In Sickness And In Health

by jessschlinky

Summary

When yet another of the Doctor's plans for a nice, quiet holiday are typically disrupted, Martha Jones finds herself employed at a London hospital during the worst Influenza epidemic the world has ever known. While the Doctor tracks down the source of an alien energy signature, Martha tries her very best to help the sick and the dying. Frustrated that she cannot use any of the medicines or technology on the TARDIS, she does her very best to bring peace to those suffering in her care.

Meanwhile, a mysterious Lady from a very, very far away land makes a tour of Martha's hospital ward. With the Lady is a child, who neither blinks nor breathes. Wherever the Lady goes, people either find themselves on the mend, or on the mortician's slab. When Martha witnesses a strange, blue energy being transferred between the Lady and a dying woman, she knows she has to inform the Doctor: She's found the source of the alien energy.

A typical "Monster Of The Week" story.

Complete, with updates daily

Notes

Hello all, and welcome to In Sickness And In Health!

It's been a Very Long Time since I wrote a Doctor Who story. A long time since I wrote any story, now that I mention it. You'll have seen the One-Sided Martha/Doctor tag, and while I love the two of them, this does not change. We all know the Doctor isn't over Rose, and Martha is destined to marry another great hero (spoilers!), so no worries about me mucking around with their story line.
I hope you give this little fic a chance, and find some enjoyment in it. Reviews, are as always, most appreciated.

Ta! And have fun! (Despite the people dying of the Spanish Lady, and all.)
Prologue: The Great Influenza

This was not the vacation the Doctor had promised; which, of course, was why Martha Jones ended up elbow deep in the sick and the dying.

The year was 1918, the Spanish Influenza was ravaging her home city of London. Martha had offered up her services at a local hospital the first day they had landed in the sickness ravaged city. Her request for a job had been rebuffed until she had talked her way into seeing the head doctor; a Doctor Kenneth C. Evens. He was, she came to learn, a decorated war hero and social pariah; though she didn't know why exactly he had been shunned by society just yet.

Dr. Evens didn't seem to care about her skin color – the moment she had explained that she had been a nurse in the War (it was hard to keep from slipping up and calling it the First World War) and given him a run down of her all knowledge on infectious disease and injury, he had hired her on the spot. The Doctor – her Doctor – had been displeased with her; but as always, impressed by her compassion. His sonic screwdriver had picked up some sort of alien energy (because there was always alien energy) and he had been content to let her nurse the dying while he ran off to figure out what was causing said energy.

It had been the children that had made her dig her heels in and demand that they stay and help. They had been in London less than an hour when she found them – a brother and sister, orphaned by the Spanish Lady. They found them literally in the gutter, hugging themselves against the fever that burned through them, just hours away from death at the hands of the elements. Watching men and women skirt around them, holding hankies and oiled cloths against their faces instead of checking on the two dying babes had been more than Martha could take. She had carried the girl, the Doctor with the boy, and they ran to the nearest hospital. This very hospital, in fact.

Martha tugged her apron into place, smiling softly as she approached the two beds where the twins slept. The boy was called Frederick, and the girl was Lena. They had been in hospital three days, their stay there coming out of Martha's pay (which was fine, as she had no need of money, but more need of helping people), though they were slipping away. Doctor Evens had told her on their first day there that the children would not live, but they could at least be eased into their passing. It infuriated Martha and broke her heart. She could save both these children, and a good majority of the people within the ward, if only she could access the medicines on board the TARDIS. The Doctor had reminded her that she could not meddle in something as significant as this particular influenza outbreak - “This epidemic will change the history of human medicine. We can't interfere. We cannot give those medicines out – it could change the natural immunity that humanity will one day build. We just can't. You know we can't.”

And so, the Doctor had taken her TARDIS key - “To keep temptation away.” - and left her to watch the children and three dozen others simply fade away.

“Good morning, Nurse Martha,” Lena said as Martha sat down beside her, smiling despite the coughing fit her words brought on. The child was pale, her red hair plastered to her forehead by sickly sweet smelling sweat. Her cheeks were red, the skin beneath the flush horribly pale. Her brown eyes were hazy from the fever and all the medication keeping the pain at bay.

“Good morning, Lena,” Martha said cheerfully. “You're looking better today.”
“I’m not hurting so bad,” Lena said, her voice full of false hope – mostly for Martha's benefit. The eight-year-old had seen her parents and three elder brothers die of the fever. She knew she was slipping, yet she was trying to keep Martha's spirits up. The bravery of the little girl broke Martha's already broken heart, yet the charade continued between them. “Freddy looks better, too,” Lena said, the lie almost convincing.

Freddy was worse still than Lena. He had not awoken in over a day, writhing in his bed when the ether began to wear off. He was dosed immediately, sending him back into a deep sleep, where the pain could not touch him.

“His color is improving,” Martha lied in response, trying to keep up the pretense. “Now, I'm on my break. What kind of story would you like today?”

Lena's eyes lit up with something other than pain – the only time she seemed to be at peace and full of happiness was when Martha told the child of her fantastic adventures. The child thought it was all just fantasy, but Martha had told her the complete truth. The child would never know the difference, after all. “Do you have a story about dragons? Or maybe something you saw in Africa?”

Martha tapped her chin in feigned deep thought, letting out an excited gasp. “Would you like to hear about the Judoon?”

“What's a Judoon? Some kind of monster?” the girl asked, leaning up to let Martha fluff her pillow.

“Not so much monsters, just odd sort of rhino looking creature that have no sense of humor and are far too literal,” Martha explained. She went into the story of her trip to Earth's moon – her first adventure with the Doctor. She changed some of the details – they hadn't met in a hospital; but a camp during an African safari. She hadn't been a doctor in training, but a nurse learning the ropes. They hadn't been in 21st century London, but early 20th century Africa instead. She told the little girl all about how the camp had been kidnapped – tents and all – by the alien Judoons, about the monster in human form that drank human blood; “Don't worry though, Doctor Smith and I defeated it, with the help of the Judoon!”

The girl “Oooed” and “ahhed!” at all the right places, finally drifting off about three-quarters the way through the tail. Martha quietly promised to finish the story later, brushing some of the hair from the child's cheek. She went outside, had a good cry, and tried to recollect herself.

“Nurse Jones,” Head Sister Queenly said from behind her, her stern voice ringing out over the sounds of other nurses talking and cleaning crews going about their work. “I have warned you about getting too close to the patients.” The sternness dropped away when Martha turned to look at the elder woman. Sister Queenly came towards her, reaching up with her handkerchief to brush tears off Martha's face. “It will only hurt worse when the children die. You should put some distance between yourself and them.”

Martha swallowed, shaking her head just so. “I know that, Sister. I just...I can't help it. They don't have anyone to look after them.”

