**Doctor Who: We were just travel companions**

**by** Blue_Dolphin_in_the_TARDIS_1986

**Summary**

When he sees who his new neighbor, who moved into the house next door, he can not help but feel attracted to her, even if he has to consider.

By chance (and because they both work at Coal Hill School), they make friends quickly and soon become a couple.

But what happens when Clara finds out what he has done since moving in?

**Notes**

To explain: This is not a story about stalking, since someone else is currently writing it (and I was really happy that Ten/Rose is there too) and I did not want to make it look like I'm doing something simple imitate.

You will of course see how I mean this. And I hope you like the story.

Allons-y.
Chapter 1- entry number one

~Today, a young woman moved into the apartment where I unfortunately have too good a look. Nobody had lived there for a long time, the last tenant died almost a year ago and since then the flat has just been empty.

But now, sitting on the couch like this, I could see someone helping her get boxes into the living room. Do not get me wrong, I know that I should not look, the best would be to pull the curtains on, but I could not.

I wish you could see her how beautiful she is. Yeah, that's what you can say, but I'm certainly nobody with whom she wanted to be involved. After all, I'm an old man, attracted by a much younger woman who is guaranteed to have a boyfriend. Completely disgusted with myself, I shook my head and focused on the television program. But really it did not want to reach my thoughts.~

Sighing, he leaned back and put the recorder aside, wondering what he had actually done. His sister Melissa, or Missy, as she would rather be called, had given it to him on his last birthday and so far he had never needed it, but now it suddenly seemed to find a use. One that could not be right.

It had never bothered him that he lived opposite an apartment, which gave him too good a view, just because there was nothing to see. But now it was different. And yet he was aware that he should not stare.

The next time he went shopping he should get extra shutters.

„That's it then.“

She smiled and was more than relieved that everything was done. Although the apartment was not very big, kitchen, bathroom, two rooms, but for them it was enough.

„You should definitely make curtains on the windows, who knows what other crazy people would look at you.“

„Dad, nobody's going to look at me because there's nothing that could interest me. And if so, then I'll tell somebody.“

She stepped to the window herself, but could only make out a slightly older man who was more focused on television than anything else.

„He could only pretend“, said her father, „who knows where he has his hands in the moment, if you do not look.“

Clara moved closer to the window, but still it seemed that he was not interested in who and if anyone moved in opposite. But when she was about to leave, he suddenly looked up and in her direction. She winced, then smiled, but he quickly averted his gaze, not even raising his hand in greeting.
Pretty rude, as she thought and could not help but keep looking at him.

He was a bit older than she, but she liked it. The silver hair was wild, as if it had never seen a crest on his head and his clothes looked like he was a magician or something like that.

What interested her most was the color of his eyes. How were they and what would be recognizable in them?

„You should not deal with this tensioner.“
„Dad, leave it, ok“, she begged, and even though she loved her father, she wanted to be alone now. He understood, hugged her briefly and then was already gone. She felt tired from all the work and decided to go to bed earlier than usual.

If only it were that easy.

~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~

The next morning started normally for both. Early, but also without haste, since they have to be on the job in one hour.

He was thinking about starting a new teacher at Coal Hill School today, but he did not care. He was not a teacher himself, just a janitor who simply needed a job so he would not go crazy with boredom. And oddly enough, the students liked him.

It was not far to school, but he was stopped when he suddenly heard a strange voice that wished him a good morning. All at once he stopped, looked next to him and swallowed. That could not really be.

„Can not you talk?“, She asked after he had been silent for several minutes.
„But already. I was just surprised.“
„I'm glad, I had already thought about it. Do you happen to know how to get to Coal Hill School?“
„I'm just myself ... wait, you're the new teacher“, he stated and she nodded slightly.
„Should I have written this to my window when we looked at it yesterday?“
„I should not have looked over to you, anyway...“
„Clara.“
„Clara“, he let the name melt on his tongue, emphasizing the R especially, which was even more emphasized by his Scottish accent. She herself just smiled and then said that they should hurry. It would not be very good for her if she was already too late on her first day.

~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~

„You're a bit late.“

These were the first words she heard as soon as she entered the school building. Completely confused as to why the older man grabbed her by the sleeve and dragged her along, she had no choice but to wait. When asked what class she belonged to, she could only answer that it was 7B.

They reached the class within a short space of time and there she was already referred to a place, but instead she went to the board and leaned his back against it.

