A Rose that Never Wilted

by Rukiara

Summary

Rose found her way back to her original dimension, after everything. But this time, Rose knows that she can't return to the Doctor, however, she can't bring herself to leave him either. Consider Rose Tyler defender of the Doctor, Guardian Angel, or!...just incredibly well versed stalker. Take your pick, but she won't leave his side, even if he doesn't know she's there. Although, keeping out of site is incredibly difficult, and she never lands in a proper order.

Blimey, this is a right mess.

Notes

I'm so nervous about this, please leave comments on your opinions or any thoughts, good or bad. I'd love to improve.

Also we have music and a video specific to this. The music is unique made for the fic by my boo Woby/Kody, so it's not a normal song. Check it out!

https://youtu.be/hwhJiKkLH-A

See the end of the work for more notes
“Every lonely monster needs a companion. It’s the oldest story in the universe, this one or any other. Boy and girl fall in love, get separated by events—war, politics, accidents in time—he’s thrown out of the hex or she’s thrown into it. Since then they’ve been yearning for each other across time and space, across dimensions! This isn’t a ghost story, it’s a love story!”

Rose closed her eyes, breathing quietly as she ducked around the other side of the building. She listened to him speak to his new companion, Clara, she noted. Rose fought so hard to get back, it had been so many years, so, so many years. Rose’s face was the same, her clothes were tight around her, easier for time travel in the manner she now had to travel. She glanced at the heavily modified vortex manipulator on her wrist, glimmering with lights and bits and bobs she’d picked up to be more accurate, and tied to the TARDIS. She was so old, impossibly old, now, she knew. She wasn’t sure how old, she based it on how old the Doctor said he was from the last time she saw him, but, she knew, the Doctor lies. She smiled to herself.
They Always Leave, she thought breathlessly to herself. Closing her eyes as a tear dipped down her face. She would never leave the Doctor, she promised. But the Doctor, her Doctor has long left her, long forgotten and replaced her. She pushed these thoughts to the back of her mind, a tidal wave of emotions crashing down on her like a gale force wind, he forgets things all the time. He forgets his Sonic or leaves the TARDIS door slightly ajar when he wanders off. He doesn't see things sometimes, so she drops little hints. Through time and space, little things to make sure he's safe. Clara, she's so clever, and so bloody brilliant, the Doctor is in good hands. But she can't risk leaving him, and one day, Clara will. But no matter what, Rose will always be there. Where he can't see. A ghost, a guardian angel.

She glanced back, noticing him talking. He'll be moving soon, she knew. She pulled out her own sonic, it took her so long to make it, with the help of the TARDIS, whom she silently thanks for helping her. She felt the hum of the TARDIS in the back of her mind, oh how the old girl always made sure the Doctor couldn't leave her far behind. Even gone so far as to land in the wrong spot, she knew. Sometimes the Doctor cursed the TARDIS for being off course, to which is silently protested and tried to turn the blame on the Doctor, but in reality. It was her, it was Rose. Sometimes her device didn't quiet make it, and the TARDIS would just stop, and pull her along.

Though she did visit Sarah Jane on occasion during her life, she gave wonderful advice, though much of it was her finding her own life. This was the life Rose chose, however. She would always choose. Sarah Jane swore never to tell the Doctor, and understood why. Sarah was entirely too understanding. She isn't sure where she would be without her. Even that, had to come to an end, Sarah Jane has long passed away, and left K-9 in Rose's care. Though K-9 couldn't come everywhere with her, she was trying to find a way to fix that. She had snuck into the TARDIS a few times to get a few parts to fix him. She glanced at the TARDIS key still around her neck.

She watched the Doctor grow so much, change. She watched him get married, to Marilyn Monroe, that was a fun day to watch, and also to another woman, Bloody River, Rose thought, quiet bitterly too. Rose thought the Doctor didn't love her, that seemed it at first, but he took her on fantastic dates constantly at night, when his other companions slept in the TARDIS. At first she thought for gratitude, but she wasn't entirely sure, or convinced.

“Hypocrite,” she murmured under her breath, her hand shot up to her mouth as she stopped breathing. Their talking hitched for a moment, she wondered if they heard her. She heard a few steps towards her, probably the Doctor, he couldn't see her. He moved on, he had too, it's just the way things had to be. She vibrated with fear and sorrow, the TARDIS stroked her mind gently to calm her. After a moment, she felt the sensation of safety from the TARDIS, with that she glanced around the corner and knew the adventure must continue. She soniced her vortex manipulator, put it away, then tapped in some coordinates on her wearable-travel device.

“Allons-y.” She said to herself, and hit the button.
Oh Doctor, Hitler? Really?

Chapter Summary

Rewrite of "Let's Kill Hitler" with Rose hiding under the floor boards--I mean desk. Hmm...

Chapter Notes

I'm really scared of writing this, it was a one shot quickie and my friend demanded more. Please give me comments and criticisms, I will love both of them so that can help me improve. And if you like the idea, the writing style, etc. Not everything will be rewrites, and the reason the order is extremely wonky will be described next chapter. So YES, there is a reason she already knows about River a bit, but is also confused, and so on...YOU SHALL SEE. Dun dun duunn.

Chapter 2

Rose fell with a thud, and groaned to herself. She reached up and rubbed her scalp before gathering herself up. She brushed herself off and looked around, where the hell was she? She glanced around to what appeared to be an office. She noticed the red flags on the walls...ookkaayyy so a nazi office. Either she was at a KKK meeting or somewhere in 1930. She stood in the corner and then her eyes landed on him.

“Oh blimey!” she cursed under her breath and ducked behind a collection of books, oh great. Wonderful hiding spot.

“What do you want? Who let you in here?” Hitlers voice piped up, and Rose was certain she was caught.

“Do not call for help. This room has been sound screened. You have been found guilty. Justice mode activating.” a beam of white light burst from the other mans mouth and covered Hitler. Well, she didn't remember that in her history books.

Her thought was violently jerked to reality when a large blue box burst through the windows and
slammed into the wall next to her, she yelped and jolted back. The TARDIS was now resting near
the back wall, she glanced around and shifted under the desk of Hitler as he moved around it, she
had no idea how this idiotic bloke hadn't been assassinated sooner, he seemed to fail to see her at
every move. She's going to need to find some way to, I dunno, get an invisibility cloak. Wouldn't
that be nice? Is there a Harry Potter dimension? She mused to herself and scrunched under the desk
as she heard the Doctor shouting.

“Out, out, out! Everybody out. Don't breathe the smoke, just get out!” The Doctor shouted,
ushering a group out of the TARDIS.

“Where are we?” Rose heard another voice, she poked her head under the desk to attempt to see.
Red hair. She wracked her brain, this one was...oh she couldn't remember! Too many companions!
She had to admit that the male was a little cute, though not nearly as good looking as her Doctor,
either of them.

“A room.” the Doctor announced, helpfully. Rose rolled her eyes, some things never change.

“What room?” the short haired boy said, she recalled I think, Rork? Ro..Rory, she was pretty sure,
yes, Rory.

“I don't know what room. I haven't memorized every room in the universe yet. I had yesterday off,
Mels, don't go in there.” Mels? That must be the red head. She huffed haughtily and shifted as she
heard the sound of small metal clicks, was that a gun?

“Oi!” she heard, so nope, not the redhead then. A third companion?! Blimey Doctor, didn't know
you were that lonely.

“Bad smoke. Don't breathe that bad, bad, smoke. Bad, deadly smoke because somebody SHOT my
TARDIS!” he blurted out. Rose's mouth gaped open slightly, his companion had guns now? What
the hell? Is Bad Smoke a technical term, Doctor? She snickered to herself.

“Doctor. This guy, I think he's hurt?” she heard shuffling. After a pause she heard “No, hang on.
No, he's fine.” He's not human, idiot. Rose admonished silently. She heard the sound of something
heavy being placed on the desk.

“Ooooh, hello! Sorry, is this your office? Had a sort of collision with my vehicle. Faults on both
sides, let's say no more about it.” Rose rolled her eyes as the Doctor monologued.
They all paused. *Oh yes, did they finally notice they were addressing his Majesty Hitler?!* Rose tasted copper in her mouth and realized she'd been biting her lip.

“Is that? No, it can't be, Doctor?” the female gasped, damn, she couldn't remember her name for the life of her.

“Thank you, whoever you are. I think you just saved my life.” Hitler said graciously, and Rose wanted to laugh, she wished she could see the horror on the Doctor's face.

“Believe me, it was an accident..” he said softly, yup. Rose can definitely imagine his face clearly.

“What is this thing?” Hitler again, are they going to do something about the over-zealous-Nazi already? Why were they even *here*? The Doctor made it clear some things are fixed, and she was pretty sure this war was fairly fixed or he'd have already gotten rid of it. Though, that landing wasn't very gracious. Shooting the TARDIS probably had it crash at the soonest time, which, was, here? Rose's best guess, anyways.

“What did he mean, we saved his life? We could not have just saved Hitler.” the scottish redhead barely managed to sputter out.

“You see? You see? Time travel, it never goes to plan!” the Doctor wailed out.

“This box. What is it?” they seemed to be ignoring Hitler, figures.


“No, stop him!” Hitler spouted out orders, oh really Hitler, the Doctor doesn't take orders well.

...
“Are you okay?”

“Yes, yes. Yes, I'm fine. I think he missed.” Or you're an alien, Rose admonished again. They really were rather daft, Doctor I think you're slipping.

“He was going to kill me!” Hitler roared at them

“Shut up Hitler!”

“Rory, take Hitler and put in him that cupboard over there. Now do it.” Rose stifled a giggle as the Doctor so creatively found a place to put Hitler.

“Right. Putting Hitler in the cupboard. Cupboard, Hitler. Hitler, cupboard. Come on.” She was really going to have a hard time with Rory and the Doctor, she wanted to just bust out laughing. Her silent laughs were making her stomach burn.

“But I am the Fuhrer!”

“Right, in you go!”

“Who are you?” the sound of the cupboard door slammed closed.

“Are you okay?” she heard from the Doctor, then a loud thud and the floor shook lightly, she dared to lean down and glance under the small opening of the desk.

“I think he just fainted.” As much as she liked Rory, he was a bit of a Captain Obvious.

“Yes, that was a faint. A perfect faint.” Oh ya think? The pair of them, really. Rose could just smack him right now.

“Mels?”
“Hitler...” her voice trailed off

“What about him?” the Doctor said, a bit impatiently.

“Lousy shot.” another thud, she glanced under again. The other woman, she was darker skinned with thick curly hair. Shit! She heard them yelling and rushing to her side. Did the Doctor just yell for Rory? Wonder if Rory is a Doctor or something. Rose squinted to try to see better.

Rose scuttled out just a little as the commotion continued, she zoned out trying to figure out what to do, or why she possibly ended up at this point with them, at this point there seemed to be no real danger, not for the Doctor anyways, as much as she felt for the poor girl, there was nothing she could do for her. It wasn't until a certain phrase snapped daughter out of her thoughts.