Sister Queenly's sympathy remained on her face for a moment, before the mask of impersonal professionalism returned. “I know that, Nurse Jones. That is why I allow you to spend your free time with them. I also know that you will suffer greatly when the fever takes them. You will be granted three days off when they pass, to grieve.”
Martha swallowed hard, all the emotion suddenly too much to bear. She began to weep harder; yet still silent, in case a patient would be too close to hear. She was grateful, and somewhat overcome, when Sister pulled her into a brief hug. “Thank you,” Martha said, hugging the older woman back.

Sister patted her back, leaning away from her to look at her face. “Take five more minutes to calm yourself and clean yourself up. We mustn't let the patients see such a lovely face stained with tears. You have to be brave, and put your heartbreak away, for their sake.”

“Yes, Sister,” Martha said, reaching up to hastily wipe away her tears. “I'll go splash some cool water on my face.”

“See that you do,” Sister said, stern once again. “I will see you back on the ward in five minutes.”

“Yes, Sister,” Martha said again, giving a quick curtsy as the woman walked away. Martha was amazed by Queenly's manner and constant composure. Queenly had actually been a nurse back in the Boer Wars and had risen in the ranks during her time there. She was a woman in her early sixties, with a will as iron as her stark gray hair. Martha hoped she could hold herself with such regal composure in her old age.

Martha did as she had been told – she took five minutes to get herself together and returned to the ward. She came in with her customary smile, looking confused to find most of the nurses huddled together in one corner, whispering among themselves. She joined them, her curiosity shining on her freshly scrubbed face. “What's going on?” she asked quietly, looking at Nurse Shattering.

Nurse Janice Shattering was a young woman, not even out of her teens yet. She was a bit plump, pretty, with wide green eyes and dark, flyaway blond hair. She also happened to be Martha's first friend in the hospital and had come to hold a special place in Martha's heart over the last few days. “The Lady Treyan is here!” she said excitedly. “You're new to the hospital, so you haven't had the chance to see her yet. A grand lady from some foreign country. Doesn't speak a word of English, but she's so very beautiful and so very kind.”

“She comes with a child as her interpreter,” Nurse Alberta Keen said, her thin face rather like that of a starving vulture. Despite her severe look, she was a terribly kind person, and had a laugh that could get everyone in the room going. “She calls herself a spiritual guide and comes among the dying to soothe their pains and offer to listen to their worries. Wherever she goes, peace and calm seem to follow her.”

“She holds their hands,” Shattering said in that same excited whisper. “She's a Lady – a real, proper Lady of standing – and she holds the hands of all who are ill; from the highest official in Downing Street, to the lowliest knock up boy. She prays over them in her foreign tongue, and they always seem to sleep better, to eat more when they wake, and when they do pass; they pass without pain or cough or severe fever.”

“She's touched by the hand of God,” Keen said. “I have seen her work, and I truly believe that.”

“She's there, talking to old Mrs. George; a simple char woman,” Shattering said, discreetly tipping her chin towards the old woman's bed. "See how she holds her hand and talks to her? Like they were equals or something!"

Martha turned, looking curiously to Mrs. George's visitor. Lady Treyan was indeed a grand looking Lady. She had chestnut colored hair, all piled up in a delicate bun under a very fetching hat of blue velvet with white ostrich feathers. Her dress was of the same velvet, and she wore no gloves;
though they lay forgotten in her lap. The child at her side wore a matching outfit; though her dress and shoes were more appropriate for a young girl. The lady was smiling, nodding as Mrs. George told her all about her son, who had died in the war. The Lady responded, the child at her side relaying her words to the Mrs. George. The old woman, who had never been much of a talker, broke into excited chatter, asking the Lady something. Whatever the child told her from the Lady made Mrs. George break into tears, kissing the Lady's hands as she thanked her over and over.

Martha blinked, and for a moment, could have sworn she saw a faint blue glow around the Lady's hands and engulf old Mrs. George's hand. It was gone in a flash – perhaps a trick of the light filtering in through the curtains. But even if it was just a bit of sun catching off one of the Lady's pretty blue rings, Martha was positive she needed to tell the Doctor.
The Impossible Child

“Blue light, you said?” the Doctor asked, looking up from the TARDIS display. His handsome face was crinkled with concentration, his eyes narrowed just so. “Blue light coming from this Lady Treyan's hands and going into Mrs. George's hands? Not the other way ‘round?”

“It was definitely coming from the Lady Treyan,” Martha said, more certain now than ever of what she had seen. “Any idea what that was about?”

“No,” the Doctor said, looking back at the TARDIS display as he typed the information in. “The closest thing I can think of – the closest thing the Old Girl can think of as well – are the beings of Kay'Artan Seven. They have a similar transference of energy; but in reverse. They take life energy from dying beings.” At Martha's dark look, the Doctor smiled reassuringly. “They aren't malicious. While they do feed off the energy of the dying, it's actually a merciful way to go. They find beings that are dying and take the energy of their suffering. A person goes from horrible agony from a wound or horrible fever from sickness, to a peaceful end without further pain.”

“The other nurses did say she eases their suffering,” Martha said, unconvinced. “But I know what I saw – she was giving Mrs. George energy; I'm sure of it.”

“I believe you,” the Doctor said with the same certainty. “There are major differences in what you've described and the beings on Kay'Artan Seven. For one thing, the energy transference is totally invisible to the naked eye. No one outside the Kay'Artans can see it. They say their powers are invisible so as not to cause alarm. According to the Kay'Artans,” the Doctor murmured distractedly, pushing his glasses higher up his nose as he looked at the display again, “they see a rainbow of colors when they take dying energy. A kaleidoscope sort of effect. Even if you could have seen a Kay'Artan energy transference, it would not have simply been a blue light.”

“A steady blue light,” Martha corrected. “Almost the same color as your sonic screwdriver.”

“Huh,” the Doctor said, utterly fascinated. “I would very much like to meet this Lady Treyan. Do you know when she will visit your hospital next?”

Martha grinned, having known the Doctor would ask this. “That's why I've come on my lunch break. She's coming back in about an hour. She'll be on my ward again. According to Janice, she sees about six or seven people a day, before she becomes too fatigued. She saw four this morning, then retired to take lunch, promising to come back. Janice said she makes several visits a week to see everyone in the hospital.”

The Doctor hummed in thought. “You said she had a child interpreting for her. You didn't hear her speak?”

“No,” Martha said, feeling a bit frustrated. “She was clear across the ward and I didn't have any excuse to go over there. Nurse Able was already there, and she's a bit...territorial over her patients.”

The Doctor smiled up at Martha. “No matter. I'll come along today and meet your Lady Treyan. I...I also want to check on Freddy and Lena.” The Doctor's face darkened with guilt, his feet shuffling with his regret. “I wish I could do something for them.”