„First of all, I'm not a new student, though I may be a bit younger than most of the teachers here. My name is Clara Oswald, you can call me Miss Oswald or Clara as you like. And in case you have not been told, I'm responsible for English and literature in the future.“

Silence immediately entered, until one of the students answered.
„You look really young“, he admitted, „what exactly will you teach?“
„You'll see that in the next few weeks...“
The door opened and two students brought in a new desk. She had not noticed that there was nobody in the room.

„Mr. Smith said he would come back later to tighten the screws. There would not have been time to do it now.“

Clara begged her to tell him to do it after class, she would stay there afterward.

~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~° ~

About five hours later, most students were on their way home.

She, on the other hand, had been wondering for half an eternity, where was this Mr. Smith staying, when suddenly the door opened and slammed against the wall.

„Is it even louder?“, She snapped.
„Maybe, Clara“, he grinned and set to continue his work.
„Just hurry up“, she told him, but left the classroom before he was done. He looked after her for a moment, but no matter what he wanted to say, he could not.
Chapter 2 - Entry Number Two

~Her name is Clara. Clara Oswald. I just can not believe that she's my supervisor, sort of a boss. A little unusual, but not bad, if I see her every day and talk to her.

And she is still beautiful. I know I should not do that, taking pictures of how much I wish she did not have a guy with her now. Yes, that should not bother me, but it does.

The guy kinda gets on my nerves, but at the same time I'm glad she has friends. Unfortunately, she will never really want to be friends with me, all we are is something like colleagues who might go to work together every morning.~

~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~

„Good morning!“, She greeted him happily, as he next morning, two cups in his hands, waiting for them. He had not slept much the last night because she was not out of his mind.

„Here, is for you, so if you want“, he offered her one, but she got some money to give it to him.

„No, leave it alone. I am giving this to you as a gift.“

„Do not you have to, I do not like it when you make me feel like I can not take care of myself.“

He just looked at her. Why did not she want to accept a simple drink? „Am I too intrusive?“, He asked, „if so, then maybe I should take another route to school, so we do not have to see each other anymore than we need to."

She shook her head and smiled briefly, but put the money away. Nevertheless, she would invite him at the next opportunity.

The way to school, which lasted only ten minutes, was shrouded in silence. While she probably went through the head, how she best teaches the student today, what they do not keep anyway.

„I'm sorry I yelled at you yesterday“, she said suddenly, so that he stopped.

„It's alright. It was your first day and of course this pudding brain from a director believed you were a student. So it's clear that you were annoyed then.“

She smiled and he could not help but reply, still wondering why she was dating him. All those who saw them as being father and daughter thought they were guaranteed, but if they came closer, they would notice that the looks he gave her went far beyond a friendly relationship.

„See you later“, she said when they finally reached the building. He could only look her up, rooted to the spot, as if he had to keep her in his memories for a moment.

There was not much work for him today, so he asked the work teacher if he needed any help. He was one of the few people with whom he understood himself well, which always meant that someone should take care not to get his ears in the circular saw.

„Unfortunately, there is nothing to do today, but you are welcome to stay if you want. I'm getting bored with the dead anyway.“

He sat down on one of the stools and looked around briefly.

„I heard that we have a teacher who was first thought to be a new student.“
“Clara? Yes, that's how it was.”
“Clara? It seems you have a hard time. Do not worry, I'm not going to tell anyone, and my wife would kill me if I'm suddenly in the mood for rumors.”

He smiled, he knew his wife very well. For about a year married, he had visited her several times at home.

“I do not even know if I have any feelings for her“, he admitted, „we do not know each other enough.“

“I understand how you feel.“

He really did, even though the backgrounds were rather different.

“I just wish Clara at least sees me as a friend.“
„Although you want more, right?“

He sighed as if it would change something. Besides, she would not return the feelings he had for her anyway.

„I would not feel well either if people think it's 'perves' when they see us."

James shook his head slightly, but what could he say, so it does not sound like he does not care.
„Rose is still being asked by some, if she does not regret having married me a few years after John's death, even more so where John was my best friend.“

Basil looked up. He had not known James for so long, but the story was known to him.

John David Smith (not related to him, even though they coincidentally bore the same surname), suffered from a brain disease since birth, which slowly led to his death. He was married to Rose for two years when he died at the age of 37. After that, James, who also suffered from John's loss, took care of Rose and the rest just surrendered.

„That between you and Rose is not comparable to what I feel for Clara, not even the age difference of 20 years is noticeable to you."