“You named your daughter...after your daughter...” the Doctor said slowly. Time travel sometimes still made Roses head dizzy. How could they not know they were traveling with their daughter? She heard more bantering, and her breath hitched into her chest as she slipped back completely under the desk.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Whoa! Right, let's see, then. Ooo, it's all going on down there, isn't it? The hair! Oh, the hair. It just doesn't stop, does it? Look at that. Everything changes. Oh, but I love it. I love it! I'm all sort of mature.” You don't sound it. Rose gasped as she heard the voice and quickly shoved her head down. Are you serious?! River! Rose growled low to herself. Bloody woman! If only she could kick her out of the TARDIS into a supernova. Wait. How the hell did she regenerate!

“Hello Benjamin.”

“Whose Benjamin?” the Doctor inquired, Rose made a disgusted face. She's seducing you, Doctor! Oh come on, we watched The Graduate like 10 times in the TARDIS! For a Time Lord, your memory can be quite short.

“The teeth. The teeth, teeth! Oh, look at them!” she danced across the room, Rose could see the clothe of the Doctors pants against the desk, and that woman too close to him, but something else
caught her attention. She heard the shift of the fruit bowl she noted earlier on the desk, *the gun!* Of course, but from the sounds of it, it went too far. “Watch out that bow tie.” she groaned and quickly flitted up her hand and shifted the bowl even further. She couldn't see, and prayed no one saw her hand. Pretty sure everyone was too aghast at the sight before them to notice a hand reaching from under Hitlers desk. Oh brother. “Excuse me, you lot. I need to weigh myself.”

All three of them sat on the desk.

“That's Melody?”

“That's River Song.”

“Who's River song?” Melody piped up.

“Spoilers.” the Doctor said with some disbelief.

“Spoilers? What's spoilers? Hang on, just something I have to check!” she rushed out again.

“Is anybody else finding today just a bit difficult? I'm getting a sort of banging in my head.” Rory piped up.

“Yeah, I think that's Hitler in the cupboard.” the redhead retorted

“That's not helping.” Rory shot back

“This isn't the River Song we know yet. This is her right at the start. Doesn't even know her name.” The Doctor said, *Oh I'm sure you know much more than just her name, typical bloke!* Rose gritted her teeth and closed her eyes, counting to ten to rationalize herself.

She heard River, or, Melody, exclaim something as she wasn't listening. Still calming herself down before she jumped out and strangled Melody with her bare hands, see how they like that! Hah!

“Well now, enough of that! Down to business!” Melody exclaimed. Rose's attention was brought
back.

“Oh, hello. I thought we were getting married.” Rose felt anger bubbling inside her again. So was dying all she had to do in order to get the Doctor to marry her? Oh wait, sure she almost did a few times!

“I told you, I'm not a wedding person.” Yet. Clingy, over zealous control monger.

“Doctor, what's she doing?” Rory asked.

“What she's programmed to do.” The Doctor said cryptically.

“Where'd she get the gun?”

“Hello, Benjamin.” he said, she could hear the smile in his voice.

“You noticed!” the empty click of several rounds went off, Rose jumped slightly under the desk, almost hitting her head.

“Of course I noticed. As soon as I knew you were coming, I tidied up a bit.” No help from me then. She mused, her anger still bubbling, she felt the soothing caress of the TARDIS trying to reassure her, but she swatted the sensation away.

“I know you did.”

“I know you know.” Melody pulled out a banana as she was certain she could hear the Doctor smirking. No thanks to you, Doctor, you hadn't turned it far enough, otherwise, she might still have grabbed the gun! Honestly, how do you get along without me? She felt a happy buzz that she can only explain as what felt like the TARDIS giggling. Did the TARDIS giggle?

“Goodness, is killing you going to take all day?”

“Why? Are you busy?” Why not go on a date, snog a bit in the bushes, break you out of prison and dance under the stars. Rose mouthed angrily, nostrils flaring at their persistent banter.
Rose opted to zone out and ignore them before she let her rage get too far, she heard the smacking of lips and shook silently to herself. She pulled her knees to her chest and buried her face, silent tears ripping themselves out of her eyes. Why here? He could have handled most of this alone, why did she have to be here? She shuddered as her sobs felt violent, it took everything she had to keep silent. But, if she was meant to be here, through all of it, this was bound to happen. She made a promise, forever, and he forgets sometimes. He needs someone there, and sometimes, when no ones looking. He tries to travel around, he tries to go alone. Sometimes, people hurt him. Rose could never hurt him, and if he can't see her, then she can never hurt him. Never confuse him, he will stop risking his life for hers. She can focus all her efforts on the Doctor, and he'd never be burdened by her again.

Just by *others*, she thought snarkily as Melody jumped out the window. Then it hit her. Melody, she had just spoke.

“It was never going to be a gun for you, Doctor, the man of peace who understands every kind of warfare, except, perhaps, the cruelest.”

No! Rose glanced over as she heard the doctor say “Well, no, I'm dying, but I've got a plan.” *I highly doubt that.*

She willed herself to stay still until everyone had left, she heard the Doctor shout from the otherside of the TARDIS doors before she bolted out from her hiding spot and ran over to the TARDIS, it buzzed at her and she shook her head. She leaned up against the doors and caressed the side panel, leaning her head on the door and closing her eyes. One last tear fell before her eyes fluttered open again.

“Right,” she murmured to herself. Looking around the room quickly, she removed anything else that could be used as a weapon, not that it mattered now. She picked up the bullets and pocketed them, along with one of the pistols. She stepped over to the TARDIS one last time to hear the muffled voice of the Doctor. Little did she know, the Doctor asked for an image of someone he liked, and the first image that showed up was her own. She would never know that she was still in his heart. For she, was forgotten. The Bad Wolf, now the Silent Wolf, the Ghost Wolf, the lone pack. She sighed.

“Take care of him, old girl.” she loaded the gun and slipped open the cupboard. Hitler put his hands in the air as she aimed it at him.

“What? Who are you! Woman, I demand answers! Get me out of here immediately!” Hitler barked, Roses eyes were hard on him, her face stained with tears but she looked no less fierce as
the orbs on her face grew dark.

“Sorry Adolf, I can't have you following anytime soon.” she tilted the gun up to his head, and leaned in. “And I certainly can't have you remembering this, and blabbering it across history, hmmm?” she whispered with a deadly seduction. Hitler frozen, staring at her terrified. “However, you can't die yet, either. As pleasant as that would be. Rose Tyler, defender of human rights in World War II! I like that, has a ring to it. Oh well.” her other hand shot up and touched his temples, gold tendrils of light slipped from her fingers and into the mind of Hitler. She closed her eyes and breathed in as she lowered the gun, and Hitler collapsed to the ground. She stared at him, her shining eyes dulling as she heard the whirring of the TARDIS outside the door.

“Oh no you don’t,” she breathed bursting out, glancing at her vortex manipulator then up at the TARDIS. There was no time, she slipped her feet onto the back of the TARDIS and hugged the sides, clutching for dear life. This was NOT going to be pleasant. The TARDIS hiccuped in her mind, but hummed a bit at her in concern. “Just go!” she snipped up at it.

The TARDIS dematerialized, with Rose Tyler clutching to the edges.
A River of Rosey Tears

Chapter Notes

My muse has chained me to the desk and forcing me to keep writing.

M'looking at you, Woby.

“Noo!! Noo get it off me!” Rose heard screaming as they materialized, she lurched back away from the TARDIS and swallowed back vomit that tried to rise from her throat, it was gruesome, but she couldn't give away her position. She glanced to the side of the TARDIS gingerly to see the Doctor leaning against it in a tuxedo with a cane.

“Thought we agreed to burn that suit.” she murmured to herself.

“Sorry? Did you say she killed the Doctor? The Doctor? Doctor who?” Rose rolled her eyes but couldn't help but smile.

“Doctor? You're dying! And you stopped to change?” Melody asked accusingly.

Rose watched from the corner of the TARDIS, that was canted to one side giving her a better vantage point. She grinned and patted the TARDIS in thanks. The Doctor spun dramatically down the steps he spoke.

“Oh, you should always waste time when you don't have any.” he twirled his cane, “Time is not the boss of you! Rule 408.” 407, Doctor. “Amelia Pond, judgment death machine. Why am I not surprised?” he lifted his cane and it flowered open, he grinned back. “Sonic cane!” he announced, proudly. Rose still thought alien-hitler-killing-whatever-that-is was a more accurate description, she snorted.

“Are you serious?” Melody chastised, Rose shrugged, yeah, he probably is.
“Never knowingly. Never knowingly be serious.” The Doctor said in his best performance voice, Rose muttered to herself. The rest of her life she's going to be spending narrating third person remarks to a drama queen, she thought to herself, then smiled a little as a memory came into play.

“Everyone leaves home in the end.” she smiled at him

“Not to end up stuck here.” The Doctor frowned

“Yeah, but, stuck with you – s'not so bad.” she gave him her best grin, her tongue peaking out of the side of her mouth.

“Yeah?” he peaked up at her uncertainly, a smile threatening his lips.

“Yes.” she said firmly.

“Rule 27. You might want to write these down.” he glanced at his sonic cane after it whirred “Oh it's a robot!” Close enough. “With 423 life signs inside. A robot....worked by tiny people. Love it! How do you get in there, though? Bigger on the inside? No, basic miniaturization sustained by a compression field. Oh, watch what you eat, it'll get you every time!” Rose groaned at the memory of eating a purple fruit on a foreign planet before the Doctor could stop her, she looked like a damn oompa loompa for a week.

“Amy, if you and Rory are OK, signal me.” Rose peered from the side, waiting for a response. Nothing, she felt a whirring in her pocket and pulled out her sonic. She groaned, really? She had picked up the signal instead of the Doctor, but then again, every device she had was tuned to the Doctor's equipment. She adjusted a few buttons and held it up and whirred her sonic, hoping he'd not notice where it was coming from. He glanced down at his cane, shortly after her sonic went off.

“Thanking you.” he said staring into the robot, Rose let out a breath. You're welcome.

Just after that the Doctor began screaming and collapsed, twirling on the floor trying to regain his balance. Rose twitched, almost bolting out from her hiding spot in order to catch him but barely caught herself in time.

“So sorry, leg went to sleep! Just had a quick left-leg power nap. I forgot I had one scheduled.” Rose covered her mouth with her hand, battling tears, she didn't want to watch him die so soon.
And if its true, he can't regenerate from this. But he must be able too, or what if she was suppose to do something? Something that saved him, something that made it so he could continue on. But what was it? Rose battled panic as she scoured her mind for answers. “Actually, better sit down. I think I heard the right one yawning.” he pulled himself to the steps. Rose continued to panic. She felt a storm brewing inside her like a gale force wind battling against the mountainsides with no escape. She was useless to the Doctor like this, if only she could be seen!

Melody made a bolt for it, but was caught in the beam from the judgment death machine, and began to scream in utter agony. Rose rolled her eyes, serves her right. She paused, no, that wasn't right. She didn't deserve that, she didn't deserve torment no matter how much Rose despised her.

“Don't you touch her! Do not harm her in any way!” the Doctor bellowed out from his seat, Rose prayed they'd listen.

“Why would you care? She's the woman that kills you.” the scottish robot spoke, as Melody was suspended in a white light. Rose flicked through her pockets and settings on the sonic. She peaked out at the woman, hanging there and the robot. This should help, she whirred her sonic gently at the robot and glanced at it. Success. It wouldn't stop the pain, but it lessened the ray so whatever torment they inflicted on her would be lessened slightly. It wasn't much, but dammit she had to try.