“But you can't,” Martha finished for him, unable to keep the sharp edge off her words.
“No. I can't,” the Doctor said softly, unable to meet Martha's eye. A long, painful silence stretched between them; Martha's helpless anger barely kept in check. She understood, really, she did. But it didn't make watching those children wither away any easier.

The Doctor cleared his throat, finally looking back at her. “Nurse Jones, would you honour me by walking with me to your hospital?” he asked, cautiously hopeful, the hurt still clear in his eyes.

All the anger simmered in Martha, replaced by exasperated affection. “Of course,” she sighed, offering him her arm. He took it with his charming, boyish smile, and they strolled out of the TARDIS. Martha liked being on his arm, ignoring the way some people gave them cold looks. It felt good to be close to him, even though she knew it was epically stupid to let herself hope he would ever look at her the way she looked at him.

They made it to hospital in quick order. Martha released his arm – after all, this was her place of work – and made her way to the ward. The Doctor stayed quick on her heels, looking this way and that, occasionally taking readings with his screwdriver when he was sure they wouldn't be observed.

Lena was awake and excited to see the Doctor again. He had visited her the day before – Freddy, too, though the boy had been sleeping. The Doctor put on his brightest smile, happily taking the seat beside her bed. “Hello, Doctor Smith,” Lena said, smiling. Her eyes shone with pain, yet she did not allow a bit of it to come thru her voice. “It's lovely to see you again.”

“Well, I had to check on my two little friends,” the Doctor said, grinning back. “Martha – Nurse Jones, I mean – tells me you liked her story about the Judoons on the Moon.”

“Oh yes sir,” Lena said. “I was most sad to realize I had fallen asleep before Ms. Martha finished. I'm sure she will tell me the rest later, but I know she doesn't have another break until after tea.”

“Well, since I was there, how about I tell you the rest while Nurse Jones continues her rounds?” the Doctor offered, his smile brighter at the child's excitement.

Martha smiled as well. “I'll leave you in Doctor Smith's care, shall I Lena?”

“Only if you come back over and check on me again,” Lena said with a mischievous smile. The smile turned into a coughing fit, yet the little girl brushed away Martha's concern. “All right, Doctor Smith. I'm ready to hear the rest of the story.”

Martha's gut twinged at the rattling sound coming from her young friend. It was most definitely worse. She looked over at Freddy, her eyes stinging with tears at how small and frail he looked in his sleep. She took a deep, steadying breath, and went about her work.

“Nurse Jones,” Doctor Evens said, startling her as she was soaking a cloth to put on Mr. Maxwell's brow. “Forgive me, I didn't mean to sneak up on you,” the middle aged, quiet man said, giving her a small smile that didn't quite meet his eyes. “I just wanted to speak to you. To warn you, if you will. Your friend, Doctor Smith, he seems a fine man, and I am sure, an excellent doctor. It's only, some people will look at your relationship as...indecent. You are both unmarried, and of different races.” At Martha's thunderous look, Doctor Evens lifted his hands in a calming gesture, “Please, I am no man to judge. I met my wife in my days in Africa. When I returned to England with a Swahili woman on my arm, I was met with some...prejudice. I am only saying, that if you and your doctor are serious, you should perhaps be married sooner rather than later. It will not keep people from snubbing you, but it will protect both your honor.”
Martha felt her face lit up with embarrassment. “I...I'll talk to Doctor Smith about it, Doctor Evens.”

Doctor Evens smiled warmly. “Good. Good. In fact, why not bring your Doctor Smith along for tea this Saturday? I do believe that is your day off. And my own good lady wife would love to have someone to visit us.” His expression saddened then. “We do not receive many social visitors. Though, we are honored to host Lady Treyan while she tours our great city.”

“The Lady Treyan is your house guest?” Martha asked, instantly seizing on the offered chance to get closer to the woman. “I am sure Doctor Smith and myself will be delighted to come by for tea.”

Doctor Evens gave a relieved, very attractive smile. “I am so glad. And if I did cause offense, please know I was only speaking so to try and help. You are young, and a young person in love does not always act with the most discretion.” Doctor Evens chuckled to himself then, shaking his head. “God knows I was unprepared for the backwardness of some of my neighbors. London has always prided itself on diversity, yet there are still those that cling to the past.”

Martha warmed to the man immensely. She smiled brightly up at him, then excused herself to continue her rounds. She was just treating young Mr. Parker – a paper boy who had come down with the influenza, when a hush came over the ward. Lady Treyan came sweeping in, the child at her side. It was only then that Martha could see just how tall the woman was – she towered over every man in the ward. So tall, in fact, that she had to bow her head to enter the door. She was utterly beautiful in her serenity, her hand gently laid upon the child's narrow shoulder.

The child was another matter. The girl couldn't have been more than eleven, with hair so blond it was almost white. Her eye lashes were white as well, with clear blue eyes that almost seemed dull within their sockets. Her skin was so pale, Martha could see every vein across her face and neck from several meters away. The pair of them moved in unison, their steps perfectly timed, their gracious nods in greeting to each patient with absolute precision. Martha's heart raced as they turned towards the beds where the twins lay. Lena was looking up at the Lady with an expression of awe, while poor Freddy continued his fevered sleep. Martha excused herself and went to stand at the end of Lena's bed; both hopeful and terrified. If the Lady could help her young friends, she wanted her to with all her heart. Yet the thought that something the Lady might do could bring their ends closer absolutely shook her to the core.

The Doctor rose in deference, giving a formal bow. “I have heard much about you, Lady Treyan. I am Doctor John Smith, and it is a true honor to meet you.”

Lady Treyan gave a nod of greeting, speaking in a language Martha could not understand. Alarm bells went off in the back of her mind when she saw the Doctor's eyes widen almost imperceptibly. He couldn't understand her, either.

That meant the TARDIS couldn't understand her. That no TARDIS, no Time Lord had ever come across her language before.

“My Lady Treyan is most pleased to make your acquaintance, Doctor Smith,” the little girl said, almost forgotten in the shared shock of Lady Treyan's untranslatable language. “She is also pleased to meet you, Nurse Martha Jones. She wishes to pray with these children and asks that you give her space to do her Good Works.”

“Oh, of course,” the Doctor said airily, coming around to take Martha's arm. “We'll just step over here and talk to Doctor Evens.”
“That is agreeable,” the little girl said. “However,” she said, catching them before they moved too far away, “My Lady Treyan wishes to speak to you both in private later. She understands you have been invited this Saturday to Doctor Evens residence. She feels that is too far an appointment and asks that you both come by this evening at eight o'clock. Would that be acceptable?”