Now James laughed: „Believe me, we get that too. And not just a little bit. And now I have to send you away because I have a class right away.“

Basil pushed off the stool and tapped off his pants.
„Thanks for listening to me anyway“, he said before leaving the room.

As he walked across the grounds, there was still nothing to do, he thought about what James had more or less mentioned. Should he really not care about what others think?

Clara would never have a close relationship with him, she would not be so stupid to face the mockery of people, and he did not want her to suffer. So it would be better if he himself would stay with a friendship.
Chapter 3 - entry number three

~ I've been thinking all the time about the conversation I had with James today and even though I'm determined to build a friendship with her, I stood by the window again and watched her.

She seemed correct, if I was correct, as her hand kept moving. Of course I was prepared to see her anytime, but I would not just turn around.

She might seem to know that I was watching her, but why would not she care? Perhaps I could only wait for a special opportunity to emerge for me, no idea which one I would only know when the time comes.

And yes, I realize that what I am doing here is wrong, and yet somehow I can not help it either. She knows that every now and then I look to her, but she is not aware of the background of my actions.

Oh Clara, you can really be glad that I'm still thinking about getting shutters on the windows. ~

~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~

„You seem to have a really long time, when your evening is just watching me, half desperate for the fact that one of the works had to go through red completely.“

„So bad?“
„Worse. I can understand, if there are subject areas that do not interest you, it is not different with me, but then make mistakes, as if you really do not care about his future... Oh, what am I actually complaining?“

He just shrugged and then admitted that he was glad to be just a janitor and not a teacher.

„With all those pudding brains I would despair at some point, that's for sure. But if you have to smash something out of anger, I still have some old tables and chairs that have to be processed to small wood anyway.“

„Thanks for the offer“, she laughed, „but I hope it does not come to that.“

He could not say how happy he was that she continued to go to school with him.

When they reached school, he wanted to wish her a nice day when she hugged him suddenly. Not quite sure what he should do, he just stood there.

„You're my best friend“, she admitted, which surprised him a little.
„We do not really know each other.“
„Yes, but it's enough for me. Besides, I'm glad to have you as a neighbor. Others might have done something that was disgusting.“

If she knew what he was doing, she might not be so laid back, but she just did not know it and he hoped she never knew.

„Best friends, then?“, He made sure, although at the same time his heart trembled, as he had hoped for more inside.
„Yes, best friends“, she confirmed and he smiled, then let himself be persuaded to return the hug.
Normally he did not like this, but he would make an exception with her. As long as it was possible, because she would not spend any time with him forever. At the latest, when she found someone ... That thought hurt him, but he could not force her to stay with him forever.

~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ °

~~Ozzie loves the Scottie!~~

This was written large on the blackboard. Even every word in a different color. Clara grimaced and wiped it away.

Why should she be in love with a "Scottie"? The only Scots she knew was now her best friend, but she had no deeper feelings for him, even if he was really active.

But finding someone good looking does not mean being attracted to the person.

She was fortunate not to have to think about it since the lesson was about to start and she should focus more on that.

~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ °

„So she really told you that you are her best friend?“, James asked, after telling him about this morning.
„Yes.“
„Although you wish to be more and now do not come back with the age difference“, he reminded him.

Basil sighed. Of course he wanted more, much more, but he was also aware that it was only one-sided. And he would never take the first step.

„If you want, you can make a heart out of one of the wood panels“, James grinned, „I'm sure she'll be pleased about that.“

„Would something be stupid, right?“
„Perhaps. Oh, Rose sends you my regards, you should visit us again.“

Rose was about Clara's age, Basil realized.

„Good, I'll check it out over the weekend“, he promised and kept his promises.
„Shall we make something special for you?“
„Not really.“

James nodded that although he was a vegetarian, he had never had any problems. There was always something to be found.

Later, as he was about to clean one of the tables in the dining hall of color, he heard a slight clearing of the throat and the words that she will not be home tonight.

„How so?“
„I go out with some of the other teachers.“
„Okay ... which teachers?“
„Is that so important?“

He denied and tried to control his jealousy. He had no right to think that way, she was an adult, could do what she wanted to do and what she did not.
„Then I wish you a lot of fun“, he said and yet it was partly a lie. Even though it was mean now, he wished for the moment that she had no desire for the evening as soon as possible.

But he would never tell her that.

