants and trees that had spores reminding me of pine trees and their cones.

My mind was wonderfully distracted, losing itself in the documentary that Sexy narrated about how the sweet, heavy scents flowing throughout the cavernous casino were produced by a varied amount of algae, fungi and ferns that had evolved to survive in total darkness via bioluminescence. I realized that Jules’ cologne carried the exact same aroma wafting in the casino. I needed ore distraction when my mind wandered back to Jules.

"Tell me what the planet looks like topside," I urged her.

That lovely Estuary lilt filled my mind. “Lush tropical paradise with massive rain forests extending over most of the planet. There are giant active volcanoes and the primary lifeforms are fish, arthropods and rather large insects. Theron has no natural mammals or reptiles and some of the lifeforms are crystalline.”
“Crystalline?” I asked aloud, not understanding what she meant by that word. “Please elaborate.”

“Essentially. There are creatures indigenous to Theron with silicon-based biochemistry. The Crystalline Coral and Theronic Crystal lifeforms are fascinating. Because of the high amounts of nitrogen, methane, hydrogen and xenon, it was the perfect mix to allow silicon-based lifeforms to develop.”

“So, based upon what you’re telling me. Most humans wouldn’t last long on the surface.”

“Not without wearing the proper breathing apparatus,” Sexy answered aloud in my earpiece. I felt my heartbeat slow, my pulse return to its natural rhythm and the delightful twinges in my nethers had stopped. Nothing like a good dose of science and xenoclimatology to get my mind straight and focused. However, there was a heavy scent surrounding me that reminded me of Thanksgiving. I smelled vanilla, peaches, cloves and honey. I sniffed my inner wrist and caught a strong whiff of it. I wasn’t wearing any perfume and my scent of body wash was coconut and piña colada. I also caught a hint of salty musk just beneath it, subtle but still noticeable.

“Sexy?” I asked softly. “Why do I smell like a pumpkin pie meets a peach daiquiri?”

“Pull out your smartphone and use the analyzing app, Ollie,” she instructed.

“Why am I noticing every single scent in the place?”

“Your senses are much more powerful now since your brain was reconfigured, synapses added and your Synesthesia now is directly correlated with your telepathic abilities. Plus, you fancy my Doctor and scans indicate that the desert and drink are how your mind is processing the olfactory stimuli.”

“So, what am I smelling?” I asked.

“Your pheromones,” Sexy’s voice laughed in my ear. “You’re turned all about for the Doctor.”

“Shh!” I hissed, stepping away so that his hearing couldn’t pick up on the conversation. “Okay, great. Just lovely. So, what does he wear for cologne?”

“Cologne?” Sexy asked. “He doesn’t wear cologne.”

“Then why does he smell like men’s cologne?” I asked, rolling my eyes at Sexy’s lack of answers. “Why does he smell like the casino?”

“What your smelling from our Doctor isn’t cologne, Sweetie,” she said in a gentle voice. “It’s pheromones.”


“Per analysis, you are correct. 93.8% similarity and allowing 2% for marginal error,” my Tardis confirmed. “What you are smelling is a prime example of a Gallifreyan Alpha male who is looking to claim his mate.”

“Alpha male?” I whispered, putting my fingers against the earpiece. “As is heats, ruts, omega dynamics? Like knots and wetness and nappies and male pregnancies? Heat of the moment that he loses his mind? Ewwww! Please, no.”

‘Somewhat, but not quite as primitive.’ Sexy soothed me with a flush of reassurance covering me in
waves. ‘With the Pythia’s Curse, it remedied most of all that obsolete. Sterilization prompted the Great Houses of Gallifrey to start looming their children. However, our Doctor was born and not loomed.”

“So, he is an Alpha,” I concluded aloud. I saw Jules turn in my direction, his brows raised in silent question. I looked at him through new eyes. Lithe, lean muscle that looked too damned sexy in the personally tailored suit. Blue-green eyes that went from Fire and ice to Oncoming storm in five seconds or less. Curly black hair that fell freely over that typically British high brow. Bow-shaped lips that I started imagining saying filthy, erotic things. Claim. Take. Use. Break. I'd read the fanfics and this is where the eroticism gave way to genuine fear. I didn't want to be forced, taken, used or claimed. I wanted to be loved and cherished and to love and adore my lover in return. I didn't want some animalistic mounting. I wanted something more... love. Since when did Time Lords love?

He had loved Rose Tyler with both hearts in every incarnation since his Ninth and still felt remorse at her loss seven regenerations later. Did he think I was just going to be his shiny new fuck toy? Had Sexy picked me because of my particular DNA and had altered it purposely to turn me a sex slave for her Doctor? Now, that I was significantly altered, was I there to merely service him until he broke my heart or my body? I was just a poor substitute for Rose Tyler. No, I wasn't even that. I was just there. Cold fear washed over me and I sobbed in fear. I felt tears sting my eyes. I was terrified once I truly assessed my situation.

I saw Jules' head fall forward, his eyes closing and I saw him inhale deeply. He remained still for a moment before his eyes snapped open, staring through me. "You're afraid."

I could give him my resting liar's face, but I knew enough from the fanfics I had read that pheromones didn't lie.

He turned toward me, his own hormones greatly diminishing as if he commanded them to vanish. "Ollie, what frightens you?"

I gulped. I'd seen him as a prick, a bad boy and a mad man with a sentient blue box, but now I saw his eyes narrow like those of a predator. Quicker than I thought possible, the Doctor took my hand in his, brushing his lips against my knuckles. I felt that familiar presence in my mind and I wanted to run. He saw my memories, my fears and read every thought running through my mind without my permission.

"Olivia," I saw shock flit over his features, anger and then I smelled ozone and saw deep blue swirling around him. He shook his head and I felt his disbelief and his heartbreak. "Olivia, I would never use you that way. You've brought me back to life and I feel again something besides guilt. Let's return to the Tardis and we'll talk. I'll tell you everything."

I felt my fear subside, somewhat, but I still wondered if I was just a pawn in a larger plan. I intended to have words with the Tardis. "Did you know, Jules? Did you plan this?"

"No, Olivia," he shook his head, still holding my hand. "I didn't plan on meeting you, on you changing, on you traveling with me. None of it was planned; not on my part."

"I need to use the bathroom," I said as calmly as I could. "I need a human moment."

"Of course," Jules' soft voice spoke volumes of heartbreak and I felt my heart twist painfully in my chest. "Whatever you need. Bathroom?"

Too many things for my mind to process. One part was examining the physical geography and climatology of the planet while another portion was analyzing the numerous scents surrounding me.
Another portion of my aftermarket brain searched the databases for the British word for bathroom.

"The loo?" I asked.

"Oh," he smiled when he understood what I meant. He gave me instructions and I rushed toward the restroom as fast as I could without drawing attention to myself. I found a corridor leading to the restroom at the end of the hall. Closing the door behind me, I checked the stalls to make sure no one else was in the restroom with me. Grabbing my smartphone, I used the locking app on the door handle and I heard a satisfying click.

"Sexy," I said aloud, knowing she'd hear me through the communications app on my smartphone and via my earpiece. "Answers, please."

"Oh, Sweetie," her voice was filled with concern. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean for any of this to happen."

"So," I felt anger burning in my chest. "That sounds a lot like bullshit to me. What the hell did you do to me?"

"Olivia," Sexy's Estuary accent took on an almost condescending tone. "You need to calm yourself."

"Calm myself?" I couldn't believe she was patronizing me. She had changed me against my will and every time I thought that I had come to terms with it, I found another layer of deceit covering it. "He has been acting like a lover instead of the Doctor from the moment that you altered me. Explain."

"He hasn't been himself since he lost Rose," she began in my ear. "Forty percent of your world's population possess latent telepathic abilities. Something that didn't occur in our own universe. When we arrived on Earth, your Earth, 320 years ago, I did a standard scan and found that we'd accidentally entered a parallel universe, but no the one the Doctor had thought. Yours was completely different. I scanned every database on the planet and concluded we hadn't reached Rose."

"Instead, you reached a planet where the only way he existed was in fiction."

"Yes," she confirmed. "We were trapped and I was low on energy. He fixed the Chameleon Circuit so that I appeared as a Redbox while he found the necessary materials to repair me. No one should have noticed us, but you were completely unaffected by the Perception Filter. Upon scanning you, I found that you possessed latent telepathic abilities and a mild case of Synesthesia. You possessed the ability to perceive reality differently that other humans. You aren't the only one like that as we found out later, but you were the first we encountered."

I had seen him in his tenth incarnation. He was supposed to have saved Wilfred Mott, did his farewell tour, weep and say, "I don't want to go," and turn into childlike bumbling Eleven. That's the way it had happened on the show when Robert T. Davies and David Tennant exited Doctor Who and when Stephen Moffett took over. Somewhere, somehow, something had gone horribly wrong. That something was my universe.

"Sexy," I said slowly. "Do you swear on your ancestors' honor that you didn't know that your telepathic introduction would have these consequences on me?"

"Honey," she sounded as if she were weeping. "I'd never cause another living being pain knowingly or willingly. I swear." I listened for deceit and heard only regret. I recognized, oddly in that moment, that I recognized her voice. She sounded exactly like Alex Kingston when she played River Song. Why hadn't I noticed it before that moment. "I believe you."
"The Doctor is worried sick on why you suddenly fear him and he doesn't understand. He is barraging me with question asking what he did to frighten you.

"Can you tell him that he did nothing wrong, please? Tell him that I need to sort out a few things with you and not to worry."

"I will." Sexy promised. I heard the familiar hum of the Tardis engines through my earpiece, whirring and soothing to the ear.

"I need answers," I pressed. "Question: if he is an Alpha, then what am I now that I'm genetically reconfigured

“So, am I an Alpha, Beta or an Omega?” I cringed at the thought of being knuckle-dragging troll or a simpering woman wanting to be rutted. Neither appealed to me. Eww.

“You weren’t anything previously because you were human,” Sexy explained. “Gallifreyan birds and bees time.”

“I’m not Gallifreyan,” I reminded her.

“You’re not purely human either, Love,” she countered. “When I reconfigured you, I may have genetically altered you when you received some of my DNA to save your life when you couldn't handle the download.”

"Was that before or after Sister Nomine cut into my skull to make it bigger?

"During," Sexy replied. "I gave you part of DNA because we Tardis' are resilient. I also infused you with Gallifreyan DNA so that you'd survive the operation to increase your chances of surviving the operation."

"Since when do you collect that kind of bio data? Whose DNA did you use?” I felt the Gallifreyan portion of my mind come online, making deductions at lightning pace, faster than any normal human brain could do. It had to be someone who had been on the Tardis. One of the Doctor's previous incarnations, perhaps, or maybe Missy? They'd both been on the Tardis. I wasn't familiar much with Classic Who. Could it have Susan Foreman or Ramona?

"No, it had to be from a Gallifreyan would could survive in this Universe."

I wished that everyone one had quit reading my mind without my permission. It was rude, but the conclusion provided only one answer. "Jules. You used his DNA, didn't you. Does he even know what you've done? Did you take it from him without asking the way you took my humanity from me?"

"He volunteered his DNA," came Sexy's frosty reply. "I have grown to think of you as my child. In human terms, my daughter, Olivia, and for you to think that I would ever violate you knowing is a heinous thought. For the last time, when I downloaded part of my database, it was only with the intention of doing what you had asked -telepathically introducing myself to you and nothing more. It wasn't a clandestine plan to turn you into ....what you think I'd do for the Doctor."

Sexy grew silent, and that quiet spoke her anguish well so that my soul felt it. "I'm sorry. I was . . . wrong."

"I never knew humans could cause so much pain," she said. "It hurts to love you."

"Humans or me in particular?” I dared ask the question.
"Yes."

"Who am I, Sexy? What am I?" I banged the back of my head against the metal stall of the wall. Frustration and resignation ate at me.

"You are still you, Olivia," she assured me. "You have a third helix, and it’s the primary helix every Gallifreyan lifeform has, including the Doctor. While you wouldn’t register as a pure Gallifreyan, you’d show it being in your genome."

"Meaning?" I prompted her to finish her explanation.

"You appear to be of Human and Gallifreyan ancestry and the Tardis DNA is nearly undetectable." Sexy explained and I had to admit, I was intrigued. "To answer your question, you weren’t anything while you were human. Once you were reconfigured, you turned into something none had foreseen: a Gamma."

Oh, shit. I never saw THAT coming. " A WHAT?"

"You are unique and you are now a Gamma."

"What is a Gamma?" I asked, trying to quell the trepidation simmering in my stomach. "Give it to me straight, Sexy."

"Well, Ollie, Gammas are immune to most scents and are unable to scent others, not biologically affected both by heats and ruts, but are also unable to negatively affect Alpha or Omegas. The good news is you won’t have any heats. Like humans, you're able to conceive at anytime and will retain your menstrual cycle."

"What's the bad news?" I pressed, not certain that I wanted to hear the answer.

"Normally, the Doctor as an Alpha would never notice a Gamma. It's simply not possible or it shouldn't be," Sexy amended. "Yet, when you started your telepathic exercises pre-operation, you developed a link with him. You were a candle in the darkness and he desperately clung to that light, turning a superficial link into a deeper connection."

"Prompting his emotional renaissance," I concluded. "It makes sense, but he was acting flirtatiously even before my skull was turned into avocado dip."

"The Ood told him centuries ago that he would find his mate and find peace, but the cost would be great. Peace would be found amongst the brass olives where there were green walls and red boxes. If he acted too soon, he'd never find love again. He had to wait."

I facepalmed my brow while rolling my eyes. Talk about literal puns. Green walls, ergo Walgreens. Red boxes literally meant Redboxes and brass olives, ugh! Olivia Brasseaux. "Oi!"

"I remembered the vendor's name and the red box where I had landed. I remembered your name and knew the Ood meant you," Sexy explained. "They are never wrong."

"What's the bad news, Sexy? Back on task, now." I gently urged my other mother.

"The link made him aware of you in ways he hadn't previously noticed. Because you fancied him, you let of pheromones that hadn't affected him. However, once you had that third helix and that deeper link, I hypothesize that the impossible became possible: your brain changed post-operation and, thus, altered the connection, making him aware of your pheromones now that you're genetically compatible and able to conceive with him."
“So, my wonky biology is making him act this way and there's nothing cognitive or emotional about it?”

Sadness made my eyes sting. Just biology.

"No, Olivia, that's where you're wrong," Sexy hurriedly corrected me. "He began caring for you before your procedure. I think when the biological factor was added, that made no difference. He is a Time Lord with near-perfect control of his body and his hormones. However, he has always been one searching for love and acceptance and has been ever since he was an awkward child on Gallifrey. Biology doesn't make him care for you. Simply being you and how you are with him is what did it."

"Hmm," I was speechless.

"An Alpha never notices a Gamma, only Betas and always Omegas. You and he have had prolonged telepathic contact, Olivia, and it has bought you two into psionic harmony. You have more than a link, but less than a bond and that in and of itself is unusual. Add the chemical attraction and biological compatibility between an Alpha and a Gamma whose telepathy translates as taste, touch, sight, hearing and smell—"

"And voila," I scoffed at the irony. "Through the connection, we have a loop. He notices me, I notice him and we're the owl and the pussycat."

"An odd, but apt, analogy," Sexy chuckled.

"More than friends, but less than lovers," I shook my head at the massive information dump my mind was processing. I felt overwhelmed, numb, bombasted and I wanted a margarita. "Now, what?"

"Shut the mental door to the archive, Olivia," she soothed me. "Go have fun."

"I need it," I said, walking out of the bathroom. The scent of cinnamon and spice permeated Jules’ jacket blazer and I knew that my scent was all over it. I needed time and I didn't know what I wanted.

I unlocked the restroom door and found Jules in the lounge sipping some kind of alien alcohol. I handed him his blazer. “Sexy explained the whole complicated situation.”

"She explained everything to me," his voice was rough and hoarse. He looked at me with red-rimmed eyes bright with unshed emotion. I felt his fear and heartbreak as my own. "I never meant for all of this to happen to you. I didn't know-"

"I know you didn't," I reassured him. "An Alpha, right?"

"Yes."

"Do you knot?"

I put forth the blunt question without hesitation,

"Of course, I do," a vivid blush appeared on his sharp, pale cheeks. For all of his talk about shagging half the universe, he was shy about it. I almost chuckled. Almost.

"Do you go into heat, rut and get territorial?"

"Yes."
"Hmm."

"Olivia," Jules looked at me, fearing causing both of his hearts to pound that I heard them over the noise of the casino's slot machines. "Do you want me to take you home?"

I knew the answer before I said it. I knew what I wanted, in spite of the insanity of the situation. I cupped his cheek, looking into that blue-green gaze. "I want to go home someday, Doctor, but not because of this. I don't know where this adventure or us are going, Jules, but, I need time alone to figure out some things."

"Take the time you need," he answered. "I need to understand all this myself. Bloody hell!" the Doctor ran his fingers through his hair.

"You aren't alone in this," I felt his mask slip back into place and he became unreadable. "We'll figure this out. I just need some time alone to get my mind sorted,"

"Of course," he nodded. "I'm going to wander around the casino for awhile. Don't worry, I won't leave.

I felt Jules' worry touch my mind "Olivia. Where are you going?"

"Wherever I can find a good margarita. I'll see you later." I lost myself in the crowd, waiting several minutes before I left my spot and went the opposite direction of where Jules had stood. I ascended a floating, spiraling staircase that took me to the upper levels of the Onyx Spire casino.

On the upper level, it appeared neon and black lighting were the main forms of illumination. I didn’t want to be near Sexy or the Doctor; just alone. Sexy said that there was enough currency on a credit stick to allow a person to live long and well on Theron. I planned to explore the good life in every way possible. I found that with a little effort, I could shut down the telepathic activity with the Tardis and the Doctor. I needed them out of my head while I forgot about the craziness.

I started with the Spa which offered a variety of services such as a neurological massage, guaranteed to relieve stress. I chuckled, thinking the masseuse would get on my last good nerve. I opted for a deep tissue and neurological combo along with a Theronic facial.

I worried if the physical contact between me and the spa technician might cause a problem. When I asked, the technician said gloves are worn to not intrude on the minds of their clients.

My attendant was Mx. Rue, a tall being with a slender, lithe body and able fingers. While I lay under my towel, I realized that I couldn’t tell if Mx. Rue was male or female. I was dying to ask about the title “Mx.” and its etymology, hoping that framing it in an academic context would give me answers without exposing my ignorance. I remembered the old adage, "Let people think you're a fool and keep silent. If you open your mouth, you'll prove them right."

"Olivia," Mx. Rue addressed me, a bit of a Southern drawl lilting to me ears as nimble figures worked out the knots in my tense muscles. "How does that feel?"

I heard Mx. Rue softly speak to another attendant in another language that translated as English but the pronouns were different. I couldn't contain my curiosity any longer. "So, is Mx. a noble title of some sort? I've never heard of it."

"Really?" Mx. Rue's strong fingers moved up to the muscles in my neck. "Unlike humans who are single gender, my people each identify as bigender, agender, gender fluid. When working amongst singlers, we came up with the title for humans to use when your pronouns couldn't clearly identify us."
I didn’t want to think about anything as Mx. Rue’s fingers firmly kneaded out the stress knots in my back. “So, do pronouns run along the same lines. For those of fluid gender, how is a person to address them in conversation? I don’t say he or she, do I?”

“No, you don’t.” Mx. Rue agreed, with those magical fingers working out the tight lumps along my spine. “Ze is my friend and I have worked for xem for over twenty years.”

Mx. Rue’s hands made their way down my spine when ze started working on the deep tissue and nerve endings in my thighs and calves. I also failed to tell xem that I am extremely ticklish. What I loved the most was when Mx. Rue massaged my feet. I felt electrical impulses coming out of xyr fingers, calming my anxiety and inducing drowsiness.

Then, began the facial. I felt xyr apply the mask onto my face while I relaxed in a half-sleep state when I felt the screaming of something strange and alien in my mind. Whoever or whatever it was, they were in agony. Separate entities thinking as one and they were in pain. I realized the pain I heard in my mind was coming from whatever was on my face.

“Rue, take this mask off my face, now!” I yelled. “It’s alive.”

“Of course, it’s alive, Honey, that’s pure Grade A Theronic crystal that is exfoliating your face.”

“Please, take it off,” I begged, feeling their pain as mine.

“Not a problem,” Xe rinsed it off and the mask wash down the sink. I felt the pain subside as they found freedom from their bonds because the water washed it away. I realized I needed to do more research about Theronic crystals because they were sentient and telepathic. How could the spa technician not know?

I paid for services rendered, rushing off toward some fine dining on the upper level. I decided to sit in the back of a dimly lit restaurant, gently illuminated by glowing sconces. I felt the same headache come on I ordered my meal. I made sure it was vegetarian with no meat. It was something like noodles in a sweet thick Alfredo meets sesame sauce. I loved it.

I pulled out my Smartphone and tapped into the casino’s intranet, searching specifically for Theronic crystal. As I ate, I learned it was a silicon-based lifeform that was used as a common ingredient for many different things on Theron, especially in the pleasure holosuites to induce a stronger psychic experience. The crystals were used in manufacturing, cleaning, building and even toys for children.

Yet, since when did rock cry out in pain?

When it was alive and sentient. Since I had felt the mental projections, I theorized the Theronic crystal was sentient. I needed more information, but I just wanted to concentrate on my dinner.

To Be Continued...
After drinking two or three Margaritas, I knew I was tipsy. Six hours later after my life was redefined in the Ladies’ room, I decided that I accepted the change for the time being. I knew Jules was affected as much as I was by the twisting turn of events and we both had a lot of talking to do. I knew I wasn’t in any condition to make it back to the Tardis on my own, but I did have a transmat app on my phone. I pushed the app icon and the question came to me, “Where do you want to go?”

“Tardis.”

I found myself unmercifully tumbled onto the metal grill of the console room a few feet from the console. Beneath the console, I saw two denim-clad legs where Converse sneakers. “Doctor?”

Since when did my Doctor wear Sneakers and jeans? Not since Ten, I’d imagine. It was Seventeen’s voice with Ten’s fashion sense. I saw part of his torso rise, heard a loud thump followed by, “Bloody Hell!” Oops. Never interrupt the Doctor when he is tinkering. He scrambled from beneath the console, looking up at me. A hopeful look crossed his features, “You’re back.”

“I’m back,” I said, feeling giddy as the scent of spice floated around him.

“So, I see,” he commented, sticking his sonic screwdriver into the pocket of his designer shirt. I saw he’d been seriously tinkering on Sexy because his shirtsleeves were rolled up to his elbows, revealing his forearms. I saw long finger run through unruly black hair. “So, did you have a good time at the casino?”

“For the most part,” I answered, plunking myself in the jump seat. “Massage, facial, dinner, a show, pedi and mani. There was just one thing missing.”

“What?” Jules kept his eyes on the console, adjusting dials and concentrating on the column before him.

“You.”

“Sorry?”

“I was alone,” I sighed. “I was hit today with several big reveals that were massive shocks to my system and I became frightened.”

“You’re drunk,” I heard his disapproval. “Did you need to be inebriated in order to be around me? Do I frighten you that much?”

The sarcasm in his voice meant to cut me to my soul. So, we were back to where his disdain and biting remarks were a shield against the sentimental, the emotional.

“No, I’m tipsy,” I corrected him. “You should know better, Jubilificent of Gallifrey. I’m not
frightened of you, but of what’s happening to me. There are too many things happening simultaneously for me to make sense of them all.”

“Go to bed and sleep it off, Olivia,” he commanded, all while ignoring me.

“I’m attracted to you, you know.” I watched him stop mid-motion while adjusting a sensor. He never took his eyes from the console, but neither did he ignore my admission.

“Yes,” his terseness cut through the alcoholic fog clouding my brain “I know.”

“You’re attracted to me, too,” I stumbled forward where he caught me.

“You needn’t remind me, Olivia,” his voice came out in a hoarse whisper. “But, you make it hard for me to be faithful to my promise to keep you safe when all I want to do-”

Now, only inches from those cupid-bow lips, I wanted to feel them again on mine.

He shuddered. “Olivia, go to your room. You need to sleep off your stupor.”

“I thought Gallifreyans couldn’t,” hiccup. “get drunk.”

“You’re still part human,” his short reply prompted me to see if I could break that restrained façade. “Strong alcohol can still affect you.”

“What if I told you that I wanted to take you in my mouth and use my tongue to make you-”

“That’s enough, Olivia!” Jules shouted at me. He leapt to his feet and pulled me to mine. “I prefer my lovers willing and sober.”

“So, you’ve fucked a man?” I asked. “Tazin, right, while you were a man? Do you prefer to give it to a woman or take it up the-”

“Shut up, Olivia, before you embarrass yourself further,” the Doctor grabbed my arm, yanking me as he led me out of the Console room and down one of the corridors until I found us in my quarters.

“Do you want to be inside me?” I asked, feeling bold and seductive.

“I want you to get sober,” his stern response didn’t daunt me for one moment. “You’re going to sleep this off.”

“Only if you sleep with me,” I put my hand on the pale skin of his neck. “I’m no Rose Tyler, but I think I’ll do in a pinch. Would you like it better if I had a dick?”

“Olivia,” he said, his voice heavy with warning. “You don’t know what I want or how I want it.”

“I have an idea,” I snorted. I looked up at both of him, then pressed a kiss to his neck, gently nipping at his skin. “Take me to bed and I’ll find out if I’m right.”

He shivered as my bite lingered and my fingers traced a path down his checks until I found the bulge in his trousers. “Ooh, you do want to fuck me senseless. So, Doctor, why should we wait? Let’s get the party started.”

I began unbuckling the belt to his trousers, making quick work of the zipper with every intent of taking him into my mouth and making him explode. I felt two hands clench my wrists in a strong
grip, preventing me from completing my plan. “Not here, not now and not like this, Ollie. If you and I do shag, it’s going to be when we’re both ready. Darling, neither one of us are ready for this, no matter how much either of us want it.”

“Why?” I whined. “You still want her, don’t you, your precious girl? Close your eyes and you won’t know the difference.”

“You’re no Rose Tyler and never will be. Don’t insult yourself or her by thinking you could be.”

I stopped and I felt the mental slap accompany that statement. “You’re right. You crawled into her bed, but you can’t crawl out of her grave.”

My stomach lurched and the taste of bile erupted in my throat. A metallic, sour taste entered my mouth as my cheeks grew hot. I covered my mouth and rushed to the bathroom where I lifted the toilet lid and expelled the contents of my dinner and anything else in my stomach. I gagged and vomited until I felt spent, resting against the cold metal of the toilet. The second wave of nausea hit me and I vomited again, but this time I felt two cool hands pulling back my shoulder-length curls.

I don’t know how long after that we sat on the bathroom floor with Jules holding me. Once I finished vomiting, somewhere he had grabbed a warm washcloth and wiped my face. Pressing a kiss to my brow, he scooped me into his arms and took me to my bed where he took off my rank smelling clothes. I don’t clearly remember what happened, but the next morning, I woke up in my bra and panties with the Doctor beside me, holding me close and still fully clothed.

This was the second time we had shared a bed. I was snuggled against his chest with his arms around me and our legs entwined. I felt a hard warmth pressing against my abdomen. I gently removed myself from Jules’ embrace, moving out of bed and to the bathroom to get rid of the horrible taste in my mouth. After a shower, brushing my teeth and swishing mouthwash in my mouth for five minutes, I felt clean and refreshed.

He was still asleep in my bed and sexy as hell. Embarrassment washed over me as I remembered how I had talked to him the previous night while I was drunk. I was mortified by my behavior and I wanted to hide. I wanted to hide and not face him when he awoke, but I knew I couldn’t avoid him forever.

“Olivia, darling?” I heard Jules call. “Come back to bed.”

“I can’t,” I knew he was half-asleep and didn’t remember my behavior from last night yet.

He propped himself up on one arm, holding his hand out in an inviting gesture. “Come back to bed and sleep. Just sleep.”

“I just remember how I acted toward you last night and I apologize,” I said, not able to look the Doctor in the eye. “I have no excuse.”

“You have a lot to . . . how did you say? Process?”

“Pretty much.”

“Did you process it?” Jules asked with an urgency in his eyes that reminded me of a starving man staring at a feast.

“As much as I could,” I admitted. “I’m not done yet. Right now, I’m embarrassed and mortified and another thousand kinds of shame for the way I acted toward you last night and I think I’m to be a coward and take a long, hot shower until I gather up the courage to look you in the eye.”
“I see,” I jumped out of bed to run to the shower when I felt Jules’ hand catch mine. I dared look over my shoulder to see unruly black hair frame pale skin and blue-green eyes stare at me. He pulled me back so that I fell back onto the bed, still managing to sit upright. He brought my hand to his lips and pressed a lingering kiss to the inside of my palm. "I am the most caustic, ill-mannered, thoughtless and comprehensive-round obnoxious ‘asshat,’ as you often remind me."

I couldn’t help but chuckle at his self-effacing comment, oddly funny in such an awkward moment. ‘Oh, don’t stop there, Jules, I’m loving this!"

“Obnoxious asshat,” he continued. “that anyone could perhaps have the ill luck to know. I am uninterested in the good, oblivious of the lovely and undiscerning in the presence of the joyous.”

“You have a gift for stating the obvious,” I smirked, feeling slightly less ashamed of my horrific drunken behavior from the previous night.

“Olivia, I am an idiotic Time Lord saved only by the caring and steadfastness of your regard. I don’t have many friends, Darling, but I’m appreciative for the one holding my hand at this moment.”

“All right,” I held my hands up in defeat. “I admit you have just made me feel slightly less mortified of my behavior that what I did a moment ago.”

“I meant every word, Darling,” Jules pressed another kiss against my palm and I shivered. “You wanted a real life and adventure. Now, you have it. You wanted to see fantastic unknown worlds and cultures, to explore where few had ever been. Well, you can say you are one of the very few Terrans who has been pissed on a planet several hundred light years from Earth.”

I rolled my eyes and snickered. “Fair point, Jules.”

“That’s my Ollie,” he gently tapped my nose. “There’s my treasured, unstoppable Librarian.”

“Mission accomplished,” I couldn’t help but smile at the Doctor whose bedside manner was brilliant and clever. “You making my head to big for fitting through the door. You know that, right?”

“Oh, I have more to tell you,” he sat up beside me. “I gave opportunities you’ve never had and shown you things you’ve never seen, but the best is yet to come for you and me. Now, it is reciprocal. You’ve given much in return in our brief time together.”

“Oh, really?”

“You have brought me back to life. You are the other side of this dynamic: female, alien and intuitive while I am male, alien and academic. Between us, we compliment and challenge one another and we are in–“ he coughed, looking away from me for a moment “in an adventure- utterly, shamelessly, unreservedly.”

“I want to thank you for being there for me last night,” I mumbled. “You know, when I-”

“Olivia, you have no need to apologize nor thank me,” he said as I put my hand in his, letting him pull me back to the comfort of the queen-sized bed with him in it. “Your well-being is my concern.”

“What’s yours is yours, what’s mine is mine and it becomes ours,” I whispered. Jules raised on black brow in question. “I mean, it runs both ways. You’re the Doctor and the Companion always worries about the Doctor.”

"You are many things, Olivia," Jules smiled at me, tucking one of stray curls behind my ear. "You're my friend and my librarian."
“Right,” I said softly. Mood broken. I pulled away from his grasp. “I really need a human moment, Jules, I can't walk around the Tardis half-dressed.”

“Breakfast?” he asked.

“Whose turn to cook?” I asked, heading for the closet.

“Mine, I think.” he lay on his back in my bed, his hands fold behind his head as he looked at me. “Bacon, fruit and toast for you?”

“Please,” I replied. “I have to tell you what I found while I was in the spa. I think it's something Doctor-worthy. There is something wrong in that casino, Jules, I can feel it in my bones. It has something to do with the Theronic crystals.”

“We’ll talk at breakfast,” he assured me.

TO BE CONTINUED...
The Screaming Crystals of the Black Spire

Chapter Summary

While on holiday on the pleasure moon, Theron, Olivia decides to take in the sites and luxuries offered by the Black Spire casino. While at a spa, she meets a mysterious alien, Mx. Rue, and has a close encounter of the telepathic kind with a silicon-based life form that will change her forever. How will Olivia survive the encounter and can the Doctor help with the outcome?

A second shower was good for relieving my tension. The Doctor has a way of making me come undone with simply a glance or the sound of his voice. At that point, we’d shared a few kisses, but it was enough to make me need more cold showers than hot ones. I knew there was something between us because best friends don’t have the chemistry we had.

I decided to braid my hair that day, letting the plait fall over my shoulder. I wondered how our friendship would have developed had we not developed that bond. I surmised that were it not for the psionic connection we shared, things would have been much more formal and certainly not as physical.

I contemplated the improbability of my situation. I was aboard a sentient time-space ship with an emotionally damaged alien and was the only other humanoid that I’d had contact with for five weeks until yesterday. Most times, most Companions are at the learning phase of knowing their Doctor. I wanted to learn some things of my own.

I wanted to know more about those sentient crystalline creatures used in my facial in the casino’s spa. I turned around, surveying myself in the full-length mirror, making sure that my jeans fit and that I had a good pair of sneakers on my feet. That day, I’d chosen to wear a midnight blue boat neck tee-shirt with a white one underneath it. I wanted to investigate more about Theronic crystals and determine if they were truly sentient.

I walked into the kitchen and saw Jules had already set the table. He knew I was a fan of American breakfast while he appreciated a traditional British one. We took turns cooking because both of us enjoyed it even though we could hop through time and space for McDonald's if we truly wanted it. I thought it superficial to go backward and forward and time simply to satisfy a whim or a fancy while Jules thought it was perfectly acceptable.

We compromised on breakfast. While neither of us had a taste for anything fatty or fried, we both appreciated ‘Britimerican’ breakfast of fresh fruit, toast, juice, sausage or bacon and occasionally fresh tomatoes. Here’s something I found interesting. Gallifreyans are lactose-intolerant. The Food Machine in the kitchen was still intact, but Jules said he hadn’t used it much in several hundred years.

Gallifreyan cuisine doesn’t exist. It consists of pills, wafers, powders and ration bars. The Food Machine was limited to its original manufacturer’s settings. Seventeen Doctors and still no program upgrades on it. So, I made mental note to remodel the kitchen with Sexy’s permission and update the programming on the machine. I made a mental note that I wanted a food replicator.

I had made it a point to begin reading the Tardis Technical Manual, finishing a chapter per day. Along with that, learning to speak and read Gallifreyan, mental exercises with the Doctor and...
reviewing previous adventures in the Tardis’ mainframe, I was truly getting an education. A little over five weeks in space and I had learned more than what humans had learned in the past ten years. I also decided to take pictures with my smartphone whenever possible and post them on my social media pages.

Yes, you read that right. I made sure the privacy settings were set and I started a blog. With my phone upgraded by the Doctor’s screwdriver, I blogged daily and spent nearly an hour a day documenting my experiences for future reference. If I made it back to Earth, I wanted to know I had access to the information I had learned.

“What are you thinking?” I heard Jules behind me. I turned around and saw two plates in his hands. I took one from him and sat down at the table.

“I’m running multiple analyses as we speak,” I explained, hungrily stabbing my sausage with a fork. “I’m contemplating necessary updates to the kitchen to expand the Food Machine’s database. I’m scanning another portion of the Tardis’ Technical Manual, especially the language and Zoology sections and I’m thinking about Theronic Crystals.”

“Slow down, Ollie, or you’ll suffer brain freeze,” Jules gently admonished me as he took a sip of his steaming tea. I had yet to develop a fondness for tea at breakfast, definitely not my thing. I went for the Diet Mountain Dew 2 liter bottle. Who knew it was popular several hundred light years at an alien casino. “Only you would drink a form of vegetable oil combined with a flame retardant that look like coolant when mixed with orange juice.”

“This coming from the alien who doesn’t like hot dogs,” I snorted.

“Your ideas of delicious cuisine leave much to be desired,” Jules started.

“Hey, you have to love chicken lips and pig tails mixed together for an American classic,” I unscrewed the plastic bottle, anticipating the combination of sweetness and carbonation burning away the last remnants of the previous night’s sleep.

“When I was at the spa yesterday, Doc, the Spa tech put a facial mask on me that contained Theronic crystal,” I explained, enjoying every sip of my favorite soda. “I heard the particles scream in pain. I know they’re used in everything on Theron from building materials to cosmetics, but sexy told me those crystalline particles are alive.”

“True,” the doctor confirmed. “It isn’t any different than taking a piece of Dulathian leaf and using its sap to treat a wound.”

“Jules,” I leaned forward, pointing at him with my fork. “The crystals are sentient.”

“Really?” he asked, leaning toward me with interest. “Based upon what evidence?”

“I heard them scream in pain in my mind during my facial because they were trapped in emollient that bound them together. The screaming stopped once they were rinsed down the drain. Apparently, the cream they were in was water-soluble.”

Jules paused for a moment, sipping his Earl Grey black tea and studying me those blue-green eyes.

“And you thinks this warrants further investigation?”

“I do,” I nodded, taking my knife and cutting one of my tomato slices into sections. “If those are living creatures, sentient and intelligent, then what is being done to them is torture. Being used in beauty treatments and building materials is like taking a human and mixing them in with concrete while they’re still alive or grinding them into pulp and applying it to a person’s face.”
Jules cringed. “You certainly have a gift for vivid descriptions.”

“What can I say? I’m a fanfic writer.” I shrugged. “Purple prose is my passion.”

“All right, how do you propose we begin?” he asked, setting down his tea and steepling his fingers beneath his chin.

I pursed my lips in concentration. “I don’t know. I’d do research and find out more about Theronic Crystals.”

He nodded. “That is a good beginning, but what else?”

“I’d take scans for analysis to see if I’m dealing with a telepathic, intelligent creature,” I continued, taking a bite of the greenhouse-grown tomato. “What would you do?”

“This is your mission and if you want to find out more information, then you’ll have use that new brain of yours.”

“A little help would be nice,” I rolled my eyes. “Not all of us were born on Gallifrey.”

“Pity,” he smirked.

“Asshat,” I tossed the insult at him with every ounce of annoyance I felt.

“For you, always,” he gave me one of those smiles that made my heart flutter. “How do you think they’re sentient and aware.”

“I heard them telepathically,” I replied. “I’d like to get back to the spa where I found them or find other places where these crystals grow naturally. I’d like to scan with your sonic screwdriver because it’s tech is far superior to my smartphone.”

“Now, you’re thinking deductively, Olivia,” he tapped his temple. “Eat your breakfast, Adventure awaits.”

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We made our way to the console room after tidying in the kitchen. Still mortified by my previous night’s behavior, I didn’t say much. I am old-fashioned enough that I like washing the dishes rather than letting Sexy just make them disappear. It’s an activity that brings me normalcy and reminds me of my humanity. Just like that first day when we had breakfast, there Was Jules beside me helping dry them. Jules glanced sideways at me and winked.

After breakfast, Jules and I ventured out from the Tardis. He wore his classically slim-leg black trousers, a turquoise shirt and a classic back two-button blazer. Since when did Jules wear bright colors. The turquoise color drew me to the alabaster skin of his exposed neck and I had to look away. I started naming vegetables in alphabetical order to cool my heating libido. Asparagus, broccoli, cauliflower, daikon and eggplant. He whipped on his Belstaff coat and that red scarf of levitation. I went to the refrigerator, hiding behind the door and dabbed my wrists and ears with a lemon spray to cover the pheromones.

I’d decided that I’d dress accordingly to keep up with the Doctor. Most of our interactions had occurred before the Tardis and I knew one of his favorite words was “run.” White tennis shoes are not in my taste, so I opted for black ones. I am a fan of jeans, so I picked my favorite boot-cut jeans with plenty of bling on back pockets. Given how cool the caverns and casino were, I chose a classic black ribbed turtleneck. If we ran into trouble, long hair is a disadvantage, so I had braided it and
wrapped into a bun at the base of my neck. I had my favorite denim vest on because it had inside pockets which meant I could easily store my smartphone for easy access. I couldn’t avoid vanity completely and wore silver hoop earrings.

We made our way through the casino and past the shopping area until we came to Rue’s Spa. I saw Rue working a customer seated comfortably in a stylist chair with Ms. Rue applying a facial. When we approached, I noticed it didn’t have the iridescent glittery appearance that my facial mask had possessed. When Rue saw us, she placed the bowl of blue facial mix on the stylist table.

I saw colors beaming from her like a halo, surrounding her. I studied what I saw, wondering what she was thinking. I quietly put my finger to my earpiece to signal Sexy, whispering low enough so I didn’t draw attention to myself. “Sexy, I’m seeing colors.”

“You often see colors, Olivia,” she replied. “You have Synthesia. Be more specific, in what context are you seeing colors?”

“I’m seeing colors surround a person like a halo or an aura,” I began.

“What are the colors, Pet?”

“Gold, very bright gold with beams of bright green. Lots of red and some orange,” I fell behind Jules by several feet.

“Any accompanying thoughts?” Sexy asked.

“No, I’m not touching the person, but I’m at least 12 feet away.”

“Species?”

“Unknown,” I said. “Tall, dark cafe au lait skin, bald, extra joint in each finger. Slender, muscular, androgynous. Yesterday, Rue called species with two genders, ‘singlers’ and said his or her native species is genderfluid and non-binary’”

“Scanning,” Sexy remained silent in my ear for several seconds. “Based upon what you told me, you’re have encountered a rare individual, indeed. “Xe is a Aeno Galad.”

“A what?”