“I'm not dead.” he flourished his hat and dropped it.

“You're dying.”

“Well, at least I'm not a time-traveling shape-shifting robot operated by miniaturized cross people, which I have got to admit, I didn't see that one coming.” he pointed his cane at Melody “What do you want with her?”

“According to records, the woman who kills the Doctor.”

“And I'm the Doctor, what's it to you?”

“Throughout history, many criminals have gone unpunished in their lifetimes. Time travel has...responsibilities.”

“What? You got yourselves time travel, so you decided to punish dead people?”
“We don't kill them. We extract them near the end of their established timelines.”

“Then do what?”

“Give them hell.” Rose's eyes narrowed, the Doctor was not going to like them.

“I'd ask who you think you are, but I think the answer is pretty obvious. So, who do you think I am?”

“The Doctor,” Rose whispered, smiling to herself.

“The woman who killed the Doctor. It sounds like you've got my biography in there. I'd love a peek.”

She listened to the rest of the conversation, the records became available and something called the Silence wanted the Doctor dead. Well, she'll be damned if she lets that happen. Until finally she heard the Doctor shout, and collapse to the floor.

“Kidneys are always the first to quit. I've had better, you know.” Rose heard the torment beam go off, and Melody screamed in agony. Rose pulled her sonic up and pushed the button, the light dimmed but only a fraction, Melody still screamed but Rose was certain she was dampening it just a touch, just enough to give the Doctor time to figure out a solution. “Amy! Rory! Amy, can you hear me?”

“What do we do?”

“Just stop them. She's your daughter, just stop them.” the Doctor pleaded.

The field lessened, and the machine seemed to stop working. She switched her sonic to a new setting, and canceled out the field entirely. Melody was free. Rose pocketed her sonic once more.

“Please, now we have to save your parents. Don't run. Now, I know you're scared, but never run
when you're scared. Rule 7. Please.” she smiled, that rule was right. She remembered the Doctor had kids once, he certainly did a good job talking to them, and Melody, though in River's body, was a still a child. Now, the robot began to scream for help, help from the Doctor as the Doctor struggled to get up.

“Look at you. You still care.” Melody spoke, and an emotional pain shot through Rose at that statement, she swallowed hard and closed her eyes, listening to the pair. “It's impressive I'll give you that.”

“River, please....”

“Again? Who is this River? She's got to be a woman, am I right?”

The Doctor crawled for the TARDIS, reaching his hand out to it, Rose inched closer. She wanted so desperately to pull him to the TARDIS, clock Melody, and retrieve the two from the machine. She decided she'd chance it, if the Doctor sends her back that was a risk she'd have to take. She went to move and she felt a mental force tug her back, she looked up in disdain at the TARDIS.

“What now?” she growled quietly to the side of the ship. “We let him die?” The TARDIS sent a soothing hum through her head. “Fat lot of good you are, singing me a lullaby!” the last word was a bit too loud, she paused to listen, but the Doctor was frustrated.

“AAHH!! Just...” he growled out and collected himself, she could tell. “Help me.” he sputtered out, rather desperately, it broke her heart. “You are the child of the TARDIS..” he said softly.

She wasn't sure what happened but she felt the TARDIS doors close and open, she glanced over, the Doctor still on the floor. Panic bubbling inside her, she threw herself behind a marble column that was housing a light above it.

Rose curled her knees up and held them, listening quietly to their conversation. The Doctor telling them no one can save them, then asking to speak with Melody and whispering in her ear a message for River. Always River, never could have been me, could it? She huffed, then frowned at herself punishingly. Not the time for jealousy, Rose!

Rose closed her eyes and looked up. She zoned out, a dark cloud hanging over her. A moment of clarity came to her as she felt the brimming of regeneration energy. She looked down at her hand, and it glowed gold.
“She can't do it alone.” she said to herself, she knew, that it would help, but it wouldn't help entirely.

“Just tell me. The Doctor, is he worth it?”

“Yes. Yes, he is!” Amy blurted out

“He's worth more than you'll ever know.” Rose said to herself, closing her eyes and letting the energy flow from her.

“River? No! What are you doing?” Rose knew the Doctor was scared, usually, this action would kill Melody, but not with Rose's help. If Rose put what she could into it, Melody would live.

Just this once, everyone lives.

~*~*~*~*~*~

Rose woke with a start.

“Miss, are you alright?” a man in uniform stood over her, she cursed to herself.

“Yeah, a'right, m'fine.” she mumbled as she got up and brushed herself off, then immediately fell to the side again with a huff. The man went to catch her.

“Ma'm we should really get you to a Doctor, fancy a lift to the hospital?” Rose shook her head at him.

“No I've got to find..” she holds her head and groaned. “I've got to find him.”

“I'm sorry? Miss, there's no one else here. You were like this when we found you. No one else.” Rose pushed him off.
“Go on then!” she growled, looking around, TARDIS gone. She tried to reach out to it, but it was so far from her, so impossibly far. She sighed and her knees shook. She lifted up her wrist to stare at the vortex manipulator. She began tapping into it. The mans eyes grew wide.

“What in 'ell is that?” she looked at him questionably and smiled.

“No one's going to believe you.” she smiled curtly.

“Sorry?”

“No. One. Is going. To believe. You.” she emphasized, “So, I suggest mums the word,” she tapped her nose “Or end up in the camps with the rest of the loons, ey?” she pushed the button and vanished in front of his eyes with a cert flash.

She landed violently and immediately threw her head into a trash can and vomited. A little boy stared at her, eyes wide.

“MUUMM!!” he shouted, “MUUMM!!” again, with more urgency. “Mum it's Rose hurry!”

A beautiful woman, older, but wise and soft features came bounding into the room, a small metal dog trudging behind her. “Oh dear lord, my dear Rose what has happened!” she went to her knees immediately and pulled Rose's hair out of the way. She was impossibly pale and her eyes looked sunken in, she stroked her back gently and cooed to her as Rose finished heaving. Rose looked up at her, bleary eyed before diving her face into the womans chest and sobbed. Sarah Jane wrapped her arms around her and held her, rocking back and forth.

“Oh my dear girl, shh, it's alright. It's alright. Come on, let's get you a good cuppa tea and some soup, perhaps? Would you like that?” she helped Rose to her feet and drug her into the sitting room, placing a blanket over her and sitting with her for a moment, Rose refusing to let go of her death hold on this glorious woman. Sarah Jane had qualities of the Doctor that made her feel safe, but also qualities of a soft woman who felt her pain. She could swear sometimes she could smell the essence of time leaking off of Sarah Jane, and it made her feel at home.

Sarah stood finally. “Now, settle in, we'll get that cup ready and talk, alright?”
Sarah came back and placed a ginger hand on Rose's knee after placing a cup of tea and bowl of soup in front of her.

“Now, take a sip and when you're ready we'll talk, okay?” Sarah gave a warm, knowing smile to Rose who simply nodded and sipped the tea gratefully.

“Mmm.” Rose hummed thoughtfully to herself, “I don't think I can do it...” she said after a long pause.

“You don't have to do anything, Rose, you don't owe him anything.” Rose put up a hand as Sarah spoke.

“I know, I know. I just...it's what I thought I wanted..but watching him...and her...” Sarah flinched and scooted closer. “I just. I dunno, I felt so helpless, when I have to stay hidden.”

“Why don't you just tell him you're here?” Sarah inquired.

“It's just, he can't. He's better off without me, he always moves on, ya?” She looked up.

“But that was when you could age, die the same as us little humans, you have the gift all his companions before you wished for before you.” Sarah smiled sadly to herself.

“Don't.” Rose said, and as Sarah tried to utter an apology she spoke again “No, I mean. You're not little, if the Doctor taught me one thing, it's that you're all unique, beautiful, we all are.” She beamed at Sarah who nodded. “I just, I dunno. I dunno if its worth it.”
“It's worth it only if you think it is, you have such potential you could do so much.”

“Yeah..” she said, once again deep in thought.

“Does anyone else know?”

“No, they can't. It could be too dangerous, please, don't tell anyone.”

“I won't, I won't, I think you should. Maybe that man Jack? He seemed nice, seems to be in a similar boat.”

“Jack would make me tell 'im, he spent so long chasing the Doctor himself..I just can't.” Rose swallowed hard.

“I think I'm a bit fuzzy on all this, why are you seeing him out of order?” Sarah inquired.

“It's the vortex manipulator, It's unreliable, as the Doctor always said. I honed it on on the TARDIS, but..as you know, time isn't a straight line. So it just picks a random point that the TARDIS is at, or the TARDIS pulls me in. I'm not sure. I'm chasing him across time, and space.”

“And the amnesia?” Rose nodded at Sarah's question.

“Still there, I try to remember how I got back to this universe, but, sort of fuzzy.” Rose waved her hand over her head to emphasize. “I dunno I just, wish I did.” she frowned at her mug.

“It's okay dear, we'll get there.” she placed her hand over Rose's and smiled, a very motherly, nurturing smile. Rose leaned into her.

“Oh Sarah,” she sobbed into her shoulder, still collecting herself. Rose lost her family, everyone, everything. Sarah was very good at being a nurturing mother-figure for now, but she knew, her time would come when she too, must say good bye. Sarah leaned her chin on Roses head and stroked her hair silently.
“It'll be alright.”

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

Rose was beaming today, she felt much better after a good nights rest on a proper bed and a nice warm meal. She walked out and wiggled her fingers at Sarah's son, Luke, and then flicked her hand in greeting to Sarah.

“Oh my, you're looking positively brilliant this morning, any occasion?”

“Nope.” Rose said, popping the 'p'. “Just much better, thank you.”

“You know, there's a festival next year, perhaps you'll come visit if you can figure out that death trap you call a travel device,” she chuckled to herself

“Oi!” Rose quipped back, also smiling.

“You're welcome to join us.” Rose smiled sadly at Sarah, she had already lived through this. The festival is the last time she sees Sarah Jane.

“I'd love too.” she said quietly.

“Something wrong?”

“Nahhh, I'm always alright.” she smiled “Just thinking.”

“Alright,” Sarah nodded, doubtfully. “So've you decided what you're going to do then?”

“Yup! I'm going to try again, keep going, who knows, there may come a day when the Doctor
needs Rose Tyler after all!”

“Oh Rose, he'll always need you.”

“Yeaaahh,” she said, drawing it out much like her Doctor before her did. “Quiet right too.” she imitated her Doctors wink, and they both laughed heartily as a scruffy haired little boy groaned at the table, bleary eyed and blinking back the fog of the morning.

“Oh, I suppose I should get you something to eat then.” Luke grunted at his mother.

“Blimey, sounds like me when the Doctor tries to wake me up to show off his new gadgets.” Rose smiled at Sarah and they both laughed again.

Rose fidgeted with her wrist. Sarah, not ignoring the uncomfortable movements stepped over to Rose, grabbing her shoulders.

“Rose, for as long as my short life is, I'll always be here for you.” she hugged Rose, who smiled and hugged her back, taking in the scent of lavender and faint hints of time.