~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~

„Everything OK?“

Clara looked up. She had not ordered a drink during the evening and had been on the same salt bar for a few minutes.

She had been thinking all the time about whether she might not be in love with her best friend. But this would hardly be possible, since they have not known each other for so long. Even if she had to think constantly.

She thought of his silver hair, the blue eyes, his smile, the deep, rough voice that made the Scottish accent even more apparent ... Clara shook her head to dispel the images and thoughts.

„What?“, She looked up, looking like she was very far away. Which was not so wrong.

„That's not how I know you. What's going on?“

„Nothing, I'm just tired“, she waved her off and finally stood up to tell the others that she was going home.

„It's only nine."

„I will go anyway. Thanks for the evening.“

The others nodded and wished her a nice evening.

~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~ ° ~

She was supposed to go to bed, but her feet suddenly seemed to have a head of her own when she suddenly entered the house next door and then ran to a certain floor to ring a particular apartment.

„Clara, what...?“

He could not say more because she had grabbed him, pulled him to him and kissed him.
Chapter 4 - Entry number Four

~ I do not know if I just dreamed it last night, or if she was really with me. Clara, when she suddenly stood in front of my door and then just kissed me so that I did not know how it happened to me.

I wonder what could happen if I asked her about it and then just ask her how I came up with such an idea.

The only question is... ~

„What are you doing?“, She hugged him suddenly from behind and he quickly put the recorder in his pocket.

„I thought of making breakfast.“
„Sounds good. I hope you do not mind that I'm still here.“

Why should it? He could not imagine that she would just have gone before he woke up.
„How did you even find out where I lived exactly?“
„Your address is pretty easy to figure out if we work in the same school.“

She stepped closer to the window and could really see directly into her living room.
„I should not have walked around naked.“

He suddenly had some pictures in his mind. Pictures that he should not have.

„I thought the minutes for the morning lath would be over.“
He swallowed, noticing his cock twitch as she was so close. It was also a very long time ago that he had felt that way.

„Sorry, you think it's disgusting that my body reacts that way.“

Clara turned and looked up into his eyes.
„You do not have to be ashamed of that, it's quite normal that you react that way“, she suddenly ran her hand over his pants, „besides, it shows me that we both want it.“

She had dropped to her knees the next moment when he suddenly felt a slight breeze. His pajama trousers had somehow landed on the floor and then he felt her putting a light kiss on the top. He shivered, wanted to ask her to go on, but she preferred to tease him.

„Clara, please, stop annoying me.“
„So you want it?“, She asked mischievously, grinning that she had taken control.
„Just take it in your mouth, I want to feel you, inject you in the neck...“

She did, taking him as deeply as she could. Due to the size, it was unfortunately not possible to use everything at once. He mumbled some words that had no meaning.

She hoped that it was no exception today, for in truth she wanted him right from the beginning.

„Clara“, he breathed, before he really spilled into her and swallowed everything he gave her.

„And is it better now?“, She asked him, after they were at "eye level" again. Instead of answering, he just pulled her close and kissed her quickly.
Much better, thanks. We do not know each other for a week, but that was...“

“How long do you have to wait to get closer? Because I had no idea that there is an expiration date for this and you should still let go for a while.“

He could only smile, but then became serious again.

“Can we keep it a little for ourselves? I do not want any rumors about us.“

“As long as I can spend time with you at least in the evening, it's fine.“

He smiled, would like to say the words, but could not.

Instead, he asked her if she had time over the weekend because he wanted to visit friends. Of course she would accompany him, also because she was surprised that he had any friends at all.

Even more, it surprised her that one of them was her colleague.

“Did not Basil tell you that?“, James asked after he was really surprised

“Not really, though I think he was maybe scared.“

“I can hear you and what should I be scared of?“

She sat down on his lap and closed her arms around him.

“Perhaps that nobody would believe you are not quite as alone as it seems?“

He just looked at her, then smiled.

“I'm glad to have met you“, he admitted, which was a little closer to the other Three Words.

“James, if they were already staring at each other alone, I just had to cook for ourselves“, said Rose.

Both looked up in shock, then Clara laughed suddenly. Confused, the others looked at her, but she did not explain what made her laugh.

“I think that I myself do not know why I actually laughed. Just forget it.“

It should not come as a surprise that Rose and Clara got along fairly quickly, after all, they were both born in 1986, Rose in May, and Clara in November. Quickly, they had also found topics that interested both of them and so the men were simply sent aside, to put it nicely.

