This is the third story I wrote for this series, but not necessarily the third in order. I have another that is still in the works that happens between Biscuits Under the Stars and this one. Also, there's another story that a fellow creator wrote called Blending In that happens between Biscuits Under the Stars and this one.
Donna didn’t waste time at the hospital check-in desk. Once she had gotten the room number, 9435, she took off down the long, white hospital hallway. All she could think about was just getting up to the room. Her heart was in her throat. Every possible bad thought had been racing through her head since she’d gotten the phone call from the police about the car accident. Both her mum and Jenny had been in the vehicle and rushed to the hospital.

After what seemed like forever, Donna finally found a lift, but it seemed unbelievably slow or maybe it just didn’t want to stop on the first floor. Either way the wait left her no other choice but to take time to contemplate what state her mother and Jenny might be in.

They have to be okay. They just have to be. I won’t forgive myself if something has happened to mum or Jenny. And the Doctor won’t either. One day. The Doctor left Jenny with me for one day, and I manage to get her in a car accident. I can’t believe I let mum take her out shopping. She was my responsibility. It will be my fault if she’s...

Donna bit her lip, refusing to even let her thoughts drift that direction. That’s when the lift doors opened and Donna pushed her way into the crowded lift. Once it started up sluggishly, she tried to distract herself from the pressing, smelly bodies and depressing thoughts about her mum and Jenny’s conditions. She didn’t want to think about what pain they could be in or worse. So instead, she tried counting the number of times the lift made a dinging noise before it got to a floor.

She got to eight dings before she lost count and interest, and then her gaze fell upon a young blonde haired girl near the front of the lift. From the back, she looked like Jenny, which caused Donna to chew on her lower lip for a moment as she tried to fight the coming tears. She didn’t want to think about Jenny for the moment.

So again, Donna found something else to occupy her thoughts. She took note that the young blonde girl was sporting her right arm in a sling and a set of over-sized earphones, which blasted some lovey-dovey pop song as the girl bobbed her head in time to the rhythm. Donna focused her mind on trying to remember the name of said female singer, so she could later write a venomous letter complaining about the twenty-something’s shrieking vocal chords and obvious lack of talent.

But before the name came to her, the light for the ninth floor was aglow and the doors whooshed open. Donna hurried out, brushing past a chubby janitor that was trying to find a way to push an over-sized ladder into the cramped lift. Donna didn’t wait around to see if he got it in. She was already in search of room number 9435, Jenny and her mum’s room.

When she finally saw the small brown plaque with the defined white numbers of 9435, Donna noticed a slender nurse with a frown on her face exiting it. Donna also noticed that the brown haired woman was pushing a breathing apparatus out. Donna instantly felt a fist close around her heart as the absolute worst thoughts came to mind.

Oh, God, no! They can’t be! Mum... Jenny can’t be dead. They just can’t! No, please!

In three steps, Donna was at the nurse’s side, gripping tightly to the poor woman’s arm. Donna fixed the brown haired nurse, who now wore a shock expression, with a deadly serious stare. “What’s wrong? Are they okay? Why are you taking that away from them? Why aren’t you doing more to save them?! Tell me!”
The nurse’s mouth opened and closed a few times, but she never said a word. Another voice answered for her. From the doorway of 9435, Sylvia Nobles voice rang, ‘We’re just fine, darling. So stop that incessant racket please!’ Donna released the nurse with a quick apologetic smile before snapping around to face the door. She had taken only a few steps into the doorway when Sylvia added, “Be quiet. She’s still asleep.”

“Jenny?” Donna asked very forcefully as her eyes searched the room. She heard her mum hush her, just as her gaze fell upon Jenny’s sleeping form, her head turned slightly away from Donna, or at least she looked asleep. Even thinking that negative thought made Donna’s stomach hurt. She moved quickly towards Jenny’s bedside.

Donna’s gaze skimmed over Jenny’s still form and quickly she noticed that Jenny’s chest was rising and falling in a constant and even pattern. Never before in her life had Donna be so happy to just see someone breathing. More than that, Donna was unbelievably happy to see Jenny safe and sound. As she reached a hand towards Jenny’s red looking forehead, Sylvia coughed, pulling Donna’s attention to her.