“An Aeno Galad,” Sexy explained. “Congratulations, you’ve stumbled on to an ancient person who comes from a race of listeners and empaths. Their planet was attacked and destroyed by the Cybermen centuries ago and only a few of the Aeno Galad escaped.”

“I see,” I nodded slowly. “Thanks, Sexy.”

I walked forward, turning my attention to my Doctor turned Detective. I remained silent, knowing this would a learning experience. He turned to me. “And, of course, you’ve met my Librarian, Olivia.”

Mx. Rue nodded in acknowledgment, holding up xyr palm toward me as if ready to give me a high-five. I cocked my head to the side, turning to Jules and back to Mx. Rue. “Honey, it’s like a handshake. That’s all.”

“Forgive me,” I said quietly, holding my palm up. Xe placed her palm and fingers against mine, nodding at me once and I returned the gesture. “I meant no disrespect.”
“No worries,” Xe motioned us into the Spa.

“Per my Librarian’s description, she had an unusual experience here at the spa during her facial,” the Doctor nodded toward me. “She said that when a mixture was applied to her face that she experienced a strong telepathic response.”

“She did.” Rue admitted. “The mixture is primarily Theronic crystal, but it’s like Andelusian coral of Maldurin slime, alive, but not sentient. Yet, she swore she felt its pain. After she left, I put some on my skin with no affect, but I noticed that in its true form without any mixture, it moved away from me when I tried to touch it. I held out my hand and projected peace. It came to me and settled in my palm. I felt its fear. I concluded that your Librarian was correct, so I immediately let the ingredients go back to their natural habitat a mile or two below the casino.”

“Do you have any left?” Jules asked. “I’d like to see it.”

“No,” Rue pursed her lips in contemplation before snapping hir fingers, blue elliptical eyes wide. I loved how they were framed by long, thick black lashes and illuminated by mossy green eye shadow. I noticed perfectly lacquered nails shaped like almonds and I wondered who did them. I heard a voice murmur softly in my mind, ‘On task, Darling.’

‘Sorry, Jules.’ I thought without returning his gaze.

“Wait, yes I do!” Rue exclaimed, dashing out of the room and returning with a clear container. Xe unscrewed the lid, revealing an opalescent glassy and glittery substance. “Pure crystal, no additives. Straight from Down Below.”

“Down Below?” The Doctor asked, “do you mean beneath the casino?”

“That too,” Rue’s Southern drawl made me homesick for Earth. “Down Below is the company that mines and sells Theronic Crystal. It’s not cheap. I never use anything containing life products in my treatments. It goes against my ethos.”

I watched the Doctor pull out his sonic screwdrivers, scanning the material in the clear container. Several lights lit up on the screwdriver, including the purple light on the end. “Silicon-based lifeform with a Tetrahedral molecular structure. Components include oxygen, hydrogen, aluminum oxide, carbon and chromium.”

“Does it vibrate?” I asked aloud.

“What?” Jules and Rue asked in union.

“Does Theronic Crystal vibrate?” I asked, searching through my database stashed in my brain. “When an electric current is applied to Quartz on Earth, it vibrates. Bio-electrical impulses from an electrical current can change the shape of quartz. Why couldn’t it in Theronic Crystal? It could create an electrical field that vibrates at a specific frequency.”

“What are you thinking?” Jules asked me, one brow arched in question.

It wasn’t my human intellect or the large cashe of knowledge downloaded into my brain. It was an intuitive process that sped through my synapses at the speed of lightning. I wasn’t more intelligent than I had been prior to my transformation, but because I possessed the same amount of synapses in my brain as did Gallifreyans, human intuition and intellect combined in ways I’d never before imagined. “Can you read patterns? Perhaps, these crystals only react when a specific type of bio-electric impulses come into contact with them, such as an empath or a telepath.”
“Excellent hypothesis, Watson,” Jules nodded at me. I curbed the impulse to say ‘no shit, Sherlock.’ He handed his sonic screwdriver to me. “Hold this and touch nothing on it. Simply scan slowly left to right when I touch the crystals.”

“Of course,” I agreed, taking the screwdriver in hand.

I watched as the Doctor slowly dipped his finger into the glittering powder, closing his eyes and letting his head fall back. Rue and I looked at one another. I saw his face grimace and his eyes became white. He turned to me, reaching for me. I saw his hands take on an opalescent, iridescent appearance as if his skin were turning to crystal. He reached out to me and I hurriedly stepped back, but I wasn’t prepared for the strength of his grasp. I saw a swirling eddy of glitter and crystal spiral through the air, coming toward me. While I tried to break free, he had me firmly in his grasp.

He pulled me to him, bringing his lips to mine. The combination of intimate touch and the telepathic bond laid me wide open for the crystal to enter my body and mind. While I felt the pure devotion of Jules’ bond, I felt his fear and anger having been violated by the crystalline lifeforms. I felt them enter through my eyes, ears and mouth as he kissed me, swarming within me into my cranium and into my brain. I watched in horror as his eyes turned from white to icy blue-green. I couldn’t breathe and couldn’t move, I found myself frozen in place. Everything in my body felt hard and immobile. I tried to scream, but nothing came from my throat except a parched gasp. I heard the Doctor call my name and then everything went white.

I stood in a whiteness filled with beautiful, soothing light, surrounded by a spiraling cyclone of gently moving crystals. I watched them swirl in front of me, forming a pattern that looked very much like a praying mantis made of quartz. My brows furrowed in question. Next to me, I felt a hand, cool and strong, take mine. I looked to the left and I saw Jubulificent beside me.

“We are the Omnia,” The group voice spoke in our mind, singing like a choir. It wasn’t a voice as one when a person speaks to another, but a combination of vibration, frequency and sequenced lights. “You are mindspeakers.”

“Mindspeakers,” the Doctor slowly said the word, his eyes widening with understanding. “Yes, we’re telepaths.”

“The bags of mostly water kill us in our homes, take our children and defile us,” they resonated, causing an echoing sensation in my mind. “They have killed most of our kind and only a few remain. We ask your assistance, Mindspeakers. We have seen inside your mind, Librarian. We suggest a communion with you, you be our body and we be your mind. Neither controlling the other, but unified so that we act and move in unison. We will heal your body and mind, making you as you were, but with us as your friends and protectors.”

“Not that I’m not appreciative of your offer,” I said, “but I’m happy as I am.”

“You’re dying,” the mantis entity’s left limb touched my cheek, crooking its triangular head toward me. “You are soon to burn.”

“Burn?” I squeaked.

“Golden Time will erupt through your mind and hands and you will change,” the Crystalline Mantis spoke softly to me. A feeling of maternal affection rippled from the glass-looking creature into me. “It is not your time. Let us heal you.”

“I don’t want to share my body and I don’t want another one,” I said, fear seeping into my voice. “It sounds like you’re describing-”
“Regeneration,” the Doctor finished for me. “That isn’t possible.”

“Neither is a human containing multiple DNA strands, yet it exists,” the Mantis’ bulbous eyes fixed on him. “You grow weary of this life, never being able to control your regenerations, Doctor, longing for eternal sleep. Now, you have a new reason to stay awake and you long for it. Have you told her that she is your salvation and your redemption? The Ood.”

“Please,” the Doctor begged. Begged? Since when did Jubulificent beg? “Don’t say anymore, it’s not time.”

“Take us from here, we mean no harm,” the Mantis said. “We wish only to exist in peace without endangerment to our kind.”

The Doctor and I looked at one another. “They’re telling the truth, Doctor, I feel it in my bones.”

“I agree,” he nodded, squeezing my hand. “They can’t move without a host and we’re the only beings so far that fit the bill.”

“Wait!” An idea came to me. “What about Sexy?”

“What?” Both dark brows shot up on Jules’ face.

“She’s been wanting an avatar for some time, but can’t stand the thought of being a cyborg. This is a perfect alternative. She gets a body and they get a host.”

“I’m not turning the Tardis into a crystal box,” the Doctor retorted. “However, since she is telepathic, they may be able to form a symbiotic relationship where they can live in peace aboard the Tardis while the Tardis’ consciousness gets mobility.”

“I wouldn’t mind that,” Sexy’s voice spoke for the first time. “These crystals are just looking for a home and a little safety. They’ve no desire to take over the universe. They just want to get away from here.”

“What if they want to leave?” I asked, looking upward and around blankly at the bodiless voice. “Then, what? Do they take your consciousness with them and leave us with a lifeless shell of a Tardis, Sexy?”

“No,” the Mantis replied. “The Wolf’s heart is protective of her young and she would never allow it. We merge with her, forging our intellect with hers and unite to become one entity, identical in substance and united in purpose. We mean only to travel, counsel and live in peace.”

“I don’t trust it,” I said. “It sounds too good to be true, the bill always comes due. What is the price paid?”

“A new lifeform emerges from the Heart of the Tardis, our children new and strong, left to find a planet where they can prosper in peace. We are old and don’t have much time left. Our energy is spent and our numbers are few. Find us a new home free of the water bags, Mindspeakers, and we will keep this covenant with you that we propose.”

I shook my head, skepticism racing through my mind.

“Pet, what they say is true,” Sexy spoke to me in a motherly voice. The operation performed by Sister Nominae was a stopgap measure at best. She was unable to stabilize your DNA.”

“Again at death’s door?” I felt my heart drop to my feet.
“Yes.”

“So, say we do this, even without their help, It sounds like I’m going to regenerate.”

“You won’t survive the process,” Sexy and the Mantis said in unison.

“I can’t lose you,” the Doctor said, turning toward me. “Not when I have finally found you after so long.”

“If I let the Omnia do what they propose, will I still be me, Olivia Zoe Brasseaux?”

“You will be wholly and completely you,” the Mantis replied.

“Can you make me human again?” I asked. “Just human?”

“If you wish,” the Mantis replied. “but you’ll lose your soul bond with your Doctor and your bond with your mother. They will become silent to you.”

“So, in return for allowing me to control my regeneration, stabilizing Olivia’s DNA and giving Sexy an Avatar,” the Doctor addressed the Mantis. “You want us to take your kind from this planet and find you a place without sacks of water endangering your lives.”

“Yes.” the answer resonated in the whiteness.

“I concur,” Sexy said. 

“I concur,” the Doctor replied.

“I don’t want to be changed anymore,” I shook my head. Then, I turned to Jules. “I don’t want to lose you either. I don’t know what we are, but I know you’re important to me as a friend and as someone else, but I don’t know how. I don’t think I could return to Earth and not have you in my life.”

He pressed his brow to mine. Bringing my hand to his lips and kissing my knuckles. “I will abide with what you decide, Darling.”

“If you promise only to stabilize me and not turn me into a walking diamond, I concur,” I finally agreed.

“We agree,” the Mantis smiled. I think she smiled. Can crystal smile? I saw the Doctor rise in the air surrounded by a glittering whirlwind. I felt a warmth as the crystals inside me tickled me as they moved through me and I thought I saw Sexy’s blue avatar come into the whiteness and be surrounded by the fluttering crystals. I felt heat rise from my heart, through my shoulders and arms, warming my palms. I felt heat behind my eyes and I was surrounded by a column of silver fire. I felt the whiteness envelop me in a warm, nurturing cocoon of heat and warmth.

***************

I awoke to find myself in strange bed, I sat up and called for the Doctor, but he didn’t answer. I called out for Sexy aloud and telepathy with a reply. I stared around the room, not recognizing my surroundings. I was in a large, round bed with bright tie-dye sheets and a patchwork satin quilt with magenta, turquoise, chartreuse and tangerine squares. Turkish lanterns with different colors of glass hung on the ceiling and the heavy scent of sweet smoke filled the air. I saw multi-colored beaded curtains adorn stained glass windows and a pink and orange area rug on the floor next to the bed.
“Oh, lovely,” I fell back against the overstuffed pillows. “I’ve died and went to Hippie Heaven.”

“Not quite, Buttercup,” a tenor voice with a southern drawl spoke. I sat up again, stretching the gogginess out of me and turned in the direction of the voice. There was Mx. Rue, looking like a beautiful amazon with a brightly-patterned blue and pink scarf wrapped around her bald head, large golden hoops adorned her pointed ears. Long black false eyelashes framed blue elliptical eyes while gold shadow brought out the bright orange flecks in her eyes.

A sparkling pink tee-shirt showed off every sculpted, stone muscle in xyr arms and chest. “Rise and shine, Tulip.”

“I’ll rise, but I refuse to shine,” I growled. I always hated waking up.

“Well, you be all sorts of better now,” Xyr twirled around the room, handing me a glass of red liquid.

“What is this?” I stared at it warily.

“Jules is right, you argue too much.” Mx. Rue gave me a stern face. “Drink. Now.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said, then realized my faux paux. “Sorry!”

“Yes, Myx,” Rue gently corrected me. She gestured toward the red liquid. “Drink.”

I took a drink, finding the liquid surprising sweet. “What is this?”

“Well, you have been in a regenerative sleep for almost a week—”

“I don’t regenerate—”

“Don’t interrupt, it’s rude,” she chastised me. “You didn’t regenerate, but you do now. The mantis was doing her thing healing you inside and out. Two Gallifreyan DNA transfers, a badass dose of Caedmon wine which you’re drinking right now and inhaling some of the finest herbs from the Doctor’s garden. By the time you woke up, Oh, child! All healed.”

“Where am I?” I asked again.

“You’re in my home,” Rue gave a flourishing wave of xyr hand. “The Doctor and Sexy went to deal with the Down Below company. I’m guessing Down Below went down permanently.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, it seems they were using some of the indigenous population to mine the Theronic crystal and, oh, the Doctor started a minor revolution There’s been a coup and the Matris Anteum now is in power.”

“Wait, what?” I shook my head, trying to get past the sleepiness invading my mind. “Matris Anteum.”

‘Uh-huh,” Rue drawled. “The Mantises rule the planet now, Honey, and they’ve taken over the casino. I think it’ll be time for me to make a hasty exit once the Doctor and Sexy return.”

“Is he safe?”

“Safe as houses, don’t you worry,” Rue assured me. “He told me, be sure she gets plenty of rest.”

“I want to see him,” I swung my legs over the side of the bed.
“Not so fast, child,” two strong hands stopped me from rising from the bed. “Doctor says rest, you rest.”

“When will he back?” I asked, feeling anxious without Jules nearby. I felt an emotional loss that felt like a hole in my soul.

“Soon,” Rue promised. “You go back to sleep and he’ll be here when you awake.”

“Promise?” I asked. I was more skeptical than usual.

“Sleep, child,” Rue placed xyr large hand across my brow. I tried to fight the mental command, but I was too weak to keep my defenses up. Sleep sounded so good at that moment.

***********

“We go, now!” I heard Jules’ familiar voice bellow. I shot straight up in bed, watching Rue cramming things into a trunk.

I looked down to see myself in pink satin pajamas. I’m not a fan of pink and never will be. I looked around, seeing Rue scurry as the Doctor enter the room accompanied by a white-skinned alien with blue lips, blue eyes and blue hair. A series of intricate markings, like an ornate calligraphy adorned the side of her face. Wearing a bright blue tunic and leggings with gray boots, she grabbed me in her arms and I had no time to yell, “What the fuck?” when I felt my atoms torn apart by a vortex shifter.

“Doctor, I’ve got her on board,” the strange alien said into a wrist com. I heard the voice and recognized it as Sexy’s voice.

“Sexy?” I gaped at the tall, statuesque woman standing in front of me. Slender and lithe, I guessed her to be four or five inches taller than me. “Is that you?”

“In the flesh,” she beamed. “Or in the crystal in this case.”

Within seconds, Rue rushed through the doors with a large trunk floating behind xyr wrapped in a red scarf of levitation and followed by the Doctor. I watched the doors slam shut with the Doctor at one console station and Sexy at another. I heard the metallic whining and whirring of the Tardis as I knew we were fading from view. I looked at the monitor, seeing an army of large green insectoids rushing the Tardis and then vanish from view.

“Were those the Matris Anteum?” I turned to the Doctor.

“No, those were the former slaves imprisoned by the Down Below Corporation which no longer exists,” he answered. “Are you all right, Darling?”

“I feel fine, finally,” I admitted, motioning to the satin pink pajamas. “except for these.”

“Why don’t you go and change?” he suggested. I nodded, seeing that he kept staring at me. I kept staring at Sexy with her new form and figured it must be her avatar. Next to the avatar was a lose cloud of glitter and crystal that took the form of a gold praying mantis.

I motioned in the golden insect’s direction. “The Omnia?”

“The Omnia,” Jules confirmed.

I nodded leaving the Console Room, but followed by Mx. Rue. I looked up at xyr, wondering why she was walking with me.
“He asked me along for the ride,” xyr replied. “I said, ‘why not?’ and so here I am.”

I walked to my bed chamber and Rue stopped at the door. “Why are you following me?”

“The Doctor wanted me to stay with you to make sure you’re all right until he gets here,” Rue explained.

“I’m twenty-eight and I can care for myself, but I appreciate that you’re here,” not liking the waspish sound of my voice at the beginning of that sentence. I went to my closet, looking for something to wear. I found a favorite pair of jeans, a pretty mint-green tee shirt with silver butterflies along with some underwear from my bureau drawer. I pulled out a pair of socks and tennis shoes. Rue had made yourself at home on the chair at my desk. “Do you mind? Privacy, please?”

“Oh,” Rue said with realization. “You twenty-first century humans have such antiquated norms.”

“Leave and you can come back in a few,” I replied, pointing to the door. When did I get so bossy?

“Yes, ma’am,” Rue gave me a mock salute, leaving me alone. I treated myself to a good shower, brushed my teeth and a fresh change of clothes. I couldn’t see in the mirror because it had steamed up from the shower, but I could brush my teeth without looking.

I came out, toweling my hair dry and I noticed it felt shorter and I didn’t feel my tight curls. My eyes widened. I went back to the bathroom and the cabinet mirror was gone. I rushed out to the main portion of my quarters and my dressing mirror was missing. I was about to return to the Console Room when I heard a knock on my door.

“Come in,” I yelled.

There stood three people in the corridor: The Doctor, Sexy’s avatar and Mx. Rue. I motioned for them to come in. The Doctor, without ceremony, rushed forward and embraced me in a powerful hug, crushing me to his chest. Luckily, I had pulmonary tubes that allowed me not to have to breathe for a few minutes. “Doc, I’m here and I’m okay. Promise.”

“I know,” he answered, bringing his brow to mine and cupping my cheek. He whispered words aloud and in my mind that I didn’t quite catch, but I understood the words ‘safe’ and ‘home.’ I heard the strange name, Ra’Hallion, and I didn’t know what it meant, but I returned his embrace, sending him all the affection I had in one directed burst.

“Why are you all here?” I asked, finally pulling away from his embrace.

“We wanted to be with you,” Sexy started. “You regenerated.”

“So, am I still human?”

“You look very human,” she said.

“But am I human?”

“Not quite,” she replied slowly.

“What do you mean, ‘not quite’?” I pressed, hearing that hard tone in my voice again that I didn’t like. Hey, where was my slightly Southern accent? I sounded like I was from . . . Nebraska.


“Do I have two heads?”
“No,” he chuckled.

“Two hearts?”

“No, still just one.”

I held up my hands in front of me. Gone was my deep olive complexion and as I looked at my forearms. “Holy shit, I’m pale!”

Sexy and Jules turned to each other with worried expressions on their faces. Rue stepped forward. “Honey, you look gorgeous with that peaches and cream complexion.”

“I don’t want peaches and cream!” I bellowed. “I want to see a mirror. NOW.”

“I don’t think that’s the best idea right now, Ollie,” Sexy advised.

“I don’t give a rat’s ass, give me a damned mirror!” Since when had I developed such a dirty mouth. Slowly, my dressing mirror appeared. I stood in front of it, catching it out of the side of my eye. I cautiously turned to face my full reflection. I was no longer slender and lithe as I had been. Now, I had a few more curves. Gone was my curly long black hair, my natural hair that I had worn like a Queen’s crown. In it’s place on top of my head were dark brown loose curls. No, I’m not talking coppery or any burnished. I was dark as Coca-Cola or chocolate cake. My hair was thick and curly, but not the tight curls I had previously. My features were different. My nose was different, my lips, everything. My eyes were no longer hazel, but light gray.

I had aged about 5 years, looking in my mid to late thirties “No, no, no!”

“Darling,” Jules embraced me. “You are beautiful no matter your form.”

“Do you think... I’m ugly?” I dared ask.

“No, just different,” he tangled his fingers in my hair. “Stunning.”

I looked at the colors his words formed. Rose, gold, blue and white. Love, virtue, loyalty and purity. I smelled the honey and spices that I’d grown to associate with him. His pheromones wafted around us and I sensed no lies by the colors his words became. Jules was telling me the truth. I knew that my feelings toward my Doctor hadn’t changed one bit, in fact, they felt stronger.

I pulled him toward me by the lapels of his blazer, crashing his lips to mine. Mamasita, his lips were wonderful, strong and claiming as they pressed against mine. My breath hitched when I felt Jules slip his tongue along my bottom lip, asking to deepen the is, He tilted his head and we entered each other’s minds, blue and gold vortex meet turquoise and copper. I moaned as we pressed flush against each other and I felt his hardness cradled just above my warmth. He moaned and I gasped at the same time as I felt glaring red cinnamon on my taste buds and flashes or crimson dance in my mind. I saw his vision of looking down and seeing him enter me for the first time.

“Ohem,” came the loud clearing of someone’s throat. Through the haze of our own private reverie, I pulled away to see Sexy pretending to file her nails while Mx. Rue was staring up at the ceiling, whistling. My cheeks flamed and I stared at the Doctor, those blue-green eyes notoriously dark with passion. I had felt passion in him before, but this time it was more primal. I could barely restrain myself from launching myself on him and pushing him back onto my bed.

“Bloody Hell,” he whispered. “You’re wonderful.”

The bond had been definite and clear, stronger and tangible that it had ever been. “Alright, then.”
“So, Sexy,” I awkwardly cleared my throat. “You have your new avatar, how do you like it?”

“Love it.” she beamed.

“So, where do the Omnia want to go?” I asked straightening Jules’ wrinkled shirt.

“We took them to a planet in the Automia galaxy.”

“Never heard of it,” I said.

“Neither will Humanity for another 2,000 years,” he ran fingers through his wavy hair.

“Where to now?” I asked.

“I heard Zauvaun left the casino shortly before the uprising,” Rue said. “It can’t be that hard to find him.”

TO BE CONTINUED . . .
Daughter of the Tardis or Companion, Know Thyself.

Chapter Summary

Olivia has gone through experiences that have changed her life in ways she never imagined. In order to be good for others, she must first know herself. As she delves into who, what and why she is, will she accept the changes or will they be her undoing?

Chapter Notes

This is a writing exercise that I have enjoyed because I get to play with tropes and ideas. It is an celebration of the silly and the ridiculous, the fun and the speculative. I have used this fanfic as a way to better know Classic and NuWho. I've written about tropes I've never have before such as Alpha/Omega Dynamics. I've come up with a few ideas of my own, built worlds, created aliens and written Mary Sue. I regret nothing and it has been fun. I'm not done yet. Too many tropes to discover. Please read this fic as it was intended, just a fun traipse through the tropes with Ollie and her Time Lord and their adventures.

My mind was blank, a completely clean slate and anything of importance with in the last ten minutes I had forgotten. I looked into my dressing mirror, seeing my curly black hair gone and replaced by shorter, thick brown hair that wasn’t the tight curls I was used to, but looser ringlets. I didn’t have hazel eyes anymore, just dark brown. Gone was my olive skin and instead I looked like a pasty Brit. I was the same height by heavier, by my estimate, 15 lbs. At least, I retained my newly acquired height. My slightly Southern accent had vanished, replaced by a typical Midwestern Nebraska accent.

I remembered my name and the immediate events leading up to my regeneration. I didn’t even remember my regeneration or anything else about myself after that. How had I been able to regenerate? I’d been given some of the Doctor’s DNA to stabilize my own and I contained some of the Tardis’ DNA, but I’d always been under the impression from my research in the Library that Rassilon had given the ability to regenerate only to Gallifrey’s educated elite.

I stared at Rue, Sexy and the Doctor for a moment, knowing who they were, but not knowing my relationship with them. I knew that I wanted to return to the Library immediately. The Tardis’ Library had become my home within the Tardis and my area of comfort besides the Botanical Gardens. “If you’ll excuse me, I’d like to go to the library.”

“Oh course,” the Doctor nodded. I saw that he had a concerned look on his face, but I needed time alone to gather my thoughts. I didn’t remember much about myself or about my time aboard the Tardis. It was a large, blue and gold blur of memory that remained just out of reach. Going to the Library, I knew immediately where to find books on regeneration. I had a very clear memory of reorganizing several volumes in the Library for easier access.

I’d say that I read well into the night, but the Tardis doesn’t have night and day as Earth does. It has
active and sleep cycles. I’d learned that while Rassilon may have given the Time Lords and Ladies the ability to regenerate, it was a latent ability within all Gallifreyans. I’d also found a copy of the Diary of River Song which chronicled her adventures. She was the one other human who had the ability to regenerate because she had been conceived aboard the Tardis and exposed to the Time Vortex. She had been called a ‘Child of the Tardis’ while Sexy had called me a ‘Daughter of the Tardis.’

I wrote down my theories, hypothesizing that I had 11 remaining incarnations if I didn’t use up all of the energy. The Third Helix I possessed allowed me the ability to regenerate. Having the Tardis’ DNA allowed me to contain a minute fragment of the Time Vortex within my genetic structure and I'm sure the spliced Gallifreyan/Time Lord DNA didn’t hurt.

During regeneration, I realized that I experienced a burst of pure regenerative energy, that had reconfigured my entire body and cellular structure. My biodata had transformed because of said regeneration, editing all of my history and timeline information contained within my temporal DNA. I now understood what my third helix contained how I had possessed an Artron imprint from Day 1. My mind flashed back to the very first day that I’d discussed Artron energy with Sexy.

“How do I put it? We’re now symbiotically synchronized and I realized your double-stranded DNA was too weak to handle the entire download. I reconfigured your DNA, reconstructed and increased your brain’s neural synopses to handle the measured pulses of Artron energy quarks that I infused into your nucleotides.”

I found myself writing furiously, committing every memory and epiphany to memory as they formed a sequential chain of events that increased my understanding of who I had been and who I was now. I didn’t know who I was. I didn’t know what foods I liked, my favorite colors, who my friends were or any personal preferences. I conjectured that I had an analytical, logical mind combined with a large dose of curiosity. I didn’t remember much of my time in the library prior to my regeneration; I only knew that I spent much of my time in it.

Because my temporal DNA had been recalibrated within the tapestry of the space-time continuum, I knew I definitely was no longer human and possibly possessed abilities that I previous didn’t have. I knew my appearance had changed and was thankful that my gender hadn’t changed. I knew my personality was different, mostly with my analytical nature.

For some reason, I found myself jealous of River Song, the Doctor’s second wife. Per the records I found, she and his twelfth incarnation had married on Darillium before she had sacrificed herself to save his tenth incarnation. My mind raced with questions: why did all of the Doctor’s companions usually meet tragic ends? Why was there such a high body count in his missions and adventures? I had a memory those same questions had plagued me in my previous incarnation.

Now, I had a scientific sense of how I had come to exist, but I needed a better understanding of my new self. I found I was far from tired and left the library to return to my quarters. My quarters lacked a personal touch and there was no trace of my personality in any of the furnishings. I made a mental note to immediately change that. I found a laptop. Perusing through some of the files, I found that I had documented many of our adventures. In the more personal diary entries which I noticed that I had written by hand, there was a strong undercurrent of sexual tension between my previous incarnation and the Doctor. I hadn’t considered how I thought of him now. That wasn’t relevant. Self-discovery and understanding were my prime objectives.

Still, if there had been a strong sexual attraction between us and I found I was jealous of his late wife, critical thinking concluded I had romantic feelings for the Doctor. The phrase, “Companion Curse” was like a distant ghost in my mind. I still had feelings for him.
I decided that I needed sleep and that would refresh me for the following day. In the middle of the night, I recognized four-legged companions, Bonnie and Clyde, snuggling against me. They knew who I was even if I didn’t and I knew that my affection and devotion for them hadn’t abated with the extreme changes I’d experienced that day. I was still an avid pet lover.

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The next morning, I decided that I needed to understand more about my new physiology and how I functioned. I needed to know who I was, but what and why. While I wasn’t a scientist, I was a researcher and a connoisseur of information by trade; a Librarian. With my access to a large portion of the Tardis’ database, my newly enhanced cognitive abilities and my natural curiosity, I guessed that I’d know more about myself than I ever had.

The first thing I knew was that my intelligence hadn't increased when Sexy had first altered my DNA nor changed with my regeneration. What was different was the rate at which I processed information and the amount of data I had available to me. I still relied heavily upon my intuitive deductions left over from my days of being only human. Delving into the database in the lab, I spent a better part of the morning interfacing with the Tardis’ mainframe to gather the needed information.

I ran several DNA tests on myself, finding that I was still 50% Human, 30% Gallifreyan 18% Tardis and 2% Time Lord (altered Gallifreyan DNA). Based upon that, I researched lifespans. The average human female in the United States lives to be 75, a Gallifreyan can live to be 500-600 years old, a Time Noble can live to be anywhere from 7,000 -13,000 years and I knew Sexy was at least 1600 yrs old. I figured if I counted regeneration, I might live between 1,500 to 3,000 years. My humanity shortened it, but now I had an idea who what I was.

My body temperature was 80 degrees Fahrenheit, 26 degrees Celsius. My blood was still B Positive. I had one heart, denser bone and muscular structure. Because I no longer had lungs, but Gallifreyan Pulmonary tubes. According to the medical database, I’d float and I could survive without much oxygen past the point where a normal human would be unconscious.

Physically, the most accurate comparison I found to compare myself to was Captain America. I found that very interesting and, so, I read up on Captain America for kicks. Sure enough, while not precise, I found that it was the closest thing I could find to match who I was physiologically. Now, I’m not saying I’m as powerful as Captain America, I’m only using him as example of the similar abilities and improvements I possessed. That, and I’m a touch Synthesiatic telepath . . . or just a telepath with Dyslexia.

For the next several days, I didn’t see much of the Doctor or Rue. I spent the better part of my mornings training in my martial arts classes in the holosuite. I began reading books at a rapid pace to increase my own knowledge reservoir and I found that I was an introvert. I remembered how my previous self had been shy, but had blossomed under the Doctor’s attention. Now, I was perfectly fine with my own company.

I decided that I like beef and chicken, hated liver and would only eat shrimp if was breaded. That was a far cry from my Grandmother’s gumbo. I hated eggs (that hadn’t changed) and I still didn’t like coffee. However, I noticed that I enjoyed smoked oysters which I never had previously and had developed a taste for pumpkin pie.

I looked at my name, Olivia Zoe Brasseaux. That I loved and embraced; I was still me. I still hadn’t grown accustomed to my new looks or how my teeth felt in my mouth. I found my favorite color wasn’t turquoise, but coral. I was right-handed this time and liked to be informed.

On the fifth day of my self-research, I emerged ready to reunite with the Doctor. I hadn’t heard or felt
him in my mind for just as long and I wondered if he was all right. I needed time away from the intensity to learn about myself, something I hadn’t done since everything had happened ten weeks ago. If my calculations were correct, it January 9th. That mean a new year and a new opportunity.
The Oncoming Storm meets the Crossfire Hurricane

Chapter Summary

When Olivia crossed the Doctor's path, he was anger and depression on two legs. The Shy Librarian met the Doctor with a death wish. She thought he was an arrogant prat (his words) and he thought she was a judgmental moralist (his words, again). Throw in a sentient time-traveling space ship, a massive telepathic information dump, a life-threatening condition, an accidental telepathic connection and some enjoyable snogging voila! Eros, Philia, Ludus and Agape.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I was homesick.

I’d been traveling the universe with the Doctor for 15 weeks and I realized that I missed home. I missed Nebraska, my neighbor, Rita, my job at the library and sitting at home on the sofa in my living room in my pajamas while watching Lucifer. With my new body came a new personality. I instinctively knew I was the same person, but had experienced a significant change when I regenerated with a new body and new personality. Who was I now? What was I like? I knew that I enjoyed research more than ever and I’d developed a love for experimentation and science. Now, that was different because I’d always had a love for historical research.

I felt disconnected from myself and from my past because, at times, I didn’t feel like I was me anymore. The Doctor told me that is common after regeneration and with it came different parts of my overall personality being augmented that hadn’t been prominent before regeneration. When I looked in the mirror, I didn’t see me; I saw a stranger. Doctor Who never covered the downsides of regeneration.

I didn’t look like I previously did. Tight, curly coal black hair and olive skin were gone. Now, I had this really dark brown hair with brown eyes and I didn’t look like me. I wondered how I’d handle this when I went home. Had my fingerprints changed? What about my Driver’s License and other photo IDs? How was I going to fix that problem? Jules said that was the easiest part of all. At least, that part had remained the same through the generation.

The Doctor and I had an odd relationship. Sexy decided her Time Lord was a walking train wreck in need of some human companion ship. Little did I know until recently, she considered his chosen companions “strays.” She decided that she had sounder judgment than he because he had a death-wish mentality and engaged in self-destructive behavior. They’d rarely left Nova Somn in the 300 years since they’d become trapped in my universe, separated from Cybermen, Daleks, Gallifrey and everyone the Doctor knew.

When I found him, he was anger and depression on two legs. I was a shy Librarian with abandonment issues who preferred geeky escapism rather than true human interaction. We found each other in a hopeless place and it wasn’t a perfect fit. I thought he was an arrogant prat (his words, not mine) and he thought I was a judgmental moralist (his words, again). Throw in a sentient time-traveling space ship, a massive telepathic information dump, a life-threatening condition, an accidental telepathic connection and some enjoyable snogging (the Doctor’s vocabulary is growing...
on me) and voila! We have an intimate friendship, a platonic romance, Eros, Philia, Ludus and Agape.

Then, add to the mix that we are each marked with the other’s name on our inner wrists. My name was in a deep green flowing script beneath the palm of his hand on his left wrist while man was an intricate collection of interlocking circles, dots and lines. When he read mine he told me it wasn’t the name he’d been chosen, but the name he’d been given. He never knew what “Jubilificent” meant. I told him it came to me spontaneously; he was a mixture of jubilation and magnificence. He told me that he wanted to matter enough to someone where they’d claim him, mark and embrace him. He said the Ood told him the one who named him would be the one who made him wait. He felt as though he mattered when someone gave him that name.

That was the first time I had ever seen him cry. I remember that moment as we lay in dark on his bed with the lights dim and the sweet scent of flowers filling his quarters. To me he was more than just ‘the Doctor,’ some space alien to whom I was companion. To me, he was Jules, the man I absolutely trusted without hesitation. Why? I had a chance to look inside his mind and I knew his sincerity was absolute. That night, shortly after my regeneration, we simply lay there facing each other, touching each other. He stroked my cheek, playing with bedspring ringlets on my head while I snuggled into the crook of his shoulder. This was my best friend in the universe and I wanted to spend my time with him exploring it.

“People shrivel and die, Ollie,” he said, quietly entwining one finger with a ringlet. “I’ve lost so many people I love. Either they leave or expire. I gave my heart once and it was shattered by a wall.”

I knew the Doctor meant Rose. clamped down on the ugly, sickly yellow jealousy tasting like bile in my throat. It made no sense to be jealous of a woman in a parallel universe I didn’t know what to say, so I closed my thoughts on that subject so he couldn’t see the envy in my mind caused by his remark.

“A part of me will always love her, Ollie,” he rolled onto his back, staring up at the ceiling. “I thought I had found some peace with Tazin, but that wasn’t the case. Then, Sexy decides to meddle and you came trouncing into my life.”

“Is that a good thing or a bad thing?” I asked. In the dark of the room, my improved eyesight allowed me to see the sheet covering him was dangerously low his belly button and I saw a hint of black curls poke just above the sheet. If it moved another inch, then I’d see Jubilificent in all of his natural pride and glory. My eyes darted back to his face and I closed the door on that thought as well.

He rose to prop himself on one elbow to look down at me. “Ollie, you were a Gallifreyan sunrise. Your mind and your curiosity reached out to me, challenged me, accepted me even when we were at odds. You offered me sincere, genuine friendship. Your mind found mine the first time we touched and the dam broke. To hear and see another person inside my mind was something I thought I would never experience again.”

“It could’ve been anyone-” I started.

“No, it couldn’t,” he stopped me mid-sentence. “There are no Gallifreyans here in this universe save me. I’ve found no other telepaths but the Ood in my travels. Earth showed the first promise of hope, but that telepathic ability is still in its earliest stages of evolution. You were the only human Sexy had encountered that had shown latent abilities and it was due to your Synthesia.”

I turned on my side, seeing the sheet had fallen, showing some of the flesh of his cock, but not in its entirety. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply several time to get control of my thoughts. I recited the Gettysburg address in my head, then started quoting states and their capitals.
"Why have you shut me out, Olivia?" Jules asked. "I can't feel you inside my mind."

"I need some space," I said. I didn't want him seeing what was going on in my head. Sometimes, a woman needs some privacy.

He cupped my face with his palm. "Not just anyone, Darling, you. Several people might make fine companions, but you were the one that gave me warmth and brought me back to life. I wish you could see you as I do, vibrant and alive! You, turquoise and orange, lime and fuchsia exploded, waking me for the first time in 3 centuries."

"Jules, I don't know what to say," I looked away, overwhelmed by the rush of emotion flowing over me. I saw his eyes shine bright, then tears freely falling down his face. I pressed my brow to his. "Your words are so kind and I'm humbled. I'm in awe."

He always was nude when we slept in the same bed. He said it was because he could experience every exquisite telepathic nuance that happened between us. Yet, he always remained covered by a sheet even as we spooned, snogged and cuddled, but our physical intimacy had never progressed beyond first base. He cupped my cheek and I pressed my skin against his cool touch. I closed my eyes and smiled to hide the frustration I was feeling.

I felt twinges of my inner muscles, telling me I need a good, long hard climax to relieve my unresolved sexual tension, but I didn't want to exploit our bond that way. Because we now shared a soul bond, Jules knew most of my thoughts and knew every emotion I felt. Plus, the pheromones that we gave off didn't help things. I took baths with lemon and parsley soap to mute my own natural scent. I didn't want to impose upon him, but it was getting harder to ignore that beneath that sheet was an alabaster man, lithe and sculpted, lean and sinewy. I was wet and slick, my body begging for relief.

His cheeks still stained from his tears, "My Librarian, I am so glad your here. I adore you."

He leaned forward, pressing his lips chastely to mine, his tongue gently traced my lower lip, inspiring my catch of breath as he deepened it. Never had I ever felt more cherished, treasured or adored. He pressed his kiss to my cheek, my jawline and down to neck and I keened into his ear. I inhaled his scent, heavy hints of spice and clove hovered in the air and I knew that our kiss affected him as much as it is me. I pressed my lips to his neck, deciding that timidness wasn't my strong suit. I left a trail of kisses along his pale skin and I gently took hold with my teeth on the side of his neck and I nipped.

"Olivia," Jules gasped as I bit down, suckling his neck between my teeth. I let him know my intentions. I felt him shift until he knelt in front of me me, his eyes changing from light blue to a dark gray. I looked down, amazed by his presence in my mind and before me.

OH. I didn't see that one coming.

I jumped out of bed because if he touched me, I'd me pouncing on him like a cougar onto prey. Having sex would only confuse the situation and I was trying to figure things out as it was. "No, Jules. We don't need additional complications. We have all the time in the world, remember? Tardis."

He tucked the sheet around his waist, coming up from the bed. I was about to make a fast exist to my quarters somewhere else in the TardIs when I felt a cool, strong touch grasp my forearm and he whispered into my ear. "Darling Ollie, you are so much more than that. You know how I feel about you, don't you?"

"I know," I replied as he come to stand behind me. Even through my sweatpants, I felt his erection
pressing against me between my buttocks. With his body’s alien physiology synchronized to mine, I felt his every thought and emotion as if they were my own. I didn’t think he could press into me any more tightly that he had, the embrace was intense and intimate.

I felt his cool lips brush against the shell of my ear. His voice broke when he whispered to me. “I adore you and I can’t bear the thought of being without you. Do I have to say the words?”

“Please, don’t,” I pleaded. I barely tolerated the physical and mental intimacy. To go to the emotional depths he was willing to show me was more that I could handle at that moment. I felt Jules’ hands slide beneath my tee shirt and the waistband of my sweatpants. I squeaked in surprise as one hand gently cupped my breast while the other trailed a slow path and his cool fingers found the hottest part of me, wet and trembling.

We’d never been so intimate. His cock was pressing into my buttocks, his hand was holding my breast and his fingers danced in my folds, alternately dipping deep inside of me while teasing my bundle of nerves. I heard a soft gasp escape me as my head fell back against his right shoulder. Jules’ lips placed kisses along the side of my neck. Pressing his heat into while teasing me with his fingers, I quietly wailed. “Tell me what you want, Darling, and I’ll give it to you. I will lie and worship at the temple of your body until you shudder. I. Want. You. Mine.”

I felt a vibration travel through his whole body at her words. “I want to go home to Earth. I want to be in my house in Lincoln, NE and figure things out.”

He froze. "You want to leave?"

“For a while, to get my bearings. I can’t take much more,” Jules’ fingers remained still in my folds as I tried to regain my sanity.