“So, what about the future?“, James wanted to know, „after all, I can remember a man who told me not so long ago that he would much rather be alone.“

Basil glanced down at the floor, „It's not what I feel for Clara, but rather how things will go on when the stupid comments begin. After all, I'm about six years older than you and 28 years older than Clara ... well, I know it has nothing to do with it, but I just can not help but worry.“

“And, are you really sure it is him?“, Rose asked at the same time.

“Since I do not care what others think, I would say yes. Of course, I do not know where it will take us, but as long as I have it by my side, I'm happy.“

“Well, that's exactly what I wanted to hear. Because Basil is nobody who simply lets people in and certainly not in his heart. It's a miracle that you were so fast.“

Now Clara looked at her with wide eyes.

„Gosh, they will not let you fall out wondering. Has Basil seen this before? You can drive him away with that.“

„Then I know how to get rid of him when I have enough of him.“

Both laughed at this thought.
Later, when they got home, Clara said she needed to get to her quickly to get supplies for tomorrow, which she needed at school.

„Does that mean you'll stay over here for the night?“
„What did you think?“, She kissed him briefly on the lips, „do not do anything until I'm back.“
„I'll remind him to wait until you're back."

Her hand moved over a certain spot and he sighed, leaning over to her: „Please do not take too much time“, he said in a voice that said everything.
She just grinned, promising him to be back as soon as possible.

In her own apartment, she quickly searched for the necessary material and hoped that she had forgotten nothing. Because she did not want to stress again the next morning.

Not if it meant being with the best guy she'd ever met.

As soon as she was back with him, he pulled her close and closed her lips with his.
„Do not leave yourself that long again“, he breathed and she could feel how hard he was. Her hand moved into his pants, grabbed his penis and squeezed slightly. She liked how heavy he was and at the same time she wondered what it would feel like to be in him.

She leaned forward so that she was right next to his ear.
„You probably want to fuck me“, she stated with a grin and he had no choice but to answer „Yes“ too softly.
„Good, because I can not wait to feel your hard cock in me.“
„If your students knew how you talk, they'd be pretty shocked“, he grinned suddenly, before suddenly picking her up and carrying her to the bedroom.

But he laid her gently on the bed and kissed her tenderly.
„Just do not be a control freak and just let yourself be surprised“, he pleaded as he pulled off her top at the same time. After that followed the bra and finally she could not help but enjoy it.

His lips wrapped around her one nipple, sucking gently on it. She closed her eyes and just wanted him not to stop.

Meanwhile, one of his hands had slowly moved down, but stopped in front of her middle and moved slightly over her stomach. He was suddenly beside her ear, biting gently so that she could not hurt her.

„You will not say a word unless I give you permission. You will stay calm, make no other sounds of you.“

She wanted to contradict him first, but then nodded. The man above her would never do anything to her. She was sure of that.
„Well, now turn around, I want to lick you from behind."

She did as she was told, taking the position after taking off the rest of her clothes. It was not long before she already felt his tongue, which lightly stroked her clitoris. His movements were slow at first, almost distressing.

„Please“, she managed, but he put a hand over her mouth.
„Did I give you permission to speak?“ She shook her head so he removed his hand and then positioned herself behind her, rubbing his cock against her.
„Do you want me to fuck you? Do you want to feel my hard cock in you?“

Another nod and so he slowly penetrated her.
„You're so tight, so lovely tight“, he gasped as he fucked her hard, but she just grinned and suddenly she managed to change her position so that she finally sat on top of him.

„Looks like I've regained control“, she grinned, but he just sat up and pulled her into a kiss. The last few minutes this time were really filled with loud moan, until he finally spilled in the moment while she succumbed to her orgasm.

Minutes later ...

He lay behind her, his arms wrapped around her.
„I'm glad to have you with me“, he whispered, again he could not pronounce the three words. He was just too scared of what would happen if she found out what he had done.

„We should sleep now, we always have another working day today.“
She turned in his arms and rested her head on his chest, listening to the steady tone of his heart. She loved this man, she was sure of that.

When she woke up, it was already light outside and the clock showed 10:30 am. She sat up screaming, at least she wanted it, but felt how he suddenly pressed kisses on her shoulder.
„I called the school and explained that you had a faint on the way there. They thought you should rest tomorrow.“

She really straightened up now and looked at him. Her brown eyes sparked fire, but this time it was with anger and not passion.