Sylvia shook her head, and immediately, Donna pulled her hand back. “Let the poor girl sleep. She’s been through enough today,” Sylvia told Donna

Donna furrowed her brow. “Because of your horrible driving,” she softly growled, starting to move around Jenny’s bed and towards her mum’s bedside. Her arms crossed over her chest. She was more than mad at her mum right now, even if she was glad to see her alive and well. Donna was just itching for a fight, any excuse to get all this built up tension over the last nearly two hour-long trip to the hospital.

“Excuse me,” Sylvia hissed softly with a scowl to match her daughter’s stare. “I’ll have you know I was not responsible for the accident. That was entirely the other driver. He went straight through the red light, striking us in the passenger side.”

Instantly, those words dawned on Donna. “That means... Jenny...” she said as her eyes widened and shifted in Jenny’s direction. “How bad?” Donna asked, because it was all she could think to say as she again took tentative steps towards Jenny.

“The car is totalled,” Sylvia announced, drawing Donna’s attention towards her. Her mum was touching her right shoulder, which had a sling around it. “We both got some cuts and bruises. I dislocated my left shoulder, hurt like the dickens, sweetheart. I might be unable to go to work for weeks, because of how much it hurts.”

Donna sighed and turned away from her mum. “I’m sure it does, Mum,” she said sarcastically, gazing at Jenny.

“Well, it does,” Sylvia said with an exasperated sigh. “They had to give me some pretty powerful pain killers, just to get through them putting it back into its socket.”

Donna rolled her eyes. “And what about Jenny?” she asked, trying to get her mum to talk about anything else but herself. There was a dead silence, which made Donna turn back towards her mum.

Several ridges covered Sylvia’s forehead, and her gaze was on Jenny’s sleeping form. “Jenny...,” Sylvia said simply and quietly. She drew in a long, deep breath.
“Mum?” Donna asked, cocking her head to the side.

Sylvia bit her lip and dipped her gaze. She shook her head for a moment as if trying to remove something from her thoughts. Then she coughed before raising her gaze again. “She wasn’t too bad off,” Sylvia explained. “Poor child got a good knock on the head when the bloody idiot hit her car door, but nothing too serious the doctors say. Though I…” She swallowed hard and chewed on her lower lip for a moment. “I was worried when she didn’t regain consciousness, while the ambulance crew worked on her. I thought... oh, it doesn’t matter what I thought. The doctors say she’ll be just fine... just fine.”

Donna noticed moisture in her mum’s eyes, and she slowly moved towards her. She hadn’t seen her mum cry, not since her dad’s funeral. “Mum?”

Sylvia sniffed. “It’s nothing, dear,” she said, using her good hand to clean the moisture from her eyes. “I’m just... still in a bit of pain... that’s all. Anyway, Jenny had it much worse off than my stupid shoulder; well, she did when she came in.”

Donna stopped at her mum’s bedside. “How so?” Donna asked in a more calm voice.

“She had a hairline fracture in her lower left arm, that’s why it is bandaged up,” Sylvia said, gesturing towards Jenny with her left hand. Donna turned and saw Jenny’s left arm wrapped up. “But they say it should heal fine.” Sylvia paused. “Of course, interestingly they say follow up x-rays show that it is almost completely healed already. Funny, uh?”

Donna turned and saw the raised eyebrow her mum was giving her. “Yeah,” Donna said, really not up for her mum’s coming inquiry.

“I’m assuming that’s another thing she inherited from that blasted, big-mouthed alien father of hers, along with the second heart, I mean,” Sylvia more stated then asked Donna.

“I guess so,” Donna said. It was all she could say.

_I’m no expert on Time Lord Physiology. Who am I to answer questions about what is or what is not normal for the Doctor or his daughter? But, I am starting to think it might be better to start becoming better acquainted, just in case. I mean, if I’m going to continue travelling all of space and time with these two energetic, trouble-magnet time hoppers, I need to learn when to worry and when not to. The less stress for me, the better. Actually, speaking of the Doctor, what am I going to tell him about what happened?_

“You know it took me quite awhile to explain away the second heart to those medical men when the X-rays showed two of them. Those overzealous quacks wanted to cut her open, because they believed that it wasn’t two hearts, but some injury she sustained to her heart,” Sylvia said, cutting into Donna’s thoughts about the Doctor. “And I don’t mind telling you, it was bloody hard to...”