“Thank you.” she whispered, and pulled back, pulling out her Sonic and holding it over her vortex manipulator. “If you see Mickey, give 'im a big hug and don't tell 'im why, ya?” she grinned, her tongue touching the edge of her teeth.

“You bet.” Sarah gave a fun solute, as Rose hovered her hand over the Vortex Manipulator, she took in a sharp breath and pushed the button.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

Rose landed with her legs bent and arms outstretched, another violent landing. She really needed to fix that. She glanced around to note where her prize was, there it was, she smiled. The TARDIS. Now, to take stock of where she was. She looked up. Earth, that was clear. Pretty sure it was earth, some sort of...hotel? Apartments? She poked her way down a single yellow hall and glanced at a door. She knocked gingerly and listened at the door.
“Hello?” she spoke softly, looking up and down each hall. She reached to the door knob and pushed it open. She glanced inside and stared, mouth agape.

Before her were three clowns who were holding a bunny rabbit with what appeared to be blood dripping from the rabbits maw, and the were...worshiping it? She closed the door quickly and turned down a corridor before pushing her back up against the wall and taking in a very confused sigh.

It was like something out of a nightmare, “Or a very odd fetish.” she muttered to herself, at this point. Nothing surprised her. She shrugged and pulled out her own little sonic, admiring the bit of work the TARDIS had done on it. Carving Gallifreyan circles on the sides of it. She smiled, she had no idea what they said, but was glad to see it anyways.

She turned to continue down the hall when she noticed a woman curled up into her knees on the floor. Rose rushed over and kneeled down.

“Hey, woah hey, are you a'right?” she reached her hand up to touch the girls forehead, then to embrace her shoulder. “Hey, what's your name?”

“Praise him.” she said softly.

“M'sorry? What?” Rose blinked back confusion.

“Praise him.” she said more calmly, a smile spreading over her face.

“Praise who? What've they done to you?” Rose pushed back the hair of the young woman and stroked the side of her face.

“I...am so happy.” she smiled, and Rose's head jerked up as she heard movement, heavy movement.

“Come on, we gotta get out of here.” she stood up and tried to pull the woman up, who refused to move. “Oi! Come on then! You don't want to die, right?”
“I’m happy. Praise him! Praise him! PRAISE HIM!” her yelling became louder and with each time her voice turned into horrible shrieking. Rose took several steps back.

“Suit yourself…” she turned on her heel and bolted, stopping to glance back for a moment, a large, hairy creature, hooved feet and monstrous features. “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry…” she murmured to herself before turning down another hall. She skid to a stop, because there he was. *Blast!*

“Oh blimey.” she muttered, staring at the back of the visage of the Doctor, it looks like he is still with Rory and the scottish girl. Still can’t recall her name, Rose cursed but then furrowed her brows, taking a moment to admire the Doctors backside. She grinned to herself, *yup, still go it.* She thought wistfully, and sighed before noticing their movements, causing her to duck into a random door and peaked out of the door, just a crack. Listening intently. The Doctor seemed to be raving about something, so this wasn’t earth. It was a replica, and, apparently, they were suppose to be at a place with huge hats. *Missed again, Doctor.* Rose sighed, keeping the door mostly closed, she glanced back into the room and back out. Then froze, she slowly turned and stared at what was in the room in her double-take.

“Oh, you're good. Oh, she's good.” he said approaching her, grinning. “Amy, with regret, you're fired.” he said, pointing at her and eyeing up the other woman. “What?” Amy spoke, indignity, Rose stifled her own laughter.

“What?” Amy spoke, indignity, Rose stifled her own laughter.

“I'm kidding.” *No he's not.* She smirked, as she glanced over just in time to see the Doctor mouth ‘We'll talk’ to the other woman. Rose’s hand shot up to her mouth as she stepped further away from the scene and clenched her other hand over her gut. She had to admit, this incarnation was rather hard to follow, she was certain she’d find herself giving away her position laughing at his jokes. Not that he’d mind, she’d deny it of course. She grinned and turned around.

“That's odd.” she breathed out, the door frame she was leaning on a moment ago was missing. She stepped over and reached her hands over, scanned it with her sonic. Nothing. She sighed and turned, a new door. Double doors now. She'd step inside and figure it out from there.
There were puppets, filtering in a dining room all laughing hysterically, their heads bobbing up and down, they abruptly stopped and turned to stare at her. There was one man lolling his head and tied up. She instinctively moved towards him.

“Oi there, ya alright?” she took a step closer.

He smiled widely, “I am perfect, well done, so you could say.”

“Well done? Watchoo mean? Who tied you up?”

“Unbelievers, but it doesn't matter. I am forgiven, and I shall be feasted upon.”

“What like, steak? Medium-rare then?” she touched her tongue to her teeth and grinned.

“Close enough. Find your room, and you will be able to see what I see.”

“Sorry my what?”

“Your room, everyone has one. Everyone has their own room.” he smiled, and lolled his head.

“Alriigghhttt mate, I see why you're tied up here. You're star-craving mad. Right. I'm just gonna...” she stepped back and turned to the door, she heard voices from the other side, and glanced around and ducked out of another door on the right.

Rose pulled her arms into herself and wrapped them about her waist, she sighed as she walked down the hall. Doing this on her own was a bit more exhausting than she'd like to admit. She leaned down and noticed a few papers, written was what appeared to be a journal.

My name is Lucy Hayward and I'm the last one left. It took Luke first. It got him on his first day, almost as soon as we arrived. It's funny. You don't know what's going to be in your room until you see it, then you realize it could never have been anything else. I just saw mine. It was a gorilla from a book I'd read as a kid. My God, that thing used to terrify me. The gaps between my worships are getting shorter, like contractions. This is what happened to the others... and how lucky they were. It's all so clear now. I'm so happy. Praise him.
Rose shuddered reading the paper after pulling them out from under a plant, she glanced around uncertainly. Deciding to place them in the middle of the floor, she was certain between him and his companions someone would see the bloody things. She couldn't exactly just hand them to him. She looked back and pushed into one of the rooms as a cavalcade of drama erupted in the hall. She glanced around the room to see what might possibly in this one.

Nothing. That was odd, but she shrugged and turned, thankful for that at least. Though, perhaps she spoke too soon. A frothing maw dripped before her, attached to a black rather ferocious-looking dog.

“Oohh good dog, good doggy..” she took a few steps back. “It's okay.” she maneuvered around it and glanced out the peep hole to see the creature from before.

“Oh, you're beautiful...” she said, stunned. “First werewolves now, what, a Minotaur? Oh I bet the Doctor is beside himself! Right, boy?” she glanced at the vicious dog before her who seemed to not be leaping at her. She nodded matter-of-a-factly. “Yeah, thought so.” she looked back out the peephole.

The creature seemed to be running, but at what she wasn't sure. She took some time to sit in the room and let it clear until her sonic picked up a signal and began whirring aggressively. She yanked it up and the deafening sound caused her to try to cover her ears, she groaned but burst out of the room to follow the signal.

“It's the Doctor.” she said, ripping the door open trying to catch up to it before it faded. Running down one hall and into another, before she stopped, her feet planted beneath her. She felt terror clamber up her spin and lock her joints in place, the bone-chilling cold tickling her body, but a mesmerizing curiosity engrossed her. Maybe just a peak? With that, she turned. Room 171. Her eyes focused on it, glued to it. Perhaps this isn't a good idea...the door was...goading her. She went to turn away from it, only to find her hand hovering over the knob. She swallowed, maybe she should see.....she pushed the door open and looked inside. What she saw made her completely stop breathing, and lock up even more than she was before. She was certain even her blood stopped it's flow.

“Doctor?” he turned, he was grinning, and she went to smile back until...until his eyes laid on her, then his face turned into a frown. It was her Doctor, the tenth one, at least.

“You?” he wrinkled his nose “What are you doing here? Where's that pretty one? The clever one.” he started snapping “Aughh I can't remember her name. But you?” he spat venomously and she stared in horror, realizing how close he was, the door was closed now as she found herself backing
“A chav, working at the shops. What could I ever possibly see in you? Are you following me? Is that what you're doing? What do you think you'll accomplice? Oh boo hoo, Doctor take me back,” he mocked her voice “Oh for Rassilons sake, you're not going to cry are you?” he scrubbed a hand over his face, annoyed.

“Doctor you're being rude.” she stammered out, tears filling her eyes.

“Rude! Rude and not ginger, thought we established that in the beginning. Now, you, Rose Tyler. You are truly a piece of work, and I don't mean that as a compliment.” he was standing over her now, hovering just inches from her face, she could feel his breath touching her cheek as she tried not to look him in the eye.

“Doctor stop! I'm sorry, STOP!” she shouted, pulling her hands up to her ears and trying to look away, but she could still feel him, and hear his voice.

“Run!” she froze at those words and looked as a masculine hand grabbed hers and yanked her from the room slamming the door behind her and dragging her down the hall. She finally regained herself and pulled her hand back. She looked up at the short haired man.

“Rory,” she gasped out. He furrowed his brows.

“How do you--?”

“I heard one of the others say it..sorry..” she smiled awkwardly and stepped back. “I'm sorry I..”

“You should come with us, it's safer if we stick together. My friend..the Doctor, he can help. I promise.” Rory nodded and motioned for her, she was taking several steps back and noticed Rory trying to take a few towards her.

“No you don't understand, I can't..”

“Please, what's your name?”
“I...Jessica. Jessica Smith.” she swallowed, really?

“Please, we can help.” Rory pleaded, Rose felt bad for her, but turned and bolted. “No! Please!” Rose pushed herself as far as possible down several halls and felt her chest bursting. It burned. But as she turned she saw a woman, the one the Doctor seemed to have taken a fondness too, and there was the creature.

“Oh no you don’t.” Rose burst down the hall towards her and screamed as it lurched into the woman, Rita, and Rose stopped. “Noo! Dammit!” she spun around and threw her hands into her hair and fought back tears. “Oh god...I'm sorry.” The Doctor wasn't going to like this. In fact, she didn't like it much either.

She turned as a hoard of figures ran past one of the halls, that must be them. She followed suit, the creature blundering after them. They shoved themselves into one of the rooms, and Rose looked around.

“Oh! Ugly. Come on, this way!” but it ignored her, pounding on the door until it bust it open, she took a step back and watched in horror. After a moment, no screaming, no hollering, just the Minotaur stumbling back into the hall, she took a few steps back herself and hid just as the Doctor stepped out after it. She watched it fall on the floor, a tear escaped the corner of her eye. Rose's hands going up to her mouth as she shook her head, silently swearing and apologizing to herself on behalf of the creature. She slipped to her knees, the room around her began to piece apart like a puzzle being taken away. She shifted back further into the dark, the Doctor walked around explaining the science behind the rooms.

Rose didn't listen. Not for the most part, she was holding her head pondering her room and trying to keep low, the Doctor, she heard, avoided the question of his own faith.

“An ancient creature, drenched in the blood of the innocent, drifting in space through an endless shifting maze, for such a creature death would be a gift and accepted.” the Doctor translated. “Then accept it.” the Doctor said patting it, then walked off, and translated again “..I wasn't talking about myself.” But there was one thing it said, one thing the Doctor didn't translate. One thing he didn't say out loud, one thing that was dead. The creature had said the words....Bad Wolf. He wrinkled his nose and turned towards the TARDIS.