They began sinking into me as he bit my neck. It wasn’t strong enough to break skin, but I knew it’d leave a mark. Beautiful doctor, pale in the darkness, sinewy and lithe, blue-green eyes shining bright and warm droplets falling on my skin as his fingers took on a fast, almost desperate rhythm. I felt his hearts on the precipice, ready to break, when I realized that I hadn’t stated my intentions as I meant them.

“I’ve got you, Darling. You won’t fall alone,” he whispered.

I mewed.

“Olivia, may I be inside your mind?” his voice cracked while his caressed me with exquisite precision. I felt his hips pushing into me while I leaned back against him. “My Ra’Hallion, let me in.”

“Yes,” was all I managed to say as the tremors began building.

Jules laid his temple to mine, entering my mind as his presence filled me, going deep to the very essence to me. He begged for my yielding, to let him see all of me, heart and soul, everything visible and vulnerable. I couldn’t resist the oncoming storm of the blue and gold vortex catching me in its wake. Inside of it, I saw smoke and fire: turquoise and lime, fuchsia and tangerine. They melded into this mosaic of color, merging and the pleasure increased as hand focused on my clit and his emotions prompted my psychic admission.

“Darling, please don’t leave, not like this,” he groaned, stroking me with increasing speed. I felt his fingers caress me so sweetly. Explosions of blue swirled around me, mixing with turquoise and lime. I allowed him entry past my walls erected in my mind. With a cry, my body clutched his fingers in a
vice grip and my mind exploded inside his. He called my name loudly, deepening the bite in my shoulder as we fell together into a spiral of bliss.

The next thing I remembered, I was on the bed and Jules was still stroking me, delicately, reluctant to renounce his claim on me. I smelled spice and peaches in the room, lingering heavily in the air. I heard a string of 38 syllables echoing in my mind, and with each syllable came a scent, a hue and a texture that was uniquely my Doctor, his true name. He had offered me a sacred gift without one given in return. He’d taken the Gallifreyan equivalent of a marriage vow without having a wife.

“The oncoming storm of blue and gold who heals and makes others better, bridging the expanse between ideas at the speed of thought, bringing hope, faith and love.” I whispered into his shoulder. “That’s your true name, isn’t it?”

“Yes, in English, anyway.” he stared at me intently. “You translated it well.”

"Jubilificent is much easier on the tongue," I smiled. Wait. ...his TRUE name?! Oh, Criminy! I realized the gravity of what he had done. "What have you done? Jules, what have you done?"

“I am offering you myself,” he said. “Usually, a name is the last thing shared between mates once bonded, but I am offering it to you because it is all I have.”

“Is this a marriage proposal?” I asked, wide-eyed and slack-jawed.

“I will let you decide,” his vague reply didn’t quite translate. I realized that I hadn’t clearly stated my intentions and that Jules’ thought I was going to leave him permanently. “Will you stay?”

I realized that I hadn’t stated my intentions clearly and needed to clarify immediately. Jules thought the only way to make me stay was to - didn’t even want to go there. “No, no, no. I don’t want to leave you permanently. I want you to come with me to Earth and spend the holidays. I know that they’ve come and gone, but you could take us back to right after you picked me up and we could spend a few weeks at my house. You, Sexy and Rue could celebrate with me.”

“I don’t do domestic well, Ollie,” he stiffened.

“Come with me,” I said, wiping away those tears from those sharp cheekbones. “Let me give you this, a sense of belonging, if I can. I’m not where you are, but you know that I . . .”

I couldn’t say the words because I feared I’d be lying if I said them. I wanted to be sure. The Doctor was a logical, passionate being, enigmatic to his homeworld and that was why he left. I needed to know how I was going to deal with the changes of my regeneration, what I was going to do about my life on Earth, what was happening between me and the Doctor and if I could come to terms with everything.

“Ollie,” he spun me around, crushing me to him in an embrace that I thought might break me. “I don’t do domestic well. So many bad memories, but for you, My Darling, I’ll do it.”

“No more bad memories,” I brushed a stray black curl out of his eyes. It’s time for new experiences, Jules,” I smiled. He brought his lips to mine, kissing me deeply and slowly, without the desperation he had shown during our...lovemaking, petting, whatever it was.

“Getting off,” he whispered in my ear. “It was wicked and wanton.”

I noticed a wet stickiness adhering to the sheet. Glancing down, I cleared my throat. “I think we need to shower.”
“Shower with me?” he asked. I had just been whammied in more ways than I thought possible. I knew his name and he’d laid himself bare. I remembered reading about something similar in one of the books regarding Gallifreyan marriage customs. It was an ancient custom, prior to looming, and my Good Doctor had been born, not loomed. When a male wanted an unreceptive female, he offered himself to her to prove that he could give her children, provide for her and protect her. It was a betrothal bond. More than courting but less than marriage. It hit me with the force of a meteor crashing into the Earth. “You tricked me!”

“No,” he shook his head, a solemn look on Jules’ face, knowing that the bond had revealed my thoughts to him. “I offered myself in the betrothal bond, but you neither accepted nor declined. It is for you to decide and shall remain open as long as you need to know which answer you’ll give. I’d never bond you to me against your will.”

“You’re an Alpha male and I’m a Gamma female. If it weren’t for this connection we share, you wouldn’t have noticed me at all,” I sighed. “What are you going to do when you go into a heat?”

“I’ve managed for 2300 years quite well,” he answered. “We will deal with it as it happens.”

“I don’t know about you, Jules,” I pulled away from his embrace. “I need a shower.”

“Of course,” he nodded.

“Want to join me?” I asked. Whatever we were, we had crossed a boundary today, but, now I knew where the Doctor stood and I needed to figure out my side of things. That made things fractionally easier.

“Quite right,” he smiled. I held my hand out to his, still feeling uncertain and confused, but much calmer that I had been. I think the Doctor knew what I needed and gave me the best cure.

TO BE CONTINUED…..

Chapter End Notes

British write lemons or smut much differently than Americans. There are different phrases and terms used that make it interesting to write this chapter. This chapter has been an exercise in melding the two styles into one and making it my own. I’m not one for vulgar phrases and blunt descriptions. If someone wants that, then read a PWP. Trying to build personalities and write angst isn’t an easy thing. I had fun with this chapter, but it took me several days of tweaking to get it to where it satisfied me. Enjoy.
Not Everything Is Better With Chocolate

Nebraska has five seasons: Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Football and Road Construction. I was giddy and excited because I was going home and bring two friends with me. Standing at the console beside the Doctor, I wanted as his hands deftly maneuvered dials, switches and levers. I looked over to the other side, seeing Sexy’s new avatar operating one of the other console stations. Rue was watching like I was and at that moment, I felt a little irrelevant. What had I contributed in 15 ½ weeks of traveling with the Doctor?

I hadn’t learned how to pilot the Tardis nor had I saved the Doctor’s life. Most of my time had been spent organizing the Tardis’ Library, learning how to control my telepathy, writing down our adventures in great detail and working on my Gallifreyan. I’d been there to help him with his guilt about Rose and snogged him a few times, but in the end, I felt as if I hadn’t done anything of merit. I decided that I needed to reevaluate things before I decided to travel with him, but I just wanted to spend the holidays on Earth in my house with my friends and my pets.

Sexy’s avatar steered the Tardis, making sure the Doctor didn’t leave on the brakes which caused the Tardis’ trademark metallic wheezing and whirring sound. I made the comment he couldn’t pass a Driver’s Ed course and he sure didn’t know how to parallel park. I couldn’t feel the ship land, but I knew we had. I barely contained my excitement as I forced myself to stroll and not run to the doors and open them. The Doctor had been wise about landing in the backyard away from the busy street and prying eyes, I wondered how Sexy would disguise herself: mailbox, Redbox, Porta Potty, miniature library, pop machine or maybe as a refrigerator? Then, I thought that I’d just pass it off as some form of Geek chic if anyone say a full-scale Tardis in my backyard.

I smelled crisp autumn air and by the way the sun was in the west, I guessed it was about 4:00 pm. I unlocked the back door, pushing it open, hoping we had arrived the same day we had left. I checked the clock hanging above my sink and saw it was 4:15. I checked the time on my smartphone and I watched it revert to 10/31/2020. I breathed another sigh of relief because I really didn’t want to cross my own time line. I was glad to be home.

I saw the Doctor with his head thrown back, eyes closed, arms wide open as he deeply inhaled the crisp, sweet autumn air. I saw Rue sashay out of the Tardis, wearing a bright orange floral scarf around xyr head and a well-tailored suit that fit well as if made specifically for Rue. Rolling eyes upward, xe pursed lips in contemplation. “Blue sky?”

“Blue sky,” I smiled.

Now, the Doctor is vegetarian and Rue is vegan. I watched Sexy’s avatar picking up river rock from my driveway and much on it. I figured whatever made her day was fine by me. Me? I’m a devoted omnivore. Give me a well-done cheeseburger deluxe and a side salad and I’m a happy ….well, whatever I am.

Since no one could agree on what we were going to have for dinner, I ordered us gluten-free, organic, vegan vegetable pizza from some pizza place called The Circumference of Pie, started by two Math geeks who decided they would make more money selling pizza than doing algebra. Rue approved of this particular cuisine and decided it would be a great seller on any pleasure planet. I said nothing as I took a bite of my fake pizza, wishing for Canadian Bacon and Pineapple.

I didn’t explain what Halloween was or how it worked because the trickster side of me was running strong that night. Around 5:30 pm, I turned on my porch light and a few minutes later came the first ring of the doorbell and several voices yelling, “Trick or treat!”
Rue looked out the window through the blinds and let out an undignified squawk. “Run, we’re under attack! Red and yellow Cyberman, a Dalek and an Abzobaloff.”

I quirked one brow. How would Rue know about those if Rue were from the same universe as me? Unless, then I thought, “Oh, shit!” That meant if xe knew what those things were, then they either had existed or this time or they followed the Doctor through the breach of the space-time continuum. I opened the door with a bowl of candy. “Rue, that isn’t a Cyberman, that’s Iron Man. That isn’t a Dalek, it’s just a cute little robot and that isn’t a whatever-you-called-it,” I chuckled. “So, young man, who are you today?”

“Jabba the Hut,” the young boy puffed his chest proudly.

I held the bowl out. “This is how curtail an alien attack, Rue. Give the aliens chocolate.”

I saw the odd look of bewilderment on Rue’s face, scrunched likes and wide eyes while Rue shook xyr head in disbelief. The children all yelled, “Happy Halloween” and headed to the next porch light.

Rue closed the door, obviously still thinking I had repelled a minor alien invasion. “What is chocolate?”

I felt an impish smile tug at my lips until I was grinning. “Here, have some.”

NEVER give Rue chocolate! Oi! Within ten minutes of having three pieces, xe was speaking in a language I didn’t understand and was jumping up and down on my furniture.

“It seems chocolate has an unexpected effect on Rue’s physiology,” Jules did nothing to hide his mirth or his smirk.

“What, turning our traveling friend here into Jumping Jack Flash?” I scowled. “If Rue breaks my sofa, you’re buying me a new one. Understand.”

“Your wish is my command,” his smirk turned into a grin.

I held out my smartphone, using the diagnostic scanner app. Unlike the Doctor’s sonic screwdriver that allowed it to independently take readings and analyze data, my smartphone was directly connected to the Tardis’ mainframe because a 21st century smartphone didn’t have the capability of holding that kind of software.

“Let me analyze,” the Estuary lilt from the Tardis was a comforting voice. It still unnerved me to see a crystalline entity that looked like glass walking around, talking to me. While Sexy’s avatar was fairly human looking, it just didn’t seem like her. “The chocolate is being converted to Ethanol which Rue’s body is metabolizing into acetaldehyde by alcohol dehydrogenase (ADH). This substance is spreading rapidly throughout body tissues including the gastric mucosa. Acetaldehyde, when metabolized to acetate by acetaldehyde dehydrogenase (ALDH), can be found in the liver mitochondria.”

“In plain English, please, Sexy?” I growled into the phone,

“Rue is drunk,” Sexy surmised.
“Crimeny,” I muttered. First, Rue thinks the house is being attacked by Aliens and now Rue is drunk by chocolate. “Sexy, what known substances counteract the chemical processes of drunkenness?”

“Several milligrams of alcohol dehydrogenase enzyme directly put into her liver—” Sexy began.

“Not. An. Option.” I groaned. Bonnie was hissing, Clyde was barking, the Doctor was snickering and I was about to lose my religion. “Do we have anything like this alcohol dehydrogenated mayonnaise in the lab?”

“No.”

“Oh, that’s really helpful,” I quipped.

“Damn it, Ollie, I’m a Tardis, not the Enterprise,” she retorted.

“Smart ass,” I grumbled.

“Curmudgeon,” she countered.

An hour later, Rue was lying on the sofa with an ice pack against xyr brow and a waste can by the side. Now, Rue was experiencing a good old-fashioned hangover. The chocolate had also had other side effects; inducing prematurely a sex change in Rue and making Rue male.

“That thing you call chocolate,” he groaned as if about to die. “It’s evil, Olivia.”

“So was what you did to my brand new sofa,” I scoffed. I couldn’t stop the slow grin that spread across my face when I thought of how crazy Rue looked hopping around my house as if on fire. “After finding out that chocolate is a no-no, I sure as hell am not giving you Ibuprofen or Acetaminophen.”

“Probably not a good idea since giving Rue chocolate had this effect,” Jules said.

"Agreed."
We learn that what we know and what is true aren't always the same thing. Olivia learns the truth from the Doctor about what happened during Doomsday and what was said at Bad Wolf Bay. Are some secrets better kept hidden?

The Doctor doesn’t do domestic. He also lies like a Persian Rug.

It was November 30th, 2020, a few days after Thanksgiving. Lincoln had its first snowstorm and experienced 5 inches of snow. I went to get my snow blower out of the tool shed to clear my driveway to get to work the next day.

“No, Darling,” Jules stopped me as he tucked his red scarf around that long alabaster neck that I wanted to mark as mine. “I’ll take care of your driveway. It will only take a moment.”

“Do you know to run a snow blower?” I asked, rather skeptical that an alien would know what a snow blower was, let alone know how to operate one.

“Who needs a snow blower?” he grinned, heading out my backdoor with sonic screwdriver in hand.

“Hmm,” I stood akimbo watching him through the back window as he adjusted the setting and used vibration and sound to move the snow out of the way.

In broad daylight! When I realized what he was doing, I bolted out the backdoor, grabbing his forearm and pushing it toward the ground.

We both ended up with powdery snow in our faces as a consequence. I coughed a couple of times, dusting the fine snow off my shoulders and out of my hair. “Jules, you can’t just pull out your sonic during the day. People aren’t used to seeing that sort of thing.”

He looked rather perturbed. I had almost said, “At least, try to act human,” but, I remembered just in time that he wasn’t. I could tell he was getting restless quickly. We had been home only ten days and he was growing more irritable by the minute. I knew he needed to be out amongst the stars while I reconnected with my job, my neighbors, my community and new friends.

I had suggested he go stop an interstellar mutiny or two and come back, but he refused, saying he wasn’t going to leave without me. I sighed, 17 weeks with the Doctor and I realized that domestic wasn’t for him. It was everything for me. As the new me, I felt more comfortable around people and relaxed than I had all of my life.

We were soulmates. We shared a mating bond, but not a marriage bond. He was an Gallifreyan Alpha male while I was a Gamma female. I had latent telepathic ability prior to meeting my Doctor, but it never manifested. Sexy sensed it and picked me to be her companion. I wondered if she picked me to be the Doctor’s companion because she thought that she had better taste in humans than he did. We established a connection that deepened into a link, then a mating bond. We had become soulmates because of the private emotion and intimacy we shared in our minds.

Then, with my presto-change-o regeneration, we established a mating bond without ever burning the
bed sheets. I had become a Gamma female: a person immune to most scents and not able mark others, didn’t experience heats and ruts and always ignored by Alpha and Omegas. Gammas were the invisible ones on Gallifrey. The good news we didn’t heats and Gamma females had a regular menstrual cycle. Downside, completely ignored by Alphas, Omegas and most Betas. Betas enjoyed sex with both. Gammas only liked other Gammas and, on rare occasion, a Beta.

What threw the monkey wrench into the well-oiled machine of sex was that I am a Synesthetic Telepath. In my old life, I had a condition called Synesthesia where one or more of my senses (for example, hearing) simultaneously perceived by one or more additional senses such as sight and touch. While I didn’t associate shapes or numbers with my senses, many words had a sensory perception to me such as aroma, color or flavor. I hadn’t yet had sounds attached to words and I was glad of that. Now, tack that on to telepathy. Instead of hearing thoughts as words, I get pictures accompanied by texture, smell, tasted and addition visual stimuli. At least, I didn’t hear voices.

Because of my telepathy and the changes in my body, my olfactory senses were heightened and my mind perceived forms of telepathic communication as smell. Thus, I perceived Jules’ pheromones and needs on a physical and psychic level. Because of the deep connection we had established, I was on his physical and psychic radar. He was attuned to me by scent and telepathy. So, the impossible happened. An Alpha and a Gamma noticed each other, established a soul bond and a mating bond without ever shagging.

So, we were stuck in this relationship and sexual limbo. I would never enter a heat and if he had a rutting stage, it would never get the better of us. Yet, if I were aroused, it affected him, but not to the point of losing his sanity. So, we didn’t do anything “domestic” except be roommates who snuggled and snogged... a lot. It was frustrating. My body may have been Gamma, but my human side said “go dancing.” I sure as hell wasn’t getting any action from Jules.

One night, we were snuggled on my sofa watching an episode of, guess what? Doctor Who. He was fascinated, giddy and appalled all at once by the episodes. When watching “The Doctor Dances” he huffed, “I was taller and my ears were smaller.” When he saw episodes with Ten and Rose, he made comments how he was never that skinny and had more muscle, that he didn’t have freckles and that he wasn’t “Time Lord Victorious” except when he silently screamed at the universe how he wanted to make a difference and do more.

Then, we reached the episode Doomsday End. Let me tell you, how it is portrayed by the BBC and how it happened are very different. As we watched the part of the episode when David Tennant’s Doctor slipped the dimension cannon on Rose.

“Forever,” Rose scoffed at David Tennant’s Doctor. “That’s not going to happen.”

I watched my Doctor stare at the television, his eyes closed and regret emanating from him. I saw two clear tears stream down his face as he head fell back. I put the episode on pause, my own eyes stinging because his pain pierced my heart and I fought the urge to sob. “We don’t have to watch this, Jules.”

He turned to me. “I couldn’t give her what she deserved; children, stability. As much as I wanted that forever, Olivia, I couldn’t have her with me knowing she’d never see her mother again. She could spend her forever with me, but I couldn’t with her.”

A ragged sob escaped him as he screwed his eyes tightly shut. I went to turn off the television when he grabbed my hand. “No, you need to know the truth.”

“No, I don’t,” I said, shaking my head. “This happened long before me.”
“My bloody existence is on sodding telly and they didn’t even get it right,” he bellowed. “I want one person in the universe to know the whole and awful truth. I need you to know, Olivia. I want you to know the truth.”

“You are a masochist, aren’t you, Jules?” I said softly, holding my arms out to him. He laid his head in my lap and I carded my fingers through his wavy black hair.

“Yes,” he said so softly that if hadn’t been for my enhanced hearing, I wouldn’t have heard him. Against my better judgment, I restarted the episode and it continued. “Please, Olivia. . .”

I stroked his hair, saying nothing as we watched the rest of Doomsday. He began talking softly when we reached the part where the Daleks were sucked into the Void. “My precious girl, so brave. She said forever and she meant it, even when it meant her never seeing her own mother again. When the level needed to be put upright. She let loose her grip on the hold to reach it. My hearts stopped in absolute terror. I the great Time Lord Victorious, horribly powerless.”

He gave a bitter laugh swallowed by a sob. “We were engaged, Olivia, domestic and we shared a telepathic bond. As she was losing her grip, I felt her fear and she felt mine. When I saw her slip, I felt her pain and fear. There was nothing I could do. Pete appeared at the last moment and saved her from falling into the Void. Replay that last scene again, would you?”

Why did he want to torture himself like this? What had I been thinking when I suggested he see how was imagined in my universe. I never thought of him as three-dimensional. To me, the program was entertainment. In my universe, he was some idea that manifested in 1963. In another dimension in a different time, he was a three-dimensional being who experienced every painful moment that had been someone else’s entertainment.

He watched it replay and the tears fell freely. “She had more than a moment to look at me. I felt her anger, her sense of betrayal at what had happened. She hated me then because she thought I’d let her fall purposely into the void. I called to her, but she couldn’t hear me. The producers made a mistake. There isn’t any sound in a vacuum, she couldn’t hear me call her name over noise because there was none. It was as silent as death. When she disappeared, I crawled into the grave.”

Jules watched silent as the Void closed on the screen, leaving David Tennant’s Doctor on one side of the wall and Rose on the other. “I reached out to her through her bond and I thought I felt her for a moment. I had never told her- that I – what she meant to me – that I loved- that I’d find a way- she never knew-”

He took a ragged breath, holding him as his body shook with silent sobs and his hot tears burned my skin. I gently nudged him, “Doctor, you need to see this last bit. Please, it’s important. You need to know the rest of the story.”

He turned from my embrace, scrubbing his face with his hands and running his fingers through his hair. He braced himself as he saw Rose on the other side of the wall. Her family and Mickey holding hands in her unity, silently ready to support her through her grief. She wept, slamming against the wall for a moment before suddenly becoming aware of something. Rose pressed her cheek against the concrete, her palm flat against the wall, mirroring the Doctor’s actions on the other side.

I felt his memories seep into my mind as he held my hand until his knuckles turned white and I thought he’d break my hand. His eyes widened when he saw Rose’s reaction of awareness. “She felt me, heard me when I called out to her. I couldn’t send anything more than my presence. Too much separated us.”

“She felt you, Doctor,” I felt my own tears flow freely down my cheeks.
“It took me months to find another breech and I burned up a star to do it, Olivia.” he said, wiping his eyes.

“I know,” I didn’t know what else to say or do except listen.

“I thought I had a chance of reentering the that universe, getting Rose and bringing her home, but the star didn’t have enough power to enlarge the gap. Two universes would collapse and all I was allowed was to see her, talk to her one last time.”

“There are five of us now,” Billie Piper’s Rose told her Doctor.

“You’re not,” he started.

“No,” Rose shook her head, looking at him with sad whiskey eyes. “Mom is three months along.”

“That’s not right,” Jules looked at me. “Rose told me she was expecting our child, but didn’t know at the time when she was caught in the void. I would’ve done anything to get her back, Olivia, anything.”

“I know,” I stroked his hair, feeling my heart break for us and again for them. What really happened at Bad Wolf Bay that final day for them greatly differed from the Doomsday episode.

“I couldn’t even hold her one last time,” the Doctor said, his voice hollow. “She told me she loved me and I was so in shock from her telling me she was pregnant that I couldn’t respond.”

“I see,” feeling his hearts break all over again for his beloved Rose.

“I love you,” the television Rose said.

“Quite right, too,” both Doctors murmured. Rose nodded, giving her best smile despite the anguish she felt. “I told her that if I had one last chance to say it, I wasn’t going to let it slip. I said, ‘Rose Tyler, I love you.’ And then the Void closed.”

“In the episode, Doctor, you never told her,” I wiped the tears from my eyes. “I’m glad to know that you did. You two were always my favorite couple. I shipped you guys for years and I wrote so much fanfic where you were reunited and were together for the rest of your lives.”

“It never happened, Olivia,” he said. “We never had our happy ending. We met again a few years later, but, we never had a chance.”

“That’s an episode for another time that you never need to watch,” I said. “That’s enough torture for one night.”

Rose Tyler still hung the moon for the Doctor.

“Olivia, a part of me will always love Rose,” he cupped my cheek, “but, I can’t undo the past.”

“Yes, you can and you know it,” I gave a shaky laugh. “You’ve crossed your own timeline before. If you want to find her. . .you can.”

“Not at the expense of trillions of lives in two universes,” he countered. “I loved her with everything in me, but I had to learn to move on or I would have died of grief. She now has her Doctor and I know she made a life with him. He became father to our daughter and he gave then the love, life and domestic that I never could.”

“The Metacrisis Doctor is also known as Tentoo,” I gave Jules a small smile. “That’s what we
Whovians call him. There’s a lot of people in the fandom, Jules, who thought you should’ve said to hell with it and brought her back to your universe in stead of leaving her with a half Time Lord substitute.

“Don’t you understand? She had a right to have love, a life, a family, a chance to grow old and I could never give her those things. The other Doctor committed mass genocide and I couldn’t let him run amok in his anger and hatred. He’d have done it again. He could be with her, grow old with her. It was all I had to give her.”

“Hmm,” was all I could say. Yes, Doctor, please give the love your existence a mass murderer. Then again, Bad Wolf killed millions of Daleks. I felt my evil, green-eyed monster snark at the thought.

Jules put his fingers to my temples. “Darling, please, talk to me. Don’t shut me out. Tell me what you’re thinking.”

I opened my mind to him, letting down my barriers so he could hear every thought I had. I was glad that he and Rose never had their happily ever after I was said they never had it. I never knew that they had a daughter. The Doctor didn’t tell me her name and I don’t think he knew, but part of me wondered.

“I don’t know. I had no right to ask because I wasn’t there in her life.” he sighed. “As I said, I don’t do domestic well.”

“What about Zauvaun?” I asked about his son. “We got sidetracked about finding him on Theron at the Black Spire. Do you still want to find him?”

“Yes,” he bowed his head, pressing his brow against mine. “Olivia, please teach me how to do domestic. You’ve given me a love and peace I haven’t known in centuries. I treasure every moment and cherish every memory of you. I want you in my future and not part of my past.”

“Don’t ask me how long I’ll stay, Jules,” I hedged. “Let’s not jinx it.”

“Agreed. We’ll take each day in its own time.” his deep baritone voice sent shivers down my spine.

We sat in the darkness, silent for an eternity. “You can live as long as me. We can have a good life together, Olivia, if you want it. We can spend time here, as much as you want and also travel in the Tardis. My biggest fear is losing you. I can’t go through that again.”

“Let’s just take each day in it’s own time,” I wanted so badly to kiss him, but that didn’t feel right at the moment. He was hurting, needed comfort and a place of solace. The taste of Rose Tyler wasn’t a flavor I wanted to know. “Look, I need to step back from the heavy emotion, it’s sucking me dry.”

I meant it. The intense sadness was draining my psychic energy to nothing. Jules abruptly withdrew his touch and didn’t look at me. I was standing in the shadow of Rose's Tyler's ghost. No one, I mean no one, compared to Rose Tyler. No matter how much fanfic said otherwise, the fact remained that the Doctor and Rose were always a part of the other.

I wanted to just run from the room and hide. Blue-green eyes stared at me and the Doctor shook his head. "Ollie, each love is different and I have loved more than once. You're not in her shadow, I am. I stand in the shadow of my guilt for what I did and didn't do.”

“Oh, silly mad man in the blue box, what am I going to do with you?” I couldn't stop the sob that escaped me.

He said a phrase in Gallifreyan that stopped me still. My eyes went wide and my jaw felt slack.
Astonishment filled me. “Do you mind repeating that?”

The lilting melody of syllables came from his again.

I knew how I felt about him, but I felt it was too soon for me to name the emotion flowing between us. I didn’t dare speak it because I was afraid that I’d jinx our chance at something more. “I adore, cherish and treasure you, Jules. I can’t resist and I don’t want to try.”

“But you're not sure, are you?” he asked.

“I can't be sure of anything when your pour out your love for Rose Tyler in one breath and say something else to me in another,” I admitted.”

“You've always trusted me.”

"Jules, I can tell you that while I have all the same memories, I'm not the same person I was. That Olivia died on the operating table and I'm Olivia 2.0. Now, I trust and verify.”

What can I do to earn back your trust?”

“Just be you and let the rest work itself out on its own.” I sighed. I had a feeling this didn't have a happy ending.

"Oh, my darling, don't give up just yet,” he cupped my cheek and I couldn't stop myself from leaning into his touch. "The universe wouldn't have brought us together if it didn't have a destiny in mind for us.”

I nodded silently, but wondered how soon and by what method it would rip us apart. Isn't that what always happens?

TO BE CONTINUED . . .
Theta Sigma and his Gamma

Chapter Summary

In a world of black and white, sometimes the Doctor's soul is gray and his Librarian must remind him that he is the Doctor.

I didn’t sleep with Jules in the same bed for the first time since we had started the practice. The cloying memories of Rose Tyler covered him in scent and texture. I couldn’t stand to be near someone I cared about so much who wanted to be with someone else.

I slept alone and I was miserable. At least, Jules had his memories. I had nothing but a melancholy Time Lord who still loved Rose Tyler. I missed Jules’ cool skin against mine, the thin sheet that outlined every perfect part of him. I missed simply watching him sleep.

The next morning I awoke to the smell of a delicious breakfast. I knew well the aroma of bacon, hash browns and fresh fruit because it was a breakfast that Jules and I often shared while on the Tardis. I couldn't help but smile when I caught the same delicious aromas floating through my house. I smiled and gave a stretch. While I remembered the sadness that clung to me like concrete the previous night, I sensed a different mood coming from the kitchen.

I stretched and shuffled out to the kitchen, half groggy and not completely awake. I had the day off from the Library and I intended to make the most of it. Get the oil in my car changed, grocery shop and run various other errands was my plan of the day. So, what did I do with Jules? I didn’t know if I could be around him at that time without my jealousy and anger burning like a bonfire? I managed to keep him from knowing, but my mental walls were no match for his telepathic skill.

“Good morning, Darling,” he greeted me cheerfully as turn the bacon over in the skillet. “What are your plans for today?”

Damned mind reader. I told him.

He made a plate for me and sat it on the table before joining me. I shook my head and wondered if all Gallifreyan males were like him or if he was an anomaly. I mumbled a thank you, not looking him in the eye and began eating my breakfast.

I missed feeling him in my mind and sharing our bond. It was almost unbearable sitting across from him and sensing nothing in my mind. I said nothing and stabbed my bacon with my fork.

“Olivia,” his voice sounded deep and quiet to my ears.

“Yes, Jules?”

“I’m healing.”

That’s all he said. I cocked my head to the side, not understanding what he meant. His mind gently nudged mine, asking permission to blend and I gave it. I expected more self-loathing, love and guilt regarding Rose Tyler. Instead, I received flashes of pink and green, yellow and pink as Jules’
emotions pummeled me. He’d never properly mourned her or made peace with himself. He’d always ran from it and he finally had found the courage to face the darkness hovering around their separation.

He was frightened by the intensity of emotion he felt, facing it for the first time in centuries. He was a Gallifreyan and that culture was stoic and restrained regarding sentiment. Jules had always been a rebel in that regard, heartfelt and passionate about everything. He was trying to find peace and closure regarding Rose Tyler, but he was afraid of destroying the potential we shared.

My own guilt racked me for not being more understanding. Then, I decided I didn’t need to be guilty. I needed to be patient. This wasn’t about me; it was about him confronting that pain rather than running from it. I remember in an episode somewhere of someone telling him that he always ran without looking back because he knew that if he’d look back, he’d have to face all of the horrible things he had done.

For the first time in 17 generations, he wasn’t running. At that realization, I grinned. My Doctor was facing down that which had the most power over him. I hadn’t seen that until that moment and I smiled. Let him heal and have his time. What was more important -what I got out of this or what he needed? Yes, to both. Time is what we both needed and pushing wasn’t the way to see how this would work between us.

“I want a Christmas tree,” I blurted. Where had that come from?

“Then, we shall hunt until we find the perfect tree,” he gave me a tentative look.

“I don’t do real trees, Jules,” I said. “I don’t want to kill a tree just to have it my house for three weeks. Artificial will do me just fine.”

“Do you have one?” he asked, taking a bit of his eggs.

“No, not since Mom died.”

“Where shall we get one?”

“Let’s go out today and find one,” I suggested, a bit of joy crept into my heart. “I’ll buy some decorations and we can decorate it.”

“That sounds brilliant!” he agreed, looking at me with gentle eyes. “Let me grab some psychic paper.”

“Whatever for?”

“So, I can buy it for you.” he smiled.

“Psychic paper,” I contemplated his statement. “Hey, it’s not real money, is it?”

“No, but the vendor will think it is,” he explained, sipping his orange juice.

“No psychic paper for any purchases,” I shook my head. “It’d be the same as stealing because at the end of the day, that vendor’s register is going to be short because no real money received. No, we use real money.”

“I never thought of it that way,” he admitted. “Fair point. The Tardis could make one for you. You truly are a Gamma, Ollie.”
“So, I’ve been told,” I said, nodding slowly. “What exactly is a Gamma other than a person who
doesn’t have heats and doesn’t turn an Alpha into a rutting neanderthal?”

The Doctor gave me a long, cold stare and I knew it was because I’d deeply offended him with my
off-handed remark. Humans didn’t have Alphas, Betas or Omegas. Canon Doctor Who didn’t either,
but this particular Time Lord came from a world where they existed. “In deep trouble when one
doesn’t respect her Alpha.”

“First of all, Jules, this is my house and I’ll be damned if I’m going to submit to anyone just because
some time-wimey alien thinks I should because he’s an Alpha.” I put Alpha in air quotes. “I’m not
into the Dominant/submissive thing or anything like that, oh, and” I stood akimbo. “You sure as hell
are not my Alpha.”

Yeah, I spoke with more bravado that I felt, but this new me wasn’t the quiet little librarian quietly
standing in a corner. I was a Librarian that could be a crossfire Hurricane if someone tried to take
from me what is rightfully mine: myself, my will and my choice. Not even a Time Lord would dare.
Hey, it sounded fantastic when I thought of it with much bravado in my head.

His blue-green eyes darkened to almost black as he slowly turned, towering over me at 6’0”.
I gave
him a skeptical glance as he stepped into my personal space “Really, Jules? Quit dragging your
knuckles, your primordial origins are showing.”

I rolled my eyes, walking away from him because If I had been around him for another second, I
would have throat punched him. I learned that months prior while on the Tardis studying those
martial arts classes. I felt ten fingers dig into my shoulders, roughly turn me to face him.

“Stop. You shouldn’t be pushing me when I’m in this mood.” He took a step back. I smelled that
spices for the first time in days and I heard his voice deep and articulate with every word. My
eyebrows rose in astonishment as I saw swirls of brilliant icy blue smoke swirl around him. I rubbed
my eyes, shaking my head twice trying to understand what I was seeing. He became an inferno of
stone and storm. He became darkness and his soul became a supernova. Primordial and eternal, I
knew he was the manifestation of time and space until the last stars burned at the cosmos’ end.
Frightening and wonderful, there stood before me The Oncoming Storm.

I never let my eyes leave his gaze, but I was afraid. Only then did I realize that what triggered was a
challenge to his authority. Omegas submitted and Betas didn’t challenge. I learned in that moment
that Gammas didn’t fall well within the Alpha/ Beta/ Omega dynamic because we were loners. I felt
the classic fright/ flight response and it had nothing to do with sexual arousal. He looked at me with a
predatory grin and I realized his mindset had shifted to see me as prey.


Jules pulled me to him, bruising my lips with the powerful thrusts of his tongue. It was his way of
establishing dominance. Seeing him this way, wholly unbridled and yearning only for me had an
indescribable effect. He leaned forward, deeply inhaling my fragrance of want.

I felt it erupting in me, making me want to go against everything I held dear. This man losing himself
to an Alpha haze was a part of my Doctor. This wrecked, broken, shattered and beautiful man was
beyond precious to me. My heart swelled for love for this wonderful, brooding man and I knew I that
I’d fallen for him. Hard. I had to bring him down from that fucklust he was experiencing.

I closed my eyes, reaching out to the man that I treasured and adored. Jubilificent, My Doctor,
Seventeen, whatever I wanted to call him was a man carrying ghosts, guilt and rage that should’ve
long been laid to rest. I wasn’t the first companion that Jules had desired, but I was the first one in
centuries that incited more primal instincts within him. I knew it was due to the soul bond and psychic connection we shared, but it awed me. I looked into his mind, that swirling gold and blue vortex of time past and present, ablaze with want and it humbled me. I was the walking human accident that changed his existence, made him raw and made him wait.

I reached for our very first thing we shared in our link, his description of a tangerine, Gallifreyan sunset with clouds of gold and a hint of blue on the western horizon. I couldn’t push past my fear of how he was acting, but I still found all the emotion I felt for him, sending him peace, love and hope. Would it be what he needed? Would it be enough? I felt a cool reserve settle over me as I grabbed his arms, unwrapping them and using some effort to bring them down to his sides. “Doctor, I say no. I don’t want this. Not like this.”

He gawked at me, jaw slack and with an absolute look of horror crossing his features. I heard his thoughts as words, a rare occurrence, and I knew he saw a drop of blood on my bruised lips. Jules’ arms abruptly let go of me and he buried his face in the crook of my shoulder, holding me so tightly, yet careful enough to think I might break that I wanted to weep from the beauty of his love that coursed through our bond. I felt cool tears and heard one sob as he trembled in my arms.

“I’m sorry, Olivia. Rassilon, I’m so sorry. Please, forgive me.” The Doctor pulled away, his eyes red and pheromones still heavy on his skin. I was no match for him if he broke through my walls, but he wasn’t the kind to try. I clamped down on my own need, but I couldn’t stop my heart from breaking as both of his shattered.

“I love you, Doctor.” I murmured, carding my fingers through his wavy black hair. I stumbled over whispering his true name in his ear along with a few comforting phrases of Gallifreyan that I had learned. I knew my accent was thick and I hope I said the right words. Either I said ‘my cat wears checkered pants’ or “I freely agree and gladly consent to this betrothal.”

“How can you after the things I’ve done?”

“Well, Jules,” I desperately searched for any words to him peace, comfort, anything he needed when I remembered something on Matt Smith’s last episode as the eleventh Doctor. “You are the first man I’ve ever loved. We all change and we all make mistakes. We all change. When you think about it, we’re all different people all through our lives and we all have to learn about the new faces we wear and new bodies that we walk around in. Don’t ever forget who you are. You are the Doctor, a promise that you made and kept to so many and to me just now. Move forward with purpose and never forget the lessons you learn. One thing always remains constant: you are the Doctor.”

“Oh, my girl, my Darling girl,” he crushed me to him, lifting me off the ground and moving turning in a circle. I felt the first sparks of joy in his heart, warm and alive and I felt my own tears, hot and free, running down my cheeks.

“I never told you something about Gammas, Darling,” he said softly, pushing a curl away from my face and tucking it behind my ear. “They are loners, rarely part of a group or unit. They also give counsel and comfort to Alphas. I never thought that I’d have that.”

I couldn’t remember how to speak but just lost myself in the wanting to give him what he needed and basking in the love he felt for me as well. We’d have to address the issues of this alien biology and sexuality soon, but the moment wasn’t then. A gift had been given to us that day, a chance to bond in a way that made us closer than lovers and more than friends.

Several moment later, after we had come off our cloud, the Doctor looked down at me. “Let’s find you the perfect tree.”
“Let me grab my purse -” I began pulling away from him.

“Let me do this for you,” he said with quiet urgency. “For us, Ollie. There was a time when I had a domestic thing called a job where I was a consultant to the United Nations several decades ago, I earned some quid that I still have in a bank account in London.”

“London?” My ears perked up at that word.

“London,” he grinned. “I deposited every pound because I had no need for Earth currency, but I built up a sizable sum and I’m sure it has accumulated interest. What do you say we pop off to London, make a holiday of it and buy you a beautiful tree?”

My eyes widened to the size of dinner plates. “London?”

Jules playfully touched my nose. “I know you’ve been wanting to visit Edinburgh, Cardiff and Belfast.”

“Are you joking?” I squeaked.

“No,” he chuckled. “I’m perfectly serious, Ollie. We’ll see the sights and I’ll treat you to real chips, not this skinny imitations that you call fries.”

“We’ll go to a real chippy?” I couldn’t keep the excitement out of my voice. “We’ll see the Thames and Big Ben, the Ferris Wheel and BBC Studios where Doctor Who is filmed in Cardiff?”

He gave me an odd look and I thought I’d destroyed the mood, but he gave me a nod. “All of it.”

“Can we visit a Tesco? Please? It’s so. . .British.”

“A Tesco? Really, now?” One dark brow quirked with amusement.

“Hey, it’s not every day that I get to visit the UK,” I gave him my biggest dark brown doe-eyed gaze. “Please?”

“Whatever your heart desires, Ollie,” he brushed his lips against my knuckles. “Adventure awaits.”

TO BE CONTINUED . . .
A Sonic Wand: An Understandable Sin

Chapter Summary

If the Doctor had known that I'd used unethical technology to fashion a lethal sonic screwdriver, he wouldn't have been quick to forgive. He may have even exiled me from the Tardis. However, when one travels as the Doctor's Companion, said person has an expiration date and a chance at a tragic end. I intended to even the odds and see if I could avoid the Companion Curse.

If the Doctor had known what I had been working on while he’d been tinkering on the Tardis, he would have thought me as a war-monger and inhumane. I’d decided that I needed to protect myself in case I became a victim of the Companion Curse. We all know the fate of most companions, and not one ever thought to take advantage of the technology surrounding them.

I’m no Technomage, let alone any kind of engineer or techhead, but I am aboard the Tardis who finds making a Sonic Screwdriver about as easy as I do putting together a model rocket. I had mostly her, Gallifrey’s and the Time War’s History downloaded into my brain, but none of the tech. So, I decided to use my newfound information plus my very human imagination to put together my own sonic screwdriver.