“Perfectly acceptable,” the Doctor replied. “So long as Doctor Evens does not object.”

“Not at all,” Doctor Evens piped up, intrigued. “Lady Treyan has had no visitors in the three weeks she has stayed with us. I could hardly deprive her of the company now.”

The Lady and child both gave their perfectly timed nod of agreement, then turned to the children.

“Distract Doctor Evens,” the Doctor leaned close to Martha's ear, his words a whisper that made her shiver. “I'm going to take some readings.”

“Right,” Martha breathed, trying to steady her racing heart. She felt the flush on her cheeks as she turned to meet the amused gaze of Doctor Evens. She took his arm, flushing more at what she was about to ask. “About our earlier conversation...do you happen to know of a priest or vicar that would be...sympathetic to Doctor Smith's and my position?”

Doctor Evens chuckled, patting her hand in a fatherly fashion. “Of course I do, my dear. And, if it is not too much to presume, my good lady wife and I would be honored to be your witnesses when the appointed day comes.”

Martha felt her flush deepen, allowing herself a moment to imagine such a day. The Doctor standing before a refined man of the cloth, looking at in awe as she walked down the aisle in Edwardian finery to stand before him.

It would never happen, of course. Martha knew the Doctor could never love her like that. They were friends – the best of friends – and Martha wouldn't change that for the world. Yet she couldn't help but let herself be caught up in the fantasy, feeling her eyes sting with stupid tears again.

'Travelling with him is making you soft,' Martha thought to herself. 'Breathe, girl, and keep up the pretense.'

Before Martha could say another word, the Doctor was at her side, discreetly pocketing his sonic. He was smiling most pleasantly – he had obviously discovered something. “Lena wants you, Mart – I mean, Nurse Jones.”

“Thank you, Doctor Smith,” Martha replied, feeling that damn blush spread down her neck and chest. Soon enough, even her toes would be turning red with emotion. She bustled away as quickly as she could, smiling brightly as she came to Lena's bedside.

The Lady was still there, looking a bit pale and tired, but smiling serenely. The odd child was standing completely still at her side, giving Martha a chance to look the girl over.

Something was so very wrong about her. Like she just...didn't belong. Martha blinked, and at once could see it.

The child was not breathing. She was, in fact, completely and perfectly still. Not a single muscle moved – not a twitch at the corner of her mouth, not a single blink of those eerie eyes. Despite the
fact the girl was standing there, talking to Lena now, Martha was quite sure of it.

The Lady's strange companion was indeed, well and truly dead.
By the time the Lady Treyan and her child companion had left, not only had Lena's cough improved, but young Freddy had finally come around. Both children had a good appetite, and were in fact, laughing at some silly joke Janice was telling them by going home time. The Doctor came back to escort Martha to the TARDIS (after returning there himself to run some tests), taking her arm as he walked her proudly down the streets of London.

Martha tried to distance herself from him, remembering Doctor Evens's advice, but the Doctor was having none of that. “The prejudices of Edwardian London are none of our concern, Martha,” the Doctor lectured, though his eyes twinkled with mischief. “Let them gossip.”

Martha rolled her eyes. “Well, they have been gossiping. Doctor Evens took me to the side this morning to talk to me about it.”

The Doctor stopped mid stride, pulling her around to look into his eyes. She saw the concern there, the worry for her that he carried. It was very sweet, and very annoying. “Martha, if my behaviour causing you problems at work...”

Martha laughed, taking his arm again, guiding him towards the TARDIS. “No, it's not like that. No one's said anything. Doctor Evens was just giving me some sage advice. He said that if we were going to be so familiar, that he could recommend a vicar to marry us. One that wouldn't care about the mismatching colours of our skin.”

The Doctor sputtered, turning a nice shade of red himself. If it wasn't so painful a reminder that the Doctor didn't see her that way, it would have been funny. “Well, what did you say?”

“I didn't dissuade him from the idea,” Martha said, sniggering at the aghast look on the Doctor's face. “Oi, I'm not that awful. You could do a lot worse.”

“That's not what I mean, Martha,” the Doctor said, uncharacteristically solemn. “You would make any man – or woman, or sexless alien – a wonderful partner. I'm just...”

“Not in the market, yeah, I know.” She couldn't quite keep the wistfulness out of her voice, but they both pretended not to notice. “I did have reason for playing along. Turns out Doctor Evens is married to an African woman himself. That's why a gentleman of his class works in a public hospital.”

“And you thought to get his sympathies by playing along?” At her nod, the Doctor turned his bright grin on her. “Oh Martha Jones, you are brilliant.”

“Obviously,” Martha said importantly.
“Maybe I should marry you,” the Doctor mused.

Martha's heart cracked just a little, but she ignored the sting of it. “As if I would have you,” she said, ignoring the longing words brewing in her stupid, stupid, stupid heart.

“Well, I'm not nearly good enough for you,” the Doctor agreed as they reached the TARDIS, opening the door for her.

“Not even close,” Martha said with an impish grin. “Now, let's get changed and go see the Evenses and the Lady Treyan.”

They arrived at the Evens's home right at the strike of eight. A young, slender African teen answered the door; all dressed up in footmen's finery. “Doctor Smith and Nurse Jones?” he asked, his English impeccable despite his charming accent. He looked at Martha for a moment too long, his eyes widening just so. Then, as if realizing his faux pas, he instantly slipped back into the mask of a servant. “Please, come through to the withdrawing room. The lady of the house will be along shortly to greet you.”

“Thank you,” the Doctor said, giving the lad one of his winning smiles. The facade of the footman broke just a bit, a tiny smile ticking up the corners of his lips. “What's your name, by the way?”

“I, sir?” the footman asked, as if surprised such a gentleman would inquire. “I am called Hasani.”

“Ah, “handsome”, am I correct?” the Doctor asked, smiling at the boy's surprised nod.

“We both spent some time in Africa,” Martha explained quickly. “It's a very good name.”

“Thank you, Miss Martha,” Hasani said, blushing. “Your name means 'honored lady', if I am remembering right.” Martha nodded, smiling in approval. “My sister's name also means such.”

“Your sister is the lady of the house?” the Doctor ventured as they came into the sitting room.

“She is,” Hasani said, offering them both a seat with the sweep of his hand. “There is brandy, sherry, or whiskey over on the sideboard if you wish it. Also, some fresh cucumber sandwiches, croissant, and a few other foods if you are feeling peckish. Doctor Evens has been detained at the hospital; however, Mrs. Evens will be you momentarily.” With a courtly bow, Hasani disappeared through the foyer door, closing it gently behind him.

The Doctor poured them both a glass of water and made a plate of samples for them to share. They took comfortable seats on the sofa near the fireplace, enjoying their evening snacks as they waited in friendly silence. They had just started in on the sandwiches, when the doors opened, and Hasani's earlier hesitation became apparent.