Rose held up her Sonic and click it several times as the TARDIS light shone, then pushed it to her modified vortex manipulator. Programming the coordinates from the TARDIS into her manipulator, then she pushed the button.
Still in a sitting position she found herself in a park, and from this distance she could see the Doctor and his companions. It looked like he was saying good bye, and Rose knew why. These were the times she was glad she didn't reveal herself. At some point, somewhere, he'd always leave. He'd try to strand her somewhere, try to get her to stay, buy them gifts to convince them to stay. *Bribery,* is what he's resorted too. He's bribing his friends to stay alive, in a way. Rose ached to be able to see the Doctor now, to let him know he didn't have to go on alone. The look on his face spoke volumes, but the guilt in his heart screamed louder. She didn't blame him for not being alone after he left her, like he claimed he would. In fact, she was grateful. It was better that way, the Doctor really shouldn't be alone.

Rose's heart broke as she watched the scottish girl tear up, she could tell she didn't want to leave. It's hard to have any other life after a life with the Doctor, but that woman, she had Rory. She at least had that, Rose smiled to herself, and watched as the Doctor hesitated. Slowly, head hung low, he pulled himself away, and forced himself to smile. This Doctor, she knew, didn't like endings. Then again, which of them really did? But this one made it a particular habit to specifically not like endings. With that, she watched the TARDIS dematerialize and the couple step into their house. Rose smiled low to herself, sadly, she stood and walked over to where the TARDIS was. She stood, her eyes closed as she took a deep breath.

Time, Time and the vortex. She could smell it, drifting in the air, she held her hand out and twisted it, twirled it in front of her. She could feel the energy, it tickled slightly. She looked back, to see the red headed woman staring out at her from the window. She simply stared back for a moment, before turning, shoving her hands in her pockets and heading out from the street.

“Excuse me!” it'd probably been the third time this was repeated before Rose finally snapped too, she glanced up and peered around.

“Oh, sorry. Was a bit zoned out I s'pose, you a'right?” she smiled at the woman before her, she wore a rather old fashion dress for the time and had a parasol with her, she chuckled. Maybe the Doctor would look this way if he regenerated into a woman. She froze, wait, that wasn't the Doctor was it. “Sorry mate, I didn't catch your name?”

The woman smiled warmly at her and gracefllly glided by Rose's side.

She held her hand out and smiled. “Oh my dear, I'm pleased to meet your acquaintance. I'm Missy.”
Chapter End Notes

All art IS done by me, as you can see one of them is better than the other. The other I drew awhile back as fan art decided to post it, if I didn't have some bad pieces then I'd not be an artist haha. I am trying to improve, some pieces are better than others...

Anyways, art is posted a bit late. @-@ But here we go, on to the next chapter and getting that written. e_O

MISSY.

xD
She'll make you Missy-erable

Chapter Notes

The very first paragraph my muse and bestie Woby wrote, but I stole it from him. It had nothing to do with this but I felt it fit haha. Thanks!!

Anyways, intra Missy.

Also, I think I'm clever with my chapter names. *snorts*

Chapter 5

And here I've come to the end of the world, to sit and wonder at life that's all around me, as if to relight a flame that the world has blown out. How body and spirit does unwind and eventually all that remains is the soul is truly a mystery. Some quests have a bitter end but an even sweeter victory.

Rose laughed and sipped her tea, looking at Missy. “You're so refined, I love it. Kinda seem a bit out of place ya think?” she grinned, her tongue touching her teeth.

“Oh my dear, that's because I'm not from around here.” she said, a little impatiently Rose thought.

“Ya? Like London?” She watched a puzzling expression that she couldn't make out. Missy seemed to contemplate her question as she leaned in.

“Farther than that.” she smiled, was she looking at her Vortex manipulator? “Quaint bracelet you have there.” Yeah, she was.

“Oh, yeah. Uh, gift.” she cleared her throat.

“Looks an awful lot like a vortex manipulator, done some work on it, it would seem.” she looked at it lazily “Cheap and easy time travel.” she gave an amused smile as Rose was standing in seconds backing away from her, almost knocking over the chair.
“Oi, and how do you know that? Who are you? Are you the Doctor?” she looked her up and down, “I mean, not your best choice of regeneration..” she trailed off as Missy laughed.

“Oh no, no my dear! Oh,” she tried to catch her breath “Oh no, I am most certainly not the Doctor, but we are friends. Best friends, you could say.” she rolled her eyes and watched Rose with a very relaxed expression.

“Never heard of ya.” Rose snorted.

“Well I've never heard of a blonde stalker either, yet here we are.” Missy flourished her hand outward. “Now sit down will you? We have things to discuss and I can't say I'm entirely thrilled.”

Rose cringed but obliged, stiffly sitting in her seat and mechanically drinking a sip of tea. “Well, what do you want?” Rose narrowed her eyes.

“I want to know who you are, and what you're doing following the Doctor.”

“S'none of your business.” Rose snapped, rather defensive now. Missy gave an annoyed tut.

“Oh, but the Doctor is my business.”

“Not today it ain't. I really think I should be going.” Rose went to get up and Missy sighed and pulled up a strange device. She aimed it at a random person, male, it would seem, and hit the button. He disintegrated and people screamed around him. Rose was on her feet, this time the chair did go tumbling after.

“No friend of the Doctor would be so heartless. Who are you? Tell me!” Rose was shouting now, her hand on the button of her manipulator. Missy rolled her eyes and held the device up towards a woman holding a child.

“Say. Something. Nice.” she said, a bit sternly. Rose gaped at her as Missy's hand went up to the button as Rose paused.
Alright, okay! Just, no more killing anyone, ya?"

"I'm waiting."

"I rather like your parasol." Rose grumbled.

"Oh, that didn't sound very earnest."

"Well! I'm sorry if I'm a bit stressed at the moment." Rose glared at her, fists clenched to her side. Missy shrugged and put the device on the table.

"I suppose that'll do, If they don't adore you at least they can fear you." she said with mock longing dripping from her voice as she sipped her tea again then frowned at her now empty mug. “The service at this place isn't what it use to be.” she said with a sigh.

"The Doctor isn't your friend, so who are you?"

"I am his friend," Missy spoke, a bit of a growl in her voice. “His oldest and longest friend. Didn't always look like this, was a man once. I have to say, I quiet like the upgrade.” she mused to herself. Rose's eyes widened.

"You're...you...are you...a time lord?"


"Are you two...?"

"Oh for Rassilon sakes what is it with you humans and having to quiver with sexual tension at everything." Missy rolled her eyes once again “Anyways, you obviously don't want the Doctor to know you're following him, why in the galaxy you'd want to follow that boring old man around I'll never know. However, if that's the case, then, you're going to have to do something for me to keep it that way."
“You wouldn’t” she said, a bit breathlessly.

“Have you not figured it out? I would, and I will. Now, to business. I have a few plans for the Doctor, and you, are going to help make sure they go according to plan.”

“I'm not going to help you kill the Doctor.”

“Why would I want to kill the Doctor?” she said, puzzled, “Though the thought is a fun one, no, then I'd have no one to play hide-n-go seek with, but I always wanted my own personal stalker-informant. Or, I could just kill you. I haven't decided yet.”

“Go on, do it then.” Rose stepped forward boldly.

“And end your torment? No, I think your bravery has answered my question.” Missy stood, grabbing her parasol and spinning around the table to Rose and grabbing her chin roughly and shaking it. “Oh no, you my little chav are just what I've been waiting for.” Rose pulled her face away and scowled.

“What do you want?” Rose said sternly.

“Oh, well, we'll see. Let's meet up for tea sometime.” she changed a few settings on device and waved it over Rose's vortex manipulator and pressed a button, Rose screamed as a jolt of electricity shot through her body.

“What did you do?!?” Rose shouted, angrily as Missy eyed her device.

“Perhaps too the setting was too high, oh well.” Missy touched Rose's shoulder. “Until next time.”

“Oh no you don't, don't you walk away from me.”

“I believe, miss..I didn't catch your name, what is it?”

“Like I'm going to tell you.”
“Right, I'll just call you Mitlei.”

“Mitly?” Rose said, confused.


“Right, thanks for that.” Rose rolled her eyes in response as Missy continued to walk away and waving her hand without looking behind her. Rose crossed her arms and growled low. She had to warn the Doctor, somehow. How was it possible there was another Time Lord? Time Lady, she felt herself correct, and her frown deepened even further. She heard the sound of sirens coming her way.

“Rubbish response time,” she muttered, as she reached down and nervously pushed the button on her wrist before disappearing in a flash of light along with a rather violent jolt hitting her chest.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

Rory sat on the couch, the tv blaring and one arm around Amy. He was staring out the window towards his cherry red jaguar convertible. His mind wandering back to their previous experience with the Doctor.

“Still staring at your car?” Amy said, rolling her eyes a bit and smiling.

“Just thinking.”

“What about?”

“Just...that place..”

“Well it's over with now, and the Doctor's given us a new life to start. Not sure how I feel about it..” Amy trailed off.
“No, there was a blonde.” Amy looked at him shortly as he fumbled over his words “No-no not like that, in the...nightmare..death labyrinth.”

“I don't remember a blonde.” Amy wracked her brain.

“I heard her scream and pulled her from a room, there was a man yelling at her. He had said..what was it.. Something about being rude and not ginger. Definitely not talking about you,” he added thoughtfully.

“Hey! What's that mean?” Amy snapped

“Uh, right nothing. But there's more, she yelled 'Doctor'. She screamed at him to stop, she was practically crying.”

“She knew about the Doctor? Why didn't you tell him?!” Amy snapped, hitting him in the side.

“I'm sorry I was a bit preoccupied! She knew my name, too.”

“What was her name?”

“Jessica Smith, I think she said.”

“We didn't see her after the rooms vanished, she probably didn't make it.” Amy thought out loud. Rory nodded sadly.

“Think we should tell him?” Rory furrowed his brow.

“Not..yet..If she did know the Doctor, not sure he can take anymore bad news. He seemed a bit sad when he left.”

“Yeaahh,” Rory said, drawing it out. “I suppose your right.”
“We've got a lot to worry about, don't let it get to you. So no more fantasizing about dead blondes.” She ordered, and Rory nodded, looking back at the TV, but his mind still wandered.
A Masquerade fit for a Wolf

Chapter Notes

This wasn't suppose to be this chapter, but I was so insanely inspired I couldn't write anything else. So heerreee it isssss.

She landed in a closet, it seemed, littered with coats, the TARDIS tucked behind several racks. She poked her head out and groaned, she saw the Doctor and River dancing, a masquerade ball. She looked back at the TARDIS when an idea hit her. She pulled out her key and stepped inside. She sucked in a breath looking at the new interior.

“Ooh, what did he do to ya, huh?” she pet the console longingly for a moment and smiled. “I need a change of clothes.” she smiled and stepped outside, and followed the halls to the wardrobe. Reaching through she found herself a beautiful TARDIS blue dress, with matching shoes. She dressed as quickly as she could, for getting into a dress that is. She put on the shoes and pulled her hair into a bun, noticing two chopsticks with beautiful gems dangling from it. She plucked them up and used them in her hair and smiled at the full length mirror before noticing something from the corner of her eye.