I’d worked in tandem with Sexy to create a Sonic Smartphone, but it had limitations. Everything it could do came from the Tardis and, thus, everything I did with it was known to Sexy aka the Tardis and then to the Doctor. While I adore my Doctor and my adopted mother, I know that all Companions come with an expiration date and that it’s only a matter of time before I encounter a malevolent alien or a permanent separation from the Doctor.

So, I decided to engage in a bit of technological espionage. First, I combed through the history of Gallifrey, Tardises and Time Lords to find out the practical application of sonic technology. Then, I cross-referenced human ideas for sonic technology. I did research finding such waves can cause people to lose their balance, experience disorientation, have a bowel movement, headaches, experience organ damage, make force fields and to even hover or travel on top of sound waves. I also studied how ultrasonic waves can affect light, frequency and all sorts of other things.

When Jules would tinker with the Tardis console, I’d make my way to the lab. I had a telepathic link with him and the Tardis, but I found that I could think about two things at once because my telepathy doesn’t always come out as words or even images, but textures, sounds, colors and substances. I found that if I concentrated and put myself in a certain frame of mind, I could work on my sonic experiments unknown and unfettered by the Doctor or Sexy.

I wanted a device free and separate from the Doctor and the Tardis’ knowledge. That way, if we were permanently separated or if I was in a dire situation, I had a chance of protecting myself. I know the Doctor has inconsistent morality, depending upon the situation. He loved Rose Tyler with all of his hearts and he still exiled her to a parallel universe. I’m not going to let his morals dictate my chances of survival.

I knew that if the Doctor existed in another universe, most likely did other technologies. I studied long and hard, deciding that I wanted something that would be as much as a magic wand as a sonic screwdriver, so I went to my trunk in my quarters and pulled out one of my favorite Harry Potter
One of the limitations of a sonic screwdriver is that it doesn’t work on wood, so I decided to even the odds.

After studying the flora of Gallifrey, I decided Cadonwood was what I needed. To balance the alien energies of Cadonwood, I opted to use rainbow eucalyptus wood. Cadonwood possessed the qualities to affect timelines, temporal energies while Eucalyptus was a healing, lively, quick-reacting tree. Combined, I surmised the blended energies would be great in producing a unique tool that would aid in time travel and regeneration.

I studied for weeks on what I’d use for the core. I wanted cruelty-free and I needed something strong and ancient. So, one night, while Jules was sleeping, I noticed some spare hairs on his pillow and I took them. I used a crystal as the main energy core that had come from the planet Deva Loka. The Kinda had mined the iridescent crystal that helped augment their telepathic abilities. I used the Doctor’s hair as both a matrix and energy source. How I did this was I took the simplest plans I could find on Tardis’ mainframe and adapt it to what I had found in one of the Doctor’s more recent abandoned tinkerings on a prototype sonic screwdriver.

The circuitry was the hardest part, but the Doctor actually helped me with that when I asked him questions about his screwdriver. There are two things the Doctor loves to talk about: himself and technology. Eight hours later, I had what I needed from Jules to construct the rest of it. There was no way I could do it alone because I possessed neither the century-long education or centuries of acquired knowledge he possessed.

I needed something to encase the wood in circuitry in that would protect and enhance its abilities. I researched different metals such as Validium and other types which were far too volatile for what I had in mind. I finally decided on some samples I found in one of the storage bays aboard the Tardis, a common metal similar to aluminum, but stronger than steel. I couldn’t pronounce the name it’s Gallifreyan name and all 26 syllables, so I just called it Gallifreyan Mithril just because it’s a wonder metal.

Based on what information I’d gathered, it unlocked doors, detonated small explosives, turned on and off lights, shattered light bulbs. I also had it do the verboten, cause disruptions as a sonic weapon and created camouflage. The Doctor had already pioneered these uses, but declined using them when crafting his screwdrivers. Me? I needed all the help I could get. I decided to fashion mind as a Potterverse style wand so he wouldn’t become suspicious. When we landed on Earth I scoured Etsy and Amazon. I told Sexy that I just wanted to make a casing out of the common metal, so that she thought nothing of it. When the Doctor asked what I had, I said I’d found it on Etsy and ordered it. True, I ordered something identical in appearance to cover my tracks.

I’m a scavenger and I’m resourceful. While I believe in protecting the innocent and the Greater Good, I also believe in protecting myself.

It is a lovely piece of work. Most sonic screwdrivers are between 7 and 9 inches while I made mine 11.5 inches long. Screwdrivers are usually 2 to 4 inches around while I made my sonic wand about 2 ½ inches in circumference. I adorned it with common stones and that was hard. I convinced Sexy to show me how to put them on and make then look good. She thought I was making a lipstick holder. I lied. I lied outright and did much of the work off-Tardis whenever I could.

By Christmas it was done. I could break bottles, disable alarm systems, cause vomiting in individuals, hearing loss. I did some dubious experimentation on a couple of idiots that I knew who needed a good shaking. I drew the line at seeing if the wand could take a life. I wanted a tool of protection and neutralization -not extermination. On the end, I adorned it with a pink quartz which lit when the wand activated. While not collapsible as I would have liked it, I sewed pockets in several books.
of my jackets and jeans so I could carry it like a concealed weapon.

The Doctor knew about my sonic smartphone and thought it was a clever pet project. Had he known what I done to design a lethal sonic screwdriver, I believe he would have ended our association. That’s why I knew I could never let him know unless our lives or mine depended upon it. Sometimes, a lie is an understandable sin and I’m not afraid to do what it takes to survive and flourish. If the Doctor ever finds out what I’ve done, I hope he loves me enough to forgive me.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .
I saw the silver lines, fibers and tendrils entwined and crossing one another. Floating between them, I touched one and I found myself standing in a small, narrow street in a city I didn’t recognize. It was daytime and the sun was too the right of me and behind my shoulder. I looked around, seeing a nail salon called V's Nails just to the right of me by a few yards. Walking up to the door, I saw the sign said the salon opened at 10:00 a.m. Glancing at the sky and sang the shop was closed, I surmised that it was morning and not yet 10 a.m. I noticed vehicles trees were green with foliage and vehicles traveled on the left side of the street.

My stomach rumbled. I know where I was or how I arrived. I only knew that I wasn’t in Lincoln. I saw throngs of people walking up and down the sidewalks. Looking around, I moved from the street to the sidewalk so I wouldn’t be ran over. I looked around, looking for any sign of where I was. The temperature was moderate with a slight breeze, so I figured it was middle spring or early fall.

Where am I? I looked at the vehicles and these weren’t American cars and they didn’t have American license plates. They were slender, long and rectangular. Europe? Asia? Walking south, I found a Baskin-Robbins, a welcome and familiar sight. I pulled out my smartphone and I managed to get a signal. I applied the compass app and found I was heading southeast. I needed money to get ice cream and I had none. I didn’t even know here I was. I stepped inside, listening to the people order and chat.

I learned that I was in Marylebone. Not Mary LeBone, but Maryl-Bone. I was enough of a I fan to know that I was in in a central London neighborhood. Where? I stepped back to take in the business front. Above the dark awning was the sign which said in the upper left corner, 234 Baker Street. I became frightened because I didn’t understand how I’d arrived here. I figured the season, the location, but was the WHEN?

I found a newspaper dispenser in front of YouMe Sushi. I looked around, finding most people were immersed in not looking at one another or busy with their mobiles. I pressed the unlock app and voila! The dispenser door opened and I picked up a copy of the London Times. I also needed cash and I was without any. Aiming my smartphone at the coin slot, I heard that magnetic whirring of my smartphone. Using my stolen paper, I caught a gush of coins in it until it emptied. I gathered a few strange looks of disapproval from passers-by, but no one stopped me. I took the coins, shoving them into my pocket. I needed a private place to see how much I had now.

Back to Baskin-Robbins I went and I indulged in a single dip cone at the lovely cost of 2.7 British Pounds. Per Google, I paid about $2.37 US. I took a table at the back and counted out the coins. Based upon my count, I had 75 £ or $99.26 cents. I decided against hacking any ATMs because those things had cameras. Counting my change, I left Baskin Robbins and walked along Baker Street, feeling frightened that I was stranded in a foreign country without papers, identification or anything. I found out that it was Christmas 2020 when I saw Hudson’s restaurant. Hudson’s...Baker Street. It was 221B Baker Street.

I walked to the left, expecting to see the infamous I Museum. Instead, I saw a green door with a brass knocker that that said 221 Baker Street. My eyes widened and I dropped my cone. I turned and bumped into a man as I tried to get away from the door. He was about an inch shorter than me, salt and pepper hair. He was lean and muscular, so I guessed between 150 – 160 pounds.

“I am so sorry,” I blurted, looking at him when I realized at whom I was gawking.

“It’s fine. It’s all fine,” I heard a tightness in his voice. I looked down to see that my ice cream had
landed on his shirt. I looked down and I had to hid my grin at the burgundy cardigan he wore. Excuse me, good reader, in the UK, it’s called a jumper.

“I apologize,” I apologize. “Silly me, I should better look where I’m going.”

“It’s all fine, really,” he gave me a smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

“Pardon me,” I nodded. What was British protocol for when you dumped ice cream on a man’s shirt. “At least, let me give you something to cover the cleaning cost-”

“No, really, it’s all fine.”

“Well, again I apologize and I hope you have a lovely day,” I didn’t know what else to say without sounding like an idiot.

“American?” he asked.

“That obvious?” I felt rather sheepish.

“The accent,” he nodded.

“I see,” I gave a slight shrug. Remember, Ollie, he’s British. Quiet voice, no crazy gesturing, stoic and all that. “I’m trying to blend, but I must stick out horribly.”

“Not too much really, only one thing gives you away.” he glanced at my feet. “Your trainers.”

“Tennis shoes,” I said. I knew better to wear jeans and tennis shoes in London. I was dreaming, I knew that, but why did it seem utterly real. If I’d been prepared, I’d worn confortable dark shoes, slacks and a dark-colored top.

“Excellent deduction,” I smiled. I had to know. “Mr -?”

“Watson, The Doctor Watson.”

Gulp. I saw him extend his hand and I took it.

“Olivia Brasseaux,” I responded before I felt dizziness overtake me. In the distance, I heard The Doctor’s voice yell my name, but I also heard another voice say my name. Was that I? No, the accent was slightly off. I saw the Belstaff coat and the red scarf, knowing it was my Doctor and not a Consulting Detective.

“Olivia, wake up!” I heard a deep, bellowing voice break me out of my sound sleep. “Bloody Hell, woman, sodding wake up!”

I felt someone shake me and I came awake with a start. Looking up, I saw The Doctor above me wearing nothing but his typical bed sheet. Buckingham palace entered my mind. “You aren’t wearing any pants, are you?”

I looked down to see that the sheet had falling at the line of his slender hips and a small thatch of black curls peeked out beyond the sheet. For once, I just wanted to pull that sheet off and see lat lay beneath. I quirked one brow in question, glancing down at the sheet and back up at his light blue-green gaze. Feeling mischievous, I tugged at his sheet, revealing his cock in all of it’s glory.

I gasped. I was right about one thing; he wasn’t circumcised. He certainly didn’t look quite human. There were bumps and ridges along its length of several inches. His length surpassed the space between my extended hand from pinky to thumb. So, I guessed him 9 or 10 inches. His cooked
moved of its own accord in my direction and he was stiff and ready. A sly grin crossed my features and I licked my lips at the thought of taking him in my mouth. Now, I’m not one for oral, usually, but tasting The Doctor would be a landmark event.

“Darling, are you well?” he asked urgently, sensing my sudden change in mood. “Your mind went into theta waves and your heartbeat slowed. Ollie, why are you looking at me that way?”

I didn’t give him a chance to see what I planned; I simply did it. With an altered body comes increased speed and agility. I took him in my mouth, tasting the droplet at the end of his erect cock. I expected salty, watery and bitter like regular semen. The taste and texture alone was enough to make me adverse to fellatio. However, the Doctor’s semen was thicker, cooler and sweeter, like honey with cinnamon. Now, I understood why he smelled like pumpkin pie and spices all of the time.

I think back to that moment, comparing British sex scenes to American sex scenes and I threw both out the window. He was my Doctor and I wanted to give him pleasure, but I knew nothing about technique in practical application. I wasn’t a virgin, but I wasn’t Belle de Jeur from Secret Diaries of a Call Girl. So, I improvised.

I dipped my head, touching the tip of my tongue to the tip of his member. I swirled it cautiously a few times around the end, flicking the underside of him. Sweetness was on my tongue and I looked up at Jules, “I love the way you taste.”

The Doctor tried to watch, but his eyes darkened to the color a dark blue storm. He shifted and the last of the sheet fell away, revealing his legs and that beautiful thatch of curly black hair. He moaned as unfamiliar sensations spread from the core of his lower parts of his anatomy. Jules held still, not even breathing, but as his fingers entangled in my hair, I felt his fingers touch my temples.

A building spiral arched through him as he rocked his hips forward into my mouth. It took him a full ten seconds to register that that I he was in my mouth and I was tasting the entire length of his shaft with my tongue.

"Ollie! What are you doing?” Jules shoved himself up, sitting upright in bed ask I kept my tongue on his cock. I heard his protests in my mind and that he’d be exploding in my mouth and he didn’t want to do that, not to me. I didn’t know why.

Then again, oncoming storm meets crossfire hurricane. Unstoppable force meets immovable object. Who wins?

"What are you doing?” he growled, failing to sound harsh and failing to hid lust.

"Doctor,” I murmured between licks and swirls. “I adore you. Let me show you how much I adore you.”

"Not like this,” he yelped, his eyes rolling back into his head. “You don’t need to do this.”

He moaned when I took his balls in my hand, gently palming him and applying gentle pleasure. Oh, how I loved the sounds the Doctor made as I pleasured him. That was all that mattered to me at the moment was his ecstasy. Through our bond, he was surrendering to the pulses of energy thrumming within his cock.

I grasped him at his base, stroking gently in differing lengths to see what he liked. I heard him groan and I knew it would take a long time to explode. Damn his superior biology. I knew about nerve endings in the left shoulder, but nothing about Gallifreyan sexuality. I heard a curse erupt from him in his native language that combined the words ‘fuck,” ‘darling’ and ‘faster.”
I took him in my mouth until his bulbous head touched the back of my throat. As his hands fist ed in 
my hair, he took more control by gently guiding my head. I heard him groan as his cock when 
deeper into my throat and I did my best to control my gag reflex.

“Sweet Re’Hallion, I’m sorry-” but I didn’t want to hear anymore. I put my hands atop his and 
moved them as he had. He picked up the hint and his hands tightened in my hair. I projected my 
enjoyment to him, my trust and he started thrusting gently in my mouth.

I began fingering his balls and that sensitive area between them and his anus when his voice cracked. 
“Fuck, Olivia. Faster.”

I wanted to give him everything that we wouldn’t say to each other. I wasn’t ready to say the three 
little words that remained unspoken, so I tried showing him with my actions. I slid my hands beneath 
his buttocks as his hips bucked upward. I loved him with everything in me and I didn’t ever want to 
be apart from him. I gave him wordless consent to fuck my mouth as he wanted. He thrust into my 
mouth with increasing speed, but even then he though of me. Jules kept his thrusts shallow small so I 
didn’t choke on his lengthening, swelling cock.

His thumbs replaced his fingers at my temples and I felt my desire course through his mind and then 
back through mine. I heard his shout as he released into my mouth as consuming bliss possessed him. 
I swallowed as he released into my mouth, his release tasting like honey. Everything was quiet in the 
bedchamber and I saw his eyes were still dark with want.

“Ollie, my Darling girl, you are phenomenal,” he said as he fell back.

I sat upon my knees and smiled, not knowing what to say to my lover. He heard my thoughts and 
like being considered mine. I wished I knew if I were his.

“You. Are. Mine.” he growled into my hair. “I am your Alpha and you are my mate. I will ruin you 
for any other man because the only cock you’ll want and need is mine.”

I nodded silently as he pulled me up, tucking me into the crook of his shoulder, placing a lingering 
kiss to my brow. The words he said were enticing, but not what I had wanted to hear. I knew 
Jubilificent didn’t do domestic. “For me, there isn’t a refractory period, Olivia. I’ve never came as 
hard as that in a long time.”

He brushed his nose to my temple, his lips pressed lightly against the shell of my ear. “Let me do the 
same for you, Darling. I want you to come harder than you ever have, clenching around me as you 
tremble. Will you let me seal the bond between us, Olivia and make it permanent? I want you for the 
rest of my existence, but once we do it, there is no going back to being mates or friends with 
privileges. The first time isn’t nice or gentle. I don’t want to hurt you, Darling, but I know you aren’t 
one for things rough.”

“Don’t you know how I feel about you?” I asked, bringing my palm to his smooth cheek.

“Mine,” he roared softly in my ear, his voice so deep and carnal that I trembled with anticipation.

I mewled as I felt his fingers slip inside me. He bit a place on my neck as his thumb worked over my 
bundle of nerves in tight circles. He touched me in ways that made scream while he found a special 
place within me that I’d only read about. He crooked his finger in a come-hither motion inside of me 
while pressing his thumb onto my center. I rose upward with a loud moan that made his grin dark 
and sensual.

He knew how I felt about him. I felt his lips make harsh, quick nips in a trail from my neck to my
labia. I felt Jules’ breath ghost along my stomach, his nails digging into my hips as he pulled off my sweatpants and panties. He brushes his thumb again over me where everything is the most sensitive and I see him smirk.

“I’m about to fuck you, Olivia Brasseaux; a long, hard fucking,” he intones in a voice so deep that it is primal. “Are you sure you want this?”

“I consent and gladly give, Jubillicant,” I thread my fingers in his hair. “What more do you need, a signed invitation? Yes, damn it.”

With a long growl, he positioned himself between my legs, sitting on his haunches above me. I have a perfect view of his member and I liked what I saw. Long and thick, I knew he'd stretch me to my limits and I hoped that it wouldn't be painful. Making love, sex, even a good fuck for me can’t involve pain or I cringe and run. I'm vanilla as it gets and I knew that Jules remembered that.

If he claimed and knotted me, then being genetically comparable, I'd conceive and that wasn’t something I’d thought of before that moment. “Jules, I’m not ready to be pregnant.”

His eyes darkened from icy blue-green to dark midnight. I saw his expression soften, showing me the Jules that I knew. “Darling, I’ve already taken care of it on my end. You won’t conceive until it’s something we both want.”

“Jules?” I asked, scared if there was an encrypted meaning. He was two breaths away from a full Alpha rut and I knew he was past rational thought.

“Male contraception,” he said, breathing deeply. “I will always take care of you, Darling. I’d never breed you without your consent.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. I saw him smile gently at me before he became lost again in that haze of lust and need. “Can you take my knot, Olivia? I’m going to fill you so much. Do you know what it’s like, knowing how much you yearn for me, watching you move around the console room and not being able to touch you? Now, I’m going to mount you, fuck you hard and good anyway I want, make you scream and you come undone.”

His fingers worked me over and within a minute, I was at his mercy, screaming out obscenities I didn’t know I could say. “Olivia, I have you and you won’t fall alone.”

I exploded, seeing the gold and blue vortex inside his mind as turquoise, tangerine and lime exploded within mine. I cried out his name in Gallifreyan, English and the name I gave him as I shuddered. I felt his tongue upon me, laving at my clitoris as he strokd me deeply with his fingers. His thumb circled me time and time again while his other hand slid beneath me, lifting my hips to an angle he liked. Another release shook me to my core.

“Turn over, Olivia, on your knees and let me see that beautiful arse in the air for me,” Jules commanded. His voice was gentle and kind enough that I knew he was still with me and hadn’t gone into a feral, animal mode. That thought frightened me beyond all else. I trusted him implicitly to surrender to his desires, knowing that he’d cherish me. Yet, a part of me feared that he’d lose himself and everything would turn into unwilling ugliness. I’d read about Alpha/Omega dynamics and they frightened me. I did as he asked, looking at him over my shoulder. I knew that my fear reached his mind and he stopped mid-motion.

“Olivia, Mine. My mate. Not,” he said through gritted teeth with eyes black with desire. “An object. Not a thing. My Re’Hallion.” He was almost gone, but had enough of himself to assure me. That was when I breathed easily. “Trust. Me.”
I nodded, not saying anything, trembling with anticipation and shivering with need. I’d read about lovemaking like this in fanfics and romance novels. The excitement of experiencing it for myself was beyond comparison. I looked back at him, hoping he sensed my trust. He pulled my hips back until I felt his hard erection nestle in the crevice of my derriere and it brushed along my anus. I stiffened. NO.

“No,” the Doctor said quietly, circling his hand in reassuring strokes on my hip. “Never without your consent.”

He pressed the head of his cock against my entrance as he continually soothed me with reassuring touches. I expected rough and thoughtless, not gentle reassurance heightened with anticipation. He inched his head in just an inch and I moan. “More, please.”

He remained still. “Feel me. Take me inside, Darling.”

I knew he meant to have time to adjust in his size. The Alpha male was alive and well within my Doctor. He doesn’t rock back and forth while upright as I’d seen in movies, He bent over me so that his chest brushed my back and his hands covered mine. He began rocking slowly into me, spewing more Gallifreyan combined with English, “You’re so tight, blazing, and you’re accepting me. Oh, Rassilon! You are made for me.”

I wasn’t surprised that my Doctor was a talker even during the most intimate act we could share. “Mine, all mine. Yours, Olivia, always your Alpha. Your mate. Your love. Never leave me.”

I didn’t expect him to say anything like that. I expected crudity, profanity laden with fucks and pussy. Instead, my Doctor remembered love. My Doctor was always the gentleman. I shivered as the first current of bliss spread through my body and squeezed Jules with all my strength so he could find release with me.

I felt the ridges ripple, the bumps lengthen and the knot form as he plunged deeper and harder into me, his cool seed filling me. He said something in Gallifreyan, an endearment that brought tears to my eyes. He had said it first and I had yet to tell him.

He tucked me back into the crook of his arm and I feel a wet warmth from his cheek to my temple. Was he crying?

I didn’t look, but I knew the answer. “I never thought that you would let me have you.”

“It’s a done deal now,” I said, edging my walls up so that he couldn’t feel my doubt. I looked up at the ceiling and wondered if I’d done the right thing. I thought we’d finally break the unresolved sexual tension; not get married Gallifreyan style. I could feel the Doctor in my head, questioning why I had a part partitioned off from him. I sent him a message of needing time to acclimate, still amazed at what had occurred.

He propped himself up on one arm, one finger stroking my cheek. “Regrets, Ollie?”

Had we gone and done this too soon? Now, we were married and he was inside my head and I felt all of his love surrounding me. Possessive, jealous, fondness and adoration, insecurity, wonderment and reverence, bliss, anguish and a thousand other thoughts racing through Jules’ mind trying to describe the feelings he had for me. I realized I felt them, too, but I realized that Gallifreyans and Humans inherently looked at bonds differently. If I broke it, I’d survive fairly unscathed. If I broke the bond, he’d die of heartbreak.

“None,” I gave him my best smile. I promised that I’d never do that to him.
“Next time, I’ll worship you for days before we make love he promised,” he whispered.

“So, are we. . .” I asked, not being able to say the M word.


“I love you,” I meant every word. “But, I need sleep.”

“Sleep, Darling,” he murmured.

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“Darling, when in London would you like to be?” The Doctor asked me. “During the signing of the Magna Carta or when King Arthur ruled Camelot?”

“King Arthur is legend at best, The Doctor,” I countered. “Theory has it he was an amalgamation of stories from the time period, a legend based of some possible historical fact or was the half-Roman son of a Centurion station in Londinium in the early 5th century. No, thanks.”

“Oh, you are no fun!” he gave me a disapproving gaze. “What about during Queen Elizabeth’s reign?”

“No can do, Doc. You were there at least twice and we can’t take a risk of crossing your timeline.” I reminded him.

“Now, you decide to play by the rules,” he steepled his hands beneath his chin, closing his eyes as if contemplating the universe’s secrets. They suddenly flew open and he gazed sideways at me. “The 1920s? You love silent films, Ollie. You said you love 1920s culture, history and Art Deco architecture.”

I had yet to do any time travel. In our 17 ½ weeks together, we’d visited Nova Somn, Theron and Earth. I wanted to travel more through space than through time, I realized. While I enjoyed History, I wanted to live in the Now. I wanted new and unusual experiences; I craved them. Since my cranial enhancements, my curiosity had grown by leaps and bounds. I hadn’t gained additional intelligence, but my ability of knowledge retainment and processing time had exponentially quickened.

“How about now?”

“Now?” The Doctor’ eyes widened and he stared at me as if I’d committed some gauche faux paux. “Boring, Ollie! There is nothing extraordinary about early 21st Century London.”

“Speak for yourself, Spock!” I hmphed. “I’m an American who has never traveled abroad, unless you count a road trip to Canada, and I have an opportunity to visit London, England. Damn straight I’m going to do it in the here and now.”

My new self was very willing to be straightforward about my aspirations and I’d found that profanity had become part of my new vocabulary. Maybe, I was the Loud Librarian. I quietly chuckled at that one. If only my Mom were alive to see me now. Her shy wallflower had developed to be loud and sarcastic. She’d have loved it.

I looked at him, the proud and protective Alpha of his new mate as he beamed at me. Mx. Rue sauntered over to the console. “You look like the cat that just ate the canary, Doc. What’s got your smile on high resolution?”

I looked at him, trying to hid my smirk. He said nothing as he moved over to my side, wrapping his
arm around me, his finger playing with the bite mark on my neck.

“Well, what do you know?” Mx. Rue exclaimed happily. “It’s about time, you two. If the tension were any thicker, I’d have to take a machete to it. So, you two are bonded now?”

“As much as any two Gallifreyans can be,” I said, basking in the love that we shared.

“He still hasn’t married you, Child,” Mx. Rue clucked in disapproval. “He still hasn’t put a ring on it.”

“Since when did you develop a Southern accent and the attitude to go along with it?” I asked, giving Rue a skeptical glance.

“Baby Doll, I discovered the best things on Earth. Chocolate, Sweet Tea, Okra and homemade baked mac -n’ cheese. I discovered True Blood and Designing Women and I found my true home. Besides,” Rue stood akimbo giving me a stern look. “Lots of planets have a South.”

I chuckled at the irony of that statement.

“So, are we going to put up a Christmas tree at your house?”

“I’ve never had one, not since Mom and Dad, you know, died.” I felt the joy leave me at the thought of their passing.

“Tulip, I’m sorry,” the tall, muscular flamboyant alien looked down at me. “You haven’t had family in a long time, but you have one now.”

“Really?” I said slowly.

“Girl, you’ve got a bonded mate,” Rue nodded toward the Doctor. “You have Big Blue Mama.”

“I am NOT big,” came a disapproving comment from Sexy’s crystalline avatar as she walked in the room. “I am a sentient inter-dimensional entity that’s bigger on the inside.”

“Aw, c’mon, Blue, don’t get your time rotors in a fuss,” Rue chuckled. “Admit it! You love your Doctor like a mother and you love this girl like a daughter.”

“I do,” she sighed, filing her nails.

“You are Big Blue Mama, but I’ll call you Blue for short,”

“If you must,” Sexy sounded as if she were resigned, but I saw her smirk and give Rue a wink.

“And if you don’t mind, Ollie, I’d love to make Earth my home,” Xe said. I saw that mirthful attitude become more solemn. “I found a place where I can put down roots, settle down and call home. Now, I know you folks have only two genders, but your planet is changing and more accepting than many I’ve seen. I’d like to live with you and be your mother’s sibling.”

“Sexy’s sibling?” The Doctor asked, he and I looked at each other, bemused.

“Well, y’all, the way I see it, you’ve have been so lonely for so long that you don’t know what to do with each other,” I knew I was going to enjoy Rue’s speech. Bald head wrapped in a beautiful blue and purple scarf with false lashes framing blue almond eyes. Long nails, perfectly manicured and painted blue, encrusted with small jewels and embossed with designs. Rue wore large silver earrings that I knew were purchased at an international shop in Lincoln called Eyes of the World and the blouse worn was blue silk embroidered with gold stitches on the pagoda sleeves made her look like a
goddess of the galaxy. “You all felt estranged from others and looked for love in ALL the wrong places. Now, you’re getting some good healing. Sexy and the Doc are talking again. Sexy finally found a companion that she didn’t think was some stray. The good Doctor finally found a Companion that he knew wouldn’t wither and die.”

I saw the Doctor cringe at Rue’s words.

“You finally got past your guilt about every other Companion,” Rue’s head moved back and forth like a serpent winding in the air to a charmer’s pipe when xyr fingers click. “Boom, custom-made Companion.”

Now, I cringed.

“Now, hang on Baby Doll,” Rue saw my look of disapproval. “Sexy chose you from day one because you are special. She was lonely, he was lonely and they are in a universe that isn’t whey they came from. She picked you because you have a good heart and a touch of the sight. Just go with it, Ollie, and don’t analyze it to death. You have another mother, a wonderful mate and I’d like to be your Auntie Rue.”

“Auntie Rue? That’s decidedly feminine,” I said slowly. “I thought you considered two genders limiting.”

“I can be fluid and still be your Auntie. Uh-huh,” she clicked her fingers again. “Besides, I like the fact that you human ladies and gents love your hair done, your backs massaged and your nails painted. I can make a killing here.”

The Doctor and I both laughed.

“You need family and so do I,” she said, quiet with her words. I have no one in this universe and I’d love to have y’all as my family. I’d love to make this world home and I’d love to call you kin: Sexy, Jules -”

He gave her a stern look.

“You just get over your badass self, Doctor,” she moved her finger in front of him. “I can’t go around calling you, Doctor, it’ll make people’s heads spin. So, Jules, it is.”

“John.”

“Meh,” Rue smiled. “Sexy, honey, someone NEEDS to give you some beauty hints. Being a chrome-plated shiny unicorn avatar is a bit much. Let your sister show you a new way.”

“I’d love it,” the Crystalline avatar smiled. “I’ve been thinking for trying for a bit more organic, humanoid look anyway.”

“Good,” Rue nodded, satisfied. “We all need love and to be loved. So, I figure we aren’t the family born, but the family we choose.”

“I like that,” I admitted. “Plus, I don’t think I could live my entire life without you all now, anyway.”

“So, I’ve been studying your American customs,” Rue said, smiling. “We need a surname or a ma’am name.”

“A ma’am name?” I asked, raising a brow in question,
“Why does everything have be named after a male?” Rue rolled her eyes. “We could be the Tardis family-”

“No,” I said hurriedly, thinking that’d draw to much attention. I was a fangirl, but if people knew that the Doctor truly existed in another universe, it would bring down the powers-that-be from the government and we didn’t need that. “How about something more common?”

“Smith?” Jules suggested with a grin.

“Not that common,” I retorted. I played around with words in my mind, processing anagrams of various words and plays on words. I came up with nothing that sounded either good or clever. “I’ve got nothing.”

“I have it!” Sexy snapped her fingers. “Doctor, you’ve used it many times. Also, she was one of the few strays that you brought on board that I actually liked. We are the Nobles.”

We all looked at each other, silently mulling the name over in our minds. Olivia Noble sounded better than Olivia Brasseaux. Still, Sexy Noble just sounded odd. John Noble...to me he was Jubillicant or Jules. Rue Noble. It fit us. If the Doctor’s tile of Doctor was a promise he made, then, we as a family could be a promise made.

“I like it,” Jules said. “John Noble.”

“People are going to find it odd that I call you, Jules,” I mentioned.

“That name you gave is only for me.”

“How about Julian?” I asked. “It’s a properly British name and much better than the common John.”

“I agree,” Rue nodded. “Dr. Julian Noble does have a nice ring to it.”

“What about Sexy Noble?” I asked. “It is a little out there.”

“Idris, dear, Idris Noble,” Sexy said.

“So, how do I explain to my co-workers and friends that I’ve suddenly gained a family?”

“We’re your relatives on your mother’s side.”


“What? Haven’t you ever heard of adoption?” Rue quipped.

“True.”


“Don’t overthink it, Tulip,” Rue laughed. “Most folks aren’t going to dig that deep.”

"Step-Aunt on your mother's side, Dear." Sexy amended. "By marriage."

“That's better.” I agreed. I didn't need a squick factor.

“We will make things right, Darling,” Jules promised me.

“What do you mean?” I asked.
Throughout the rest of the week, I worked at the Library, keeping a lid on the joy threatening to overflow. More than one person said that I looked different, but couldn’t put a finger on it. Gee, I wondered if I’d been that invisible before I regenerated? Each night, I came home to a delicious home-cooked meal prepared by Jules and Rue. The one place where they worked well together was in the kitchen. I also noticed that Rue had spent quite a few evening next door with my neighbor, Rita Phillips, badass bike Episcopal priest and tattooed Amazon of God.

I dug out some of the few holiday decorations I had and Sexy helped me put them around that house. For fun, we sat the Tardis in the front yard, decorating it with holly and a wreath. Most people recognized it, attributing it to my love for all things Whovian. If they only knew…..

Later in the week, we celebrated 18 weeks of bliss with a delicious “family” dinner and Rita joined us. I saw she sat next to Rue. Rita was the priest at my church as well as my next-door neighbor. Mechanic and Priest, I was honored to call her friend. I know Rue and she seemed very taken with each other. While in the kitchen, I helped Jules with some of the dessert preparation and told him about my strange dream from earlier in the week, the same day that we made love for the first time.

“What it must be like in your amusing tiny brain,” he rolled his eyes. “So restful, yet, boring, Olivia. You note, but you do not perceive. You’re no longer a stupid ape, Olivia, you are of Gallifreyan lineage, able to see space and time.”

“Oh, let me put it into British English for you, I! Bloody git who doesn’t know when to shut his gob.

“Olivia, I was joking-” he began.

“I wasn’t,” I said, crossing my arms. I focused my thoughts and emotions at him like arrows toward a bullseye. Condescending jerk who needs to learn some manners. Oh, let me put it into British English for you, I! Bloody git who doesn’t know when to shut his gob.

“Olivia, stop!” The Doctor closed his eyes, bringing his hands to his temples. “Quit projecting, it’s painful and deafening.”

“Hmm,” there was so much I didn’t know about thought projection. “Painful? Deafening?”

“Bloody Hell, yes,” he rubbed his temples. “Any louder and my mind will explode.”

“I have an interesting theory for you,” Oh, how The Doctor loved theories and doing scientific
experiments. “You hypothesized that my Synesthesia affects my telepathic reception.”

“Yes,” he said slowly, “And?”

“What if I’m not telepathic?” I asked. “but, empathic?”

“I’m curious,” he gave me a grudging nod indicating that I’d piqued his interest. Oh, this Time Lord was easily distracted as had been his previous incarnations, especially Ten and Eleven. Thank God, I wasn’t dealing with Nine or Twelve; I’d never have stood a chance of getting away with redirection.

“I feel your emotions and moods and they come to me in color and odor,” I started. “Based upon the color or scent, I can identify what you’re feeling or thinking. It’s rare that I actually hear your words in my mind, The Doctor. When I’m in a mind-meld with you, for lack of a better term, I see you as a blue and gold vortex. You say you see me as turquoise, tangerine, lime and fuchsia which sounds more like a fruit salad. What I’m saying is it isn’t telepathy as much as maybe my neurological disorder is being augmented by our bond.”

“How do you explain being able to understand what Bonnie and Clyde need?”

“I’m a pet owner, The Doctor,” I explained. “It’s much like being a mother. When I hear a baby cry, I can tell if it’s hungry, sleepy, overstimulated, etcetera. That comes with motherhood and pet sounds aren’t so different. A different tone and pitch indicates desires and needs.”

“Darling, I apologize,” he said, shaking his head. “You never cease to surprise me.”

“What do you mean?”

“I insulted you and you’ve proven me wrong. I humbly apologize and beg your forgiveness.”

“All right, Spock, where is my Doctor and where did you hide him?”

“I don’t know what to say,” I whispered.

“You observe and you see in a way that I have never encountered,” The Doctor pressed his forehead to mine. While I didn’t hear the words, I felt the warmth of his emotions against my skin, smelling of vanilla and orange and a bit of … clove? I felt as though fur was being rubbed upon my skin and the colors of white and gold became vibrantly pink, red and green: romantic, passionate, selfless love.

“You’re species have not all been stupid apes.”

“Explain?” I asked, wanting to hear how he’d spin this particular insult into kind words.

“I breathe, bleed, laugh and have learned to embrace my emotions because of Humanity, Olivia,” he put his head down as if he were needing a moment to gather his composure. “I spent time in exile on
Earth, learning about your species traits and abilities. You want to explore, learn and strive to be better than you are. You are survivors and tenacious more so than any other species in the universe. I love your indomitable spirit. You are creature of hope and you have taught me hope and faith.”

“Yeah, we’re awesome like that,” I grinned at him.

“Yet, some of you are stupid apes, capable of destruction, self-deception and cruelty beyond imagining,” he continued.

“I can’t disagree,” I admitted, finally able to look at him. He looked at me.

“Your humanity kept me sane in the first weeks I knew you and you trusted me implicitly with your innermost mind, Olivia. You don’t know what that means to me. You held me through my darkest times when I was ready to forsake existence and you gave me enough trust and hope to face what I had been running from. I’m a better man for knowing you.”

“Hey,” I gave a nervous laugh. “Don’t look at me, I just live here.”

“Olivia, please don’t dismiss this,” he urged me, the intensity in those blue-green eyes reaching deep into my soul and commanding my attention. “I felt similar after the Time War and Rose saved me. After losing Tazin and Zauvaun, I didn’t have hope. When I found the Ood existed in this universe, I traveled to their planet and focused on their Song to make my ending easier. Instead, they told me that I’d find you, my Darling Girl. I waited 300 years to find you in slow time because the Universe had to make everything just so to make our meeting happen and to force it would destroy any chance of it.”

“Oh.” I didn’t have a smart remark for that.

I felt his presence hovering at the corners of my mind, silently asking permission to enter. I welcomed him gladly, feeling our thoughts and emotions entwine in a lover’s embrace. “When you said I wasn’t your Alpha, that hurt more than you can imagine. I don’t want to own you or dominate. I want to cherish and adore you, protect and provide for you. I want to be what ever you need so I can be a worthy hus-”

“I misunderstood,” I admitted, feeling ten times the fool for having said those words of denial. I didn’t understand Gallifreyan culture at all in some areas and this was one of them. They are a stoic, reserved society who regarded displays of emotion as barbaric and primitive. That was one of the reasons the Doctor left Gallifrey, he was so unlike them that living there went against his very way of being.

Cannon Who didn’t match the Who that I knew and it left me confused some of the time. Gallifreyan Alpha males in The Doctor’s universe were matched to other Alphas to produce heirs or with Omegas to increase the population. Betas married those younger siblings in the great houses to forge alliances or to end wars. Gammas were the ones who resisted and due to their rebellious nature, were cast out and exiled. In this particular incarnation, the Doctor was an Alpha for the first time and by a twist of fate, his DNA or Sexy had made me a Gamma.

He felt possessive, protective and jealous because of our psychic bond, yet per what I understood, Alphas didn’t notice Gammas. However, when I challenged him or made him angry (I’m not sure which), it had nearly triggered a rut, a heat, whatever one wants to call it. I also learned through our link that I could calm him, but it took great effort.

The best analysis I can think of is when one tell another of the love felt for that person and the other knowingly and maliciously rejects that love, causing heartache. Match that with alien biology and it’s
a potential cocktail for a volatile situation.

I thought of how I had hurt my magnificent celebration of life, My Jubilificent, My Doctor. There was so much I didn’t understand about my new biology, his or the crazy sexuality that didn’t have any thought or control behind it. I didn’t want to be a submissive victim to pheromones, but I didn’t know how to deal with it.

I knew we were soulmates, definitely a Gallifreyan thing. He’d asked me to give him a name meant only for and to be known only by him—that was all him. That’s when it hit me. The name, the bond, the significance of his claiming me earlier in the week. When the epiphany hit, I looked at him.

“Jules, I need to sit down.”

“Darling, are you well?”

“We’re married.” I looked up at him. “By Gallifreyan law, we’re truly married.”

“Yes.”

“It just hit.”

“I don’t want you to feel obligation,” he looked so lost. “You seem almost immune to the bond while I’m at its mercy.”

“Trust me, I’m not immune.” I quickly reassured him, holding the platter while he arranged the final fruit garnishments on the holiday dessert. “I adore you.”

“I knew it was a choice that you wanted to make, even in your first incarnation, Darling. You made it clear that you were nervous of the bond deepening and I wanted you to decide of your own free will that you wanted to be on the Tardis with me and not because of biology, soul bonds or telepathic links.”

“You know me well,” I agreed. “All too well.”

“I told you my name the first night I met you because I had waited for you for so long. I asked you to name me because I wanted something only between us. Then, when we started your training on how to control your gift, the link initiated a soul bond and became a mating bond.”

“That was why I got snuggle-zoned,” I surmised.

“Exactly,” he nodded.

“And the watch that you bought for me?” I opened the watch hanging from a chain around my neck and now read most of the words. “It’s true significance?”

“A token of my affection,” he took both of my hands in mine. “Unless you would accept it as a betrothal gift from me.”

“We’re already married.” I didn’t know whether I was elated or furious.

“Only by Gallifreyan custom,” he reminded me. “We haven’t went through a formal ceremony according to your customs. Technically, the marriage can still be annulled and the bond broken for you if you want it to be.”

“It’s reversible?” I asked.

“Yes,” I heard the fatigue in his voice, the raw emotion in every word.
“How?” I looked up at the Doctor, not knowing how I felt.

“I can sever your bond to me psychically,” he said. “You’d be released from it.”