Mrs. Evens could almost be Martha's sister. Her skin was a little darker, the eyes a bit wider; giving her an aire of innocence. Her lips were just a tiny bit larger, and she was a bit curvier than Martha. Aside from those small details, it was like looking in a mirror. If Mrs. Evens noticed these things, her standing in society kept her from showing any shock. “I am Mrs. Amandla Evens. My husband sent word you would be coming by this fine evening.” Her voice was just as graceful and exotic as her – all proper English with lovely overtones of the Swahili accent.
“I am Doctor John Smith, and this is my companion, Miss Martha Jones,” the Doctor said, motioning to Martha, who gave a bow of her head in reply to the one Mrs. Evens gave.

“Your intended, I am told,” Mrs. Evens said, a motherly smile on her face. She couldn't have been ten years Martha's senior, yet she carried herself with the dignity of a matron. She swept into the room, her lovely muslin dress caressing the floor as she entered. The dress itself was a deep, forest green that complimented her in a most attractive fashion. She came to stand before them, graciously taking the offered kiss on her hand from the Doctor, taking Martha's hand in a feminine greeting. “I am so pleased you came to my husband for advice, my dear,” she said to Martha. “I must admit that we receive few visitors, due to the somewhat scandalous nature of our marriage. It is...gratifying to receive guests in our home. Now, I know you have come to meet with the Lady Treyan. She and Isabelle shall be down shortly. The Lady tires after her good works at hospital, as I am sure you know, Nurse Jones.”

“Indeed,” Martha said, trying her to be on her best behavior. “I have only met the Lady briefly; we did not even have a chance to exchange pleasantries due to her work. I am most excited to hear of her travels and her gift.”

“She is indeed a gift from God,” Mrs. Evens said, her eyes shining as she touched her stomach. “I hope I am not being indelicate in taking you both into my confidences, but as you are friends to my husband and acquaintances of the Lady, I feel at ease with you. My husband and I have been married these seven years and unable to conceive a child. It something we both have longed and prayed for, yet the Lord had yet to gift us with such a blessing. Then, we met the Lady Treyan. She came to us for housing, having been told we were of a sympathetic nature, while she was touring London. When she told me of her gift, I humbly asked her to pray for my husband and I, and the child we both so dreamed of. I have been told only this very morning by the best doctors in my husband's hospital that I am with child at last.” Mrs. Evens absolutely beamed as she revealed this, brushing tears from her eyes. “You must forgive my emotional display. As medical practitioners yourselves, I am sure you under that a woman with child is often given to such turns.”

“Of course,” the Doctor said, his smile so wide it nearest split his face. “And congratulations to you both.”

“Yes, it is wonderful news. Thank you for sharing it with us,” Martha said sincerely, Mrs. Evens's happiness contagious.

Mrs. Evens opened her mouth to speak further, only to stop as the doors to the withdrawing room opened. Hasani came in, bowing once again. “I present the Lady Treyan, and her aide, Isabelle Saint-Claire.”

The pair came in together, the Lady's hand resting on Isabelle's shoulder. They wore matching dresses of deepest blush; like the bright rays that streaked the sky at sunset. The Lady spoke, and Isabelle translated. “My Lady Treyan bids you both welcome. She asks you give her a moment to check on Mrs. Evens, then we shall speak.”

“Absolutely,” the Doctor said, no doubt sensing a chance to observe the lady closer. Lady Treyan bowed her head in thanks, removing her hand from Isabelle's shoulder to glide over to Mrs. Evens. She placed her ungloved hand on Mrs. Evens's stomach, smiling softly to herself as she closed her eyes; almost as if she could hear the child growing within Mrs. Evens. She spoke in her strange, lyrical language again, Isabelle instantly at her side to translate.
“My Lady says that your baby is growing strongly inside you. She says that your child sings songs from your home country for you. That the babe is excited to live, excited to grow and learn within you. The babe cannot wait to meet you and Doctor Evens.”

Mrs. Evens let out a single sob, before cover her lips with her handkerchief, and calming herself. “We cannot wait to meet you, my darling child,” she said, looking down at her still flat stomach with absolute adoration.

Martha was watching Mrs. Treyan, and in doing so, saw something most would miss. There was the slightest tick of movement at the Lady's eye, as if she had found something out of the ordinary. For just a brief second, there came that cool flash of blue light. The Doctor noticed, but Mrs. Even was too busy dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief to see. The tick smoothed, and the Lady's smile returned. She rose to her full height, pulling Mrs. Evens close, pressing a gentle kiss to the woman's cheek.

“The Lady says you must go and rest now, Mrs. Evens,” Isabelle translated after the Lady spoke. “She says rest is important for you and the youngling growing within you. Have a hearty supper in your rooms. Relax, and let nothing distress you this night.”

“Of course,” Mrs. Evens said almost breathlessly, looking up at the Lady with utter adoration. She shook her head just a little, as if dispelling some fog, then turned an apologetic smile to the Doctor and Martha. “Do forgive me, but I am fatigued.”

“Do you need help going to your rooms?” Martha asked, her instinct to care for people taking over.

Mrs. Evens's smile softened more, and she reached out to squeeze Martha's hand. “You are most kind, but Hasani will see me up. Please, take refreshment and enjoy your evening. Sir, ladies, Isabelle. I shall take my leave now.”

They all stood a little taller as she exited, watching the expectant mother carefully go out the door, her brother at her arm in an instant.

Now, it was just the four of them.

The Doctor and Martha squared off to face the Lady Treyan and the child, Isabelle. Before the Doctor could speak, the Lady lifted her hand to stop him. This time, when Isabelle spoke, she was not translating. It was as if she could read the Lady's mind – which, considering the circumstance, was quite possible.

“Let us drop pretenses, Doctor,” Isabelle said, her pale, dull eyes fixed on him. “You are known to us. You and your companion are aware I am not human, and that my aide is no longer human. You, yourself, are a Time Lord. The twin drumming of your hearts is a song I have not heard in many, many years.”

The Doctor's eyes flicked down to Isabelle, then back to the Lady. “So then, what are you? And what are your intentions on this planet? If you know who and what I am, you know that I stand as protector of this world.”

“I am of the Nesteralis,” Isabelle said. “A race even more ancient than your own. We were once many and spanned the whole of this and many other universes; going out to worlds suffering plague and famine. We healed the sick, and we soothed the pain of the dying. We saved whole worlds, or we brought their ends in a merciful fashion. We were part of the Natural Order – when
planets culled themselves with virus, bacteria, disaster, and drought, we came.”

“The Nesteralis,” the Doctor said, amazement and humility in his voice. “I am...honoured. I did not know any of your people still existed.”