Donna sighed and shut her eyes before she said, “Thank you, Mum, for looking after her.”

“Well,” Sylvia said, pausing for a moment in speaking as if surprised by her daughter’s kind appreciation, “I suppose she’s the closest thing I’ll ever get to a granddaughter at the rate your going with men. Excluding the weird alien man you are currently shacked up with, of course.”

Donna groaned. “Mum! We aren’t...” said loudly, turning a heated glared at her. Even as
argumentative words built up at the tip of Donna’s tongue, the soft sound of coughing caused them to vanish.

“Donna,” croaked a horse voice before a series of further coughing followed.

Donna and Sylvia both looked towards Jenny. Two partially opened, blurry blue eyes greeted them. It took only four steps to bring Donna to Jenny’s side. She took Jenny’s right hand, gently squeezing it, and noticed the confused look on her face.

“Donna… what…,” Jenny tried to speak, but she stopped and a pained expression crossed her face. She again coughed a few times and Donna immediately searched the table for a glass of water, which she hoped the nurses were smart enough to leave for Jenny. When she found one, Donna carefully brought it to Jenny’s lips, allowing her a few small sips.

Jenny drew in a few short breaths before her lips parted to speak again. Donna didn’t want her to, not after waking up from who knows how long unconscious.

“Shhh,” Donna hushed her, brushing a few strands of blonde hair off her forehead. “Everything is okay.”

Jenny shook her head in disagreement.

That’s when Sylvia chimed in, “There was an accident, sweetheart. We…”

“Mum!” Donna declared, glaring at Sylvia. Her mum frowned at her before turning her attention towards to her right shoulder. Donna sighed and turned her gaze back to Jenny who wore a questioning look. “Don’t worry about it, Jenny. You and my mum are fine now.”

Jenny’s brow furrowed, but Donna just gently patted her on the head. “You just rest, Jenny, and I’ll… I’ll try to think of how I’ll explain this to your dad.”

“Dad isn’t here?” Jenny asked weakly as her eye lids drooped.

“No,” Donna answered.

“What…” Jenny inquired, “What will you tell him?”

Donna opened her mouth to answer, but that is as far as she went when her eyes spotted a familiar brown pinstriped suited form standing in the doorway with his arms crossed over his chest. “Yes, that’s a very good question,” the Doctor said, raising an eyebrow in question.

Donna felt her cheeks heat up and her mouth suddenly felt dry. For no more than a few seconds, an uncomfortable silence filled the room, but she wouldn’t let the Doctor set her off feeling shocked or nervous with his sudden appearance, which she sure her grandfather had a hand in doing.

Furrowing her brow and setting her mouth into a deep frown, Donna glared at him. “Oi, space man!” Donna stated, placing her fists on her hips. “Where have you been?!”

The completely stunned expression on his face made Donna a little bit happy after all the worrying and stress of the last few hours. Yelling at him had always been a good way of releasing it in the past. So even though soon Donna knew she’d have a lot of explaining to do soon, at least for a moment, she had the better of the Doctor and his suppose superior Time Lordliness.
To be continued...
“Just sign here, Mrs. Noble,” said the young, female nurse at front desk, pointing at the last line of the document’s last page.

Donna shot the woman a severe look. “Miss,” she corrected.

“Oh!” the nurse apologized. “I’m sorry. I thought your mother said...” She glanced behind Donna who followed the line of sight to Sylvia. The older woman seemed distracted by something in the opposite direction of Donna.

Donna sighed. “No. I’m just a friend of her father. That’s all.” She signed her name at the end of the document.

“Yes, Miss Noble,” replied the nurse.

“Thank you,” Donna said shrewdly, before flashing a forced smile. “Is that it?”

“Yes, ma’am,” she said.

Donna turned away and walked over to her mum, who still looked wore a hurt look. Of course, Donna felt sure it was less about pain and more being upset about having to rent a car until theirs was fixed or replaced. Luckily, insurance would cover that along with a significant portion of the medical bills.

When Donna stopped in front of mother, Sylvia turned her pouty look at her. “So when’s your grandfather going to get here? I’m tired of this place.” She pinched the ridge of her nose. “I need to lie down in my own bed.”

“Is that it? You miss home already?” asked Donna, crossing her arms and giving her mum a knowing look. “Or are you dying to phone all your friends?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Lady,” Sylvia said coldly. “My shoulder still really hurts. Even the doctor says it will be a few weeks before I can safely take it out of the sling.” She sniffed, gently touching the shoulder in question.