“What about you?”

“Never,” his voice dropped an octave.

That’s when I realized that the bond he had shared with Rose Tyler had been abruptly severed when she crossed to Pete’s World. With her being human, she probably suffered no ill side-affects, but the Doctor had carried the anguish with him for seven regenerations. Damn, that was a long time and it explained his inability to grieve or deal with the permanent separation. Now, I understood why it took him centuries to find closure.

It also explained why he went off the rails for the next three generations after that. They had bonded. Rose Tyler had been his wife. Still, to give your wife a double of yourself and tell her to go find happily ever after was more than strange to me. How come he hadn’t died then?

“Donna Noble.” he said, hearing my thoughts in his head. “She was my best mate and set me right as she could.”

“What about Martha?”

“Somewhat.”

“Amy and Rory? River Song?”

“Family,” he blinked rapidly and looked away.

Yet, another family that he had loved and lost. Another wife forever taken from him. I thanked God that my name didn’t start with an R. I couldn’t bear to feel the anguish pent up inside him. “Tell me about the watch.”

“That is a watch that can hold your Gallifreyan essence,” he looked down at the timepiece around my neck. “With the Chameleon Arch, you can revert to your human self and the bond can be severed that way. The perception filter on the watch would prevent you from attaching any importance to it and you could leave it here, living out your mortal life on Earth. If I wiped your memory, you’d never know what we share. Shared.”

“So, there is a way to reverse what has happened to me,” my mind went a thousand miles a minute. “Could we keep the bond if we chose and I became human?”

“Not in its current form, Darling,” he voice cracked. “If you become human, your brain reverts to human parameters and the bond may end because you simply wouldn’t have the ability to feel it. It’d be akin to doing a download from today’s technology to a Mac built in 1988.”

“Too much information and the computer wouldn’t recognize it.”

“You mind couldn’t hold it and wouldn’t be able to process it.” The Doctor confirmed.

“Then neither is an option,” I decided. “Let me ask you this, Jubilificant. Do you want to be married to me, knowing me as you do? You know I’m sarcastic, stubborn, easily offended and grumpy. What if one of us changes gender? I know you and I come from different viewpoints. I have been and always want to be a woman and I was born heterosexual. I can’t change that part of me and I’m not sure I could be intimate with you if you were the same sex as me.”
“With preparation and education, regenerations are controllable,” he told me. The Doctor cupped my cheek. “Darling, whether you are the same gender or if one of us changes, that will never affect my devotion and adoration of you.”

I looked at my Doctor, feeling guilty for not being able to be as unconditionally loving as I knew he was. Could I be intimate with my Doctor if we were the same gender? I already knew the answer: not as husband and wife, but mates, perhaps with our minds. It wouldn’t change my love for him. We’d figure it out as we went and go forward if we came to that possibility.

If I wanted my old life, I could have it, but for a high price that I didn’t want to pay. I’d lose the Doctor. If I moved forward with him, I’d have to change my way of thinking and my way of life even more than it already had changed. I didn’t know if I could take much more. As much as I loved this man, could I become what he needed in a mate? Could I handle the responsibility of marriage?

I closed my eyes, bowing my head and perceived timelines for a second time. Silver and entwined in all directions and dimensions, I saw how ours entwined and showed us living centuries. I looked at another timeline where our bond had been severed and I resumed my life, but couldn’t see the Doctor anymore because I had reverted to being human. I saw where we lived in this state of limbo and we parted because of irreconcilable differences and I saw where one of us regenerated into a different gender where we failed and one timeline where we loved just as deeply and succeeded. I saw one where we had children and one of died in a war with an unseen enemy. There were fractures, possibilities and consequences all based on the choice I made.

“I’ve made my choice,” I put my hands over his hearts. “As long as we can make forever last.”

My head throbbed with pain for looking at all of time and space in the future. While I could didn’t mean I should because I wasn’t fully equipped to handle that kind of ability. Just because I had it didn’t mean I had control of it.

“I understand,” he said carefully, nodding his agreement. “Do you want stay here on Earth?”

“No all of the time,” I said. I felt a hot sting behind my eyelids tell me I wanted him near and dear. “Let’s go to London and pick a Christmas tree.”

“Shall I get my coat?” he asked.

“Please and wear your scarf!” I always found his pale skin too much of a temptation. I knew what I’d by him for Christmas: a blue scarf.

“Whatever your heart desires. Your wish is my command.”

I looked at him and he at me, lost in the moment when we heard a loud clearing of someone’s throat. “Honeys, I hate to be interrupting you two sweethearts, but we’re out of milk and I’d like to get some more of that delicious chocolate. Plus, Rita and I are still waiting for dessert.”

“Of course,” Jules nodded.

“Criminy!” I exclaimed. “I forgot about Rita.”

“I’ll just tell her-” Rue began.

“We can’t just drop it on her. Hi, by the way, your newest friend is an alien and my husband comes from another universe.” I hissed. “Think about it, Rue.”

“You might be surprised.”
“No, Rita will be,” I promised. “No telling!”

“I get it,” she agreed, returning to the dining room. “After dinner then.”

“After dinner then,” the Doctor agreed. "London."

To Be Continued . . .
A Gallifreyan Alpha Wolf in London

Chapter Summary

I'm the Doctor. I'm a Time Lord. I'm the Alpha Wolf from the planet Gallifrey in the constellation Kasterborus. I'm going to save your life. Any questions?

Friday, 18 December 2020

One week before the holidays and I could barely contain my excitement. The Doctor said that he’d take me to London to pick out a live Christmas tree and do some gift shopping. I told him that I was fine with an artificial tree from Walmart and he claimed one of his hearts stopped beating. He said that Christmas wasn’t really Christmas unless there was a real decorated tree with gifts under it.

I hadn’t planned on doing any extensive Christmas shopping because I’m a Librarian, not a millionaire. The reason that I lived a stable life was because I always stayed within my means. I prepared of all my own meals and rarely dined out. I balanced my account daily and stuck to a frugal budget. I hadn’t planned on buying anything for Christmas, but now I had Rue, the Doctor and Rita to consider.

“My father always said there was never a good reason to go broke for just one holiday out of the year,” I quoted, remembering the tall man with olive skin, black hair and eyes that would read to me every night, tell me jokes, tutor me in politics, religion and history. He had been an educator and researcher who wrote novels as a hobby and was paid to do it. I always found wisdom in his dry, deadpan wit. I decided that going broke just once for a holiday was a suitable exception when I had people in my life that I dearly loved. I had the Doctor, Sexy and Mx. Rue. For the first time in years, I had a family and they meant everything to me.

I had several Christmas memories of my Mom and Dad chattering away at the dinner table every night when they arrived home from work, talking about the day’s news and current event. They conversation occurred in full volume and speed and it was a lucky person who could get a word in edgewise. Since their passing, I didn’t see the point celebrating the holiday by myself. I did keep my tradition of attending midnight Christmas service and putting some money in the red kettle, but that was as far as my Christmases went.

Jules listened to my reasons with a gentle smile on his face and his fingers entwined with mine. He didn’t demand or insist upon anything, only that he’d like to celebrate Christmas with Rue and me because were the first companions that had traveled with him in over 300 years. He asked if we could have an all-out Christmas by having a real tree, enjoy a Christmas Dinner and exchange gifts. I looked into those deeply into his eyes, looking for any sign of delusion or pity. I saw none. I compromised, saying that I’d bring home a real tree if I could buy it London.

“London?” he asked, his eyebrows shot up. “I can take you anywhere in time and space and you want to go to London?”

“Yes,” I answered. “You’ve been to London in your universe, but I’ve never been to London in mine, Jules. I want to walk along the real Baker Street, explore London’s King’s Cross station, see Big Ben, the Big Eye, the Thames, Buckingham Palace, everything.”
He looked at me, "Darling, your wish is my command, but I have reservations about going to London at Christmas."

"Cybermen, Daleks, Gelth and all the other baddies don’t exist here," I took his hands in mine.

"I dealt with the Gelth in Cardiff, Ollie," he gently corrected me.

"I stand corrected," I smiled. "Lifeforms that took on gaseous forms to survive the Time War. The Ninth Doctor, Rose Tyler and Dickens in 1869. When Nine told Rose that she looked beautiful, I started shipping them so hard."

Those blue-green eyes widened and I realized that I’d done it again. I had stepped into his mind, plucked one of his memories, known only to him, discussed it casually as if I had been there and then said I loved when he and Rose were together. Every time that I accidentally did that, he said that it made him 'most peculiar.' I forgot for a moment that I stood with the Doctor, THE DOCTOR. I was just with Jules and I let my fangirl flag fly high. To keep me from doing it he once told me, "Imagine what it would be like if I described a private moment known only to you and your mother with no one else in the room. You and she share a private conversation. With her passing, you are the only one who knows about it. Then, here comes someone who describes that specific moment as if actually there. It's unsettling."

I realized what I had done when I saw his face become stone, his jaw clench and a nerve in his neck twitch. He was making peace with his past, but he wasn't finished. Then, he reached out to me, cupping my cheek and I couldn't help leaning into it. A gentle smile crossed those features. "Oh, Ollie, only you would be that enthusiastic about one of my least favorite incarnations."

"You forget the Ood and the Catkind," he said, those blue-green eyes fearlessly meeting my brown ones. "They exist in this world."

Then, I realized that I was a part of his existence. It didn't seem surreal, it was just something had become a regular part of my life with this wonderful man.

"True, fair point." I conceded. "You forget this is a parallel universe, so there will be some similarities, but if there were Cybermen or a twin of planet Earth, we would have seen them by now."

"I’ve waited so long for you, Darling," he crushed me to his chest, wrapping his arms tightly around and pressed his lips into my hair. I inhaled deeply his scent of spice and pumpkin, clove and cinnamon. This man was a walking autumn holiday on legs. "I thought that I would die here and then I found you. I daren’t take the risk of losing you by testing fate."

I knew he was still in the process of saying good bye to one companion, finally letting her go after several hundred years of guilt weighing on him, crushing his hearts to nothing. Now, he was afraid he’d lose me and I wanted to cry with joy, but more so assure him that we’d be fine. "We don’t have to worry, Jules. Remember, Sexy made me part Tardis, part Time Lord and 100 % badass. We both know I regenerate, you said I did on the operating table, but damn! I wished I could remember it."

His eyes glistened, reminding me of topaz. I’m not being corny; he looked beatific as an angel with all that unshed emotion. "I can’t bear to lose you."

"Jubilificent," I said the entire name I gave him within hours of our first meeting; that special name only he and I knew and shared. It carried great weight between us and I rarely used it because I didn’t want to diminish its significance of what it meant to him and what it had come to mean to me. He once told Clara Oswald in an episode that his real name didn’t matter, but the name he chose. It
was like a promise one makes.

I realized that first night when he asked me to name him that he wanted me to make a promise to him, a statement that he meant something to me. He needed that promise that he mattered to someone and that he wasn’t alone. He needed a tether to life and to love and to a bond not yet made. He was guilt-ridden, broken and shattered and he asked me to promise that I would care for him, help him and love him. I didn’t know the implication of the act of naming him then. Had I known, I probably would’ve ran. . .or not.

“Jubillicant, my love. I promise to love, adore and cherish you for as long as we both live, as long as we can make forever last. I will be at your side, on your mind and in your heart always. I will make every effort to never have us separated. You are my universe and I can’t bear to lose you either.”

There, I’d practically said Earth wedding vows and I meant every word spoken. I would keep the promise I made him that night when we met. He was my Jubillicant and MY Doctor.

“Oh, Ollie! My sweet Ollie,” the Doctor pressed a hard kiss into my hair and we clung to each other because he was the other half of me and I was the other half of him. He relaxed at that point. Jules told me to pack a bag and be ready to ride the tide. After packing a small bag and making a hefty deposit from my bank account, I was ready to do Christmas in grand style.

We stood there in front of the Tardis with Jules on right and Rue on my left, armed and ready to shop.

Knowing the likelihood of running into a snafu or an alien invasion was slim because those things didn’t exist in my universe, I felt quite at ease. Still, it was wise to dress in clothing that let me run freely. I wore a white tee-shirt with a pull-over forest green sweater that kept me warm, but allowed mobility. No white tennis shoes for this person. I chose a pair of lace-up brown combat boots with good treads on the sole to gain traction in the snow.

As my former incarnation, I’d never worn anything like a leather jacket, but I liked the brown leather jacket that I’d recently bought. It looked as though it was specifically made for me, but it was loose in all the right places. When I saw it, I remembered the Ninth Doctor wore leather and I plucked it from the Tardis’ wardrobe. It had additional inside pockets that allowed me to store my silver sonic (my personal name for my customized sonic screwdriver) safely in an inside pocket.

We simply stared at one another for a moment before Jules held at his hand, wriggling his fingers in encouragement. I gave him a large grin and placed my hand in his, loving the feel of his strong grasp of my hand. The Tardis’ doors flew open and we dashed out of like young children running to play.

As the Doctor held my hand, I tilted my head back and caught falling snowflakes on my tongue. I felt their winter coolness and tasted winter for the first time. I stomped one foot and the other, slowly, then increased the speed, loving the sound of newly-fallen snow crunch beneath my feet. I heard carolers down the street sing one of my favorite songs, “God Rest Ye Merry Gentlfolk,” and took in the Christmas lighting adorning the buildings and the streetlights.

The soft winter breeze blew a gust of snow in my face, stinging my skin, but I didn’t care. I was in London with my Doctor and my best friend. Looking around in quiet awe, I saw things that looked familiar. Down the street I saw the sign of YouMe Sushi and behind us, I saw Vy’s nails. Up the street I knew that I’d see Hudson’s Restaurant and the Sherlock Holmes museum.

“You brought me to Baker Street?” I asked in wonder, staring at everything around me. “When?”

“Current day, Darling,” Jules answered, his free hand touching my temple. I felt his love and fierce
devotion was over me and I was humbled. “I knew if you went anywhere in London, it would be here.”

“You know me too well. You are my Alpha.” I smiled at him. “This is the most wonderful Christmas gift that you could have given me.”

I hear Rue clear xyr throat, looking skyward. I looked upward, seeing we were under a street lamp, but nothing significant. “Rue, do you have it?”

“I do,” Rue grinned, putting something into Jules’ hand. “Now, get to it, Jules.”

I looked at Rue with one raise brow. Xyr looked at me with an innocent smile. “Don’t look at me, Tulip, I just work here.”

I saw Jules blink several times in rapid succession and card his hand through his hair. He looked at Rue as if he sought reassurance. Rue blinked once, xyr large blue rhinestone earrings dangling with movement. Rue gave him an encouraging smile. “Go on, Jules, it’s time.”

The next thing I knew, Jules Noble knelt before me on one knee in the snow, holding a blue velvet box. My eyes widened to the size of dinner plates. I felt his fear, insecurity and nervousness slam into my mind with the force of a wrecking ball.

“Hello,” he said shyly with a boyish smile. “I’m the Doctor.”

“I’m the Doctor.”

“Hello,” I whispered in awe.

“Ollie, when I thought I’d be better off ending my life, the Ood said that I hadn’t found my song. I knew I wanted a companion with whom I could share the rest of my lives. I’ve always wanted a companion like you who wanted to explore the universe and simply accepted me as I am. You’re the kind of person that exists once every never. I love you, my Darling girl and everything about you: your mind, your heart, your smile, that sharp tongue and temper of yours—”

I smirked at those last two things because I knew they were true. In this incarnation, I had a sharp tongue lethal enough to slice through steel and my temper was a slow burn, but bit like a blast of dynamite. Jules had borne the brunt of it on more than one occasion and lived to tell the tale.

“Your spirit, everything that you are.” he continued. He opened the lid of the blue velvet box beneath that lamppost on a snowy night in London on Baker Street.

I watched it sparkle in the gold illumination of the streetlight. The main stone was a marquis-cut blue or violet stone with with brilliant blue fire opal inlaid on other side of a blue gold wedding band. I gasped. I felt the ring come alive within the box, its energy reaching out to touch my mind. I gawked at it, realizing the ring had some of Jules’ sentence infused within it. He took it out of the box, holding it up and I saw on engraved on the inside band were our names in Gallifreyan. Now, I felt emotion swell up in me, threatening to brim over as tears.

“I found no words and I gasped, covering my hand with my mouth. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

“Olivia Zoe Brasseaux,” I thought I heard Jules’ deep voice waiver slightly. “I will love you for every moment of my existence, please be a part of it for as long as we both live. Will you do me the extraordinary honor of becoming my wife?”

I hadn’t seen this one coming. I looked over at Rue, feeling bewildered and helpless. I thought the Doctor was happy with the bond and shagging. I never thought he’d want to bond himself to me in
London, England, UK. Baker Street in front of the Tardis with the Doctor kneeling before me with a proposal of marriage and a declaration of love falling from his lips more precious than diamonds. I heard the whirring and humming of the Tardis behind me. Rather than Sexy speaking directly to me with words via her avatar, I received several mental pictures traveling the universe in the Tardis accompanied by a feeling of gleeful anticipation.

The Universe is sometimes kind and God sometimes smiles at his children. “YES.”

“Yes?” the Doctor asked.

“Yes.” I said again with utter confidence. “Jubillicant Noble, yes, I would be honored to be your wife.”

“Now, I know what she calls you!” Rue said, clapping hands together with giddy joy.

“Oh, Darling!” he took my hand in his and he slid the ring on my left ring finger. It was a perfect fit. “I am humbled to be your fiance. I never thought that you’d have me.”


He stood up and, at that moment, I grabbed him by his coat lapels, pulling him forward and downward toward me to kiss him with every bit of love and passion I felt for him. He returned the kiss, deepening it and when his tongue flicked against mine, I tasted a hint of chocolate and mint. I felt his hands on my waist and he whirled me around in a giddy circle. “I am the happiest man in the universe right now.”

“The lonely god meets his beautiful muse,” Rue sniffed, wiping her eye. “Never keep a Time Lord from his Muse.”

“I love you,” I whispered as our brows pressed together, us cupping the other’s cheeks, fingers to temples and noses touching. “Eternally.”

“Now, my Love, you have given my the most wonderful Christmas gift,” Jules’ voice was deep, rich and filled with joy. “Let’s go Christmas shopping.”

We spent the evening shopping at several stores and I picked up several things for my new family. I also thought it wasn’t a bad thing to go with the old adage, “Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue.” Jules heard my thoughts instead of sensing them. Reaching inside his personally tailored pocket, he pulled out another blue box. I looked down, wondering what was in that one. Long and rectangular, I recognized it to be a box for something such as a bracelet. I looked at him in silent question, back at the box and then back at him.

“Jules?” I asked. “Are you proposing twice?”

“No, Darling. This is something that I’ve been meaning to give to you for some time.” he held out the box like a twelve-year-old boy trying to impress the girl he fancied. I had no clue what was in the box, but I took it from him and slowly opened the lid. The Doctor amazed me twice that night with gifts I had never expected to be given. On a sparkling silver chain was a shiny silver key with
Gallifreyan script engraved upon it. Now, I’d managed to learn a few words and phrases over the past few months, but this was a word that I’d never seen. It didn’t take much to deduct.

“A Tardis key?” I looked at with hope swelling in my heart.

“Yes.”

“Help me put it on.” I squealed. “Oh, Doctor!”

“With pleasure,” he moved behind me, his tapered fingers brush against the nape of my neck. After he fastened the clasp, he planted a lingering kiss on my sensitive skin that sent bolts of carnality through me.

“All right now, y’all, what do you say on Earth,” Jules and I turned to see Rue holding up a cell phone. “Say, please.”

“Cheese,” we corrected her and then were thoroughly blinded by the bright light of the flash.

We walked arm in arm with Rue chatting merrily when a sudden feeling of dread came over me. I looked around, figuring out it wasn’t coming from Rue or Jules. I looked all up and down the street, finding that most of the people had disappeared without any of us noticing. I waited to hear the opening and closing of shop doors or the sounds of automobile motors, but nothing came. Only the eerie silence hovering over us made me realize that we not in a safe place.

“Something’s wrong,” I said in a hushed whisper to my fiance. “Do you feel it?”

“I do. It’s like evil is following us.” Rue agreed, moving closer and behind us, watching our flank. “It’s like evil is following us.”

“Darling,” I watched Jules’ sharp eyes scan the area while he pulled out his sonic screwdriver. “Be ready to move on my mark.”

“Jules,” I said, reaching for my silver wand. “You can yell at me later, just trust me now, all right?”

He saw the silver sonic wand gleam in the streetlight. “Is that-”

“A take on a sonic screwdriver,” I explained, scanning upward. We all had our backs to each other, shoulders touching as we surveyed the area. “I copped it together based on some discarded designs of yours. I wanted to be protected.”

“You and I are going to have a very serious discussion about the dangers of adapting alien tech when you don’t have the skill base or the knowledge to properly re-purpose it-”

“Hey, Harry and Meghan, can you all pipe down while I get a lock and whatever thinks we’re happy meals on legs?” I saw Rue pull out a blaster from within the dark poncho xyr wore. “Y’all, head for the Tardis. NOW.”

At that moment, the street lights at the end of Baker street started blowing out, one after the next, with a traveling darkness edging toward us with increasing speed He held his hand out to me, giving me in a wild grin while I felt fear and fascination battle for dominance within me. I took his hand in min, giving him an understand nod. Then, the Doctor said the one word that I never thought I’d hear from him.

“Run!”
As we ran with the Doctor holding one hand and Rue holding the other, we didn’t make it in time. We were still a hundred yards from the Tardis with no way of escape and I had left my smartphone with the transmat app in my bedroom. We needed light and we needed it quickly. I felt frost form on my clothing and the chill went beyond the winter cold. It was a frigid cold that sank through my skin to my bones and froze my soul.

With Rue on one side and the doctor on the other, he held his screwdriver high, turning it into a bright beacon warding off the darkness. I admit, I screamed, when I saw the tattered black robes fluttering in the wind. The creatures hovering around and above us in a circle were hooded, their faces unseen. They reminded me of flying grim reapers, ringwraiths or very unemployed Dementors. I noticed large skeletal hands and the bleakness of loss fill me. I was lost, but heard a familiar comforting voice in my head. ‘Be strong, my Librarian. Let the Alpha Wolf protect you.’

I said aloud, “Alpha Wolf?”

“What?” he looked at me as if I’d lost my senses.

“Sexy said let the Alpha Wolf protect me,” I said, shaking my head in confusion. ”What does she mean?”

“No,” he started.

“Damn it, Jules, I don’t know what these things are!” I decided to hate him later. “We’re not in my world’s London. What did she mean by the Alpha Wolf?”

“For you and Rue,” he nodded. He closed his eyes, still holding his sonic screwdriver high. I peeked into his mind, seeing the golden time vortex overtake the blue. I felt a powerful, primal force rise within the Doctor as his consciousness melded with the Heart of the Tardis. When the Tardis’s heart melded with Rose Tyler, she became a goddess of life known as the Bad Wolf. When the Tardis’ heart fused with the Doctor’s essence, he became the Alpha Wolf.

I didn’t see that one coming. Engulfed in gold swirls of vortex energy, my Doctor wasn’t the Destroyer of Worlds, the Valeyard or the Oncoming Storm. He was the Heart of the Tardis incarnate: The Alpha Wolf. I was so engrossed with watching him that I forgot to use my silver sonic. I felt my inner fangirl defiantly taunt the enemy as I chuckled with glee, “You’ve just opened a can of whoop-ass, kids!”

“I have looked into the Tardis and the Tardis into me,” Jules said, his eyes glowed molten gold as the vortex’s energy swirled around him like a blizzard. He turned his attention the Grim Reaper wannabees hovering around, behind, above and in front of us. “I am the Alpha Wolf, protector and defender of those in my charge. I embody the essence of Time and Space and am one with the universe. I see all of time and space, multiverse and existence and you are nothing. I see the strands of your pitiful existence and I end them, scattering you into the Void.”

‘Now is not the time for speeches,’ I couldn’t help think while rolling my eyes.

I watched the swirls of energy waft out from the Doctor’s glowing form, becoming tentacles outreached. Each appendage of the Alpha Wolf’s power wrapped around each foe until it exploded in a combination of fire and stardust. I watched as Rue pulled out some strange token the size of xyr hand, chanting in a language I didn’t understand, holding the evil wraiths at bay.

I didn’t fare so well. I drew out my silver sonic, wondering if I’d survive. I felt the cold depths of death wrapping around my soul. Wherever we were, it wasn’t my world’s London. I felt the dark, skeletal hands of an invisible enemy wrap around me, pulling me out of the Doctor’s grasp. I saw the
Alpha Wolf turned to me. “Olivia!”

I became cold, anguished and full of despair. I remembered the deaths of my parents, my suicide attempt and the loss of anyone who meant something to me. I relived my battle with depression and the thought of being mentally ill. The wraith lifted me as if I weighed nothing, taking me away from my Doctor and my heart broke. As the golden figure became smaller, I felt the coldness fill my body and my soul vanishing. I knew what was killing me, but could scarcely believe it. I had an inspiration, didn’t know if it’d work, but it was the only chance I had.

Pulling out my silver sonic, I barely had the strength in my hand to hold it. Fighting the cold and oncoming oblivion, I prayed to the God I love, remember Him and that my parents were with Him and that I’d be joining them soon. That brought me peace and joy. I thought of my beloved Doctor and the joy he had brought to my life and the love he inspired. In these memories, I clawed my way from the quagmire of despair to scream the words, “Expecto Patronum.”

My silver sonic glowed, the crystal on the end sparked to life. I heard the Dementor scream, loosening its grip on me. Then, bing. Bam. Boom. Nothing.

The dementor shrieked as brilliant gold fire surrounded us, burning and consuming. Shrill, it let me go when it screamed and I fell through the air, hundreds of feet above the ground. I knew I was dying from the Dementor’s attack and I’d be dead when I hit the ground. ‘Jules, I love you.”

I was in freefall.

Then I felt warm, golden energy surround me, catching me midair and stopping my decent. Gently, the tendrils of sweet gold (not the monstrous tentacles that I saw grip the Dementors) slowly lowered me to the ground. I felt the cold, snowy concrete against my back and a loving golden god hold me in his arms.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered. “Is Rue safe?”

“Rue is in the Tardis,” the Alpha Wolf’s voice soothed the cold from my bones. “Olivia, you’ll be fine-”

“No, I won’t,” I could feel my body shutting down. I looked over his shoulder and say my mother standing there.

“Let me be your Doctor,” he whispered, bringing his lips to mine. The Alpha Wolf loved his mate so much that he gave his love and life in the kiss, fusing his regenerative energy into me so that I would live. I felt the Heart of the Tardis flow from him to me. I felt the Time Vortex jumpstart my regeneration and I saw the Alpha Wolf still held me, looking down at me with glowing gold eyes.. His chaste kiss imbued me with life and I felt that slow burn begin. I felt a tingling in my hands, then my legs and finally my head.

“Get away from me, Jules,” I slapped his hands away as his energy healed me. I knew the Dementor had taken too much energy for me to regenerate, so the Doctor gave me part of the Tardis’ heart to start the process. I knew I was regenerating and it was supposed to tear me apart from the sub-atomic level and reconfigure me into a different entity. Now, I remembered how it felt because I screamed when I first regenerated after I died on the operating table while Sister Nominae tried to save my life.

The Doctor had taken my memories of it to spare me the pain and I remembered everything. It had been less painful the first time. I felt my Jubilificent embrace me as we burned in glory together. I felt our bond strengthen as I became a new creation and he along with me. I heard windows shatter and the Earth rumbled, the sonic boom from our mutual regeneration set off car alarms, caused
hydrants to become geysers and lightning to strike. A moment later, I felt disoriented as I looked at my Doctor, but not my Doctor.
The White Worm Rabbit Hole or How Did We End Up Here, Sherlock?

Chapter Summary

Only when traveling with the Doctor does one get a lesson in Physics and Magic all in one day,

The Doctor had taken my memories of my first regeneration to spare me from remembering the pain and I now it rushed back into my consciousness like the breaking of Hoover Dam. It had been less painful the first time, if unbearable could be called less painful. I felt my Jubilificent embrace me as we burned in glory together. Somewhere, it the back of my mind, I felt a second presence that seemed strange and alien to me, helping me my sanity even as each molecule exploded within as my entire body was being rewritten. I maintained a degree of sanity as the golden essence reached out to me through the Doctor, entering my mind again against my will. She had done it once via telepathy and she did it again to hold me together to survive this burning.

“No,” I screamed at my Doctor as he came toward me.

“Then, we die together, Re’Hallion,” he embraced me and I felt him glow with me. “Together and always. We will be reborn together. No more fading. No more withering. No more dying, Oliva.”

“Jubilificent, my oncoming storm of blue and gold who heals and makes others better, bridging the expanse between ideas at the speed of thought, bringing hope, faith and love,” I spoke the name he’d asked me to give him when we first met, that beautiful promise of what was to come, but I hadn’t known yet. I spoke the English translation of his true Gallifreyan name, still highly unpronounceable to me, but the secret that I’d always carry with me.

He bent so that his brow touched mine and I felt his soul, his time stream, his mind flow inside of me, through me, inside me as it entwined with my time stream, his mind and my soul. I felt our bond strengthen as I became a new creation and he along with me. I heard windows shatter and the Earth rumble, the sonic boom from our mutual regeneration set off car alarms, caused hydrants to become geysers and lightning to strike. Gallifreyans didn’t bond like this with one another. There was more to this than a connection between mates or souls being twins. I felt his timestream and soul entwine with mine, becoming part of me.

That definitely wasn’t Gallifreyan or Human. He linked his lifeforce to mine without thought of his own safety or anyone who might be around us. I felt the pain abate as we stood inside the eye of the golden fiery cyclone as those blue-green eyes vanished, his features changed before my eyes and he became a different person. I felt tears fall as I lost my Doctor to a stranger that I had to come to know. I held on to all my remaining thoughts. “Please, God, Help me help him, help Sexy. There has to be a better way.”

A moment or a month later, I felt my legs give as weakness overtook me. I felt strong arms catch me before I fell. My mind raced through memories, looking for comfort and solace from the physical pain in my limbs. I locked on to an odd memory, one where Rue had asked me what it felt like to regenerate. I told Rue that I couldn’t remember except that it felt like being burned alive from the inside out.

I screamed, wailing as I went blind from the light of my own transformation. I felt Jules’ arms around
me, trying to take away my pain as he endured his own. Putting two regenerations in the same area is like dropping an atomic bomb inside a nuclear power plant, not a good idea.

The concussion alone blew out windows for blocks, made gas lines explode and sent out an EMP strong enough to stop all electrical devices from functioning. Because we were near Vy’s nails, we set the building on fire due to the chemicals inside, but the light of the Alpha Wolf combined with the regenerative light was enough to send the Dementors running, Rue told me afterwards. When it finished, I lay in the rubble on my back with tears streaming down my eyes.

My Doctor gently lowered me to the ground, my tears flowing as I looked up at the gold energy swirling around him, his eyes glowing with it. I knew now what the third presence was inside of my mind during regeneration. There was me, there was the Doctor and there was the Soul of the Tardis; the matrix from which all things in the Tardis were born. Sexy had joined us during my regeneration, giving my Doctor the powers of a god to see me through my transformation and she had linked us together so that I’d survive. Somehow, she’d known as I had, that I wouldn’t have made it. He gave me his life to live and she’d given us a fragment of hers, changing everything. I knew it. None of us were the same.

Now, I had a spark of the Tardis’ soul inside of me while the Doctor carried it him like a torch in the darkness. I knew I could look at the Heart of my Mother and survive. It also filled my mind with secrets meant only for those two and I wasn’t ready for the big reveal at that moment. He had become the Tardis’ avatar, not the Bad Wolf as that was female, but the male incarnation of my mother, her son: the Alpha Wolf.

I looked at him, his eyes burning scarlet and crimson rather than gold. Was he angry, did he feel rage? “Jubilificent?”

“Oh, my Olivia,” he hugged me tightly, his voice sounded desperate to my each as he clung to me, his tears warm against my skin.

“I wasn’t meant to survive this one, you know,” I said, weakness replacing pain and I was thankful for it.

“I don’t give a bloody damn,” his ferocity took me by surprise. “Never again will I lose someone I love. You and I will never be separated, I promise you.”


Laying beside me, he took my hand. “I’m sorry, Darling, I had no idea it was that horrendous for you. Now, that I do, it will never be like that for you again.”

“Please tell me that you won’t regenerate every time that I do,” I needed to breathe. “I feel like I’ve been ran over by a tank,”

I remained on my back, turning to look at him. The love, the fury, the divinity of his expression frightened me. He was far beyond Time Lord and more so the Vengeful god filled with the Tardis’ power. It was more than I could bear, feeling his pain and loss. His anguish and despair made me weep and sob until I had nothing left in me. He looked down at me in shock, not understanding that his emotions had poured into me and I had to release them.

I took in his appearance him a stern look. “Eww, you’re green and you have tentacles. Those eye stocks definitely make you look like a praying mantis.”

“Bloody Hell,” he held his free hand in front of his face, seeing that his skin wasn’t green. His hand
traveled slowly to his head, feeling his brow. I couldn’t keep a straight face, so I looked away even as I grimaced in pain. When I had enough control of myself, I saw Jules checking his teeth. “No eye stocks.”

“No eyes stocks,” I confirmed deadpan.

“No tentacles?” he asked.

“No tentacles,” I confirmed.

“Oh, you minx,” Jules said when he caught on that I had played him like a Stradivarius. He shook his head and chuckled. “By the sound of my voice, I’m still a man, Baby!”

I would never show him another Austin Powers move as long as I lived, I silently promised.

I listened to his accent, my mind quickly comparing the inflections and intonations to other British accents. This one had a hint of Welsh, nearly undetectable. He sounded much less posh than his previous incarnation and definitely much more rock star. I heard a bit of working class and a subtle guttural stop in his words. I searched my mind for the right term and Estuary popped in my mind. I had also heard that same voice many times in my pre-Doctor days.

My head ached and my temples throbbed, but I turned to my head to the left to study my doctor. He had thick wavy black hair except is was shorter. Gone were those icy blue-green eyes that I knew so well. Instead, sable eyes stared back at me fringed by thick black lashed. He had a more traditionally handsome face and sported two day stubble. He was the Doctor, but he didn’t look like mine.

“Say, ‘Detective,” I said.

“Detective?” he asked as if I were daft.

He sounded and looked exactly like Tom Ellis as Lucifer Morningstar. I closed my eyes, thanking God he didn’t look like John C. Reilly. Jubillicant was beautiful, as beautiful as the fallen angel on one of my favorite television shows on Netflix.

Now, I listened to my voice. I went through my go-to phrases. Cray-Awn, Caramel (three syllables) Roly-poly, aunt (like the insect), Merry/ Mary/ Marry all sounded the same. The words dudes and chicks came to mind. Going through the database in my brain, I realized my accent had shifted from classic Midwestern to Western.

To me carbonated drinks were soda, not pop, and selling junk in a front yard was a garage sale. I also realized I needed an update to my database; it seemed out of date. I found that invisible golden thread that was an ethereal link to my Mother’s soul and I asked for more information.

“No, you’ve been through too much all ready,” Sexy responded. “Absolutely not.”

‘Mum,’ I used the British term because calling her Mom made me think of mine and I didn’t want to cry anymore. ‘I saw House, Auntie, Nephew, Uncle, Idris, how Amy learned to visualize as she communicated via thoughts. Now, I understood why you chose me. I haven’t been useful, have I? I can speak to you because you and I communicate the same way through thoughts and images, scents and textures, colors and flavors. You can’t communicate with the Doctor directly without me on board. I act as the translator and the conduit. That is why you chose me, because I’m broken, but that works for you. You didn’t choose me because you thought I’d be good for him. You needed someone who was specifically broken this way.”

“I chose you because you have a unique gift and a beautiful soul. I asked the Universe to show me one way to directly speak with my thief the one day that we had and the Universe brought me to
you,” Sexy responded aloud in my mind. “You were what we needed because he no longer listened to my prompts. He chose not to hear me. You hear me clearly and we speak even though it’s through colors, flavors and images. Because of your link with my Thief, now I can speak to him as I once did when I inhabited flesh. Olivia, you have given us a wonderous gift and I chose you as I stole him. You were wanted and chosen, Daughter. I love you and I love my thief. You have brought happiness to us and that is a debt I can never repay.”

“I don’t want payment, please,” I said closing my eyes as my body asked for sleep. “Just don’t send me away or desert me. Don’t leave me.”

“Never,” she promised. Golden swirls wrapped around me, swaddling me in her golden protective warmth.

I noticed this incarnation was definitely one who loved vocabulary and much with the detail-oriented. Changing personalities and person was enough to give me whiplash and make me bat-shinola cray-cray. My voice sounded lower than my previous voice had. I sang a scale and it was on pitch. I wouldn’t win Britain’s Got Talent or American Idol, but I wasn’t tone-deaf.

“Darling, am I ginger?” Jules asked.

“No, still raven’s wing black,” I smiled, carding my fingers through his shorter, wavy black hair. I decided to keep my conversation with Sexy a secret for the time being.

“Here, let me help you sit up,” he said, scrambling to my side. I held up my hand to stop him.

“No, don’t touch,” I almost pleaded. “I’m in serious pain, Jules and feel like I’ve been hit by a MAC truck.”

He pulled out his sonic screwdriver, running it over me. “No broken bones, blood pressure quite low for a human but well within Gallifreyan norms. Body Temperature is 15 degrees Celsius. For you, Darling, that’s 78.8 degrees Fahrenheit. Two hearts? Oh, well that is a surprise. Hearts are beating 170 beats per minute. Muscle and Bone density at same levels as your previous incarnation.”

I checked hands, feet, teeth and found all to be normal. What I truly wanted to know was what I looked like now. The Doctor had turned, again, into a handsome devil and I wanted to know if what had become of me.

The Doctor pressed two fingers to the base of my skull and I felt gentle pulses of energy seep into my neck, spine and shoulders. The healing energy of his telepathic touch felt a gentle massage to my aching muscles, inducing a comforting warmth that spread throughout my body. Within a few minutes, my aches and bruises were gone. “How do you feel, Pet?”

“Dude, much better, seriously,” I answered.

“Dude?” I noticed that when Jules looked at me, he never blinked.

“Pet?” I asked in return.

“An endearment, Ollie,” he cupped my cheek. “If you don’t mind me asking, am I ginger?”

“Nope,” I shook my head, giving him a wistful smile. “You are still black-haired and beautiful.”

“Do you like what I see?” he asked quietly.

“Oh, yes!” I agreed. “But it’s so strange seeing you like this.” I motioned to his body. “It’s different
and how could you possibly get anymore fracking beautiful? It’s not fair.”

“As are you,” he whispered in the shell of my ear, bringing my fingers to his lips “Every time, I see you, you are more lovely that the time before. How is that possible?”

“What color is my hair?” I asked.

“Well, my Re’Hallion,” he gave me a solemn look. “You’re bald.”

“What?” I squawked

“You’re quite dashing a man with a goatee,” he cupped my cheek. “I will always love you now matter your gender.”

My hand miraculously found strength to touch my head. I felt thick curls. Then, I reached for my chin and I thanked God when I found that my chin and cheeks were smooth to my touch.

“Paybacks are a bitch, Love,” he smirked.

I pulled back my arm and let it give him a good slap on his cheek, watching his head turn with the force of the blow. I started cursing at him and then halfway through, I noticed him gawking at me and I listened to my words. They weren’t English. I said every phrase carefully. “Frack. Scrag. Son of a motherless Caedmon. Holy Hell, Jules, am I speaking-?”

“Fluently,” he said with wide eyes. “Gallifreyan profanity in its finest form.”

I concentrated on the words of my Mom, her telling me about her recipe for Divinity. I counted to ten, carefully enunciating each number. “And now?”

“English,” he replied. “I’ve never seen you with such a ferocious temper or a sharp tongue.”

“Well, don’t tell me I’m bald,” I retorted.

“You told me I was green with tentacles,” one brow quirked with mirth.

“Fair point,” I agreed. “So, really, how bad do I look?”

“Truly lovely,” Jules said, tucking a stray tendril behind my ear. “Your hair isn’t dark, but shades of black, sliver and gray. You have white streaks that frame your face and your eyes are dark like onyx.”

“Am I old?”

“No,” he replied. “But you have the starting of crow’s feet. I say you look about forty.”

“Slate with lovely streaks of white,” he grinned. “It’s shorter, but has lovely curls and is quite thick.”

“Are you saying I’m . . . gray?” I felt my eyebrows rise to their maximum height. “As in old gray or ‘I look stylish gray?’”

“I think that would depend upon your perspective.” I didn’t care for his careful reply.

“You don’t have wrinkles and you appear adult, but far from elderly,” he assured me. “Your eyes are darker than last time and appear black instead of brown.”
“I want to see a mirror.”

“Darling, we haven’t the time. God only knows how long until those creatures return,” Jules scanned the area. “We need to get out of the open and find shelter until we can figure out what they were and why they attacked you.”

“They were Dementors,” I said while a deep baritone voice spoke the same words simultaneously. I looked behind us to see two men standing there and my jaw dropped. One was tall and slender with wavy black hair and ice blue eyes. He wore a dark blue scarf tucked inside the lapels of his black Belstaff coat. His eyes glinted in the moonlight and I felt that I had seen a phantasm. Standing before me was my precious Jules.

To my side, the man who looked like Tom Ellis (as Lucifer Morningstar) wore the same coat, but with the Red Scarf of Levitation. Pointed at us was a long slender wand made of dark wood sporting a glowing end. I realized I still had my silver sonic in hand and subtly moved it in his direction.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” the Benedict Cumberbatch wannabe warned us.