“I am, I believe, the last of my species,” Isabelle said for the lady. “I was the last born, the last to venture outside of my Birthing Star. While I cannot be completely sure I am the last, I have not come across any of my kind in millennia. I have not heard their song, nor lived their memories in so very, very long.”

“What happened to your people?” Martha asked, so many questions swirling in her mind.

A dark look came over both faces of the Lady and Isabelle. They spoke as one; the Lady at last speaking in human tongue: “War.”

The questions spinning in Martha's mind became an explosion of stars, racing passed her at unbelievable speeds. She felt her wings – real wings! – unfurl behind her, heard the cries of the suffering, of the dying. She was flying alongside a squadron of her brothers and sisters, all spurred on by the pitiful prayers coming from countless worlds.

Her flight stopped suddenly, her brothers and sisters appearing alongside on a planet of lush green forests, overrun by a horrible stench of death and illness. They all staggered under the smell, under the pained screams they could hear from every continent and country. The people of this world we quadropedal creatures; a sort of skeletal horse looking species, all running for their very lives.

Behind them came a charge of bipedal creatures in armored suits, their laser riffles taking out the peaceful horse creatures with horrible blasts that burned her eyes and made her ears ring in pain. Every cry of the magnificent, peaceful species as they fell were like swords to her hearts – hearts! Three hearts!

She rushed to the nearest one; a mare with her foal tucked beneath her, both bloodied and dying in the mud. It was raining; the blood and water mixing in the purple soil to create a horrible, murky brown that sickened her to see and scent. They were dying of their wounds, suffering as their skin boiled and bones broke under the electric currents still tormenting them. She reached out, the sight of her long, colorless fingers both alien and familiar. She touched them both, pouring all her healing energy into them. She knew they would die, but she tried – oh how she tried! – to save them. At last, she could do nothing more than soothe their pain; pouring all her love and her life energy into blocking their nerve receptors. They would pass in peace, without the agony that their death had once been.

She wept as the beautiful creatures died beneath her hands. They thanked her as they died, blessing her Holy Name. She did not feel blessed.

She felt a hot, boiling, consuming emotion that her people had no word for.

She rose like an avenging angel, her colorless skin pulsing with red light. Her spider-web wings stored the energy, until it gathered enough strength to light her whole being like a flame. She screamed, that boiling emotion pushing and pulling and demanding satisfaction. Without a second thought, she stretched out her wings, pushing all that red energy into their tips. With triumph, she exploded the energy from herself, loosing it on the invaders. All around her, her brothers and sisters did the same.
It was over in seconds, the invaders and their victims all dead within a breath. Only once the last intruder fell did the horror of what she had done overcome her.

What was this? Why had those creatures come to this peaceful world to kill the life forms there? What was this dark, horrible emotion that had overtaken her? She stumbled to one of the dead invaders, laying her hand upon its brow, drawing from its memory to understand.

They were from a planet some ways off in this solar system. Their own world was dying, and they had been...envious of the people of this world. Yes, envious was their word. She had never felt such a thing before. They...they hated the beings here. Hated them for their peace, for their prosperity, for their very lives.

Hatred. That was the red hot, ugly feeling that had spurned her and her siblings to slaughter the invaders. She wept, this alien emotion like a poison throbbing through her. This was War. Another word her people had never heard, another source of emotion they had never come across. Surely this was a genetic abnormality. Surely other life in the universe around them was not capable of these things. She shared her thoughts with her siblings, who quickly agreed. They stopped a moment, to offer their prayers to the Creator for both victim and aggressor alike, then moved on. There was nothing else they could do for these people, or the world that had been ravaged by them.

They went out into the universe, calmed by the thought that surely, they would never come across those terrible emotions again. And for a time, they did not. They went were natural disasters came and helped where they could. They saved many worlds and eased the passing of many others. Their lives were finding order again, and everything was in Balance.

Then, War came and found them again. They knew long before they reached the planet what they would find – the stink of hatred and cries of the afraid warned them long before they made planet fall. Yet they went, hoping against hope to be wrong.

But they were not wrong. Martha and her siblings found the same horror all over again; but this time it was a war between two utterly different species than the ones on that far away world. Again, and again, War found them as they tried simply to fulfill their Holy Mission.

With each ravaged world they visited, with each pain filled cry they heard, Martha and her siblings weakened. They were not Created to deal with this sort of disaster. This was not the Way Of Things. This was not Natural Order. It ate at them like the sicknesses they strove to cure, weakening them. Far too soon, her brothers and sisters began to...die.

They withered away, thinning like ghosts in a fog. Their once beautiful wings were blackened with their efforts to heal; even to stop the fighting. They would throw themselves between the fighting factions, though neither side could even see them. They used their powers to create shields; to hold the two sides back from one another as long as they could. Yet this very action simply weakened them further. With every arrow, every blaster, every gunshot, their energy drained.

Soon, Martha was only one of ten, out of millions. Her brothers and sisters were falling, dying – they could not stop this horror that was War. They could not heal the bodies and minds of those who brought about such destruction. Yet they tried. They tried and they tried, and finally...Martha was the last of her species left standing.

She found herself utterly alone, surrounded by the pitiful cries of the dying, buffeted by the blows of the canons and the fireballs. She was so afraid; screaming out into the multiverse in hopes that even one of her people would reply.
They did not. Terrified and alone, Martha did something none of her species had ever done before – she fled, leaving the war-torn world to die.
The Last of the Nesteralis

Chapter Notes


But happiness too!

Martha woke with a gasp, tears streaming down her face. She was laid out on the floor, the Doctor holding her desperately, looking down at her in a mixture of terror and relief to see she had woken. She looked over his shoulder, seeing the concerned face of the Lady Treyan.

She instantly burst into tears. Sobs wracked through her like a hurricane, shaking her to her very core. She shook her head, reaching out with both hands like a child reaching to its mother. The Doctor gently released her as the Lady Treyan swept down to pull her into an embrace.

“Forgive me, my dear child,” Isabelle said, her usually flat voice so full of emotion. “This is why I do not speak your tongue. By doing so, I drew you into my memories. Into my shame. Forgive me. Oh, do forgive me.”

Martha clutched the Lady closer, shaking her head, words failing her. She simply wept, pressing kiss after tear-wet kiss upon the Lady's cheek. “You were so alone,” Martha said at last. “So alone, and so afraid. How did you survive?”

The Lady drew back, shame burning on her face. She seemed to curl into herself, not bothering to speak in her own language. The child simply spoke for her, relaying her telepathic message.