“Ooohh,” she reached towards it. It was a mask, a black mask with blue swirls on it. It was a wolf. “Cheeky are we?” she smiled at the TARDIS who hummed back at her Wolf. She smiled and put it on. She checked herself again before nodding. “Thanks!” she said to the ship before hiking up her dress and rushing back out, she peered through the door and pushed out quickly before exiting the TARDIS, and subsequently leaving the closet. She surveyed the room and decided since she was here, she would integrate. She talked for a bit, even partook some of the wine and cheese offered to her. She smiled watching River and the Doctor. He was smiling, that was enough for her. A man stepped before her and bowed, he wore a peacock mask.

“Care to dance, Milady?” she giggled at him and held out her hand.

“I think I just might.” she smiled as the man took her to the dance floor, they danced and made small talk, the wine making her a bit fuzzy as the music changed. She found herself switching partners, a waltz of sorts she realized. Until she glanced up, and noticed her next partner. The Doctor. She panicked, and looked around for an escape, but it was too late, she was being traded
off and the Doctor extended a hand, she looked up, fear in her heart but she reached out to take his hand.

The Doctor let go of River rather reluctantly and switched partners many times, his current switch, however, was a girl in a wolf mask. He had barely noticed at first, but reached out to her and thought he saw something of fear in her eyes. Fear? But it passed without another thought and he took her hand.

His hand touched hers and it fit, it fit perfectly, his other hand on the waist of her brilliant blue, white, and gold dress. Just at the edges of the bodice. She wore a mask, that of a vicious wolf but underneath her features were frail, fine, and her gold hair pulled back in a bun decorated with jewels and chop sticks that dangled green gems from it. The color of the dress reminded him of the TARDIS. He danced and found himself staring at her, there was something painfully familiar about her...something...right.

He gaped at her for a time as they danced, silence falling in between them. The dance continued on, and his hand reached up and touched the side of her face instinctively, she didn't flinch. She closed her eyes for a moment, and it was as if the world around them fell away, as if there was nothing else but them and the music faintly in the distance. The Doctor could hear his own blood pulsing through his body. He withdrew his hand quickly and returned it to her side. He felt mesmerized.

“What's your name?” The Doctor found himself blurting out, over the roaring of the band as they waltzed across the room. She just smiled, he swore he felt her breath hitch, then again, he was rather dashing, wasn't he? “Do I know you...” he breathed out, in almost a whisper.

He spun her, according to the dance they were doing, her dress flitted around her and brushed with the dresses of the other women dancing around them. The Doctor glanced up to see River dancing with a man in the distance and laughing, flirting, most likely. He trained his eyes back onto this..wolf. He felt a longing for her to yoyo back and place his hand back into hers, and she did. He knew she would, according to the dance, after all. He knew his dance with her was soon over, it was now or never.

“Tell me who you are.” his eyes pleading, she looked up through the slits of the wolf mask. She looked..sad. But why was she sad? She was gorgeous, dancing in a ball with a dress fit for a queen. He felt himself lose control and he grabbed her upper arm. “Tell me!” he almost shouted.

She pulled away, scared. Oh god he'd scared her, no no no no no. That's not what he meant to do. She took a step forward, she wasn't running? Why wasn't she running. By all rights, a strange man practically attacking her should send her on her heels and out the door, but not her..She reached her
hand up slowly, tentatively, and pressed it over his heart. His second heart, the heart that wasn't in
the same position as a human. How could she know that? The thumping of his second heart beat
against her hand and she pulled it away. She bowed, and pulled her dress to the side and turned to
run. The crowd pulled in and people moved vigorously around her, he tried to push past but found
she was lost in the crowd, gone. Lost to him. He'd probably never find out now, another woman
slipped into position in his arms, and he stared off in the direction she ran, mechanically moving to
the sound of the waltz as he heard Rivers voice behind him.

“Hello, Sweetie.” she said, her head bowed back while she waltzed with her other partner. The
Doctor only smiled slightly as he turned his attention back to the crowd. Gone. How many people
filter through his life and are gone in the blink of an eye? But she, she really was gone. With a
single blink she vanished, not a metaphorical blink, not two years, not ten, not three months. One
blink. Just one. With all the mysteries floating through her eyes, like staring deep into the vortex
once again, but this time he didn't want to run. No, he wanted to fight, he wanted to fight to find out
what was inside this enigma. To understand it, to understand her. She was a mystery, and oh, he
didn't like not knowing. For just a moment she was there, and in another, she wasn't. She drifted
away, as if in slow motion, as if a dream, a story that he couldn't quiet recall. His mind felt hazy.
Just one blink.

And She was gone.

~*_~*_~*_~*_~*_~*_~*

Rose fell to her knees. She had run, hard and fast before she spoke. Did he recognize her? No, he
was so frustrated that she didn't speak. She had gotten so close, she lifted her hand and traced the
lines that he held with her fingers. She closed her hand and clutched it close to her chest, blinking
back tears before closing her eyes and stabilizing her breath. She simply sat there, her fist curled
into her chest as she could smell the lingering scent of peppermint and time. A hint of metallic
from his sonic, and the vortex. The vortex, to her, always smelled a bit like pine and 'rustic', was
the best way to describe it but there really was no words. None. He was like Christmas in may, and
warm sun in December. His piercing gaze had never left hers, she stared into the stars and the
galaxies. She saw moons exploding and planets being born. Like an ember, fire and ice, burning,
raging. All those jokes, all those smiles, the twirling and the theatrics, he was still aflame. He was
still rage. He was still regret.

He was still the Doctor.

Rose let loose, her tears dripping onto her dress and staining her skin like a battleground never
remembered but forever tainted. She was so far away, so close, so far. It was too close, and she
knew, she couldn't do that again. It hurt too much, it was a black hole in her heart, a whirlwind in
her mind. It was a storm. A raging, oncoming storm of emotions.
For a brief moment, just a single moment, they danced. Like old times, they danced, and she twirled, he spun her around and pulled her back. His hand teasing the bottom of her bodice and the other, warm, so warm, and safe. She looked up to the stars, to see them twinkling. She couldn't name them all, but she could name many. She stared at the ones he saved, the ones he couldn't, the ones he will. She became resolute.

“I promise,” she started, her voice quivering as she cleared her throat, to try again, this time, with more feeling. “I promise, Doctor, to never, ever, let you be alone. Even if you don't see me, even if you don't hear me. Even if I'm a ghost of your past, until the end. I will never, ever, let you be alone. I swear it. I SWEAR!” she found she was standing now, her hands clenched to her sides as she screamed at the stars. She spun on her heel and almost tripped, she swore and reached down, removing the heel from her feet. She threw it and removed the other, clenching it in her hand and storming away barefoot into the night. She looked at her vortex manipulator, and smashed the button.

It was then, that the Doctor, after she was gone again, stepped outside quickly. River following closely behind.

“What, what is it?! Why are we running?!” River insisted, being dragged by her hand via the Doctor, who looked around frantically. He glanced down to see the shoe, glistening in the moonlight. TARDIS blue, with green gems twinkling on it. He reached down and picked up the heel and examined it closely, he looked out into the darkness and growled in frustration that turned into a yell. His hands reaching up and grasping at his hair.

“Doctor, talk to me, is everything okay?” River pleaded, touching his shoulder. He ripped away quickly, aggressively, and River stared at him. Hurt crawling into the corner of her eyes. “Doctor..”

“No, River!” he said forcefully. “Something is wrong, something is very, very wrong.”

“No! To the TARDIS, we're done here.” he turned and stormed past her, his tuxedo jacket unfurling around him and slapping the sides of her wrists. She stood there in the dark, crystal gems glittering at the corner of her eyes threatening to fall down. How could she be so silly to think he'd genuinely love her? River steeled herself and turned after the Doctor. Never let him see the damage.
Once inside the TARDIS he placed that shoe on the console and was hitting buttons. Slamming, them, even, the TARDIS groaned sadly under his raging.

“Doctor..” River tried, once again.

The Doctor growled out into a raging shout as he slammed his hands on the platform and threw behind him several papers and bits and bobs across the console room. He stalked back and forth before yelling again.

“Who are you?!” he shouted looking up at the TARDIS, his arms out wide beside him as he spun. “WHO?!”

“Who are you talking about?!” River shouted

“The Wolf!” he growled

“Doctor what is going on with you?!" The TARDIS landed with a thud, and the Doctor shoved up the lever.

“Get out.” he said, never moving his eyes from the lever. River stared in horror. “Get. Out!” He shouted more forcefully.

“Well a right good night to you, too.” she said turning on her heel and storming out, not before stopping at the door and turning back for a moment. “You are truly heartless sometimes.” she slammed the doors behind her to make her way back to her prison cell.

The Doctor slumped back onto the jump seat and stared at his feet, he undid his bow tie and tossed it aside, firmly burying his face into his hands. His thoughts tormented him, as did the green glisten of the heeled shoe on the console, he scrubbed his hands on his face before glancing back up again and slowly standing, moving in slow motion to the console and slowly brushing his hand over the console. A single, wet, star dropped from his glistening eyes before he pulled the lever of the TARDIS down and she groaned, caressing the edge of his mind with soothing tendrils of comfort.
Two moons and the sun

Chapter Notes

I'm going to go back and redo my art, I think, make it better cause I can dammit. And I want too.

Also I'm trying really really hard to improve my writing skills, first goal: Stop using AND so fucking AND MUCH AND DAMMIT. Yes. First goal.

Secondly, I have a big vocabulary and a very poetic mind. Use it! So, yeah. My goals. Hope I'm doing better. @_@

Enjoy I hope.

OH ALSO FLUFF. FLUFF FLUFFY FLUFF FLUFF. CAUSE FLUFF.

Also I'm starting to think my chapters are a bit short...

“Blimey, Rose, do you know how difficult this is?” the Doctor pulled his glasses off and tossed them on the table, rubbing his eyelids in obvious distress. Rose poked about behind him, glancing at the papers and books in front of him for a moment before going back to the stove.

“Well, I've heard that it can be rather difficult.” Rose said half-heartedly, yet fully amused.

“But that's just it, it's so simple. So simple and...well..wrong. I mean retaining all this wrong information is going to implode my mind.” he gestured with his hands to emphasize this fact and Rose giggled. “I mean really, who combats cancer by beating it's patients with radiation? You might be curing one ailment, SOMETIMES, but blimey, give the poor sod a brain tumor in the mean time. Lose their hair, beat some sort of other radioactive mutation into them. Did anyone ever stop to think 'Oh, we are miserable during this cure, maybe there's a better way'? No, you humans just never think sometimes.” Rose turned the corner and placed a steaming mug of tea next to him and leaned down, kissing his cheek gently.

“You are human, if I must remind you again.” she mused happily, he sighed in utter defeat
“Only in body...” he murmured, sipping his tea while grateful for the distraction.

“Anything you say, John.” she teased.

“Oh no, don’t...don’t do that.”

“What? Call you John?” He groaned and she gave her best tongue-n-teeth smile.