“Sure he did,” Donna said with the roll of her eyes. As Donna did, she looked about hoping to spot the Doctor and Jenny, but neither of them was in sight. “Say, where are the Doctor and Jenny? They should be down from the room by now.”

“Can’t be easy to change clothes with a fractured arm,” Sylvia replied, before touching her shoulder again. “I know it wasn’t with my shoulder. Maybe it’s just taking a bit longer, and knowing how the Doctor kept bothering the poor child ever since he arrived, he’s probably slowing her down.”

“Please, Mum,” Donna said, fixing her mum with a glare, “We talked about that. The Doctor and Jenny...”

“I know... I know,” Sylvia said, rolling her eyes. “But where was Jennifer’s barmy, alien father when she really needed him? Hmm?”
Donna chose to ignore that question. “Look, I’m going to go check on them,” she told her mum. “You wait here in case Gramps shows up before we get back. Okay?”

“Fine by me,” replied Sylvia, returning her attention to her shoulder.

Donna left her mum to her moping and headed back upstairs to find Jenny and the Doctor. Unlike when she first arrived two days ago, she wasn’t in a rush, so enjoyed the walk to the lifts and the ride up. For once, it wasn’t cramped. In fact, it was just her.

During the ride, she let her mind wander. For three days, her mum and Jenny stayed in the hospital. At first, that seemed to be a tricky situation, particularly when the doctors kept suggesting something was wrong due to the machines detecting Jenny’s double heart beat. Both Donna and her mum had done everything they could to stop any unnecessary scans or operations.

By the second day, they had learned that the Doctor had already taken steps, calling in Dr. Martha Jones. To say Donna was happy to see Martha again would have been an understatement. Not only did Martha take over as head caregiver for Jenny, but the Doctor seemed more relaxed after she arrived.

Donna never quite understood the relationship between Martha and the Doctor. She knew that at some point Martha had been infatuated with the Doctor, and sometime later, gotten over him. Yet, she felt that it was more than that. Martha had the Doctor’s full trust. If she said something medical concerning Jenny, the Doctor believed her without question. That was good because he initially tried to stay around Jenny constantly.

Her mum hadn’t been kidding about him being more of a pest than a help to Jenny as she was recovering. Although, Donna would guess Jenny would say it was less bothersome and more comforting. That was something that had changed since a month ago; now the two of them were practically inseparable.
She kept considering that fact as she approached the room where Jenny and her mum, as well as the Doctor, had stayed the last three days. As she did, she heard the sound of joyful, excited voices.

“And then what happened?” Jenny asked with a laugh.

“Well, I told the prince, who honestly wasn’t very prince-like at that moment, that if he wanted to rule his people he was going to have to start listening to his people,” the Doctor explained. “See that’s one of the true signs of a good leader. Always listen to those around you, not just your close advisors… or the creepy voices in your head, telling you to build it.”

“Says you,” Jenny added with a loud chuckle.

“Ha! Too true,” the Doctor agreed with a even louder laugh.

Stepping into the doorway, she saw the Doctor lying on his side beside Jenny, who was sitting cross-legged, on the bed. Her cast arm was resting her lap, while her wide eyes gazed down at her father’s reclined form.

“And did he? Did he agree to listen?” Jenny pressed for answers.

“Well, he didn’t have much of a choice, being surrounded by some thousand or so rebels,” the Doctor told her. Donna noticed him reaching out towards her bandaged arm as he continued to
explain what had happened with the prince. He was fingering the white plaster wrappings, eyeing it with curiosity.

Jenny interrupted his explanation with a quiet voice. “I told you it is okay, Dad.”

The Doctor’s gaze rose to Jenny’s. “Are you sure it doesn’t still hurt?” he asked. “I could take a look at it once we get back to the TARDIS. Wouldn’t take too long, wouldn’t even have to take off the plaster. I probably could even reset it, not leave a sign of it at all.”

“No sign of injury at all?” Jenny inquired.

“None,” confidentially stated the Doctor, pushing himself up to a sitting position. “Want to?”

“No,” Jenny said firmly with a determined glare.

“Why not?” asked the Doctor asked, cocking his head to one side.