“I ran away,” Isabelle said softly, her voice full of regret and pain. “Like a coward, I left all those people there to die alone. I left my siblings where they fell and ran back to my Birthing Star. I slept for I do not know how long. When I woke, I found the universe just as full of War and hatred as before. It broke my hearts, but when I went back to my Holy Mission, I avoided those planets were war was killing them. Eventually, I learned to find the voices of the ill, of the naturally injured among those lost to War. I came here to Earth during a time when people were dying en masse; though of disease and poverty. That is when I met Isabelle.”

Isabelle's eyes seemed to change then, the flatness of them suddenly blinked away. She took a deep breath, her blue eyes full of emotion as she looked at the Lady. When she spoke, it was with a different accent and inflection. “I was dying, you see, Miss Martha. It was the Black Death, it was. My sisters and brothers were the first to die. Then Papa, and finally, Mama. I was...alone. My whole village had died around me. I was so thirsty, and so scared. I said my prayers from my bed, and when I was too weak to speak them, I thought them.” The little girl swallowed, shuffling her feet a bit. She suddenly looked even younger than eleven, and ever so vulnerable. “I...I was so scared. I was so alone. Mama was dead on the floor, just a few inches from my bed. She smelt so horrible. We all smelt horrible, even before death, but the smell was truly overpowering after it. I...I rolled myself off the bed. I knew I was dying. I just...I just didn't want to die alone.” Isabelle hiccoughed, wiping tears from her eyes as she wept. “I crawled over to Mama's body. I ignored the smell, the way the skin slipped off her hand as I held it. I just didn't want to be alone when I died. I just wanted to hold my Mama's hand.”
Martha felt fresh tears, pushing herself to sit up, her limbs trembling with a great exhaustion like none she had ever felt. Still, she lifted her trembling arms and pulled the child into her arms. The little girl let out a wail, sobbing as she clutched the back of Martha's dress, burying her head in her neck.

“I found her dying,” the Doctor said, his own eyes now dull. It was clear the Lady Treyan was speaking through him. It was frightening to see, yet Martha knew in her soul the Lady would not be doing this without his permission. “I came too late to her village and found them all dead. Little Isabelle was the last living thing there. Every living things - all the pigs, the dogs, the cats; even the rats - had died. Perhaps I was driven mad by the death of my own species or driven mad by the Hatred and War that had infected me. I saw this poor child just seconds from death, so desperately holding her dead mother's hand. I just couldn't let her die.

“So, I sat beside her, and I used all my power and channeled it into her. I didn't know what I was doing. I ignored the Natural Order and snatched her back from Death. But in doing so, I gave her a half-life. She no longer eats, or breathes, or ages. When I saw her eyes open, saw her stand without pain; like a puppet whose strings I was pulling; I was horrified. I begged her to forgive me. I offered to send her to her parents and siblings. I offered to take back the half-life I had forced upon her.”

“I didn't want to go, though,” Isabelle said, pulling her face from Martha's neck, snuggling into her lap instead, basking in the affection Martha freely gave her. “The moment I stood between life and death, the moment the Lady pulled me back from that place, I saw what you saw, Miss Martha. I felt her loneliness, and her agony. I knew Mama, Papa, and my four brothers and two sisters would be waiting for me in Heaven. They were always so very patient, so I knew they wouldn't mind if I stayed with the Lady for a while.”

The Doctor's face gentled with such emotion. “And so, she has stayed by my side ever since. She has become a sister to me; a daughter even. When she asks to be released, I shall do so. Until then, we travel this planet and many others, healing and helping as many people as we can. Her strength and company keep me going.”

“But every War we find on every world still weakens the Lady,” Isabelle said worriedly. “One day, my presence alone will not be enough. When we first began our travels, the Lady could heal a whole world full of people without tiring. Now, she can only help a handful a day before the fatigue becomes too much.”

“You're dying,” Martha said quietly, looking from the child in her arms to the Lady.

“It is the way of things,” Isabelle said, her voice suddenly flat. She unwound herself from Martha's grasp, and stood with that same disjointed straightness. “All things must one day perish. Until that day, I shall do what I can for the peoples of the universe. I shall ease the suffering of the dying and help bring back those whose time is not yet come.” Isabelle smiled then; all teeth and sparkling eyes, and when she spoke again, it was as herself. The Lady was smiling softly behind her, a gentle hand on the child’s shoulder. “Like your two friends. You saved them, Miss Martha. You got them to hospital soon enough that they could fight, so they could rally against the influenza. The Lady has set them back on the path of life. They will survive this horrible disease, and their children shall carry an immunity that will render this influenza into the virus you know in your own time.”

Martha covered her mouth with both hands, once again letting out a sob. This one was a sob of relief; a tremendous weight lifting from her heart. “Thank you,” she said at last, looking up at the
Lady with awe.

The Lady's smile widened, her beautiful eyes glittering. Martha looked into them, her lips parting in wonder as she saw the galaxy spinning within them, a shooting star streaking across from one eye to the other. The Lady blinked, and they were once again the pleasant blue they had been. “Thank you, Martha Jones,” Isabelle said for her. “Your kindness and compassion has given me new faith. I feel stronger than I have in centuries.”

Martha smiled, pleased. She felt her skin flush and did not care. She rose on shaking legs, giving the Doctor a grateful look as he steadied her. “So, everything I saw...that was your memories? That was your life?” she asked, finding it still so hard to believe that any being could survive all that.

“Yes,” Isabelle said, contrite. “Again, I am sorry. We are...were a telepathic species. When I speak in the Native Tongues of any world, I draw those around me into my memories. It was how my people shared our lives and experiences across the multiverse. Therefore, I only speak my own tongue, and I have my darling Isabelle to speak for me.” Isabelle blushed then; just a little. The color rushing to her cheeks was heartening to see, making Martha smile just a bit more.

“I wonder...” the Doctor said, thoughtfully. “You said something about songs earlier?”

Isabelle and the Lady nodded as one. “Our people would sing out from world to world, updating each other, checking in on our siblings. We could have just spoken, but like so many species, music is most pleasing...was most pleasing to us.”

“Could you sing your song for us?” the Doctor asked, pulling his screwdriver out. “I just...I want to make a record of it.”

“For posterity, of course,” Isabelle said for the Lady. “That is a splendid idea. I will be happy to sing. I believe the child growing in Amandla would like that as well,” she said, pausing a moment as the Lady tilted her head to listen. The Lady chuckled, and Isabelle let out a girlish giggle. “Yes, the babe would like to hear my song.”

Isabelle's eyes lit with emotion again, turning to look at the Lady. She leaned close to Martha, whispering quietly: “Her singing is so beautiful. The most beautiful sound in the whole multiverse.”

The Lady let out a series of words that were no doubt an admonishment to the child, but there was no heat behind them. The Lady then took a deep, steadying breath, and began to sing.