„Are you totally crazy now? What do you think?“
„What comes to my mind? I ... I do not know. Actually, I have only made mistakes since I saw you for the first time.“

He got up and she followed him into the living room, where he suddenly held a recorder in his hand, which was running.

„That's the mistake I made."

„And you really think that I'll forgive him? It does not matter if you admitted it yourself, I never want to talk to you again. I do not forbid you to do your work, but if there is something you will do it while I'm not there.“

„Clara, I... “, he managed, finally took a deep breath and said the words he should have said long ago.
"I love you."

She was gone without replying to his confession.

For the next few weeks he kept trying to talk to her, but she remained silent. Once he had even called her 'impossible girl', whereupon she shouted at him that he should finally leave her alone.

But at some point came for him the moment where he could not. The woman, whom he loved more than anything else, even more than his life, to see every day and yet to know that she will never forgive him, brought him so far that one day he was back in the workroom and there one the Farbtupen in the hand, not to paint, but to do something completely different.
“What the ... Basil, what are you doing?”

James stood in the door, but he jumped forward as one of his best friends suddenly put the paint tube to his lips.

“Are you crazy?”
“Give it back“, his hand reached forward, but James threw it away so it landed somewhere in the room.

“Out with the language, what’s wrong with you?”
Basil was silent, his gaze fixed on his eyes, and it really seemed that he was not saying a word.

“Why are you so keen to kill yourself?”
“You know why. I tried to talk to Clara, but she just stays stubborn.”
“And what do you think, how she will react when you are suddenly gone?”
“She would not have to worry about being so stupid then.”

Basil remembered that she had pulled the curtains at her window so that he could not look over at her. And he had also learned from her immediate neighbor that she would soon move out.

If that did not say everything, then he really did not know what to do next.

“I can ... I do not want to die, but without Clara it feels like I already am.“

James smiled now: „Who would have thought that the man who told me a few weeks ago that a relationship could not work because of the age gap is suddenly on the edge.“

„Can you please give her that“, he handed him the recorder, „I’ve talked about it ... She'll hear it. I'll be in my apartment until tonight if... “, He left the rest of the sentence open and James understood.

Even if Clara did not want to hear it, she would, no matter how.

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

I would like to point out that what Basil does with the paint tube is in no way intended to stimulate imitation but should remain in the fantasy world.
~ Dearest Clara, I realize that you may never hear these words, but I have to record them.

I love you, more than one author could describe it in his stories, more than one singer can express it in his lyrics, I love you so much that I'm laughing at myself now, because not so long ago I thought, that you do not want a relationship with me ... And then we had the best days I could imagine.

I know that you'll probably never talk to me again, so I hope you understand my decision, because the idea of spending the rest of my life without you seems to rip my heart apart as I count them could.

I hope that you will understand my decision and not really grieve for me.

I love you ... ~

„He's not dead yet“, James said as he set the recorder down on the table. She looked at him, but everything in his blue eyes suggested that he was not lying.

„If you want to take your time, then I should tell you that he will wait until this evening, but if you have now recognized yourself that a life without him has no meaning, then you will as soon as possible with him speak and make everything that stands between you and the world. Otherwise, I'll glue you together with glue, so that you only come apart with a pair of scissors and I'll know how to prevent that.“

Clara suddenly laughed before quickly hugging him and then just leaving the room. He just stood there, but then grinned. As it seemed, everything would be fine.

Clara searched him all over the area and finally found him by the fountain, which was located in the courtyard. He sat on the edge and let his hand slide through the water.

She had never realized how great he actually looked. Of course, many would now say that he was too old, that he would not be able to walk any longer, and that he needed help. She shook her head with a smile as she sat down and took his hand.

„I love you“, she said softly, so that he looked up, „but I can not forgive you yet because of what you have done.“

He pulled out the tape recorder James had put in his side pocket and put out all the shots he'd made. „Now there's nothing between us“, he smiled, „unless you would have preferred me to have the recordings.“

She just shook her head, grinning, before suddenly pulling him to him and kissing. They even fell into the cold water of the well, but now, for the moment, they did not care.

"Ozzie loves the Scottie".

The end.

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

This ends the story ... The recordings no longer exist and everything seems to be in perfect order again. Of course, a relationship where everything goes well is completely unrealistic and even with
them there will always be the fight.

And forgive, that this chapter is so short, unfortunately I could not remember.

We read about other Doctor Who stories and believe me, I will not run out of ideas that fast.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!