“No, really, don’t do that. I mean honestly, I’m even going to school, Rose Tyler. School! Me! Like some....some...”

“Simple ape?” she said, calmly sipping her tea.

“Yes! Right, simple a--” he stopped at her stare “I mean no! I mean, you know what I mean!” he threw his arms up exasperatedly. She smiled, she knew just how to push his buttons while backing him into a corner, she enjoyed the sight. Daleks, Cybermen, great enemies, even other Time Lords couldn’t frustrate him as much as Rose Tyler, yet, none of them made him as happy, either. And this time, Rose knew both of these facts, and relished in them equally.

“You know what I think?” she sat her mug of tea down, and gave a matter-of-a-fact stare.

“Hmm?” he shifted through a few papers, barely bringing his gaze up to her, specs now placed back on the bridge of his nose, which was wrinkled in disbelief at the way the words were arranged on the paper, as if it was just one giant misprint.

“I think...” she said, slinking next to him sheepishly, while rocking back on the table and grinning seductively at him. “I think you've been studying too much, and should definitely take a much needed break.”

“Now really Rose I hardly think--” he looked up at her smile and squeaked, a very manly squeak, mind you, before clearing his throat gruffly and glancing around, almost with a who me? Look on his face. “Oh. Oh! Ooh.” he slowly snaked a hand over her hip, grasping gently while trailing the other one up the opposing side of her body. “Quiet right, as usual.” a soft smile parted his lips, staring at her through hooded eyes.
Rose giggled and leaned down to brush her lips to his, a hot breath tickling her skin as she managed to pull just out of his reach when he pushed to deepen the kiss, a small whimper escaped from his glistening lips as the space between them widened.

“Rooseee,” he whined, rather pitifully. She smiled and reached down and laced her fingers through his, tugging him up right from his chair, she unsuccessfully tried to hide her ever-widening grin while walking backwards towards the bedroom. Each step painfully slow, noted the Doctor, and it felt as if every step got increasingly slower, with his advanced knowledge of the way time worked, he was certain each step took an extra 5 milliseconds from the previous one to complete, adding to his distress was a prolonged pause as they neared their destination, the door that they were so close to, so incredibly close. “Oh Rose.” he breathed out.

“Oh, Doctor. My Doctor.” she smiled and planted a desperate kiss on him before she ran to the bed, the Doctor hot on her heels, he tossed her down onto the pristine and picturesque duvet laying on the bed, which was surely to be a jumbled mess in a matter of moments. The doctor placed himself next to her after toeing off his trainers. He leaned over her, trailing kisses down her neck then over her collar bone. She let out a contented sigh that escaped into a moan, he popped his head up into her vision and wriggled his eyebrows at her. She couldn't help but laugh, complete happiness, bliss, and so much more washed over her, she was living a dream, her dream, well, one of them, anyways.

“Oh Doctor, I could just stay in this moment the rest of my life.”

“This moment, not the one about to come?” he questioned, she smiled warmly in response before running a gentle hand over his face.

“This moment.” she said, definitely. He grinned.

“Well, luck seems to be on my side, Mrs. Tyler, because we most definitely don’t have to stop here.” he paused for a moment, “Right?” he said, uncertainly, his voice rising at the question, she couldn't stop yet another laugh from escaping her throat.

“Right.” she smiled, he seemed relieved at this answer, so he lowered his head again to her neck, releasing a low, possessive growl.

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Rose groaned unpleasantly, her hand shot up to her forehead to apply pressure, hoping to relieve some of the splitting pain that was crashing through her mind all while blinking back the fog in her vision. She attempted to adjust her vision, blurred faces began to clear up and come into view. There was a crowd gathering around her, their chattering was incomprehensible and seemed to add to the pain in her head, like she was experiencing some sort of extreme hang over. The last time she had a hang over this bad, was with Jack’s hypervodka, she noted before pushing herself up on one arm and scanning the crowd before her. What the hell happened?

Oh yes, it was coming back to her now. She had just left the masquerade, meanwhile still in that ridiculous dress, well, ridiculous for where she was now, anyways. Which, speaking of, where was she? Earth? She glanced around again at the crowd, some very alien faces told her *Nope, not earth.* She struggled to rise up further, only to find several hands grabbing her arms to aid her back onto her feet. They all at once seemed to be chattering loudly, incessantly even, all asking her questions. She tried to focus, listening hard for the languages around her. She recognized one of them, and responded in the appropriate language to let them know she was okay. She explained the bodice was too tight, so she passed out, this seemed to work though they fussied over her for a moment longer before trailing off. She hadn't known all the languages, and without the TARDIS it was increasingly difficult but she was able to pick up a few, and was sure she'd pick up more in her travels. Speaking of, she must be rather far from because the languages weren't being translated. Even without traveling with the Doctor, the TARDIS, when near enough, would still translate for her. She looked up at the sky just to noticed two moons sandwiching the sun. She wrinkled her nose trying to recall what planets had such an anomaly, but found she was at a loss. She shrugged her shoulders and glanced around for a cash point, she needed to get out of these clothes and hoped the TARDIS had been kind enough to hide her change of clothes, that she stupidly just left laying in the wardrobe. *Rookie mistake,* she admonished herself.

She spotted one, looked about, and pulled out her sonic to give herself a credit stick. She inspected it before nodding happily. First she'd find a change of clothes, then get some chips and decide where to go from there. She needed to clear her head, still shaking back memories of the previous night was rather hard to do, it didn't help the dream she was having just after that, then waking up on an alien planet with no TARDIS in sight. Blimey, she was starting to feel rather codependent on that beautiful blue box. But who could blame her? Other than Sarah Jane, who was leaving her soon, it was her only friend. She walked, allowing the dream of her human Doctor flood through her, much to her dismay, yet she couldn't bring herself to push it out of her mind. The memory was...perfect, in every detail, in every way. She wanted to live in it just a moment longer before reality took over. She sighed thoughtfully, clutching the credit stick in her hand. Her conversations with him finally made it clear how the Doctor felt, how he *always* felt, how he would feel. It was these conversations that made her think it was best if the Doctor didn't know she was there. It would be too...too hard. Too much, too damaging? Rose wasn't sure, all she was sure of is that she knew and felt it was best to just simply follow...for now. Would that ever change? Rose huffed to herself, unsure of her decisions and even more unsure of herself. He seemed so torn...she wondered what he was doing this moment, but brushed it off as she stepped into one of the many shops and began sifting through the clothes racks.

It didn't take long for her to pick a ruddy brown leather jacket, one that matched the bow tie the Doctor wore last night, a blue undershirt, and a pair of dark pants and purchased them. She left the Dress in the dressing room, along with the lone shoe and chopsticks before returning to the world.
that she still couldn't quite place. She took a full breath in of the atmosphere and let the sensation swim through her lungs. Now, for chips.

Which she spotted rather quickly.

The smell was intoxicating, and reminded her of her first date with the doctor. *We had chips.* She mused to herself as she exchanged credits for a steaming basket full of them. She sat and ate in silence, humming happily to herself while she had a few moments of small talk with one of the local aliens on this planet trying to pick her up, but he realized quickly she wasn't interested and sauntered off. She wondered which Doctor she'd see next, she seemed to be seeing a lot of his eleventh incarnation, it was probably best she didn't see either of *her* Doctors, she's not sure she'd be able to stop herself from bursting from the shadows and into his arms. Though, certain he'd be utterly confused and probably a little upset. *Timelines and all that.*

She looked around as she consumed the last of her chips, almost spitting up the last bite when she found herself ducking behind her table. She swore to herself. *Was that...Jack?* Gods, wrong place wrong time every time. She growled to herself, there's no way he'd hide this from the Doctor, does he even see the Doctor? Where is Jack even at? Maybe she could say hi, lie and say the Doctor was about...no. He'd try to tag along to catch him. There's no way she could--

A violent sound ripped her from her thought process, but the sound wasn't coming from external sources no. This was in her head. The sound was oddly familiar, yet she couldn't place it. Haunting bells ringing violently in her head, chiming. Once. Twice. Three times. And a final fourth time before it stopped. She closed her eyes, behind it she felt an intense burning sensation that tickled her nerve endings. Lighting a flame like dynamite that slowly fizzled it's way to her eyes. Her eyelids sprung open like shutters being flung by a howling storm, and she looked to the stars and screamed. An ear splitting scream, those around could swore they heard a howling behind it, but none would freely give this information.

She simply screamed continuously, with no strength to do anything else, she felt powerless even until she was out of breath, then past her being out of breath, she was certain her lungs would explode while she felt the veins in her skin to pop to the surface, threatening to sprout out of her like vines in a badly written horror novel. All the while she slowly turned from pink and yellow to shades of blue and purple, fire and ice.

“*Rose?! Rose! Rosie!!***” A voice came, frantic, panicked. Desperate to reach out to her, she felt hands on her but they quickly snapped back with a yelp. “Holy shit, Rose, you're burning up! I got to get you out of here.” the man ripped his coat off and handed it to the dashing lad standing near him, he reached down and growled in frustration to the burning pain that was now encompassing him, but he clenched his teeth before picking her up, dashing down the street screaming at people to move out of his way. He hardly noticed that ever sign on every shop was now replaced with words, two words. Two words he ran past, over, and over, yet they were gone just as quickly as
they arrived. Lost in space, and time. Rose wasn't coherent enough to see straight, little alone to be reading any signs.

Her head lolled back and she could finally begin to see the sky above her, the clouds and those two moons, she had stopped screaming now, but the man who held her was still frantic. She leaned her head on his shoulder he smelt...familiar, kind of like home, though not quite. She leaned her head on his shoulder even though he still was racing through the streets only to shoulder his way through a door at a particularly shanty looking building.

“Jack!” a young woman shouted in alarm as he burst through barking orders, Jack laid Rose on a bed in a particularly white room, she could feel her breathing finally normalizing as the young woman stood over her with some sort of scanner. Rose closed her eyes as she felt the pain burning inside her again and another scream broke the air.

“She's burning up! Her internals are going to liquefy!” The woman sounded panicked, astonished, confused, alarmed, and utterly lost for the time being.

“Shit! What the hell are we going to do? Rose? Rosie god, can you hear me? Say something!” Jack gripped her hand and chased his eyes over his face, down her body, to her fingers and toes, looking for any sign of what was happening to her, any desperate sign that might just show up. Her eyes flickered open once more, and she gagged violently until only three words fell out of her mouth and Jack regretted his previous request.

“Burn with me.”
“Burn with me.”

Jack heard something in Rose's voice that he didn't quite like, he turned to the woman standing over her. “Give me that, take the com and get out. Lock the door!” the woman gaped at him in confusion. “Just do it, dammit!” she swallowed harshly and handed over the scanner before rushing out and deadlocking the door behind her. She held up a com to her mouth, staring through a rather small window.

“Jack what's going on? The only hope for her is find a way to stabilize her temperature, she's off the scale. She's human isn't she?” Jack only nodded while dancing around her table and scanning her. “Jack...she should be dead. Her internal temperature is near 100 degrees, and it looks like her oxygen is being replaced by something else..hydrogen, I think.” he looked up with a pained expression on his face that was littered with confusion, just then Rose's hand shot up and gripped at his shirt. Jack glanced down.