It was the most beautiful song Martha had ever heard. Martha closed her eyes and saw in her minds eyes the birth of countless worlds. The first steps of species uncounted, the laughter of the children of the universe. She saw weddings, she saw births, she saw peaceful passing’s with loved ones surrounding the dying. She saw stars being born, and stars going out. She saw the rise of Gallifrey – the first TARDIS creeping out into the universe. She saw...

She saw the Doctor. She saw the Doctor as a child, running through fields of silver grass, the orange sky warm above him. He was laughing, another child chasing after him.

She saw her great-great-grandmother giving birth, her great-great-grandfather pacing outside her chamber until he heard his daughter give her first cry. Saw her great-grandmother proudly handing her great-grandfather their son. She saw her grandfather weeping as her grandmother handed Martha's mother to him. Saw her own Mum and Dad getting married. Saw her own birth, as well as
the birth of her sister. Martha wept, as the song showed her the whole of creation down the smallest detail.

The song ended all too soon. Martha opened her eyes, smiling joyfully as the Lady lowered her outstretched arms, the Lady's face a mask of peace and beauty.

There was something else Martha had seen in that song, but it could wait. For now, she turned to the Doctor, reaching up to brush the single tear sliding down his cheek. “Gallifrey was lovely,” she told him.

“Yes,” he said, his voice choked with emotion. “Yes, it was.”

Martha and the Doctor bid goodbye to the Lady and Isabelle soon after, Hasani showing them out. Mrs. Evens was sleeping upstairs, her hands placed ever so gently over her belly as she dreamt of worlds she could never imagine and beings with wings made of spider-webs of light.

Inside her, her child dreamed those things too, as well as of its own day of birth. The day it would finally see the Holy beings called Mother and Father.
Epilogue: The Lady, The Child, And The Stars

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry! I had this done and ready to post the day after my last chapter, but life intervened. Here it is at last. Apologies for the delay.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, Martha Jones,” the Doctor said, once again walking arm-in-arm with her, “wasn't that..amazing?”

Martha smiled softly, feeling the warmth of the Lady's song still reverberating in her heart. “It was the most beautiful thing I have ever experienced. And I am glad I got to see Gallifrey, even if it was just a memory.”

“Yeah. Me too,” the Doctor said wistfully. “The Lady Treyan is something else. For a moment, while she was singing, I felt sure I would step on Gallifreyan soil again someday.”

Martha smiled up at him. “I got that feeling too. That one day you would go back to Gallifrey, even though you are so sure it's been destroyed.”

The Doctor smiled down at her, hope shining in his eyes. “Well, if the universe has taught me anything, it's taught me that anything is possible. It's also always a pleasure to come across a truly peaceful race like the Nesteralis. I'm glad you were with me.” He took a deep breath and sighed contentedly.

They walked for a time in happy silence. The Doctor, of course, could not allow that to go on too long. “How did it feel, Martha? Meeting your great-great-grandparents?” he asked teasingly, his eyes sparkling with boyish mirth.

Martha grinned, feeling warm all over again. It was something else she had seen in the Lady's song. Kenneth and Amandla were her great-great-grandparents. It explained the resemblance she bore to both. Now that she thought on it, she had her great-great-grandad's eyes and nose. “It was amazing,” she admitted excitedly. “They're such remarkable people!”

“Oh course, they are,” the Doctor said, as if stating the obvious. “They're your ancestors, after all.”

Martha looked up at him fondly, leaning her head on his shoulder. Her smile slipped a bit, a sudden melancholy falling over her. “Is she really the last? Lady Treyan, I mean?”

The Doctor shrugged, looking a bit sad himself. “I have no idea. My people have never come in contact with them. We only ever heard stories. They were...fairytales to us. I hope she isn't the last.”

They entered the TARDIS then, the Doctor taking his sonic screwdriver out and fitting it into the slot where he recharged it every few years. He worked the console, feeding the information into the TARDIS's databanks. “If she is the last,” he said after a moment's work, “at least the song of her people will live on.”
Martha smiled then, nodding slightly. “Could we hear it again? Please? It really was the most beautiful song I've ever heard.”

“That's a good idea,” the Doctor replied airily, flipping several switches. The peaceful, beautiful song began to broadcast throughout the TARDIS, sending them both back into that wonderful world of memory and the future.

They were both swaying along with it, letting the song pass over and through them like a warm summer breeze. Martha lifted her arms, as the Lady had done, and felt the music go through her fingertips all the way to her toes. She didn't know she was dancing, and neither did the Doctor, yet they were. It was an old dance; one that had not been performed in millennia.

Then, something truly remarkable happened. The song grew louder; new voices joining it. New words were added; and while Martha could not understand them, she felt their emotion.

*We are here!* the new voices rang out. *We hear you! Lost sister! We are coming! We sing with you!*

We are here!

Martha opened her eyes, meeting the Doctor's. They both let out a whoop of joy, running to embrace each other. All over the city of London, the song of the Nesteralis rang out in triumph. While they could not see it, back in the home of the Evens's, the Lady Treyan and Isabelle wept, embracing each other as well.

The Nesteralis lived, and they were coming to find their long-lost sister.

Chapter End Notes

A/N:

This was a work of love. I went through a half a pack of cigarettes (don't even start, I know they're terrible for me, but well...), three Starbucks Mocchas, three Mountain Dews, and a playlist of music that broke my heart.

I also wrote this in the span of one day.

I've had terminal writer's block for years. Oh, I've pounded out a one shot here and there, but nothing worth chapters. While these chapters are short, I ended them where the writing took me.

If you're interested in the music I listened to, it's listed below:

**Artist: Song**

BeLL: Losing My Religion (Cover of the REM song, I highly recommend it) – I listened to this during the hospital scenes.
David Bowie: Lazarus – This was when Martha was reliving Lady Treyan's memories.
Amber Run: I Found – this just played in between scenes and kept the emotion going.
Sleeping At Last: Saturn – this was the song I listened to when I wrote about the Lady's song.
Slepthi: Eurydice – this was also during Martha's trip through the Lady's memories.
Reulle: War Of Hearts – this was anytime I wrote about how Martha feels about the Doctor.
Within Temptation: Forgiven – this was during Isabelle's recounting of how she met the Lady.
Within Temptation: Memories – this was when the Doctor played the Lady's song, and the Nesteralis responded.

About the children: Freddie and Lena were adopted by a couple that were friends with the Evenses. I couldn't think of a way to properly add it to the fic, so I thought it would be best just to go into the notes.

The Evenses themselves went on to have three other children. Their line created Martha's "cousin" that was killed in the battle of Canary Warf.

I do hope you enjoyed this little adventure fic. I probably could have written another thirty chapters of it, but sometimes, the short trips are the best.

Love Always,
Jess

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!