“Drop your wands.”

“Wands?” the Doctor laughed. “You’re mistaken, these aren’t wands. They’re-”

“None of your business,” I finished for the Doctor, quickly positioning myself in front of him. I found it amazing how quickly I found strength when I was in the middle of losing my temper or in a fit of fury. “Who are you?”

“I should ask the same of you,” he countered, a hardness in his features. He definitely wasn’t my passionate, caring, protective Jules.

I saw his aura be almost devoid of emotion. The word ‘sentiment’ flitted through my thoughts. To him, solving mysteries wasn’t merely a mental exercise it was -

“An addiction!” I exclaimed. Both Blue Scarf and Short Man beside him looked at me as if I were quite the nutter. Nutter? That was a quintessential English term. Since when did I say nutter? “You solve mysteries because they’re like an addiction.”

“Don’t you know that invasive telepathy is not only rude, but against the law?” Blue Scarf gave me an icy stare that bordered on contempt.

“You broadcast your thoughts like an FM station, Dude,” I replied. “Do you seriously not know what a mental filter is?”

“Both of you stop bickering,” Short man stepped between us. “Sherlock, put down your wand. You, whoever, you are, quit talking.”

“Excuse you?” I said. “Who died and made you God?”

“You’re the one who brought Dementors to Baker Street, doing enough damage that Muggles will take notice.” Short Man pointed at the area surrounding us. “Who are you?”

“You first,” I pressed. Rolling my sonic between my fingers. Parallel universes don’t guarantee that multiversal counterparts are always the good guys. Jubilucifer, I chuckled at the portmanteau, brought his hands to my silver sonic, gently pushing it downward.

“Put it away, Love,” he advise me gently. “If they wanted to harm us, they wouldn’t be asking
“Since when did you become the voice of reason, Jules?” I gave him an odd look.

“Since now I am inside your mind and soul in ways I never thought possible,” he gave me a tender smile. “They are simply trying to protect innocent people. You must admit, have Dementors around us doesn’t look good.”

I put away my sonic. “You, Short Man, don’t ever tell me to quit talking. Not a good idea when I’m pissed off.”

“You don’t demand anything here,” the glow of the wand tip grew brighter on Blue Scarf’s wand.

“I can ask anything I damn well please consider I almost died just now,” I countered. “Shut up, Sherlock.”

“Olivia, enough,” Jules hissed, gently grasping my arm. “More spiders with sugar than vinegar.”

He was the Doctor and I was his Companion. While I wanted to wipe that condescending near-sneer off the stranger’s face, I decided my attitude didn’t help our situation. “Fine.”

Jules steeped in front of me, holding up his hands with his sonic in one. “Hello, I’m the Doctor.”

“Doctor Who?” the shorter man beside the stranger spoke for the first time. I judged him to be approximately 5’6 or 5’7”, compact body, quiet stare and no movement.

“Just the Doctor,” Jules gave a cheerful reply. “And you are?”

“John Watson,” the shorter man kept his mouth in a firm, thin line. “And this is Sherlock Holmes.”

“Sherlock Holmes?” Jules eyes widened with recognition, looking at me. “Didn’t you say I resembled the actor who played this bloke on the telly?”

“Yes,” I said, never taking my eyes off of the Detective. “Sherlock William Scott Holmes. Consulting Detective, BBC version. Approximately late thirties, post forth season by the looks of the amount of wrinkles on his face. The Short Man is his best and only friend, Dr. John Hamish Watson, widower, and father to toddler daughter named Rosemond.”

“How do you know this?” Lucifer asked me.

“We watched Sherlock one night, remember?”

“You mean that those DVDS are them?”

“Remember, in my world, these people are the result of someone’s imagination and never existed.”

“Does she ever shut up?” Dr. Watson asked.

“No,” Jules and I answered together. Dr. Watson never took his eyes from Jules as they stared at one another and he didn’t acknowledge when I had spoken. Part of me wanted to blurt out what I wanted, but this new mind said, ‘stay quiet and observe.’

Introductions were made and the tension became slightly less thick and less soupy. When the Doctor conversed with the other doctor, I made it my business to study Blue Scarf. He looked so much my Jules had before regeneration and I felt my heart break a little as I thought of my beloved fiancé now forever changed.
I found Sherlock staring at me as the Doctors talked. Jules and I took the chairs that all clients sat in when discussing a case that might interest Sherlock. I found it strange that Doctor Watson did most of the questioning, but I wondered if it was because he and the Doctor were the more level-headed out of the four of us.

My mind strayed, asking myself why did Sherlock Holmes have a wand straight out of Harry Potter and it had glowed? I realized that we had entered a dimension where the two universes had amalgamated into one. This universe wasn’t canon Sherlock or Potterverse, but Potterlock. Now, with us in it, it had become Doctor Potterlock. Yay, I thought without enthusiasm. I’m a sidekick. Lovely.

‘Peace, my daughter,’ Sexy’s voice echoed in my mind. ‘With this regeneration, not only have you gained a temper, but a jealous, possessive streak. Don’t let either get the better of you. Relish in your uniqueness. You are the Doctor’s Muse; the woman who made him wait.’

‘So, Amy Pond is the girl who waited and Clara was the Impossible Girl,’ I returned the thought. ‘What good am I to him if I make him wait?’

‘Patience,’ she answered.

Did she mean I needed to patient or that the Doctor needed to learn patience?

“Would you care for some tea, Ms. Brasseaux?” A deep voice cut into my reverie.

I blinked several times, coming out of my trance-like state. I looked up at Sherlock who had a pleasant smile on his face. I closed my eyes, smelling a pleasant linen smell permeate the room and I thought I caught a hint of pipe tobacco. His aura was far less gray than it previously appeared and he seemed more open. Then again, if this man was a wizard in a Potter-like universe, he could make himself appear anyway he wanted.

Then again, he’d probably never encountered a Synesthetic Telepath. This had been one of the most unusual nights that I’d ever experienced since I’d started traveling with Jules. He and I had simultaneously regenerated, somehow ended up somewhere definitely not of my universe, met Sherlock and John while seeing magic at work. I was in the middle of a fangirl fantasy come true. No delusion had ever been this fun!

“I wouldn’t want to inconvenience you,” I replied.

“None at all,” blue-green stared at me. My instincts screamed, ‘don’t trust him.’

“Thank you, but no,” I shook my head. Knowing him, he probably would drug it. “I’m good.”

While the two Doctors parleyed, I looked out the window to the street for the safest area defendable against the dementors. I recalled that there had been five dementors and the Tardis was still in the alley. I scanned the perimeters of the rooftops, counted the alleys and tried to figure out if they’d return. As a Potterhead, I knew Dementors couldn’t be killed, only turned by a casting of the Expecto Patronus charm. I wasn’t a wizard, but I remembered as Jules and I started regenerating, the astral image of the Alpha Wolf had loomed over us. Was that seen a patronus by the Dementors? It was the only logical conclusion that came to mind. I didn’t recall Sherlock making one.

I watched Sherlock and John slowly pull out their wand and sonic screwdriver, comparing and contrasting one to the other. I wondered how long it would be before they dropped their pants and started comparing manly bits. I couldn’t stop chuckling at that thought. My mind was a chaotic mess of manic observation, British euphemisms and whatever else I had turned into with this most recent
regeneration. I felt like a hyperactive child who had ingested too much sugar as I processed all of the information I had gathered from observation.

I asked myself, ‘The Dementors came at me first? Why? Dementors feed off of joy and positive emotions. Before the world had turned on its ear, Jules had proposed to me and given me a key to the Tardis. I remember my heart swelling with bliss and joy to the point of being euphoric. It’s not that I had anything special they wanted in terms of power or relevance; I had just been in the way and a tasty diversion. I was used to being nothing special, so why did I feel so disappointed?

I looked down at the silver sonic wand-slash-screwdriver in my hand. Had they been drawn to it for some reason? Granted, I pirated and scavenged some discarded alien technology; the rainbow Eucalyptus wand with a the Doctor’s hair as the core had been my secret fangirl inner fantasy, but hadn’t believed that it actually performed magic. The effects of the silver sonic came from circuitry located between the wand and the sonic’s outer casing.

“Ms. Brasseaux, let me see your wand,” Sherlock held out his hand to me, waiting for me to hand it over to him.

“Why?” I asked, feeling suddenly defensive.

“I need to examine it.”

I gave the Doctor a questioning look and he nodded to me. With great reservation, I pulled out my dearest possession and handed it to the Detective. He examined it carefully from end to end. “Voice activated?”

“Yes,” I admitted. I didn’t want to admit that I didn’t know how the Doctor automatically knew what to do with his to get the wanted effect. I wasn’t going to admit that I hadn’t a clue how Gallifreyan technology worked, so I came up with a workaround that was primitive by Time Lord standards. “It only responds to my voice. That’s a failsafe.”

“Clever,” he nodded. “The casing?”

“No clue,” I admitted. “Discarded parts that I found in one of the labs on board the Tardis.”

“When this is all over, Olivia, you and I are going to have a serious discussion about stealing alien technology,” Jules admonished me.

“I didn’t steal it,” I looked at him. “You discarded it. Finders, keepers-”

“Did it enter your pretty little head for one moment that I discarded it because it wasn’t workable, in fact, dangerous?”

“If so, then why did you have it lying around so openly in a lab?” I snapped. “Any person with an ounce of common sense would’ve locked it away or destroyed it.”

“I didn’t think a clever little ape would be smart enough to cobble together a sonic purely based upon Gallifreyan schematics.”

“Not an ape, E.T,” I felt anger rise. “More than clever, too. I’m innovative and know how to use what is in my environment to make something out of almost nothing. My father was a talented mechanic on the side and he showed me how to do a few things with nothing more than duct tape and odd wire.”

“Will you two quit squabbling like an old married couple?” Sherlock sniped. “You make it
impossible to think.”

He unscrewed the silver casing, revealing the circuitry beneath. Sherlock noticed where I had put in a mesh circuitry frame that easily slid over the Rainbow Eucalyptus wood at its center. “The wood is Eucalyptus, Ms. Brasseaux?”

“Rainbow Eucalyptus, specifically,” I answered.

“Why?” Sherlock’s icy eyes furrowed either in suspicion or fascination. His walls were up and he must’ve caught on how I read stray thoughts because there were none coming from him now. “Why that particular wood?”

Back on Earth in my universe, I was as much a Potterhead as a Trekkie and a Whovian. I wanted to be different and I thought Rainbow Eucalyptus was just different enough to be cool. “Eucalyptus trees grow quickly, so these wands channel that liveliness to be both willing and powerful. I wanted something unique and just plain Eucalyptus didn’t cut it for me. I appreciated the color of the bark and the red shade of the wood, so I incorporated both into the wand.”

“How did you design it if you’re not a witch?”

“Easy peasy, Dude,” I shrugged. “I’m the daughter of the Tardis. It’s amazing what a laser can do in the lab if you ask a Tardis nicely.”

“And what did you use for the core?” he asked, blue-green eyes staring into my soul. “Dragon heartstring, unicorn hair?”

“Neither,” I said. I stopped there. “No animal products involved. That wand is cruelty-free. The wood came from a branch that had fallen off one of the trees in the Gardens.”

“Nice non-answer, Ms. Brasseaux, but inadequate,” Sherlock quipped. Damn, he was clever! “What did you use for the core?”

“Hair,” I answered.

“What kind?” he pressed.

“Time Lord hair,” I said. I saw Jules face turn paler than usual and his jaw nearly hit the floor while Sherlock leaned back in his chair, not blinking, only resting his face upon steepled hands.

“Continue, Ms. Brasseaux,” he motioned me to deliberate with elaborate hand gesture. I felt the urge to speak and I fought it, the urge was too strong.

“Time Lord hair is full of an energy unlike any in the universe: Artron energy. Artron Energy is a variety of paranormal/temporal energy concealed well inside the psyche. It is the force of idea and perception that is usable to translate concepts and feelings into Space and Time, past, present and future. This core contains a spark of the Tardis’ heart along with the life force of a Time Lord. There isn’t much anything more powerful that that except God Himself.”

“Doctor, it seems your Companion is more resourceful than you thought,” Sherlock nodded in my direction. With that he returned his gaze to Jules. “You’re not from this world, are you?”

“We’re not from this universe,” the Doctor explained. “Something pulled us out of where we were and brought us here.”

“What would cause a tear in space and time to bring you here?” Dr. Watson asked.
“Your time ship, Doctor?” Sherlock asked.

“Oh, no,” Jules responded quickly. “Her navigational system is knackered, but she always gets us where we need to be.”

“A black hole?” I asked.

“What about a white hole? and a black hole?” Rue spoke up for the first time. Everyone looked at Rue for further explanation. “Well, A wormhole is a segue way through the space-time continuum that creates shortcuts for travel across the universe, connecting two points and decreasing time and distance. A white hole contains "exotic" matter and stays open and unchanging longer than other space-time portals. A Black Hole sucks in stuff on one end while the white hole spews it out on the other, acting as a thruster, pushing things not only through the shortcut created, but also into another universe.”

“Where did you learn all of that?” I asked.

“Albert Einstein and Nathan Rose, circa 1935,” the Doctor answered.

“Doctor, you have a fabulous library,” Rue smiled. “I figured if I was going to travel through time and space, I was going to brush up on some information. I think we were in a white hole and it pushed us here. I think her Olivia’s little contraption was attracted to some exotic matter and brought us here.”

“Exotic matter?” I asked.

“Could be anything at all, Tulip,” Rue gave me a mysterious smile. “Nothin’ says it can’t be magic.”

“Yes, I’ll take your case,” I heard Sherlock say, giving the Doctor a nod with an odd smile. Why did I have a feeling that we’d just slipped through the Universe’s white worm rabbit hole?

TO BE CONTINUED . . .
Better To Dance With the Devil You Know

Chapter Summary

A relationship is built on trust and honesty. If there is betrayal and deceit, is forgiveness enough? Can the Crossfire Hurricane weather the Oncoming Storm?

My mind spun from the combination of brilliance in the living room that night. I watched one of the world’s greatest minds casually converse with one of Gallifrey’s greatest minds. Doctor John Watson, it turned out, specialized in Cryptobiology and wasn’t a Muggle as I had originally thought. He was a solid member in good standing of the Gryffindor House. I wasn’t surprised at all to find out that Sherlock belonged to Ravenclaw. However, the way he acted, I could have sworn he belonged to Slytherin.

I was curious, wanting to know what houses Jules and I might be best suited. I couldn’t see myself as Griffyndor or Hufflepuff. I asked Sherlock and he said possibly Ravenclaw, but I heard Jules say Slytherin under his breath. He barely spoke to me for the next few days and the tension between us was tangible enough I could see it. His bitterness was a thick, gelatinous substance that smelled sour, tasted bitter and burned my skin if I stepped too close to him. Unspoken anger radiated from every pore, his disdain wounding me in ways words never could.

He didn’t sleep in our bed or touch me as he had shortly after our regeneration. He spent more time with Rue and Sherlock and when I came into a room, he found an excuse to leave it. I knew why. I had broken one of the prime Laws of the Time Lords from what Rue had told me. Since when had Rue become Jules’ best friend and since when did Jules and Sherlock get on so famously. I felt forgotten, discarded and ignored.

Fine, I still had a key to the Tardis and I spoke fluent Gallifreyan. I’d be damned if I was going to sit while my so-called fiancé decided to flirt with Blue Scarf. I marched to the Tardis and went to the Library. I had helped organize it for the last nineteen weeks and I’ll be damned if I was going to not let my new body learn a few things.

I had two hearts now, a respiratory bypass and all the other bells and whistles that went with being a full-blown Time Lord, Lady, noble, whatever. I decided to brush up on my History so I wouldn’t be vulnerable when the Doctor remembered I’d existed. He had kicked people out of the Tardis for lesser crimes and when he remembered that I existed, I’d be next.

I dug into the Tomes of Gallifreyan Law and while still difficult to read, it was more like reading Spanish when one had a basic understanding of the High Old Gallifreyan. One of the wonderful things about being linked to a Time Lord’s mind is that I had access to all he knew. The flip side of that was that Jules knew everything that I knew and was doing. Still, he made no attempt to stop me as I browsed through the Library this time for specific information.

I found a book called that called, “Juris Deceo Gallifrey,” or “I teach the Law of Gallifrey.” I found that with this incarnation that I was a quick reader. I concentrated on the words ‘Gallifreyan Technology’ and began a mad search for all things pertaining to that phrase. Per JDG 2.B-4, my search proved successful. “All Time Lords shall work to prevent Time Aware Races from acquiring Gallifreyan Technology. No alien shall be allowed to spy on Time Lord activities.”
I had just broken one of the major laws. I saw that and I felt my hearts grow cold. Then I read JDG 2.B5, “5. It is forbidden for Gallifreyans and Lesser Species to interbreed.” More or less, the Doctor had committed the Gallifreyan equivalent of bestiality by being intimate with me. How lovely.

I said nothing as I put the book back on the shelf. No wonder the poor Doctor felt guilty throughout all of his lives. No wonder he left Gallifrey to travel.

I understood why he was furious with me. I had went behind his back without his knowledge or consent, dabbling with something that I didn’t understand. He was more furious with himself for leaving unsafe things lying about for a child to find. NO, I’m not a child. It wouldn’t be any different than leaving out chemicals, knives or firearms out in the open for a small child to discover and hurt themselves with them because they didn’t know how dangerous they were or how to use them. I had worked with transmat technology that could have sent me anywhere in time and space, even another universe.

It was the same technology that had been used in the Dimension Cannon and the Tenth Doctor had labored endlessly to make a device to bring Rose home without collapsing two universes. Unfortunately, he hadn’t been successful. Some of the concussion technology that I’d pirated that I’d put into my silver sonic had enough power to disrupt planetary defenses and power grids, to kill thousands of innocent creatures with the push of a button.

With that realization, I pulled the Silver Sonic out of my pocket, unscrewed the casing and took off the mesh cover containing all of the circuitry that I’d assembled. “Sexy, how do I get rid of this?”

“Give it to me, Olivia,” said a voice behind me. There stood Jules with a grave look on his face as he held out his hand to me. “You aren’t ready for this kind of knowledge, but you’ve grown wise enough to know that.”

I couldn’t look him in the eye as I handed over the circuitry. He took it and placed it in a small, glowing cube that he put on the worktable covered with scattered parts. I watch it fade in and out for a few seconds before vanishing. His fury changed into disappointment and I felt foolish for having experimented with dangerous technology, at least, dangerous to me.

“What happens now?”

“I haven’t decided,” he looked at me. This wasn’t the Jules I knew. The Jules I had fallen in love with would have forgiven me in a heartbeat. This one wasn’t gentle like my Jubilificent; this man was a stranger to me. The irony of the name Jubilucifer wasn’t lost on me.

I had the ability to see his mind for all it held and I was petrified. I knew it would take only one personal attack to infuriate him, he would promptly and ruthlessly release fury on the foe responsible while wearing a vicious smile. I cringed, shrinking away from him. I was at his mercy and I had nowhere to run or hide.

“Just do it,” I said, breathing deeply. “You want to unleash whatever punishment you see fit upon me. Just get it done.”

“What are you talking about?” he asked, cocking his head to the side.

“I saw your mind and your soul, Jules.” I said with more bravado that I felt. “You want to punish me for my transgression, for breaking the Law of the Time Lords. What are you going to do? Lock me in a mirror? Make me motionless for all time but seeing everything? Wrap me in chains in some underground chamber or trap me in an event horizon of a black hole?”
His eyes widened in shock as my fear rolled in waves over him. “Rassilon, Olivia? Do you think me a monster?”

“Are you?” I asked. “I felt your fury when you found out what I had done. I felt it. It wasn’t just a
taste, a scent or a color. I was large and alive.”

“I was incensed, that much is true,” he agreed. “Yet, I see inside your mind that you didn’t do it for evil purposes. You said you trusted me implicitly, but you didn’t. You thought that I’d abandon or forget you. Impossible, Olivia. You’re a part of my soul as I am in yours. You wounded me.”

I looked into his eyes, seeing his pain at my lack of trust. I felt his heart twists in pain in my mind and I couldn’t look at him. I wiped my eyes, seeing that the monster I thought I saw needed revealed to him.

I showed him everything I knew: Rose in the parallel universe, Donna’s memory erased, Bill Pott’s fate. I realized that Clara had chosen her fate as had Amy Pond. The Doctor had nothing to do with the Weeping Angel murdering Amy or Rory Williams. As the Tenth Doctor, he hadn’t been particularly merciful and as the Eleventh, he took vengeance more than once. I knew he saw what I had done as betrayal of his trust, but I saw it the time as a form of self-protection because I didn’t want to depend solely upon him for my survival.

I watched him swallow hard, blink rapidly tears forming in those dark brown eyes, look away from me as he his hands scrubbed his eyes. “You truly think I am a monster, don’t you?”

“You think I’m an opportunistic, cunning, manipulative traitor,” I spoke his most secret thoughts aloud. “You don’t trust me anymore.”

“What would you have me do, Olivia?” he bellowed. “I trusted you with everything within me: the Tardis, my hearts and then you do this.”

“Well, one of gets us to be proven right. I either don’t trust you or you no longer trust me. Relationships don’t fare well where there isn’t trust. You’re the one with the power here, not me. Just take me home, Jules.”

Silence fell between us.

I heard his voice break. “Is that what you really want, Olivia?”

I felt tears forming in my eyes. “No.”

“What do you want?” he asked. “Tell me.”

“I want you and to say how sorry I am,” I started. “I was frightened and I’ve seen too many Doctor Who episodes not to know what eventually happens to Companions. You didn’t pick me from the start and I know that. I can’t blame you for that, you know. I broke the first rule of being a Companion and I fell in love with you. I want you to know how sorry I am for not trusting you, for not realizing that the TV isn’t reality. I had no intention of using any of what I took for personl gain, only protection, Jules. I was frightened that I didn’t matter. I want your forgiveness and you to take me in your arms. I want to just love you and please forgive me-”

“Breathe, Darling, breathe,” he pulled me close, holding me tight. He planted a kiss on my brow and then tucked my head into his shoulder. “My brave, brave girl. Quit running away and face me.”

I looked up him, not understanding. This stranger looked down at me. “We both have much to learn about each other. I remind you of another being from your world, yet, you know that what was on
“your telly doesn’t hold up to the real life lived. I am not the Devil incarnate, I just look the actor who plays him and you look like Anne Hathaway with white hair playing the White Queen.”

“So, you’re just going to forgive me?” I asked slowly.

“Forgive, yes,” Jules answered. “Forget, never. You are dangerously clever and with your love for information, your curiosity will kill you if you’re not careful.”

“Hey, if the theory holds, I still have nine lives,” I laughed. I found that I loved gallows humor in this incarnation.

“Don’t say that,” he spoke fiercely, giving me a shake. “You will learn your lesson.”

“What do you mean?” I said, wariness building in my mind.

“You have the body of a Time Lady,” he said. “You have the abilities of one and it’s time you learned the consequences of being one.”

“Jules, spill it, what do you mean?”

“You’re going to school,” he said.

“What?”

“You are going to get an Time Lord Academy education,” he explained. “Starting tomorrow, you will study the required curriculum of a Time Lord and you will learn the responsibility that comes with that title.”

“But, I’m not a Time Lord,” I protested. “I didn’t ask for two hearts. I didn’t ask for regenerations and I sure as hell didn’t ask for all of this.” I motioned around the Tardis. “I was perfectly fine until you landed in my front yard.”

“Oh, do you really want to go back to that, Olivia?” his voice dripped with bitterness. “A shell of a life, questioning your sanity because you didn’t understand about your Synthesia? Do you want to deal with the grief you felt for your parents’ passing?”

“We all have our burdens to bear,” I growled.

“I will be angry with you in the times to come,” he said in a low voice. “It will manifest from time to time. If you insist on tinkering with dangerous things, then you need to learn how to do it safely and correctly. Thus, off to school you pop.”

“So, is this my punishment?”

“No, there is no punishment,” Jules answered, stroking my cheek. “It isn’t about retribution or control, Olivia. Never. I’ve made too many mistakes of my own in my lives to be your judge. I want you to learn skills and responsibility with the abilities you have now. You are beyond human, but still so young like one. I won’t be reckless where you are concerned, Re’Hallion, never again.”

“You weren’t reckless with me before, Jules.”

“No, I took for granted that you’d be like a typical companion, human and fascinated,” he chuckled. “You are like most companions, curious and eager to learn. The difference is you have the ability to learn in ways they never could, except maybe for River Song.”

“So how long is this education going to last?” I asked.
“Centuries.”

“Centuries?” I gulped. “We don’t know if I have centuries.”

“Two hearts, respiratory bypass, two regenerations done,” my beautiful Jules tweaked my nose. “Yes, you are a Daughter of the Tardis. We have all the time in the universe.”

“Daughter of the Tardis,” I scoffed. “It sounds like a religious order. How am I to get this education?”

“I’ll teach you,” he took my hand and started leading me through the corridors. “Follow me.”

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“The Console Room,” he answered, picking up speed in his stride. I started running just to keep up.

“Slow down!”

“No,” he said. I saw the grim determination in his voice. “It starts here, Olivia.”

“What starts here?”

“Your education.” We stepped into the Console Room and an eerie feeling came over me. He took me beneath the catwalk platform surrounding it and I had to duck to avoid having my head collide with wires and hoses. I saw him approach the center column with his sonic screwdriver, aiming it at the console door.

Alarm rose in my chest turning into abject panic. “Jules, what are you doing?”

Guiding me by the arm, he place me in front of the golden swirling energy. I felt time winds blowing from the Heart of the Tardis to the point that it sounded like a tornado in my ears. “Look, Olivia!”

I looked at him, “Are you fracking insane? No one is meant to see that.”

“Look,” he took his hands and placed them on each side of my head. “Look into the Vortex. What do you see?”

I stood there with my mouth hanging open. That rare occasion happened, hearing his voice in my mind. ‘Do you trust me?’

“Yes and no,” I answered aloud as truthfully as possible.

I looked past the swirling cyclone of golden energy. I saw the eddying energy and the lightning bolts that randomly struck the Tardis from time to time. It reminded me of the opening credits of the show. Then, I realized that this way was his way of having me look into the Vortex since there wasn’t a nearby Untempered Schism. I wondered in the awe and beauty of it. Was I supposed to run, shield my eyes, go mad or just look at it? I chose the latter.

“It’s beautiful,” I whispered, seeing the myriad of colors and within them nebulas adorned in an endless sea of stars. It looked nothing like the opening credits on the show. I tugged at Jules’ arm, longing to swim in that endless, black sea as it called to me. “I want to be closer.”

I felt mesmerized by the swirling pool of color and majesty floating within that golden spiral. Never had anything appeared so beautiful to me. That was the last thing I remember before I heard Bad Wolf whisper to my mind to sleep.
Rue told me later what had happened. I think Sexy meant to teach the Doctor a good lesson about his so-called thoughts on education.

“No, no, no, no, no, Darling,” the Doctor held me back. He looked upward at the catwalk. “Rue, a little help, please.”

“So, now do you think showing her the Time Vortex was such a good idea?” Rue asked, filing long, perfect manicured nails.

“Most initiates shield their eyes, flee or bloody go daft,” Jules pulled harder on me as Rue restored the panel in its proper place. “I’ve never seen one want to do a swan dive and go swimming.”

“Oh, you’ve got a strange one there on your hands, Honey,” Rue gave a bright laugh that filled the Console Room. “You know this girl is a handful, right? This incarnation is a photon torpedo mixed with a whole lotta whoop ass.”

“You’ve been watching Star Trek again, haven’t you?” Jules quipped, giving her a wry look.

“And just a touch of True Blood for good measure.”

While in the Infirmary recovering from my lesson gone awry, I shook my head when Rue told me the tale. “I really wanted to go swimming in the Heart of the Tardis? Oi! Sexy wouldn’t have liked that much.”

“Well, Tulip, I did just a bit o’ research,” Rue fluttered long black lashes at me with blue eyes lined with blue shadow and black eyeliner. “Sexy wasn’t going to let you dive in head first.”

“Hmm,” I shook my head. “I will neither confirm nor deny that statement.”

“Now, don’t you go playing bashful with me,” Rue scolded me. “You had the Doc completely gobsmacked and I loved it.”

“So, Sexy really stopped Jules in his tracks?” I asked, barely containing my glee.

“She said that he may be Alpha Wolf, but she was Badass Mama Wolf and he wasn’t going to play with her favorite daughter. No more lessons like that, she said.”

“Then, what happened?”

“He brought you here to sleep it off.”

“Why do I always miss the good stuff?” I rolled my eyes. “So, any news on the ‘why-we’re-here-in-the-Potterverse’?”

“Yes,” Rue said slowly. “Seems to be that the White Hole Theory is spot-on and someone is trying to break through the walls of the universe.”

“From which side?”

“Here.”

“So, Black Hole on our end and white hole on this end?”

“We just have to figure out whom,” Rue confirmed.
“Do the dynamic duo have any ideas?”

“A few...”

To Be Continued...
Chapter Summary

Don't listen to Sherlock when he is excited about doing an experiment Run away. Be smart and listen to John.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Wednesday 23 December 2020.

Per my time line, nineteen weeks to the day since I had first met my Doctor: 4 months, 1 week and 4 days since Halloween and if you count all of the days in that we spend aboard the Tardis in the Time Vortex. That was how long I had traveled with the Doctor and I documented every moment I remembered. I wrote about how we first met, right where he landed in my front yard and disguised the Tardis as a USPS mailbox.

I wrote how Sexy had made her way into my head, changing my life forever. I reminisced about how the Doctor had flown the Tardis through time and space, looking for the equivalent of the Sisters of Plenitude to save my life. Hey, it’s not every day that I’m operated on with paws and claws. I never did meet Sister Nominae, but I made it a point that if I ever returned to my universe, I would hunt her down and give her my thanks, my praise and my gratitude.

The Doctor never told me about those days that I can’t remember. I don’t remember being at the hospital or the operation. I didn’t even know that I’d regenerated until he told me. That part of his mind he kept closed from me. During my second regeneration, I remembered everything and how it felt like being burned alive at the stake.

I put pen to paper, writing about the first time our minds touched, our first kiss, the first time we made love and when he proposed to me on Baker Street in the snow and had given me a key to the Tardis. I said yes and he whirled me around in a joyful circle, my heart swelling with love and his both nearly bursting.

Then, the Dementors came and changed everything. I was merely in the way of the contraband technology that I had put together with abandoned schematics left over from the War Doctor and innovations made by the Twelfth Doctor. I had nearly destroyed our relationship by fearing abandonment and he was terrified that I’d abandon him. Trust didn’t come easy for either of us.

Once upon a time in another universe far, far away, A nerdish Librarian looked forward to another boring Monday evening after divorce number 2, just turned twenty-five, with no one but Bonnie (my cat) for company. I didn’t have Clyde, my dachshund, at that time. I thought I was hopeless because I escaped my miserable life, or lack thereof, through fandoms. You name it. I was a Potterhead, a Twihard an LOTR lover and a Whovian. I kept my fandoms to myself, but I attended every convention my schedule permitted.

I met him. Not my Doctor, but the Tenth Doctor, pinstripes, brown and blue paisley tie, glasses and
Converse sneakers. I didn’t know it then, but he had stopped in between in my universe by accident. He stopped in Lincoln, Ne at Walgreens because he was lonely for company. I found out later, Jules told me, that it was it was during his farewell tour shortly before his eleventh regeneration: after he gave the winning lottery ticket Wilfred Mott and Sylvia Noble for Donna’s wedding present, but before he visited Rose in his home universe in January 2005.

Jules told me that Sexy’s navigation system had suffered some damage during the farewell tour, knocking him off course into a parallel universe for a time during his State of Grace before his regeneration. He said that he had wanted a some company, if only just for one night, before he headed back home to say good-bye to Rose Tyler. I never knew I fit into things that way.

That night, I had questioned my sanity after tripping over my shoelaces on the parking lot curb in front of Walgreens. I had hit my head and woke up in the ER. I had told the Doctor on call about my strange hallucination of the Doctor from the British science fiction series and he asked me if I believed it really happened. I said it seemed real, but I had hit my head so, I chalked it up to head trauma. That satisfied the Doctor (the one on call, fair readers) until I mentioned other symptoms. I told him I was tired about wondering if I were going crazy.

Six months later, lots of therapy and a great psychiatrist, I found out that I wasn’t completely off my rocker. I was diagnosed with Synethesia. Long story short, I experience a neurological phenomenon (don’t you dare say that I suffer from a mental illness, because that isn’t what it is, readers) where one or more senses experience the same thing simultaneously, but in different ways. I hear a sound, but I see the sound. I taste a flavor, but I touch it as a texture. Another kind of Synethesia links things like letters, shapes, numbers or people’s names other senses such as smell and taste.

Over the next few years, I became an information fiend, both in my fangirl life and my mundane existence. The wonderful thing about this condition was that I understood things in a new light that I hadn’t comprehended before the diagnosis. Studying physics reminded me of fireworks and smoke while studying history tasted like Lemonade. Listening to music, depending on the piece smelled like specific aromas or colors and when a person lied, I saw their lies as murky colors and lights surrounding them.

I read up on it. Women who were left-handed usually inherited it from their parents. I’m right-handed and never knew if either of my parents had it or not. If I had known where my brother, Lee, had been all those years, I would’ve asked him.

I adjusted to life much better after my parents’ deaths in 2014, my diagnosis in 2015 and my stable, but, boring life in 2018. I refused to become a single crazy cat lady archetype, so I adopted my dachshund, Clyde. If I were insane, I liked my fantasy life much better.

I’d learned many things about the Doctor never mentioned on the show. His name wasn’t that big of a secret. Yes, it was private, but it didn’t carry the weight of the universe. He chose another name because he thought his true name was stuffy and pretentious. Who knew? He told not just Susan Foreman and River Song his true name, but me and about half a dozen other people through is 1,200 years of existence. Let me dish the rest of the stuff that no one knows. Yes, Nine sand Ten both slept with Rose Tyler. Yes, he once snogged Captain Jack in a game of Never Have I Ever. No, Donna’s mind didn’t burn when she finally heard his name. In fact, history has her become Dr. Donna Noble, who went on to become a best-selling author in several genres, known best her time-travel series and her protagonist, the Ambassador who travels in her ship, the Tempest with her friends, Lilly Taylor and Diana Temple.

I found some of her books in the Tardis’ Library and they were excellent reads. Two had even been turned into movies: Forward Into the Past and Forward Into the Past Part II: The Future of
Yesteryear. Yes, I found a new fandom: I’m also a Retro-futurist. She invented Steampunk in her universe. Good on you, Donna.

Two days after landing in the Potterverse, Jules and I had no money and nowhere to stay. He was happily tinkering away on the Tardis, but I wanted to think outside the box and stretch my legs. I didn’t get far on my sightseeing because I had no money. On a lark, I asked Mrs. Hudson about the flat that was so dank that she wouldn’t even rent it to Americans. On a lark, I asked if she’d be willing to let the Doctor and me stay there in return for sweat equity. She, of course, asked for references and thank God, John was kind enough to say that Julian Noble was his cousin visiting Wales. That didn’t explain me, of course. I said that I was his girlfriend from America. She didn’t believe me at first, knowing Sherlock’s friends. Luckily, she had been through Kansas and Nebraska with her husband on more than one occasion when he ran product along I-80. Lincoln, NE in USA in the Doctor Potterlock Universe is just as mundane as Lincoln, NE in my universe.

She saw Jules’ screwdriver and she asked if he’d bought it Ollivander’s. He nearly blew our cover saying it wasn’t a wand, “but a new design that he is testing for Ollivander’s,” I lied, bold-faced, to the sweet lady who let us stay in a flat that easily rented for £3,500 and only because it wasn’t renovated. Jules ranted and raved about how he could afford a penthouse and thought I was “completely daft” for choosing to stay in Mrs. Hudson’s dank, small two bedroom flat.

“Unlike you, I’m not going around paying my debts with psychic paper,” I sniped. “Some of us actually aren’t aliens, only human and we have to work for a living.”

“It works perfectly fine, you know.”

“It robs people of hard-earned pay, Jules.” No matter what incarnation, I wasn’t going to deceive a little old lady out of an honest dollar, er, pound, I mean. “Be happy we found an apartment -”

“Flat,” he corrected me.

“Whatever,” I waved my hand in angry dismissal. “Any other property goes for over $4,300.00 USD. It may be dank, but unless you have a way of earning a living, this is a godsend.”

“Why must you always put your faith in a manipulative ba-”

“DON’T. YOU. DARE.” I felt my temper rise. “You may not believe in a Higher Power, but I do and He doesn’t act, talk or walk like He’s from Gallifrey. Galilee, yes. Another planet, no so much, Jules.”

“You worry too much about money,” he tried to soothe me with his baritone voice, partially posh and mostly rock star. It seemed he had inherited this new ability with his latest regeneration. I had studied the history of his previous incarnations and one of them had hypnotized using a verbal technique. But, Holy Hell! Jubilucifer’s voice was enough to make me want to drool. It took me a few times to break free of the charisma he had in this incarnation, but I did it with a lot of will power. He wasn’t against using his abilities for personal gain while I saw it as a form of exploitation. This wasn’t the same Doctor that I had seen as Nine, Ten or Eleven. Yes, the Doctor lied, but he didn’t bamboozle or con. That was Seven. “What is the harm in make our lives a little easier?” he asked, almost pouting.

“My God, Jules, what are you, twelve?” I stood akimbo in the kitchen one day, wiping down the walls with Tesco Bleach and water. I wiped the back of my brow with my hand. Even with this so-called superior biology, I worked up a sweat wiping down every wall in the flat in twenty minutes. "I'm not going to have any part of taking away person's hard-earned paycheck. No, I'm not going to use my mental abilities to get someone to do my bidding.
“Why didn’t you ask for my screwdriver to simply sanitize the walls?” he pointed with his screwdriver toward the wall.

“This helps me remember my humanity,” I gave him a look that would’ve made most humans wither.

“As a human, the undiluted bleach fumes would have burned your lungs.” he held his sonic in the air “You have the advantage of a respiratory bypass, Olivia, remember?”

"Being human is more than my anatomy, Jules,” I explained. "It's about aspiring to be never be cruel, always be kind, laugh often, never give up and never give in. Treating another person as one wishes to be treated. I don’t always succeed, but I will always try. Being human means no respiratory bypass, magic wand or sonic screwdriver, it about using our minds and our hands to create something better that what was before it. For me: a work in progress."

Oh, yeah. I remember that smaller extra set of lungs underneath my regular ones, not to mention some pulmonary tubes. For me, breathing was a superpower. I took some pride in cleaning. While I’m not on HGTV, I take pride in a clean home.

I missed my house. Jules heard my thoughts and came up behind me, taking the spray bottle and sponge out of my hands. “Darling, you really do need to get out more. How long have you been in here?”

“A day or two, three tops?” I guessed.

"Once the Tardis if fixed, Love, I'm taking you on a bang-up tour of London that will lighten that somber spirit of yours," he gave me a grin that was contagious.

“ That will be nice.,” I smiled with satisfaction. “Now, for the floors.”

“Stop, Ollie!” the Doctor held my hands, preventing me for getting the mop and bucket. “You are not a domestic.”

“And you don’t do domestic,” frustration laced my voice. “The navigation system is fried from our jaunt from Universe A to Universe B. You need new parts to repair the navigational unit and you can’t exactly get those at Tesco.”

“I’ll get a job,” he straightened his waistcoat, (vest for the rest of us) and held his head high. “I’ve done it before. I’m sure Oxford or Cambridge needs a Physics or History Professor, perhaps this time an astrophysicist or a robotics engineer.”

I smirked. If anyone could walk in with all that moxie and charm and walk out with a six figure job, count on my Doctor to do it. He promised he'd return later in the day and resume work on the Tardis. Not long after, Sherlock and John came downstairs to question me about that first night because a few things didn't make sense. I told Sherlock and John everything I remembered that night about the Dementors, how many there were, how they attacked and what drove them away. He asked to see my wand.

“IT’s not really a wand,” I sheepishly admitted, not wanting to look a true wizard in the eye. “It’s just something I made in the lab because, well, I wanted to. . .”

“See what it felt like to be a wizard?” Sherlock asked quietly. I felt my cheeks flame a bright shade of red.

Hang on, just a minute! I looked up to see if Sherlock’s expression matched his gentle tone of voice. Was he trying to play me for a fool or to manipulate me? My eyes narrowed in suspicion. I said
nothing, but went to my purse and took out my wannabee wand.

“What is it about this wand?” he turned it end over end. Watching his tapered hands hold it in a way that made me blush a brighter shade of red. “Rainbow Eucalyptus wood, Time Lord Hair core. Eucalyptus wood is rarely used unless you're from Australia, so it must be the core itself.”

“Probably. I used a lock of the Doctor's hair to be the core for it. I didn't think anything would actually come of it.”

“Can you get another sample of his hair?”


“I want to run an experiment and I need a hair or two to run some tests.”

“I can give that to you now,” I took the wand from him, unscrewing the handle at the end and out fell a tied little bundle of black wavy hair. I reached in my purse for a pair of tweezers, plucking out two strands and put them in his hand. “Is that enough?”

“Your wand core is that accessible?” he asked, mildly shocked.

“It's not a real wand, Sherlock,” I shook my head. “It's just a very authentic-looking replica.”

“Have you tried it?” he asked. “How do you know it isn’t a functioning wand?”