“I’d like it to heal naturally,” she said simply.

“Even if you’re going to get a scar?” the Doctor inquired.

“Especially because I’ll get a scar!” Jenny told him with a big smile. “A scar means character. It means I’ve lived!”

An eyebrow rose up the Doctor’s forehead as he gave Jenny a wide-eyed look. “You know, Jenny. Sometimes, I really don’t understand you.”

“Good,” Jenny told him. “A little mystery is always all right.”

The Doctor chuckled, lightly tapping Jenny’s nose. “Too right.”

As they both chuckled, Donna saw Jenny’s gaze meet her own. “Donna!” Jenny exclaimed, drawing the Doctor’s attention towards Donna. “Is Wilf here already?”

“Not as far as I know,” Donna answered, walking towards the bed, “but mum and I were wondering where you two were at? Keeping out of trouble, I see.”

“Naturally!” replied the Doctor, jumping off the bed.

Donna snort in amusement.

He turned a beaming grin in her direction. “Alright. Then, just keeping busy and out of your mum’s way. Thought it was better.”

“What about Jenny?” Donna asked, looking at him pointedly.

“What about her?” the Doctor asked, shifting his attention to Jenny. He winked knowingly at her.

“Keeping out of her way too, I hope,” Donna said knowingly. “Give the poor girl a bit of space.”

The Doctor and Jenny exchanged thoughtful looks, raising and lowering eyebrows, before bursting into a giggle pair.
“What?” Donna said suspiciously. “What aren’t you telling me?”

“Nothing. I’m good!” Jenny piped up with a broad smile. Then, she hopped down from the bed, retrieving her coat. “Let’s go visit Nan.”

“No,” the Doctor said firmly. “I told you. Don’t even... don’t even go there.”

Jenny sighed, rolling her eyes. “I told you, Dad, if I don’t call her Nan, she gets upset. And an upset Nan means no banana cookies for Time Lords.”

The Doctor lulled his head from side to side and grumbled. “Okay, fine! But only when she’s present.”

“Fine!” Jenny said, sounding just as exasperated. As she walked towards Donna, Jenny suddenly stopped. A devious grin spread across her face. “But only on one account.” She winked at him. “No more ‘only Donna’ puns.”

Doctor’s eyes suddenly widened with shock. “You little...”

“What puns, Doctor?” Donna asked shrewdly with a glare. She crossed her arms over her chest, ignoring the fast retreating form of Jenny who was sticking her tongue out at her father. “Doctor?”

“Nothing,” he said with a blush on his cheeks. His gaze shifted to some point in the room other than her face. Coughing, he said quickly, “So how are you?”

Donna gave the Doctor a shrewd look. “Fine.”

“Good,” the Doctor said. He glanced in her direction with a small smile. “Very good.”

“Yes,” Donna said slowly. “So?”

His smile fell. “Good,” he said again, glancing over at his overcoat on the bed. She watched as he picked it up and proceeded to be busy digging in the pockets.

“Doctor?” she asked a bit more forcefully.

Almost immediately, his gaze snapped back to her with a huge grin. “Donna, what would you say to a pleasure planet?”

Donna blinked, feeling a bit of warmth flood her face. “Sorry?” The many possible connotation of his words sudden in. “Are you asking me...?”

“If you want to visit a pleasure planet, yes,” he finished for her, lifting his coat over his shoulders. “I know this one with wonderful spas that just take your worries away. I thought after you’d like it. A break from both running for your life and...” He waved a hand over his head before continuing. “... all of these mundane worries.”

“Oh,” Donna replied, watching as he walked towards her. “A mini-break you mean.”

“Yeah, so what do you say?” he said questioningly. “I thought you’d like it.”
“Sure, sounds good,” Donna said, “but won’t you and Jenny get bored? I mean you two aren’t much for standing still and staying out of trouble for very long.”

Waving a dismissive hand, he replied. “Oh, we’ll be fine. In fact, this pleasure planet has some nice sights that might be well worth it even for Jenny and me.”

“Relaxation and something to keep you two out of my hair for a bit, and you two won’t be getting into any trouble? This world is sounding too perfect. What’s it called?” she asked with a grin.

“Midnight,” the Doctor replied, “the safest, most peaceful planet in the universe. Nothing bad could possibly happen there.”

To be continued in Midnight Express...

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