“Because I'm the one who made with the help of the Tardis and a laser cutter. I've always thought the wand choose the caster and not the other way around.”

” The exception being if the caster has the skill to craft a wand,” Sherlock's logic was subtle, but effective. ”Why did you use a lock of your fiancé's hair, Olivia?”

<"We don't exactly keep unicorn hair, phoenix feather or dragon heartstrings around in ready supply," I took the wand from him, putting it in my purse. "When you're sleeping in the same bed with one of the most powerful beings in the universe that time travels and has been around for a thousand years, what would you use? His hair seemed like a perfectly suitable substitute. Besides, it's not as if I was taking it seriously. I just did that part for fun. The real challenge was figuring out how to put together the circuitry and make it work because I have no engineering experience. None.”

“Think about this logically, you may have been on to something. He is from another universe than your own?”

“Yes.” I admitted.

“You both are from a different universe than this one, correct?” Sherlock continued

“Yes,” I said slowly, not quite sure where his line of questioning was going.

“Do you know if Artron energy exists in your world?”

“Artron energy doesn't exist in my universe.” I said.”

“You see, but you do not observe,” I heard the disapproval in his voice as he stared down his nose at me. “The world is full of obvious things which nobody by any chance ever observes.”

Argh. I learned quickly to abhor the snobbish and condescending attitudes of posh British men. Give me Billy Wiggins or John Watson any day. “Sherlock, It's premature to hypothesize before knowing
the facts. You can twist facts to fit theories instead of doing it the other way around. I'll have you know a Time Lord is difficult to dent compared to a typical human. I'd love to see that hair give up its secrets."

"Then, off to the lab for excellent conversation," he left, taking the hair sample with him.

"Sherlock William Scott Holmes," I muttered under my breath. "You are as every bit a dick as the show wrote you to be. Steven Moffat, not in love with your characterizations at the moment."


Three days in London and I haven’t left the flat except to get cleaning supplies from the Tardis. I gave up on the Tesco bleach because it was too weak to do what I wanted. Lucifer spent the night tinkering on the Tardis with materials he nicked from who-knows-where while I looked for the UK equivalent of Menards or Home Depot. Thank God for B & Q.

Mrs. Hudson paid to rent the sander over the holidays and I thought that I could sand and refinish a floor without any trouble. Superior biology means superior brain equals “I got this. Hold my Diet Mountain Dew. Not even close. It was more like “Olivia, you’re drunk. Go home.” I didn’t know what I was going to do with the floors when I looked at the dust, the debris and the bags of ripped-up shag carpeting.

Time Lady Superior Brain, my ass. I had fallen into the classic trap of Gallifreyan arrogance. Be a Human: just read the damned directions or, at least, watch a YouTube Tutorial. I knew Mrs. Hudson would turn me upside down and use me as a coat rack for ruining the hardwood floors beneath that old, musty carpet.

I sat at the edge of the stairs with the front door open, resting my face in my hands and about to tear up every floorboard out of sheer frustration when I heard the soft padding of footfalls on the landing above me. At the top of the stairs stood the Doctor. No, the other Doctor.

“Hi, John,” I waved.

“Hello,” he greeted me. While not overly talkative, he was friendly for an Englishman. We Americans are chatty and extroverted while most people in the UK are more reserved. I saw John walk a few steps down, but still standing several stairs above me.

“It’s rather rainy outside,” he replied, a faint ghost of a smile on his face.

Nothing is more awkward than a Brit trying to make small talk. “I’ll remember to grab my umbrella.”

“Have you finished your masterpiece?” he nodded in the direction of the flat.


He stepped down, peered politely a few feet away over my shoulder. “Oh. My. God.”

“Yes, lovely, isn’t it?” I was catching on to the dry wit rather well in the UK.

He saw the uneven passages that I had made over the floor where the color was darker in some places than in others. Sanded varnish particles floated in the air and dust flew everywhere. “How can you breathe in this stuff?”

“Respiratory bypass,” I shrugged. It must be a big deal to have one because he stepped back a few steps, coughing.
He pulled a wand from his backpack. With a wave of his solid hand he eyed the annoying floating dust. “Non pulvis.”

A small whirlwind that came up to my knee shot out of his wand, spinning around the entire flat, gathering every bit of dust in its wake. I watched in keen fascination as the miniature tornado took a minute or two to make the place dust free before hopping up the stairs and vanishing at the top of the landing. I gawked.

“Just with a flick of the stick, huh?” I stared in wonder. “It reminds me of the time Jules used his sonic screwdriver to get rid of all the snow in my driveway.”

Now, that brought a smile to John Watson’s face. “Hmm, the spell could be used for shoveling the sidewalk in winter.”

“Isn’t there a rule about not letting Muggles see you use magic?” I asked, a big grin showing on my face as if he had let me in on a great secret.

“You’re not exactly a Muggle,” he said soto voce. “You’re a space alien.”

“Oi! I prefer extraterrestrial, thank you!” “We chuckled. My spirits lifted when I saw that the dust was gone.

“Mrs. Hudson is going to be absolutely spare when she sees what you done.” John gave his trademark look of his where he looked at me, looked away, then looked back at me again. “You’re not out of the fire yet.”

“I think I rented the wrong type of floor sander,” I motioned toward the floor.

“I can fix it,” he said in his best attempt at a soothing voice.

“No, John,” I adamantly shook my head. “You’ve helped me out enough already.”

“It’s my pleasure, Olivia. Anyone who can put up with Sherlock is a friend of mine. With a flick of the wrist and ‘Scourgify,’ that floor will be sanded and ready to be varnished.” John turned away.

“Are you sure?” I asked. “I’m the one who mucked it up. I’m the one who has to fix it and I don’t want to impose.”

“Olivia, shh.” he said, giving me a single nod. "If Mrs. Hudson returns home and see the floor in that condition, she will turn you into a troll.”

“I’d like to see her try,” I said with more defiance than I felt.

“Look at it this way,” he sat down a few stairs above, looked at the ceiling then back at me. “I see you don’t like taking the quick and easy way. Let me get my wand and we’ll fix the sanding part. Then, tomorrow, before you go to B & Q, do your research to get the varnishing part correct.”

I looked at John’s face, quiet and kind, sitting there in his trademark sweater (jumper to those across the pond) and his helpful offer. I had failed to listen to my instincts once and I wasn’t about to do it a second time. “Flick your stick, John.”

“Scourgify!” I enjoyed seeing the varnish come off the floor and leave it a continuous lighter color than what it had been.

“Thanks, again,” I felt the weight of the Tardis fall off my shoulders.
"Er," John looked at the ground, then at me. He gave me a noticeable smile. "Feeling peckish?"

"Peckish?"

"Hungry?" he asked, a hopeful glint in his eye.

He looked so normal, nice and dependable. He wasn’t a half-crazed Gallifreyan Alpha Male who was my soulmate who was out doing who know what. Jules didn’t do domestic and John did domestic with flare. I was famished. Superior biology and metabolism is a bunch of crap. I wanted ten cheeseburgers and I wanted them yesterday. I wanted a typical human interaction without intense telepathy, a whirring Tardis and someone trying to charm me every five seconds.

I wanted my Jules back, not the arrogant stranger in his place who turned everyone’s head wherever he went because he was too damned handsome for his own good. If you thought Ten was vain, try Eighteen. He even made a speedo look good and that not an easy accomplishment.

I weighed it over in .0003 seconds: dinner with John or no dinner with John. Too tempting for me to be able to just eat dinner when a good, ordinary man (okay, wizard / doctor) when I thought he was utterly adorable. No, better safe than sorry. Trust isn’t given; it’s earned. “Thanks, but I have dinner plans with Jules.”

“Good,” he nodded once, looked away then back at me. “Fine. I’ll see you later.”

“Yes, you will,” I promised. The quiet, unassuming wizard from Gryffindor was the world’s most helpful neighbor.

“A-ha!” I heard a familiar bellow of excitement upstairs. Sherlock ran down the stair with manic glee on his face. “Olivia, I have it. Your wand’s core is absolutely full of Artron Energy.”

“I know,” I nodded. ‘No shit, Sherlock,’ I couldn’t resist thinking. "Time Lords swim in the stuff."

“I did a few experiments with polyjuice, heat, gravity and Dementor energy and the Artron signature in your wand’s core matched. It would seem that your fiancé is a walking arsenal of magic.”

“I see,” I said, not surprised at the Doctor being magical. "Why am I not surprised?"

“You know that if you're like him," Sherlock looked at me, his eyes narrowing with deep thought. "Then you also contain a high percentage of Artron energy. John, examine her!"

“Examine me?” I cast wary glance at Sherlock and John. “Excuse me?”

“With your permission, Olivia?” John asked.

"No thanks," I refused. "I'm not a lab rat."

"We may be able to figure out how to get you home," Sherlock continued. "Hold still and think of England."

"Dude, I'm an American," I rolled my eyes.

“Medicinae Nito!”

John waved his wand around me, up and down, several time. Then, I watched the end of it glow with a purplish light, flitting around me in a series of circles near my head, face and shoulders. I fought the urge to swat it away from me, thinking that might cause great offense to John. After all, he had just helped me with my floor. I heard a low-pitched buzzing that increased in volume as the
small purple orb zipped around me with increasing speed. The buzz became a drone, then turned into a high-pitched whine before it stopped.

“Just as I thought,” Sherlock gloated, pumping his fist in victory. “You, Ms. Brasseaux, and your fiancé, Doctor Noble are brimming with Artron Energy. That mentor attack was no accident!”

“I see,” I replied as calmly as I could without further exciting Sherlock. “Dear God, Olivia, what is it like in your funny little brain? It must be so boring!” John agreed with Sherlock. “What you call Artron energy in your universe is magic in ours.”

“Fuck off and die, you arrogant asshole,” I muttered under my breath,

“Easy, Livie?” John soothed me, knowing that the worlds biggest walking penis had a way of annoying me.

“Sorry, just talking to myself.” I offhandedly reached into my purse, pulling out my so-called wand. “So, would this thing work?”

“The wand must choose you,” John shook his head. “Not the other way around. I doubt it,”

“It couldn’t hurt to try,” I shrugged. I had watched enough Harry Potter movies and seen John use his wand twice. Flick the stick to do the trick. I figured it was best if I tried something harmless. I stared at my wand for a few seconds, thinking of the most harmless spell I remembered from the Harry Potter movies.

“Olivia,” John said in a warning voice, his hand gently on my forearm as he shook his head. “No. You haven’t been trained. It takes years of study to control magic, even with a wand.”

I stepped away. I know I shouldn’t have, but I was curious. Now, that was an added bonus if I could cast spells with a wand. “A light spell shouldn’t do any damage, would it?”

Sherlock and John looked at each other, skepticism on John’s face and enthusiasm on Sherlock’s. “For the sake of science, we must find out, John, A light spell is the first spell we learn, John, it will be perfectly harmless.”

“She could blow up half of the city, for God’s sake, Sherlock,” he yelled. “You know the Ministry will have a fit if they knew of any illegal spellcasting.”

“It’s only illegal if you get caught,” Sherlock gave him that devilish grin and a wink. His long legs put him beside me at the bottom of the stairs in a few seconds. Standing behind me, “Are you left or right-handed, Olivia?”

“Right,” I said, excitement growing inside me. He took the wand, adjusting my hand around it until I held it delicately like a conductor holds a directing baton in her hand.

“Excellent,” he nodded hurriedly. “Now to cast the spell, you must make only one clockwise circle with your hand accompanied by only a downward, then, upward motion. Any more makes the spell too powerful, any less movement renders it void. Make sure not to make the circle no bigger than an apple or you might send your wand on fire.”

He put his hand over mine, turning to me. “Are you ready to enter a whole new world, Olivia?”

“I’ve done that several times already, Ju-Sherlock,” I felt giddy. He smelled of the spices I missed too much.
Sherlock placed his hand over mine, turning his lips so they brushed my ear. That sent shivers down my spine and I felt his thigh brush against my hip. “Now, concentrate on the end of the wand with a white glow at the end of it. I will guide your hand and at the count of four, you will say Lumos.”

“Got it,” I managed not to stutter.

He brought my hand up to the midnight position, motioning it in a small clockwise circle “One-two-three,” Then the flick, “Four.”

“Lumos!”


I stared at the wand.

“I’m sorry, Olivia,” Sherlock made no attempt to hide his disappointment. “I wanted it to work.”

“Sherlock,” I said looking down at my wand. A pale, white glow softly illuminated the darkness of the basement flat.

“You did it! The game is on!” he exclaimed, planting a solid kiss on my cheek. I was shocked by the feeling of exhilaration running through me as my will lit the wand, my pheromones went into overdrive due to Sherlock’s nearness, the scent of his pheromones reeked with . . . desire? Since when? He was a virgin, for Chrissakes! Then again, what happened on TV in my world didn’t reflect realities elsewhere.

The lights came on in the apartment, brightly lighting the entire flat. Sherlock and I looked at each other. “Guys, I don’t think that’s supposed to happen.”

Then, light bulbs exploded in every room as fixtures and outlets sparked. I heard glass break upstairs outside of the apartment. We all rushed upstairs and saw streetlamps come on, then spark and explode. I looked at Sherlock and he looked at me, then we looked at John.


“Sure, sure,” the guys agreed, trying to look as innocent and inconspicuous as possible and failing miserably. Sherlock deduced the blackout occurred because of an uncontrollable surge of Artron energy flowed through an improper conduit. He said that someone picked up on the Tardis and my Artron energy signatures the moment we came to Baker Street and I was mostly attacked first because I didn’t have proper shielding or control of my innate Artron energy. Lesson learned: Never listen to Sherlock when he is excited about an experiment. Be smart and listen to John instead.

We went to Mrs. Hudson’s Restaurant and I ordered the fish and chip while they had coffee. When the television finally came on and power was restored on the rest of the block (funny how Mrs. Hudson’s Restaurant was the only one to have power), the anchor woman reported that over 75% of London was experiencing the largest blackout since the one London and most of northwest Kent experience in August 2003.

“Bloody Hell,” I heard Jules’ voice as he entered the restaurant. “This hasn’t happened in awhile. Anyone have an idea what caused the blackout?”

“Not a clue,” Sherlock said, never looking up from his linguine.

To Be Continued. . .
Chapter End Notes

These last two chapters have been challenging and fun to write. I've tried to capture the essence of British humor, language and culture by placing this on Baker Street in the Marylebone neighborhood of central London. I figured humor was the best way to approach this part of the story since I'm writing in two fandoms. Sherlock, I've only done a few pieces an Harry Potter I've never written at all. The Tardis doesn't always take me where I want to go, but she makes sure that she put me where I need to be. Enjoy. Comments are ALWAYS appreciated so I can better get a feel for the fandoms. I must admit, I had fun!
All I Want For Christmas Is You

Chapter Summary

Who needs Santa when Olivia has the Doctor? What does she get for the perfect gift for a Time Lord who has everything? He has a few ideas in mind. Sexy times and a few surprises. Note: Inspired by the Mariah Carey song, "All I Want For Christmas Is You." No song lyrics were included in the writing of this fic.

Friday, 25 December, 2020 or Holy Hell! It’s Christmas and I haven’t bought any gifts.

Being broke is so not fun, especially when one is trapped in a parallel universe without an identity or any money. Early that morning, I decided that needed immediately fixed. I figured out that it was up to me to take care of myself and I had to put some of my idealistic ethics aside to get the job done. So, I made my morning goal to create a new me by noon that day. Now, I am not a hacker. I’m not a Mission Impossible type of person who can just let my fingers fly on a keyboard and voila! I knew I had to keep to the basics, leaving a believable digital, paper and photographic trail. I kept it as truthful as possible so I could keep my lies straight.

I decided that I’d have just a wee bit fun with it. I’m of Cajun, Welsh and Spanish ancestry and I wanted the perk of dual citizenship: American and Welsh. When the Doctor enhanced my phone’s capabilities with his sonic screwdriver, little did I know that meant that I could still access my universe’s internet. Thank you, Juliblicious! With a little information gleamed from Sexy’s database, my creativity and my sonic smart phone, I built a whole new me without regeneration.

I am now Olivia Zoe Noble, age 28 with a very contrived 10 digit National Health Service number, a driving license (driver’s license for my fellow Americans,) a UK passport, a Nebraska driver’s license, an American Social Security card and an American birth certificate. Another three minutes later, I had a high school transcript, high school diploma, university diploma with a degree I Library Science, Minor in Politics and a Masters of Science from Aberystwth University: Management of Library and Information Sciences. Yeah, I had some fun!

I set up credit cards and bank accounts with Tesco Bank. Trust me, Tesco has a tentacle in all sorts of business ventures in the UK. Then, to keep my bank accounts always full of money, I buried a subroutine and sent it through various routers and looped upon itself so that where it ended where I began. Prior to having a quarter of the Tardis’ mainframe and data inside my head, I possessed none of the skills needed to do these things. With this incarnation, I realized that I wasn’t opposed to using those skills for personal gain and I had some fun skills.

I thought I’d feel like a hypocrite for the way I had lectured Jules about using psychic paper as money, but I had no problem taking money from the 18th most successful financial institution in Great Britain. The next thing I decided was that I wanted my silver sonic back with a few modifications. I refused to be an easy target for the Dementors or anyone else. The Doctor had parts all over the ship in several labs, so I just kept my mind purposely on Christmas gifts as I went to several places throughout the ship, gathering the needed components.

I went into his bedroom while he was tinkering on the console and I saw my silver sonic casing still intact, half-buried under other parts he used for his jiggery-pokery. My first instinct was to take it, but thought better of it. That was too easy. I took my parts, went into my bathroom, turned on the shower
while jamming out to the Buffy Musical “Once More With Feeling” CD and worked reassembling my new, politically correct sonic screwdriver.

I found the plans for the 8th and the 13th Doctors’ screwdrivers, but I didn’t completely like either design. I used an ornate silver casing with swirls all over it, then I found a mother-of-pearl type casing that I used to hold the power crystal and energy cells. I also added a voice-activation program where every single voice command was a Harry Potter spell. I still decided to go the wand route. I had kept the rainbow Eucalyptus wand, but I realized I needed a far more stable core and something that didn’t emit any artron energy. The Doctor rarely destroys anything, so I decided to use a discarded Metebelis crystal as the core and I topped it the sonic with a 2 inch long rose quartz crystal. A little girly, but functional. Half-wand and half screwdriver, I was pleased with my work. I especially enjoyed this incarnation because I could build things that I never thought possible.

Then, I set about to getting Christmas gifts for everything one. Rue was the easiest. Rue loved the euphoric effective of chocolate, so I made her homemade chocolate Chip cookies. I’m no Lorraine Pascale, but I make a mean cookie with her recipe. If you want the recipe, you can google it.

I had no inkling of what to get Jules for Christmas. I sat down and thought how he always liked to tinker on the console. I noticed he’d started wearing waistcoats with the shirts and trousers from his previous incarnation. Then it hit me like a book dropping on my head! I hadn’t seen Sexy’s avatar anywhere that day, so I used one of the monitors in the Library to see her.

“What are you thinking about, Love?” I saw the lovely avatar in blue appear on my screen.

“Christmas,” I replied. “Where are you, anyway?”

“I’m out with the Doctor and we’re Christmas shopping.”

“Where did he get money?” Wariness crept into my words. “Is he using psychic paper as money?”

“No, Dear,” she sighed. “The Doctor gave Sherlock some valuable insight on a chemical compound which helped him solve a case and, in return, Sherlock gave him a few pounds.”

“Must be nice,” I muttered. “Sure, let’s give alien technology to the highly-functioning Sociopath, but let’s sternly admonish the fiance for building a rogue sonic screwdriver.”

Then, I remembered, I wasn’t so broke. Credit cards, right? Spoilers.

I wondered if my idea would work. I knew that Sexy couldn’t translate Gallifreyan into another language, but could she translate English into Gallifreyan? I wanted to get him something unique and special that held special meaning. Then, it hit my like a book thrown at me. “I have an idea for a Christmas gift, but I need your help if you’re able. Would you help me?”

“Anything for my Ollie,” Sexy gave me a smile on the view screen. I tossed the Dickens idea and proposed my other thought and she loved it. “He will enjoy that.”

“Great,” I couldn’t contain my delight. “Thank you.”

“Let me know when you’re ready and I’ll help you put it together.”

“Fantastic,” I knew I looked like a fool grinning from ear to ear, but I didn’t care. I didn’t know what to get Sexy, but I her on my list. Since she was my Mama Wolf, I opted to make a recording of how much she meant to me and what her presence in my life had brought to it. I related memories of our special times together and how much I adored her. Then, I downloaded it into the mainframe and set a protocol to have it play at a specified time.
In the end, I decided to get small gifts for Sherlock, John or Mrs. Hudson. While I’d known them for a week and that wasn’t long, they had been instrumental in helping us during the time we were there. Mostly because Jules and Shezza (as Jules had taken to calling him after I showed him the Sherlock Series 3 episode, “His Final Vow.” More than once, Jules had way too much fun getting inside Sherlock’s head with what he learned about him. Poor Sherlock. However, never play with Sherlock Holmes unless you want to play hardball. Jules learned the hard way, but that’s a tale for another day.

John invited Rue, Sexy, Jules and I to the annual Christmas Party that he and Mrs. Hudson hosted every year. Jules readily accepted before for I had a chance to discuss with him, but they had been nothing but perfect neighbors that I had no problem with it. I looked forward to a simple Christmas Eve celebration with our new friends my Beloved, Rue and Sexy. No strangers, no Dementors, and no magic -just family. It’s always about family.

Bonnie and Clyde loved their new toys and treats.

At 5 pm, Jules came into 221 C where I had started painting after getting rid of the mold on the walls with a Clorox/ water solution. With properly finished, varnished floors and clean white walls, the place was no longer a musty dungeon in the middle of London. I had a few more plans for the place and Mrs. Hudson had agreed to front the costs if I did the labor. What is it with the British and tacky, loud wallpaper? Have these people never heard of simple and tasteful?

The secret to making a place pop is with clean walls and accessories. Wallpaper becomes dated too quickly. While she wanted wallpaper and I wanted all white walls, it was her place. I talked her into doing only one wall in the main room with wallpaper and leaving the other three walls white. I learned that Mrs. Hudson is a formidable force of nature and I learned to pick my battles wisely regarding her precious building. It was like a child to her.

Sorry, tangent moment, dear readers, especially in those days.

“Darling,” Jules whooshed in like the dashing man he was and I felt dowdy next too him in my overalls with paint on my face. He was extremely handsome in this incarnation and exceptionally toned and fit. I felt as though I had aged two decades with my hair stark white. I gave him a sheepish smile, knowing I felt more grungy while he appeared gorgeous. “Oh, Ollie, don’t you know that you are the most intelligent, capable, and frustratingly stubborn woman I know? Did I mention stunning?”

“Jules,” I sighed, with my hand on my hip while I saw through the thick layer of bovine excrement. “I have paint on my face and in my hair, really?”

He moved close until standing nearly flush with me. He said nothing as he took the roller brush from my hand, placing it in the paint tray. “You are beautiful to me in mind and body.”

“Jules!” I exclaimed, pushing him away. “You’ll get paint all over your suit.”

“Ask me if I care.” The Doctor gave me a low rumble somewhere between a purr and a growl. I felt his lips brushing mine and then he pressed his to mine. The smell of those wonderful autumn spices swirling around him, cinnamon and cloves with a hint of hickory and pumpkin made it futile for me to resist as his scent filled my senses. Within the breath of a kiss, I found I had wrapped my paint-speckled arms around his neck, playing with thick, black hair at the nape of his neck.

His kisses were rarely about possession, but seduction; his lips gentle as playfully nipped at mine. I felt him catch my bottom lip between his and gently nibble. My breath caught with excitement and I gasped. He took advantage of my bliss, teasing me within the kiss with his tongue. I surrendered
gladly and willing into that kiss, tangling my fingers in his black hair and he pulled me flush against him. He groaned against my mouth a sound of desire and I felt a coil in my between my legs begin to tighten as my lust came alive in that kiss.

He took my hand, leading out of 221C and back to the Tardis to our room. We rarely slept anymore because of his “superior biology” and my “added enhancements” (Gallifreyan and Tardis DNA). He scooped me in his arms and carried me as a bridegroom carries his Beloved over the threshold.

“I know we’ve had our differences as of late,” his voice came out a low, ragged whisper. “But I love you and I will always.”

“I know,” I cupped Jules’ cheek. “I’m sorry I’ve made things difficult for you . . . for us.”

“I want to make love to you, Olivia, but are you sure you’re ready?” he asked, dark brown eyes smoldering black. “I know you’re not used to the new, new, new me-” I chuckled when he said that. “But no matter the body I wear, I’m always the one who loves you. You are my second heart. We do nothing until you’re ready.”

“Jules,” I shook my head in amazement at this wonderful, incredible Doctor before me. He was important and, yet, here he was humbled before me. I never felt more cherished or adored than I did in that moment. “I am absolutely certain, Jubilificent. Make love with me.”

I trembled. He was masculine perfection, walking sex on legs turning ladies’ and gentleman’s heads while I was in overalls covered with paint. He was part of my mind, my body and entwined with my soul and timeline. For me, there is no other; only him. I needed him.

The Doctor backed away from me long enough to undo his belt and step out of his trousers.

I had been with him only once and that was before our paired regenerations. I found myself trembling and nervous as I realized that we were both new people making love for the first time. I closed my eyes, feeling his presence coming alive inside my mind, blue and gold and that soul that I knew as well as my own. He slipped out of his black silk boxers and his erection stood proud and ready. I sensed his love flowing around me, his devotion and adoration, making my hearts explode with the unspoken emotion I felt for him.

Slowly, I unbuttoned his shirt, planting butterfly kisses along his neck, shoulder and across his collarbone. I wanted to adore him with my body as much as I loved him with my heart. His head fell back as a groan escaped him and I felt a flash of amazement that I inspired that response in my Doctor. It wasn’t about me and I didn’t want it to be. I wanted it to be about the love between us. When he was nude, he sat at the edge of our bed, lying on his back while I stood over him.

“You are beautiful, Doctor,” I murmured, taking in his lean, sculpted body. He watched as I undid the buttons on my overalls, letting them slide to the floor until I stood only in my panties and white tee shirt. I stepped forward, feeling daring, and ran my hand down his chest, then his ribs and then I stopped just below his navel before I reached a thick dark thatch of curly hair.

“You are beautiful, Doctor,” I murmured, taking in his lean, sculpted body. He watched as I undid the buttons on my overalls, letting them slide to the floor until I stood only in my panties and white tee shirt. I stepped forward, feeling daring, and ran my hand down his chest, then his ribs and then I stopped just below his navel before I reached a thick dark thatch of curly hair.

“Tease,” he growled.

“What else would I be?” I smirked, pulling the tee shirt over my head. He sat up and unclasped my bra before pulling me forward to straddle him.

I expected Alpha Wolf possessiveness as I had experienced the first time we made love. While there was passion in the kiss, it was tender and searching. He began a trail of warm kisses down my neck, tasting my skin, suckling me enough to leave a mark showing the world I was his and I didn’t mind
one bit. I felt almost brazen which was the complete opposite of the way I had been our first time together. Slowly, I slid my hand between us to touch him lightly, stroking his length and enjoying the feel of soft velvet skin over steel. His hips moved upward with involuntary response.

“Now, Olivia,” he voice was deep and tinged with need.

“Please,” was the only word I could say.

With his hand on my hips, he guided me over him, his eyes never leaving mine as I bit my lip with nervousness and anticipation. I closed my eyes.

“Look at me, Olivia,” he commanded. His voice deep and his eyes golden like the Alpha Wolf. “Look upon the man who loves you.”

Oh, yeah. I was nervous, but he tenderly guided me over him. “I love you.”

His eyes brightened at that moment, suspiciously so. “Together.”

Jules guided me onto him and slid into me to the hilt, touching the deepest part of me. With tenderness rather than roughness, no pain, just a wondrous sensation of completely being filled by my Doctor and surrounding him. His eyes widened at the same time mine did when we joined in our new incarnations for the first time. “No worries, Jules. I have you. Enjoy.”

I undulated my hips around, frontward and back so that my body caressed him from the head of his cock down to his balls. I heard him gasp and I rose up until only the tip of him was inside me and I rocked my hips around his head. Then, I slid all the way down his length until I buried him inside me. He held my hips, arching upward and moving with deliberate, strong, deep thrusts.

Jules continued moving upward while I moved down with him, pulling me forward to give me a deep, emotional kiss. I was overcome with emotions and the words that fell from his lips were in sweet Gallifreyan. I buried my face in the crook of his neck and shoulder, my sighs mingling with his as I whispered my feelings for him in his ear.

I looked at him, his eyes brighter now and I felt mine sting a little as we surpassed the need for our own release, only wanting to be as close and inside of one another. I felt my mind mingle with his, seeing myself through his eyes, feeling his sensations as my own, our love and desire entwined and looping through our minds as we climbed higher.

His voice broke first, “Olivia, my wife.”

My heart exploded along with the rest of me, but he broke, wrecked and shattered me with those words. I clenched around him as my body released all of that energy tensely coiled in it for days. I hoped that he knew it wasn’t about the physical release as it was the emotion, deep and steadfast, that was precious between us. His name, his promise that he made, everything fell from my lips.

I felt his double heartbeats pound against my chest as he came inside me, cool and fluid. He pulsated and fluttered inside me, his bumps and ridges sending me over the edge for another implosion of pleasure. I looked down at him with wide eyes while he grinned up at me.

We held each other in the dim light of our bedroom, saying nothing as we merely lingered in each other’s thoughts. Think of it when there is a comfortable silence between two people and no words are spoken because they aren’t needed. The emotion is so tangible that it surrounds both people in its warmth. That was the way it was between us in that moment.

“No knot?” I asked, afraid something might be wrong.
“No knot,” he confirmed turning to look at me. “No need to take or claim, only to love.”

“Hmm, yes.” I agreed.

“Darling,” the Doctor propped himself up on one elbow, dark eyes looking down at me. “Marry me. Tonight.”

“I thought in your eyes we already were married,” I asked, not understanding.

“I want to be yours and you mine in every humanly way possible,” Jules pressed a kiss to my brow. “I found someone legally able to marry us and I’ve secured the wedding register.”

“On Christmas?” My eyes widened. “Venue, witnesses, dress, wedding party?”

“The Tardis?”


“Your wish is my command,” he grinned, knowing he had me exactly where he wanted me. “Witnesses: Sherlock and John.”

“Dress?”

“Sexy knows your tastes, Darling. She said there will be several choices in the wardrobe.”

“Oh!” I didn’t know what to say.

“Rue and Mrs. Hudson have been cooking all day. Sexy would be honored if you’d allow her to ‘give you away.’ I don’t understand why she needs to give you to me when you’re already mine. Not in the context of ownership, you see, but, in the fact that you have both of my hearts and I have both of yours and we are perfectly matched and I would never want to subdue you that way—”

“Breathe, Jules,” I said, barely containing my own joy. “What am I going to get you for Christmas?”

“You. You are my Christmas present,” he captured me in a tight embrace, thoroughly snogging me for several minutes. I thanked God that I had a respiratory bypass, otherwise, I would have fainted from oxygen deprivation. “I can’t wait for you to see who is going to perform our wedding.”

‘Jules,’ I thought to him. ‘Will the marriage be legal if it isn’t a priest?’

‘In the world of Muggles and Wizard-kind, this person is the most legal one can have perform a wedding.’ his telepathic response tickled, making me want to sneeze.

“When?” I asked.

“Two hours?” he suggested.

“Oi, talking about not giving a gal much time to get ready,” I slapped his arm.

"Ow!" he bellowed. "That bloody hurt!"

"Two hours isn’t much time to get ready for a wedding, Jules."

“No worries. Sexy has volunteered to be your maid-of-honor,” Jules kissed my fingers. “She researched American weddings. Your universe has maids-of-honor, right?”
“Yes,” I soothed him, feeling his excitement lull me into a state of bliss. “We have maids-of-honor.”

“Go on, get ready and make me the happiest Time Lord in the Universe!” Jules slapped me soundly on my backside. "Paybacks are the Devil's playground, Olivia."

“Jules, you’re the only Time Lord in this universe,” I chuckled. “Just to remind you, Your Smugness, I have a thousand angels at my back, so shut it!”

“Bah!” he gave a dismissive wave of his hand as he wrapped the sheet around him, jumping up from the bed. “A minor technicality.”

To Be Continued . . .
Something Old, Something New, Something Borrowed Something Blue

Chapter Summary

It's not every day that one gets married at 221B Baker Street.

Friday, 25 December 2020

I sat in Mrs Hudson’s flat in front of her dresser and I was absolutely terrified. Holy Hell! I was getting married. I didn’t know if I was supposed to be horrified or elated. I remember being both at the same time. I didn’t remember feeling that happy or anxious the first time I married.

Reality hit me with a sucker punch and I had to poke myself to remember that I was having the greatest adventure I had ever had. I was marrying a Time Lord, the 18th incarnation of the Doctor. We were stranded in an alternate universe where Harry Potter existed while Sherlock Holmes, Dr. John Watson and Martha Hudson were spell slingers. The wedding party consisted of a Witch from the House of Gryffindor, a crystalline avatar that held the Tardis’ consciousness and an alien who looked exactly like my favorite character from the show True Blood.

Then, I looked at it from a far more personal perspective. I was marrying the Doctor, my Jubillicant, my soul mate, my dearest friend and my Alpha. I was deeply in love with this mad man with a blue box who had me shown me the universe, taught me how to live rather than merely exist. He was snarky, arrogant, loving, kind and fantastic. He had linked his life force to mine to save my life and we were mates. I was one of the very few people in the world honored enough to know his name, all thirty-eight syllables of it.

There was so much that I still didn’t know. The Ood had prophesied that I was the woman who made him wait and would make him shatter. He told me they foresaw him finding me in front of a green wall near a red box. Well, I met him at Walgreens near a Red Box. When I met him, he’d lost the ability to telepathically engage another being because he hadn’t done it in 300 years. Being without telepathic contact for him is worse than being in solitary confinement while in the dark.

40% of Earth’s population had latent telepathic ability, but when the Tardis scanned me in 2017, she knew my was nearly manifesting via my Synesthesia. I didn’t. I thought I had lost my mind. She chose me because I made her laugh, she remembered me because of my telepathy and realized who I was when I made the Doctor wait. It didn’t surprise me at all that Sexy knew before he did; time lines were her thing.

She came back for me while the Doctor brought me aboard, taking me for a magical, fantastical ride in his blue box. When he wanted a self-destructive binge, I called him on it. When he felt despair, I let him walk into my mind unhindered to see a Gallifreyan sunset. I grew fond of him, seeing he was psychically deprived. As we talked, he didn’t have to explain certain things to me because I already understood many of the concepts. Rather than run, we had explored and experienced.

Now, we were going to walk down the aisle. I knew it was time to put on my wedding dress. Jubillicant said that if I didn’t care for how he planned it, to let him know and he’d immediately change it. This man denied me nothing and I couldn’t deny him anything. I never thought it was
possible to love someone so much.

The dress on the hanger was a deep Tardis blue and he knew my tastes well. It was an off-the-shoulder fitted dress with an asymmetrical hem, above the knee on the left while a couple of inches below the knee on the right. The shoes were beautiful blue pumps that were more comfortable than they appeared.

My bouquet was several white lilacs bound together with blue ribbon and adorned with spring gentian, little blue flowers from northeast England from County Durham. I smiled just a bit at the line, “Lots of planets have a north.” I heard that line in a Northern English accent on more occasion. It made my heart flutter, giving me a little joy.

“Tulip,” Mx. Rue looked stunning with the bright blue and white tignon with a matching silk tunic and flowing pants, large silver hoops in pointed ears, perfect false eyelashes framing blue eyes and ready to beautify anything that was involved with the wedding. “Let’s get you an up do. I have something for you.”

She had in her hands a silver comb encrusted with a few blue stones, sapphires, maybe, Peacock feathers fanned out from the comb and a small white veil attached to it. She turned me in front of the mirror, playing with the strands of my long gray hair. With a few braids, some twists and well-placed bobby pins (kirby grips for my British friends) and I had an up do that made me look sophisticated.

“You look just lovely,” Rue sniffled as she secured the comb with the last pin. “Something old.”

“I’ll make sure this gets back to you after the wedding.”

“Don’t you dare, Olivia Zoe Brasseaux,” her sharp words caught me by surprise. “This is my wedding gift to you: your hair comb, your makeup and your hair being done.”

“And it’s a wonderful gift,” I gave her a hug. “Thank you. I will never forget this day.”

“Dear,” Mrs. Hudson sat down beside me. “I think it’s time that you and I talked.”

“Is it a ‘lie back and think of England’ kind of talk?” I chuckled.

“Don’t be cheeky,” her stern expression made me contrite. She saw my horrified expression and hers softened. “It’s about your role as the Doctor’s wife.”

“Or how about his as the Librarian’s husband?” I countered, giving her a quick wink.

“Clever and cheeky,” she looked skyward. “God help the Doctor.”

“The Doctor doesn’t believe in God, but I do.”

“I know, Dear, but if you think you’re life is changing, so is the Doctor’s,” she took her hands in mine. “I’ve come to know your Doctor a little over the course of this week. If you look carefully, he shows his heart and soul to those whom he loves—”

“Hearts,” I corrected her. “He has two.”

“Don’t interrupt, Dear, it’s rude,” she chastised me in a way only an English woman could and make me feel quite small. “You were created so the Doctor wouldn’t be alone and would have someone to be alongside of him in his lives and his adventures as his helper and companion.”

“I know this, Mrs. Hudson,” I remained as patient as I could. Was she going to give me the ‘how-to-
“You are the Librarian,” she said it as if it were a title rather than than me being just one of many. “You are the keeper of knowledge in time and space. You will be the Doctor’s greatest counsel; giving him insight and wisdom that he wouldn’t have without you. You are more than a Companion, he’s had plenty of those, but you are the one who is the other half of his soul and you share a bond with each other that will outlast time and space.”

I thought, Rose Tyler-

“Shut it, Ollie,” Mrs. Hudson’s short reply made my eyes widen before I even finished my thought. Mrs. Hudson tapped her temple. Great, she was a telepath. “You are the one he waited for, Olivia. You opened your mind to him completely before all of that doubt, and he felt for you as one craves light in darkness. His soul was torn in have and you gave him yours, making you part of each other.”

“You’d make a great mother or a motivational speaker,” I quipped, trying not to cry as the strength of her word touched my heart.

“He wanted to die and you wanted to live. Together, you both come alive and complete one another. Nothing in the universe matters more to him than you.”

“Hmm,” what could I say to that. How wise was that mindset?

“It may not be wise,” she agreed. “It is what it is. I’m having this talk with you because you both needed to get over this insecure nonsense that you two have about each other. You love each other, quit prattling about Rose or River and get on it, for God’s sake.”

If only she knew what happened to previous companions because of their travels with the Doctor: stranded in a parallel universe, one walked away, one was mindwiped, two were murdered by weeping aliens, one died for trying to be the Doctor and was vivisected into a Cyberman.

“And that weighs heavily on him, more than you know. He feels your fear along your bond and it wounds him, Dear. Love him. Forgive him. He needs to know that you believe in him.”

He was more than worthy. He was just my Jules, the man I loved.

“Today, that is exactly who he is.”

To the Universe, he was the Doctor. To me, he was Jubilificent; The oncoming storm of blue and gold who heals and makes others better, bridging the expanse between ideas at the speed of thought, bringing hope, faith and love. I whispered his name in Gallifreyan under my breath and I felt a surge of joy as I felt his presence in my mind. I know we had agreed not to communicate telepathically before the wedding, but it steadied me to feel his love surround me.

“I have a little something for you, Olivia,” Mrs. Hudson patted my hand. “It’s just a small gift, but a token of my appreciation for what you’ve done with the basement flat.”

“You don’t need to give me anything,” I answered quickly.

“Hush, now!” she scolded. I heard the screech of an owl and heard the flapping of wings.

I turned around to be hit squarely in the face by a speedy projectile of feather, wings and beak. I was knocked off my chair and fell soundly onto the floor with a solid thud, landing squarely on my backside and inspired to spew forth several choice phrases that I’d learned from John since my time in the UK.
“You’ll have to pardon my owl, Caecus,” Mrs. Hudson apologized as she and Rue helped me to my feel. “A tad near myopic, he is. “

“You don’t say,” I said deadpan. I watched Caecus, a small shake its head several times. I searched through the Tardis’ portion of my brain, finding nothing.

However, I did have a brain bungalow. I’d had chance to discuss with Sherlock about his Mind Palace, he found my term adroit and amusing. I didn’t need a palace, but his palace worked much differently than my little bungalow, but the principle was essentially the same: accessing quickly information needed.

Owl.
Small.
Owl. Small.
Indigenous to Britain?
Pottersmore reference.
Draco had a Eurasian Eagle Owl.
Harry’s owl, Hedwig, was a Snowy Owl. Nope.
Weasleys had a Great Grey Owl. Nope.
I got nothin’.

“Little owl, Dear,” Mrs. Hudson said in a tone that was halfway mothering and halfway amused. “Oh, it’s delightful how you think, Olivia, going through all the possibilities. No, Caecus is a Little Owl.”

I closed my eyes, honing in on the term Little Owl, digging through my memories that were embedded in my new and improved brain cells. I almost felt a fiery itch inside my mind as the thought hopped from one synapse to another. Cocking my head, the words came to me.

Owl. Little Owl. Strigadae. Native to the UK and across Europe and Asia. It is rather small with brown and gray feathers with white spotted plumage. It has bright yellow eyes and looks like a plump little feather duster.

I looked down, seeing it -

“Caecus is a female,” Mrs. Hudson nodded in the owl’s direction.

She had a parchment envelope in her tiny beak. Hopping over to me and nearly falling off the edge of the dressing table, she dropped the envelope into my hands. It was cream-colored and sealed with a wax seal showing the Hogwarts emblem. I felt a wide grin cross my features as a bolt of excitement streaked from my chest to my head. My hands started trembling as I turned it over to read the address on the front.

Ms. Olivia Z. Noble
The Tardis
221c Baker Street
Marylebone
London
NW1 6XE

My eyes widened and I gasped with glee. With shaky hands, I carefully separated the parchment from the wax seal to see a letter inside. I felt hope and anticipation in ways I’d never imagined as I withdrew the letter and unfolded it.
“Well,” Rue prompted, gesturing toward the letter. “What does it say?”

“Hang on!” I said. “Let me catch my breath, Rue. It’s not like I get one of these every day.”

“I know! I’ve watched your movies in the media room aboard the Tardis,” her grin was as wide as mine. “What does it say.”

I cleared my throat and my voice squeaked.

“Dear Ms. Noble,

We are pleased to invited you and your husband plus two for a two week stay at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry as the guests of Mr. Sherlock and John Watson-Holmes. Enclosed are your train tickets and necessary information.

We eagerly await your arrival.

Yours Sincerely,

Minerva Megonigal
Head Mistress.”

“Oh. Wow.” My jaw went slack and the letter fell from my hand, landing on Caecus’ head, causing her to screech in protest. “Plus two?”

“You may bring two guests,” Mrs. Hudson elaborated, urging me to sit as she took the comb from Rue and placed it strategically in my hair. “That is lovely.”

“Oh, hella yes, we’re going!” I squealed. “This will be the best honeymoon ever. Will I be able to get sorted into a house, ride a broom, see a Quidditch game, maybe sit in on a lecture or two, see the houses, go to Diagon Alley, visit Hogsmede, buy a wand, oh the possibilities-”

“She is so like her husband, what a gob on her,” Mrs Hudson looked at Rue who nodded in agreement. “How do you get a word in edgewise?”

“Megaphone, Honey, megaphone.”

“I see.”

“Tulip, you can worry about your dream geek trip later,” Rue took the letter, carefully folding it and tucking it into my purse on the side of the dressing table. “You have something old: the comb I gave you. Something new: the Hogwarts invitation. Now you need something borrowed.”

“Have no clue,” I shrugged.

“Let me think,” Rue’s southern drawl lilting through the room as bright red lips pursed in concentration. “Hmm. I have it!”

I gave her a questioning looked as Rue brought forth a black velvet rectangular box. She nodded handing it to me. I thought it might be jewelry. Opening the lid, I saw lying in white satin a sonic screwdriver eight inches long and one inch wide with a blue domed light pulsing at the end of it. “Is this really Ten’s sonic screwdriver?”

“I can neither confirm or deny,” Rue drawled, fluttering false eyelashes at me with feigned
innocence. “It may be. I know that you said that he was your first Doctor.”

“Both on TV and the one I met,” I wanted to cry at the gesture. I stared, stupefied that I was holding an actual Doctor’s sonic screwdriver, not just a toy or a movie prop, but the genuine article. I squelched the urge to let out a fangal squeal.

“I nicked it from Jules’ stash in one of the labs when he wasn’t looking and I’ll return it after the wedding, so it’s technically borrowed—”

“Hairline technicality,” I scoffed. “He’s going to be pissed. It’s better that I don’t—”

“Syntax, Tulip. It’s something borrowed,” Rue gave me a dismissive wave. “What he doesn’t know won’t hurt me. It was my idea and, it’s borrowed, not stolen because I intend to return it after the ceremony.”

“And I love it!” I stuck the lighted end into my bouquet so not even the end was viewable. I’d be carrying a sonic screwdriver down the aisle. “How appropriate.”

“And now for something blue,” Sexy spoke for the first time in a while. She took out the blue fob pocket watch that the Doctor had bought for me at one when we had been in Irindorn. “This watch has special meaning for you, doesn’t it?”

“It does,” I admitted, blinking back the stinging tears threatening to fall. “It was the first thing he gave me. It means the world to me.”

“He told me that it wasn’t just any watch, Olivia,” Mrs. Hudson pulled out a white hanky, dabbing the corners of my eyes. “Stop that! You don’t want to ruin your mascara. Rue doesn’t have time to redo your makeup if you ruin it.”

“It was so beautiful,” I sniffed, taking the hanky from her when she offered it, loudly blowing my nose into it and successfully embarrassing her stoic English sensibilities. “He bought it from a vendor—”

“I know,” she said, her expression softening.

“Don’t worry. I’ll wash it and return your hanky,” I wanted to cry from the overwhelming emotion pouring through me and I had a feeling it wasn’t all of my emotion. I saw tinges of blue against the backs of my eyelid and I knew Jules had felt my mental spike of sentiment. I never had told him how much I treasured that watch more than any souvenir or photograph I had. That watch reminded me there was never enough time to love him even though we had all the time in the universe.

“I know it wasn’t just any watch, Dear. When the Ood told him that he must wait 300 years in real time for his soul mate, he made this. The Ood told him that he’d meet the woman near a green wall next to a red box and he she’d shatter him and carry his time in her hands.”

“I don’t understand,” I was confused. “He bought this for me for in an open Market on Nova Somn in the city of Irindorn—”

“He bought a watch,” she finished for me, taking my hands in hers. “The first one he bought you had, indeed, been of Gallifreyan origin. However, he remembered another watch that he had crafted with his own hands centuries before when he had someone specific in mind. He just hadn’t met her yet.”

“Oh,” I looked down at the watch. “This isn’t the one he bought me, is it?”
“No,” Sexy continued from where Mrs. Hudson had stopped. That watch is still in your trunk where you have it for safekeeping. This one he has held in waiting for you until tonight. Since it’s tradition that he can’t see the bride before the wedding, he asked that Mrs. Hudson and I made sure that you received it. The first was a token of his affection; this is his betrothal gift to you. It is what all Time Lords and Ladies receive when they leave the Academy.”

“I’m not a-”

“You are to him,” Sexy finished. “He has been alone for so long and he has needed someone like you even longer. It’s been ages since anyone had the bullocks to tell him what’s what and you do it well.”

I only knew that I never wanted my Doctor to know another bleak, lonely day in his life. Yes, there was the Companion Curse, but I had forgotten the curse of the Time Lord. While he truly wasn’t the last of the Time Lords, he was alone. He wasn’t a creature of cold logic; he was unlike the rest of his species because he was a being with too much love for two hearts to contain. He always loved wholly and without reservation, watch the universe age and feeling time flowing around him.

Jules traveled alone for millennia because he thought there was no one else. He had found love few times in his existence and it was love and guilt that fueled his manic excitement and his endless cycle of guilt. He didn’t age, he once told Rose, he regenerated. Humans decay; they wither and die, he had told her. I remembered how the Doctor first was when I had met him. He had been deprived of telepathic contact and his mind was silent for so long that he’d forgotten how to communicate with his strongest advocate and best friend: the Tardis.

He was despondent as he saw those dearest to his heart leave or die and he was powerless to prevent it from happening to someone he loved. He was immortal and formerly destined to spend his existence alone. That was his curse, being a Time Lord.

By Providence or Design, I had been created for him. I’d been given knowledge that gave great understanding to be his comforter and counselor. I was made like him to live a life lasting millennia so he wouldn’t be alone. We had willingly shared the most intimate part of ourselves in mind and body, bonded souls whose timelines entwined.

He had brought me out of existence and into life. I no longer lived vicariously through books, but by experience. I’d been given a wondrous, amazing gift and I wasn’t going to squander it. I’d found love in a fantastic place and I wanted to return it to Jules for the rest of our forever.

“Oh! Olivia?” Sexy gently shook my shoulder, snapping me out of my epiphanous reverie. I gave my brightest smile and quickly nodded as she slipped the electric blue chain over my head and adjusting the watch so it was perfectly centered. “For three hundred year, the Doctor made that watch like the one he originally owned. Every night after he had completed crafting it, he held it in his hands, closed his eyes and reached out to find you, but he never did. It is his gift wanting to give his forever to you. He loves you, Olivia.”

“And I love him,” I admitted, wishing I could see him at that moment.

I heard a lone violin playing nearby and I knew it was time to walk down the aisle. I trembled as I took my first steps out of Mrs. Hudson’s room and into the rest of my days.

To Be Continued.
Lakes and Sunsets

I stepped to the edge of 221A, listening to the first strains of a violin joined by piano playing a song that was one of my favorite songs from the 1970s. The instrumental version of, “For All We Know,” filled the halls of the building and I felt my hearts surge with an excitement as blue fireworks filled my mind. I knew the Doctor was nervous, excited and awed; he hadn’t been in a proper wedding since Queen Elizabeth I.

There had been no rehearsals or fittings; the Doctor and the Tardis knew my tastes well. I wondered if the Doctor had injected any of his own preferences into the wedding. I knew that by Gallifreyan custom that we shared a soul bond and I knew his name, but I realized that we’d never completed the rest of the ceremony which included a handfasting.

“We will be husband and wife, Re’Hallion, in every way,” I heard the mental promise reach out to me. I fought to keep the tears back as I stepped of the last stair, with Sexy on one side and Dr. John Watson on the other. I felt another presence in my mind, something very familiar. I smelled a hint of cigarette smoke and strong black coffee. I looked over to my left, I saw a short woman in her early thirties with coal black hair and hazel eyes. I lost my composure for a second and mouthed, “Mom?”

Dressed in a lavender dress, she looked as corporeal as Sexy, Rue and John. She smiled and gave me a wave. A tall, lean man with black hair, olive skin and vintage glasses stood beside her. He was a few years younger than her, maybe late 20s. It took me a minute to recognize those eyes and that man, but I knew in a heartbeat who he was, my Dad had come to my wedding. I couldn’t stop the tears as they began to fall freely down my checks.

“Thank Gallifrey that you used waterproof mascara, Rue,” I heard Sexy whisper to my friend walking just in front of us.

I looked over to my right and my jaw fell slightly slack as I saw several recognizable faces that I never thought I’d see. Some were dressed in regular street clothes while others wore professorial robes. One wore blue, another wore green, a few wore red and some wore blue. I thought I was going to faint when I recognized several the people. I saw Minerva McGonagall wearing a scarlet robe and hat with golden trim. Next to her sat a man with pale skin and collar length black hair, wearing a stern expression along with a deep emerald robe with silver trimming around the collar. That was Severus Snape, alive and well, at my wedding. He was supposed to be dead, so what the Holy Hell was he doing sitting in the audience?

Next to him, I saw a young man, perhaps in his mid-30s with round glasses and a lightning bolt shaped scar and to his left was a lovely woman a bit younger than him with bright ginger hair. I saw two young men in their early teens sitting next to them and I grinned. Harry and Ginny Potter along with their kids were at my wedding. I saw a young woman with honey brown hair, curly like mine, sitting on the end of the row also in a scarlet robe and I guessed that was Hermione Weasley. So, were was Ron?

Then, I tripped over my shoes, falling forward onto the floor. The music stopped and I heard more than one gasp in the crowd as my cheeks started burning red with humiliation. I wanted to run from the room and never look at anyone again. I thought that I was past tripping over my own feet when I realized that I was still the same klutz I had been on Earth. I worried that I might wake up, find myself in an institution and been told that my wonderful wedding day had been only a dream.

John helped me to my feet and I saw Mrs. Hudson pull out her wand, as Rue and Sexy blocked me from the peering eyes of the attendees. I saw her pull her wand from inside the sleeve of her dress,
not realizing it had been there the entire time. She leaned over, did a flourishing motion with her wand and whispered, “Aromatibus uterentur repairo.”

‘Cosmetics repair,’ I thought to myself. I knew now that I didn’t look like I had read eyes or nose from crying or smeared mascara. She gave me a wink and a confirming nod.

“You look fabulous,” she smiled.

“Screw these,” I said with a laugh, kicking off my blue pumps. “I’m going barefoot, folks. Anyone have a problem with that?”

There were several hushed ‘no’s” in the crowd and I smiled. This was my day and I wasn’t going to let my mind get the best to me. “The hell with that shit,” I muttered. I turned in Sherlock’s direction and the piano that had played minus a pianist along. “Maestro, if you please.”

The lovely strains of the instrumental continued as I walked the rest of the way until I saw my Jubilificent there, wearing white tie and tails, looking inhumanely handsome. I went to his side, finally looking at the minister for the first time. “Doctor?”

Before me stood a tall, slender man a few inches taller than me. I studied him because I stood flabbergasted as I took in his image. Wild gray hair with wilder eyebrows that framed blue eyes full of fire. He wore a collared shirt buttoned all the way to the top button, a black waistcoat, retro Crombie coat and tailored trousers. I stared down at his feet, noting the black Doc Martins he word. I grinned like a fangirl when I realized I was probably standing before this universe’s version of the Doctor. I had to find out more about this minister after the wedding. Did he have a Scottish accent?

“That’s the twelfth Doctor,” I whispered to Rue.

“Easy, Tulip, don’t bust a garter,” she whispered.

“I’m not wearing one,” I told her.

I saw Mrs. Hudson’s wand still in her hand while she made a subtle circular motion. “You are now, Dear.”

“What’s his name?” I said soto voce when I realized the processional music had stopped.

“Shhh,” Mrs. Hudson sternly hissed. “Later! Pay attention, Olivia, or you’ll miss your own wedding.”

“Dearly beloved: We have come together in the presence of God to witness and bless the joining together of this man and this woman in Holy Matrimony,” I heard a strong Scottish brogue resonate throughout the flat from the priest and I knew that he was unmistakably Scottish.

I looked around and in the audience, I saw a woman wearing a deep green robe with silver trim. Her golden brown hair was a thick cascade of ringlets and she looked about fifty. If my grin grew any wider, I’d split my face in two. She was staring directly at the priest, her aura of rose and soft green surrounding her with little orbs of white, sparkling light. Oh, yeah, that was love and I knew what it looked like. The woman was River Song’s Doppelganger. Oh, yeah, definitely the wedding of my dreams.

“The union of husband and wife in heart, body, and mind is intended by God for their mutual joy; for the help and comfort given one another in prosperity and adversity. Therefore marriage is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently and deliberately.
Into this union, Olivia Noble and Jubilificent Smith now come to be joined. If any of you can show just cause why they may not lawfully be married, speak now; or else for ever hold your peace.”

I could’ve sworn crickets chirped: not a sound.

“The ribbon, Sherlock,” the priest nodded in his direction, prompting Sherlock to pull out a strip of blue satin about a foot and about an inch thick. “Now, each of you wrap it around your right hand.”

I looked into brown eyes staring back at me, bright with emotion and his love surrounding me in a cloak of warmth and love.

“Mrs. Wolfe,” the Priest turned toward Sexy, “Please say, ‘I consent and gladly give my daughter, Olivia Zoe Noble of House Tardis to Jubilificent Theta Sigma Smith of House Lungbarrow.”’

“I consent and gladly give my daughter, Olivia Zoe Noble of House Tardis to Jubilificent Theta Sigma Smith of House Lungbarrow.”

So, I wondered who was going to speak on Jules’ behalf. If Sexy did, it would be more than a bit awkward. The priest continued, “Sherlock, please say, ‘I consent and gladly give my friend, Jubilificent Theta Sigma Smith of House Lungbarrow to Olivia Zoe Noble of House Tardis.”

Sherlock repeated the words with great solemnity that a shiver ran down my spine and over my skin, giving me goosebumps.

“Jubilificent,” please say the following. I missed the rest of what the priest said because I was too busy trying to absorb everything around me when I felt a gentle touch on the edge of my consciousness.

‘Darling?’

‘Yes?’

‘Are you having second thoughts?’ I heard the underlying doubt and fear in his words. I watched bright yellow spark throughout the blue and silver of his consciousness into the rose and mint in his aura. He was afraid that I was the one having fears and doubts.

‘Hot feet, here, Jules,’ I assured him.

“Jubilificent, you have taken Olivia to be your Gamma, mate and wife. Do you promise to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, to be faithful to her as long as you both shall live?”

“I do,” he answered, his voice barely above a whisper. A hot flush washed over me as I felt his excitement, nervousness and joy rush through me.

“Olivia, you have taken be to be your Alpha, mate and husband. Do you promise to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, to be faithful to her as long as you both shall live?”

“I do.” I said with newfound conviction.

“The rings, please,” the priest addressed us. With our right hands wrapped in the blue satin, that left only our left hands free. Sherlock hand Jules the blue wedding band with Gallifreyan script. With my hand shaking, I held it out as Jules slipped the ring on my finger.

Oh, shit! Who had Jules’ ring? I looked worried at Rue who whispered. “Tulip, no worries. It’s all
fine.”

She handed me the cobalt band made of varillium which I took in mine and with trembling fingers, I slipped it on his hand. “I love you.”

I saw a single tear escape him.

“Now, you may exchange names.”

Jules, my Doctor, leaned forward and whispered thirty-eight syllables in my ear. What was I supposed to say? I whispered my name into the shell of his ear, so softly that no one could hear but him. Then, he whispered to me. “I name you, Re'Hallion Nin Bereth Denali Nin Emels: Beloved Sunset who holds both my hearts.”

My mind flashed back to particular episode featuring River and Twelve, ‘The Husbands of River Song.’

I heard words in Gallifreyan which I struggled to understand. Even though I had a basic working knowledge of it, I only spoke it with Sexy and Jules occasionally. It was a complex language with a rich, melodic lilt and a lexicon of nearly two million words. I, at that time, knew 2000 on a good day.

“Re’Hallion, Beloved,” Jules whispered in my ear, his breath teasing my skin. “My wife.”

I started trembling as I recognized the gravity of those words. My breath caught in my throat and my heartbeats raced to a gallop. “Yes?”

“I never thought a sunset would fall in love with me,” he gave my hands a gentle squeeze. “

“I’m not a sunset,” I cupped his cheek with my left hand. “I’m your wife and I love you, Husband.”

“I now pronounce you Olivia and Jubilificent Noble,” the Scottish Priest’s voice cut into our private conversation. “You may kiss each other.”

I felt warm lips on mine, chaste and sweet. I saw the swirling eddy of his mind, blue and silver, still for the first time into a calm, placid lake with a rushing waterfall. There, I saw a tangerine sky with two stars orbiting one another, setting below the horizon. Turquoise, fuchsia and lime colored the horizon as one does at sunset.

I had never loved one person so much or so deeply as my husband. He had loved before and differently, but he loved me as much as I did him.

To Be Continued. . .
Interlude

Chapter Summary

The Doctor and Mrs. Noble's Wedding reception along with a glimpse of things to come.

What do you get when you have wizards and witches plan your reception?

One hell of a wedding reception that would be known throughout the ages.

Jules looked inhumanely handsome in his tuxedo, exuding sensual charisma and charming confidence that made many of the ladies swoon. Many of the women kept their eyes locked on him as we went through the wedding dinner and the toast at Speedy’s. The food was delicious, but I felt completely overwhelmed by all of the extrasensory overload.

Lanterns didn’t hang from the ceilings; they floated. Red and green candles hovered in air, illuminating the restaurant in a golden glow. Silvery confetti fell like snow from the ceiling, vanishing once it hit the floor. The scent of cinnamon and vanilla, hazelnut and caramel filled the air with a warming, delicious aroma. We had exchanged pieces of wedding cake, it tasted of the sweetest buttercream and caramel, melting in my mouth with every bite.

A tall Christmas pine flocked in scarlet and green stood in the corner with lights blinking merrily. I watched as the Doctor listened, his dark eyes glancing at me, making melt in my seat. Being surrounded by so many famous faces, I felt insignificant around these people that were famous and powerful.

“My Darling,” my Doctor took my hand in his, brushing his lips against mine are he read my thoughts as if they were his own “You are my universe.”

I looked at him, doubt plaguing me. I remembered the words, “A sunset can’t love you. A monolith ignores you.”

“Olivia,” he leaned forward. “Remember, you are my sunset and I never expected you to love me. Do you?”

“I’m not a sunset, Jules,” I shook my head. “I’m a woman who is irreversibly, eternally in love with you.”

“And I’m no monolith,” his eyes gleamed gold. “I am the man who loves you. Yes, I’ve loved before as you have, but we have ‘this.’” he motioned between us. “This is a fixed point in time and it can’t be changed. This happens now and it will always be: The Librarian and the Doctor, Re’Hallion and Jubilificent: the stuff of legend.”

“Maybe in your universe, Jules,” I scoffed. “Where I come from, time is mutable and anything can be altered due to free will.”

“The Laws of Physics work differently in each universe,” his voice lowered so only I could hear him. “Be careful with that power you hold, Olivia, or all of reality will be at your fingertips. You don’t just break rules, Darling, you shatter them.”
His words left a cold dread in my heart. I hated the word, “shatter.” Fear rose in my throat, tasting like bile and I stared at him wide-eyed. I saw silvery lines dancing in the winds of time, flitting and fluttering about until they became solid. The room went dark and my Doctor was gone, leaving me alone in an eerie place. I started at the column of arcing lightning before me.

I needed to get away from everyone for a moment. “My Love, I need to use the restroom.”

“Don’t be gone long,” his touch lingered. “The dancing will be starting soon.”

“I won’t,” I gave his hand a squeeze, walking away from the table in a hurry. I felt my hearts pound against my chest as the magic in the restaurant permeated everything inside it from the people to the food. I needed to get away from it because it affected my senses.

Any Whovian worth their weight in gold knew what I was seeing: I stood on Trenzalore staring at the Doctor’s timeline. I saw the Great Intelligence invade it from every moment and tangent in time, violating it and tainting it until it caused ruptures in the universe, slashing opening in the walls between dimensions. That was the Great Amalgamation and that was how my Doctor was allowed into my Universe, how he was able to send a final message to Rose Tyler, how we accidentally entered this fantastic Potterverse. I felt Dementors dancing along the edges of the timelines, hovering just out of sight and kept at bay by the Void by the Reapers.

Hey, since when were Reapers guardians and protectors? They were beings linked to time itself. They searched for temporal paradoxes. If the balance of time was disrupted, they would be drawn out in force to remove the sinning component.

“Reapers are the spirits of dead wizards and witches who died giving their lives during the Amalgamation,” I heard a voice explain behind me. Turning around, I saw a tall, stark man with unruly gray hair dressed in a Crombie coat, waistcoat, black trousers and black combat boots. “In your universe, they set things right by attacking the very thing that is wrong. Here, they protect this universe from magical menaces. If the imbalance is perceived, they attack en force to eradicate it.”

“Father,” I greeting him.

“Only during the wedding, lass,” he corrected me. “Now, I’m just Ian MacGowan.”

I noticed the wand in his hand and I glanced at it in silent question, then back at him. “You’re a wizard?”

“Aye, I am.”

“But, you also a priest?”

“I am,” he grinned.

“How does that happen without someone getting stoned to death?” I gave Ian a hard look.

“How do space aliens happen regarding God?” he countered, giving me a nod.

I realized that on this planet, I was the alien. I also believed in God as he did and we were unique creatures. Magic in this world was the foundation of this world’s existence and differed from the idea of magic in my universe. Maybe, space aliens filled that same niche. “Good point. It just depends on who, where and when we are.”

“Good answer,” his satisfaction showed with a warmth that show in his blue eyes. I noticed that he wore a green and silver pin on the lapel of his coat.
Slytherin. I inwardly cringed. Being a Potterhead, I remember the traits that defined Slytherin: ambitious, shrewd, cunning, charismatic, and aspirant. They also have acute survival sense. Slytherins plotted, taking advantage of any opportunity that brought brought favorability to the outcome. Calculating and manipulative, to say that I distrusted the House was an understatement. I had to admit I held a secret soft spot for Severus Snape.

I pursed my lips in contemplation, trying to figure out the enigmatic priest/wizard/ Doctor in front of me. I let myself see into his past, his present and his future. The Doctor could see timelines: what was, what is and what will be. While I had the Tardis’ DNA, I contained only a spark of her heart and soul while the Doctor had been baptized in it. However, I had my Synesthesia enough to understand this man and what he embraced. Sherlock. The Twelfth Doctor. Loki from the MCU. He was confident, brilliant and rational, arrogant and judgmental.

“So, a man of many hats?”

“You could say that,” he gave a dismissive nod. “Usually, I teach at the Academy. Presiding over weddings is something that I do in the summers and between terms. I owed Holmes a favor and he said it’d be for an interesting couple.”

“Hmm,” Wait until he met Jules: the mind of a Time Lord and a body as sinfully beautiful as a fallen angel. “Are you a Doctor?”

“Yes,” he answered, offering no further explanation.

“What do you teach?”

“The Theory and Practical Application of Time Travel,” Ian looked at his pocket watch. “If you’ll excuse me, I need to get back to my wife. I look forward to speaking with you again, Mrs. Noble.”

I went to the restroom, locking the door behind me and slumped against the door. I breathed heavily, trying to erase the horror of the vision from my mind. I closed down the Tardis part of my brain, letting only the human portion remain. The Doctor couldn’t read my mind if it were psychically active.

Was it Sexy trying to warn me or the Universe itself? I turned on the sink, letting the cold water run before I splashed a few droplets on me to cool my heated skin. Something was coming and it had to do with the Dementors, the Reapers and the Amalgamation. Something or someone had given me a glimpse of a possible future that meant separation, loss, anguish and death.

Wasn’t that how an adventure with the Doctor always ended? I sighed at the thought, knowing we didn’t get happily ever after. If we were luck, we had some time to be happy and best to make the most of it. I realized that I’d probably never see my universe again and I just didn’t have the fortitude to face the oncoming vision with all of its ramifications. I took a drink of water from the nearby fountain and gathered my composure before I returned to my husband.

I watched his eyes widen as I approached him. “Darling, I can’t sense you. Are you all right?”

“Of course,” I gave him my best smile, remembering to lift my psychic walls. “I just needed a human moment of privacy. Using the restroom isn’t something I want to broadcast.”

Later that night, we skipped a father/daughter dance and went straight to the groom and bride’s first dance. I didn’t want anything slow and my husband knew it, so the first song that came on was “Praise You” by Fatboy Slim and went straight into “Never Been In Love Before,” by Cobra Starship. Jules knew my tastes well. We had a great DJ and all went well until
By the end of the evening, I danced with Harry Potter and Severus Snape while Jules had managed to charm Hermione Weasley and Molly Hooper. Jules and I quietly slipped out and we made our way to 221C. He pulled out the key, unlocking the door and let me go through first. I saw the Tardis standing in the middle of the living room.

Jules kissed me deeply, sweeping me into his arms as he carried me across the threshold of the Tardis. I remembered that Sexy was still over at Speedy’s with Rue, meaning we had the Tardis to ourselves.
Jules hummed his approval and lets his eyes drift shut. The expression of bliss crossing his features from my touch humbled me. I still couldn’t believe that I had it within my ability to bring a Time Lord to his knees this way, yet, he reduced me to a quivering mass every time he touched me. I gulped, trying not to lose my confidence and enjoy the thick, silky strands between my fingers. Jules pulled me forward, drawing me into a deep kiss.

Slowly, I carded my fingers through his hair, brushing them against his ear and tracing the edge of his stubbled jaw. “You are wonderful.”

Jules slowly trailed his hands from my face to my breasts, palming them through my dressed. His dark eyes simmered with barely restrained passion when I moaned, but there was a serenity in them that I had seen only a few times before that day. He guided me until I sat astride him, my soaked panties brushing against his erection concealed by the thin fabric of his trousers.

“You are mine, Darling,” Jules’s hands fell to my hips, pressing me down while he thrust upward to meet me with the trouser fabric separating us. He positioned his erection along the thick lacy seam between my thighs, pressing with just the right amount of pressure at the right angle against my bundle of nerves, making me buck against him.

He held me against him as he rose upward, pressing his cock against me, making me want to scream as a powerful bolt of pleasure coursed through my body. My breath came in rapid pants. I opened my eyes, looking down at his eyes glimmering with the light of the Alpha Wolf. I stilled, looking into his eyes for an answer that I wanted to hear. “Is it mutual?”

“Does it need saying?” the Doctor still his movements, his sable gaze meeting mine.

“Yes.”

“I have been yours since, ‘Sorry, Dude, but I don’t know you.’” Jules said with quiet reverence. “All I have wanted is to be yours. I love you.”

We stilled and I brought my hands to his chest, each covering one of his hearts. While my womb welled and contracted with a good, strong release, I wanted to savor this special night that was the beginning of the rest of our lives. My panties were damp and Jules’s erection pressed against me, making me want to ride him until he was too weak to get out of bed. I wondered if he’d ever been ridden like a horse doing reverse cowgirl. Hmm...

“No fair, Jules. All lust and no equal foreplay makes me cranky,” I yanked him by the collar, ripping his shirt open so buttons flew everywhere. As another quake trembled through my body, I took several deep breaths to calm myself. She moved against him, causing him to shudder and bring him closer to the precipice. My voice was low and husky in my ears, “I want to see you.”

“Your wish is my command, Darling.” Jules quickly stripped off all of his clothing while I remained fully clothed.

I eyed him appreciatively, “I like.”

“Good,” he nodded at my approval.

He rose to his feet, turning slowly for my viewing pleasure. We had made love twice, but this was the first time I truly took the time to appreciate his present incarnation. Lean and sculpted like a
Roman god, I sat in awe as he held his arms out in presentation. My eyes appreciated contour, his dark and seductive voice. When my eyes fell to his erection, I remembered exactly what the bumps and ridges of his penis did to me when he fluttered inside me while loving me. “Do I please you, Ollie?”

“Oh, yes!” I whispered raggedly. I let my fingers trail a path along his jaw, his neck and collar bone and the sculpted contours of his upper arms. Gently I guided him to turn around. “Jules, do you trust me?”

“Implicitly,” he said without hesitation. I let my fingers trace a path down the length of his spine until I came to the top of two taut, firm globes. It wasn’t fair that a Time Lord looked so damned sexy without working out. Stepping behind him, I stood on tiptoes to plant a lingering kiss to the back of his right shoulder. Standing behind him, I rested my head against his back.

Did I dare do what I thought he might like? Our first time had been a claiming and the second time had been very sweet. Now, I wanted a bit of both and I wanted to see if he liked a strong woman in the bedroom. I licked my my little finger, letting it find a path down between his globes. “Jules, do you like being taken?”

“Oh, yes.”

That was all that I needed to hear. With that encouragement, I pressed my finger gently against his anus, just enough to let the very pad of my finger press him slightly inward. He bellowed something in Gallimaufry that I didn’t understand as he pushed back against me. I pushed my pinky a little further inward into him, feeling the ring give some resistance. “May I, Jules?”

Jules had never expected me to be as confident as I was with him at that moment. I wasn’t accustomed to taking the initiative, but I found that Jules loved it. “Yes, p-please, Olivia!”

In response, I pulled out my pinky, licking my index finger, then placing it against his rim. I gently put my other hand on his back, pushing him forward until he supported his weight on the edge of the bed. I pressed gently into him until I moved past the ring, slowly letting my finger sink into him until I was engulfed by him. I began a slow thrusting motion while pushing down to find his prostrate.

I reached around him, taking his cock in my hand, gripping him and moving my hand just the way he liked it. I let my thumb caress the center ridges and bumps on his cock, knowing they were the most sensitive. I heard him gasp loudly, feeling my Doctor’s body tense for a moment before I planted lingering butterfly kisses on the right buttock, then the left. Jules’s head fell back and he muttered, “Sweet Rassilon! You’ll be the death of me, Olivia.”

With one hand caressing his cock and inserting two of my fingers into him, I worked him consistently and deep, trying to remember everything I’d ever read in the Library about Gallifreyan sexuality, helping my Doctor find his release. This was Jules’ secret pleasure that he’d hinted about once or twice, but I’d never had the courage to pursue it until that night,

I felt him buck in my grasp while pushing back against my fingers before his hips pistoned erratically and a broken moan escaped him.

“I love you, husband,” I murmured. “I have you.”

My Doctor’s head fell back, a broken moan erupting from him as his body trembled once he found his release. I felt his seed cover my hand, cool and thick to the touch. The scent of honey and spice filled the room. He rolled over on his back, pulling me down to him. I squawked when he brought me a little roughly into the crook between his arm and shoulder.
“Bloody Hell, Wife!” he cursed minutes later after he caught his breath, still holding me. “How did you know about that spot?”


“Olivia,” Jules turned to face me, a loving look in his eyes as he took my hand and kissed the back of it. “Thank you.”

“I love being able to give you pleasure, Jules, with what I do and I find it very addictive. You are walking heroin, after all.”

“Olivia, whatever you want-”

“What do you want, Jules?”

“To take that dress off of you.”

“Please do.”

I said nothing when Jules lifted the dress over my head. With one deft movement, he unclasped my bra until I sat before him on my haunches in only my panties. He paused for a moment, as if savoring the moment. I took Jules’s hand in mine, at a loss for words.

“What are you thinking, Darling?” he asked, taking my middle finger into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the tip of it.

“I think I need to wash my hands,” I stuttered. He nodded and I scampered of the bed. What we had just done went far beyond anything we had previously done. Washing my my hands in hot water and soap, I made sure that my fingers were clean of any residue. I returned to the bed with a hot washcloth.

I returned to him, bring his hand to my cheek, pressing my lips against the coolness of his palm. My only thought was to worship him all night until the sun rose. I pressed a kiss against his palm while never taking my eyes from him. I parted my lips and slid my mouth onto two of his fingers, letting my tongue swirl around them. Hollowing my cheeks a little, I showed him what I intended to do next and Jules gave a low growl that indicated his approval.

I used the washcloth to clean him up before I brought my lips to the tip of his cock. I felt his fingers entwine in my hair as my tongue laved his head, then up and down his shaft while a created a vacuum in my mouth. I let my mind flow into his, feeling his show and ecstasy of having my mouth tasting him from head to balls while my other hand gently caressed his balls.

On my knees, I looked up at him, seeing his dark eyes smoldering. I let my tongue dart playfully against the underside of his balls. His ridges throbbed with every lick and I caught the stray thought that he’d like to feel my tongue claim him as my fingers had. His hips began pistoning and he pulled me upward as he exploded again between us. I held him in my arms as he trembled, calling out my name and a rash of words that were the equivalent of Gallifreyan profanity.

“Damn, Olivia.” he gasped. “What are you doing to me?”

“Making love to my husband,” I planted a kiss to his cheek. “Giving you as much pleasure as I can.”

“Oh, my sweet girl,” he held me close, kissing me deeply and slowly. I wondered how he felt tasting himself on my tongue and I heard a stray thought that sounded more like a growl. He moved over me, slowing pulling my panties down past my ankles until I was nude on the bed. “We’re both
nervous, Darling, and I’m humbled that you love me so much. I don’t deserve you.”

“You’re stuck with me,” I whispered.

“I love you as deeply,” he confirmed as his fingers slid slowly between your legs. “Keep your eyes only on me. Look at the man who loves you.”

“I will,” she promised.

He let his fingers dip between my swollen folds, then upward and deeply into me. The pads of his fingers found my ridges and bumps, rubbed against me, making me feel as though I were being thoroughly shagged. I felt my womb grow clamp around him and I mewled in response. I heard him curse, calling out to Rassilon and whatever past icons he held dear.

“Jules,” I cried out his name as a wave of pleasure washed over me. His fingers claimed me as mastered control of my clit, making me buck beneath his hands, but he refused to relent. He lay on his side, beside me, whispering all sorts of wonderfully filthy things in my ear.

“I’ve got you, Re’Hallion,” I felt his hot breath against my ear. “I’m going to worship you before I make love to you.”

He planted a slow trail of kisses from my ear and along my neck before claiming my lips. He tastes me gently, but deeply, not dominating as he had when he claimed me, but having his tongue and fingers move in unison. I heard a loud wail fill the room and realized it was me as my muscles clenched around his fingers. My body quaked for an eternity before the final waves of my orgasm left me sated. “Okay, It’s official, Jules. I can’t move.”

“Did you like that, Darling?” he smirked, licking his fingers clean.

“Gee,” I said with perfect Olivia snarkiness. “What do you think?”

He placed his head between my thighs, letting his tongue do what his fingers had done. His tongue laved against me, gently, lovingly until I felt another crest build. My fingers grabbed handfuls of his black hair as my thighs held his head in place and I screamed out his name.

“Oh, Olivia, I never thought that I could find you, that I could give you...this,” my Doctor’s voice broke as he came up to meet me, planting butterfly kisses on my eyes, face and lips, but never deepening the kiss. It felt as if he were denying himself pleasure, making me the center of his universe, immersing his mind in every moment of it as it trying to burn it into his memory.

“Jules, I want this to be about us and I want you to have it all. All the love and pleasure you deserve. I just want to make sure it’s perfect for you.”

Jules’s cock was long and erect, nestled in thick, dark curls. With trust that I only felt only with him, I was on my back as he blazed a trail of kisses from my stomach to my lips. I felt the tip of his cock brush against my sensitive clit and my hips arched upward. I didn’t know what I had done to deserve this wonderful man in my arms. I didn’t think that I’d ever know love again and I never knew passion until I found my Doctor. He remained still as he looked down at me, his face carefully neutral.

"Olivia, Darling," Jules whispered, “I want you. Are you ready? If you need to rest, please tell me.”

"Don’t you dare stop," I declared. “I’m not made of glass, you know. Do you have protection?”

“Already taken care of before the wedding.” he grinned.
I was nervous and he made me that way.

“You and I both, Olivia.” Jules gave me that rare, unguarded gaze that he reserved only for me.

"the Doctor, nervous?" I rolled my eyes. "I never would have thought it possible."

“Olivia, you’re lovely.” Jules murmured against the shell of my ear, rubbing his thumb against my nub and she jolted upward in response.

“Jules!”

I shattered.

“Please,” I pleaded, moving my hips beneath his hand. “No more waiting, damn it!”

“As milady commands!” He pressed his fingers to my temples and I felt that familiar, tickling heat.

“May I, Darling?”

“Please,” I begged. I felt him surround me in his embrace and with his mind. Blue and gold filling my senses. The link between us deepened, becoming much more intimate. Now, I received his sensory perception and it was confusing.

He sheathed himself inside until he touched the tip of my womb. I don’t think he’d ever felt so long and wide inside me and I whimpered as he held still while I became accustomed to his size. Both of us remained still, staring at one another, not believing this day had finally arrived. “So hot and tight around me. You like this, being filled with so much of me that you know you’re mine?”

All I could do is nod. As my mind flashed back and forth between his pleasure and mine, a groan escaped him as he fluttered inside me. I put my hands to his temples and I said softly, “May I, Jules?”

“Yes, Darling,” he planted a kiss and once I put my fingers to his temples, the loop of ecstasy of feeling me around him and him inside me all at once made my body quake and I cried out.

“Doctor,” I screamed into his shoulder. “Harder.”

“Is that what you want?” he whispered in my ear, pulling his cock out of me until only the tip remained sheathed. “Do you want me to fuck you strong and hard until you until you can’t walk for days so that every time you come, you know that you’re ruined for any other Alpha but me?”

He looked down at me, the golden eyes of the Alpha Wolf reflecting in the dim candlelight of the room. I looked up at him, cupping his face. “I just want to love you, Jules, and be your wife. Can’t we just love each other?”

He groaned, giving me a deep kiss as I felt him pull me closer into his arms. The scent of spice and peach filled the air and I felt his breath in hot, shallow gasps against my ear as he whispered my name and one Gallifreyan phrase that meant everything to me. His strokes were long and hard, but not punishing or purely carnal because when I placed my fingers to his temple, I saw his desire to please, to love and to worship. I was awed, thrilled, aroused and humbled

I felt his ridges flutter along his length until he began growing within me, stretching, filling me until I knew I was beyond what I thought possible. I felt my walls tighten around him again around him as he thrust deeper into me. I felt him swell and lengthen as Jules flood my mind with so more love that I’d ever known.

“You. Are. Mine,” Jules growled into my neck. At first I thought he said it with possessiveness, but I
felt the awe and the joy behind those words as flashes of red and gold filled my mind. I locked my ankles around him, pulling him closer ad cradling him to me as I felt his his knot beginning to grow inside me, filling me even more. “My mate. My wife. My everything.”

“Jules, you will always be mine,” I planted kisses on his cheek, feeling him surge within me while I rose to me him. “I loved you even before I met you.”

“Mine,” he rumbled in my ear, thrusting once deeply. I held him close to me, feeling his hearts pound in time with mine until we were locked in place with him completely filling me. He surrendered his body, heart and soul to me. “Yours. Always yours, Olivia.”

My world came apart.

“Olivia!” he gave a hoarse cry, burying his head in my shoulder as he shuddered within me. A raw scream of “Doctor” came from me as I clenched around him one last time. I felt him spill himself into me. He pulled me to him afterwards while inside me, tucking me protectively into the crook of his arm.
Epilogue

This concludes this particular Series. To see what happens next to the Doctor and Olivia Noble in their adventures, read my next series, "Crossfire Eternal: How a Hurricane Burns."

End Notes

A couple of years ago, I wrote a story as a crack fiction one-shot, "How To Offend Four Fandoms...or "Use the Force, Harry." I'd never written a story like it and it has always been one of my favorites. I wanted to explore some of those fandoms again because I'd learned more about them in the last few years. So, I decided to write a sequel. I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!