“Oh Rose, if you wanted a kiss all ya had to do was ask.” he grinned cheekily, Jack was definitely concerned, but all of his fear was directed at what was happening to his dear friend, Rosie.

Rose began thrashing violently, her limbs twitching as she let out repeated groans of pain and screams. Her eyes opened as a blazing light filtered through her vision, she felt herself fighting it with all her might to close them again, and she did, but a moment bit late as she heard a loud thud and a female scream through the com system shouting out Jack's name.
Rose thrashed and bit her lip, she could feel the copper taste dripping down her throat but the pain wasn't nearly as bad as the pain inside her. The sensation was odd though, as if her body was fighting it off...but not. The moment barely passed through her, hard to focus on, it faded just as quickly as it was there. The pain boiling her guts, turning her into mush, and filling her with murderous thoughts, which didn't seem much like her.

It was mere moments but it felt like everlasting centuries for Rose before she heard the shuffling of a body standing and coughing. “Well that's one way to get my clothes off. Burn 'em off, can't say I didn't think you were efficient before...I'm sorry about this Rosie, but it's obvious you're not fully in control....hope you'll forgive me for this.” she felt a needle puncture into the soft tissue of her neck and immediately her body relaxed, her fingers twitching. She almost couldn't feel the pain now, almost, but it was still there and then there was something else.

Her gut wrenched and felt solid, lumps forming inside her as she thrashed again, this time for entirely different reasons. “Jack, Jack!” her voice was panicked, more so than he'd ever heard before. She flailed her hands out to him and he grabbed her hand and held it tightly.

“Rosie I got you, we're checking if there's anything we can do, we don't know what's wrong with you, Rose, I'm sorry.” he felt her temperature drop, rapidly, it hadn't even lasted for more than a few seconds before it started to rise again. Rose began murmuring incoherently, and Jack leaned in closer to try to hear, he looked up at the window to see the woman staring.

“Come on! Look through everything, check it, double check, don't just stand there!” Jack shouted, almost heartlessly the woman thought but understood the stress he must be going through, she clacked away her terminal recklessly.

Jack still clutching Rose's hand, though now he felt her pain burning through his skin, flame and fire, rage and something completely inhuman. He had no idea how Rose was still fighting. She opened her eyes and screamed again, Jack swore on every moment of his impossible life he heard the sound of a man screaming with her.

“Here we go again..” Jack tensed and waited for his second round of death, but Rose's screams lessened as her eyes slowly stopped glowing, turning a milky white before phasing back into their original brilliant hazel. She blinked back tears and looked up at Jack. His shirt had a scorching hole through the center of it, and he stood there holding her hand. She flung her arms around him and sniffed.

“Oh Jack,” she said, her voice muffled by his shoulder, another tear escaping her eye.
“Rosie, what the hell happened?” he pulled back from her but still kept grip of her as she shifted to dangle her legs over the edge of the bed.

“I...I don't really know.” she spoke honestly, but she felt a pang in her heart and her stomach lining still felt acidic. She looked up at Jack and frowned. “Might I get a cuppa water?” Jack laughed at this and nodded, swallowing down relief.

“Yeah. Come on, I'll introduce you to the team.” he helped her up and went to the door. “Alright, let us out. It's safe now.”

“Are you sure?” the woman's voice came from the com, Rose and Jack exchanged looks.

“Yeah, I'm sure.” he grinned as the woman unlocked the door and he stepped out and waved at his companions.

Somewhere, out in space, the Doctor was looking lost as Martha bound into the TARDIS. His eyes sullen, lost, he knew he should have died, by all rights. He would never admit that, though, but even with his superior Time Lord physiology he was burning up for too long. He felt a sharper pain in his heart too, not just all the people they lost, but he swore he heard a woman screaming, and it broke both of his hearts, even if he couldn't quiet place the voice. He felt like he could, but he shook the thought off just as quickly as it occurred to him. He didn't have time to dwell on it, however, Martha was giving him that look. Oh he hated that look.

“Rosie?” she snapped out of her daze, daydreaming she thought, and looked up at Jack. He chuckled “Thought I lost ya there for a minute, this lovely lady is Leatte and the gentleman over there is Tarin. They've been helping me since I've been stranded on this rock, trying to get back to my team back on earth.”

“Why are you stranded?” Rose inquired, eyeing up the vortex manipulator on is wrist.

“ Doesn't work.” he tapped it, “The Doctor disabled it so I couldn't bounce around, twice, he said, second time to apologize.” he laughed to himself “Cheeky, this regeneration. Or, well, that one, rather, I've no idea where he's at now. Speaking of, how are you, here? Last I heard you were trapped in an parallel universe.”

“I was.” she said coolly, holding her hand out, Jack grinned and took it making her laugh “No, give
us a look.” she nodded at his manipulator.

“Oh Rose, there's nothing you can do about it.” he said sadly.

“Oh! Who ya think worked on this one.” she held up her own wrist and Jack's eyes went wide with disbelief as he tugged it free from his wrist and handed it over to her, they both walked over to a table near the end of the room, Jack shoved a pile of bits and bobs out of her way as she sat down and pulled out her own sonic.

“Where'd you get that? Doctor finally give you one of your own?”

“The TARDIS, actually, the Doctor doesn't know I'm here.” she looked up at him sharply “And he can't know, Jack.” a hint of warning in her voice that made Jack give her a pained look.

“I'm sorry Rose, really.”

“Yeah,” she breathed out, whirring her sonic over the manipulator and snagging a screw driver from the table before prodding at it. “If I can get back to the TARDIS, I can sneak a few pieces out to make this a bit more accurate...” she mused, mostly to herself, Jack noticed a familiar sense of dodging going on.

“Come on Rose...talk to me. Why can't the Doctor know? And what on earth happened to you? How long have you been back?” Rose closed her eyes and let out a deep breath.

“I don't know, Jack, and I can't recall why I can't tell him. Or how I got here, bit o' amnesia swimming around my head.” she tapped the side of her temple to emphasize her point. “But the Doctor...I don't see him in order. It's all sort of random...”

“Yeah, vortex manipulators, not always the most reliable. You gonna try and get back to your Doctor?”

“I just don't know, I have no idea what I'm even doing. I just know I can't leave him on his own.”

“You can't just follow him around until you..until..”
“Can’t.”

“What, like me?” Rose shook her head at his question.

“I don’t know, the Doctor must not have noticed the changes that the TARDIS did to me, or that I did to myself, I’m not really certain. Jack, I’m very old.”

“What about the Doctor he left you with? Did he just let you run off? Can’t imagine he’d be happy.” Jack glanced at her, and regretted his words as he said them.

“He died, Jack. Old age,” she chuckled “S’pose I understand why the Doctor sent me off so much now. He watched as I never aged, never changed in appearance ’cept my clothes. He apologized so much for that, even cursed his other self for not scanning me sooner. No..don’t do that, it was a good life, Jack. I’m thankful. Really, I am.”

“No kids, then?” Another regrettable question, Jack noted.

“Couldn’t,” Rose shrugged “Guess I’m not human enough anymore. We tried, he didn’t want me to be alone. Suppose that’s just how it works.” Rose blinked back tears and worked nonchalantly on her project. More whirring. More prodding. “Hmm.”

“Ohh..I’m sorry. Are you okay?” he searched her face as she looked up with an unreadable expression.

“I’m always alright, Jack.” she finished up her repairs and reached out for Jack, squeezing his hand gently before placing his manipulator back on his wrist. She smiled up at him before they both heard a crackling sound from near the table, they both looked down as the manipulator fizzled and a few sparks flew from it.

“Oh blimey.” Rose breathed out as she looked up at him helpless, her hand still on his. Next thing anyone knew a flash of blue light filled the room, Rose and Jack vanished into thin air, her sonic still sitting on the table next to the more basic screw driver.
Intergalactic Truck Stop

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long, I had written a lot more, but found it entirely too morbid and dark. Though, I don't usually mind that, I'd like to keep this a bit lighter for a majority of readers, so what's going on here may be a bit "Vague" I do apologize. Art is postponed because currently my computer is rendering a video in blender, and is going to take the whole day I think. *groans* But I can't draw it's too laggy. Promise to have some Jack and Rose artness up by the time I post the next chapter though, so you can turn back a chapter and look at the art if it interests you.

:)  

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They both landed harshly, Jack nursing his head as Rose found herself laying over his lap, her mind foggy and racing from the extremely unpleasant jump.

“We have got to stop meeting like this.” Jack grinned and helped her sit up, Rose glanced up at him and frowned. “What? Something on my shirt?” he looked down.

“I think that's the problem, actually.” she nodded, a smile threatening to play on her lips as she nodded to the shredded, burnt shirt under his coat.

“Ah, well. Guess we'll have to be rid of that.” he stood, taking off his jacket then pulling off the shirt and discarding it on the ground before returning his jacket to rest over his shoulders once again.

“Entering into a woman's choice awards are we?” she nodded at his now bare chest, noting his carefree attitude.

“Hey, remember you're the one that couldn't wait to get these clothes off me.”
“I hardly think that burning a hole in your chest consists of foreplay, Captain.” a cheeky response from Rose as she began to walk. They began talking about their experiences over the past few years, Rose and her mostly normal life with her metacrisis Doctor, aside from encountering the odd alien with Torchwood, even attempting to grow their own TARDIS, but when pressed for more information she said she couldn't remember. Jack dropped it and regaled her with a few stories of his own, from Torchwood and how he rebuilt it in the name of the Doctor, noticing Rose wince when he said they name, he took to calling it “His Team” as much as possible, that seemed to relieve her cringing reactions a bit.

“Yeah, we've even got a Pterodactyl!”

“Oh stop!” Rose laughed, walking beside Jack.

“We do! I think someone settled on calling her Myfanwy, she just kind of hangs around the place. Surprisingly clean, actually.” Jack snorted and smiled at Rose who pulled her arms around her. “Even had her playing basketball once. Oh that was a riot!”

“Oh Jack! I'm not sure when to believe you.” she grinned, her tongue touching the edge of her teeth.

“Well believe it! God I loved that ol' girl, even had her trained a little.” Jack smiled thoughtfully before glancing around again at the planet they had somehow found themselves.

“Trained? Who trains a sort of prehistoric bird?” she questioned, then murmured to herself that the Doctor would probably do something similar. “Right pair you two are.” she said thoughtfully before shivering. “Blimey it's cold, where ya reckon we've landed?” She rubbed her shoulders vigorously.

“Well let's see,” he licked his finger and held it up “Wind blowing from the east, ice cold, ground looks like it's made of diamond, rather flat, no trees, no signs of immediate life...One moon, lucky us, aaand just a bit of sulfur in the air.”

“Well?” Rose stared at him, waiting for his answer.

“Not a clue.” he grinned facetiously at her as she rolled her eyes.
“Right lot of good you are.” she teased before feeling his jacket plop onto her shoulders. “Oi!”

“Come on Rose, your shivering was starting to make me cold, and what kind of gentleman would I be if I didn't offer up my coat?”

“But you don't even have a shirt!”

“And isn't it magnificent.” he stated, in a matter-of-a-fact tone. She rolled her eyes again but couldn't help smile.

“It's nice being able to talk to someone.” her voice was flat as she stared into the dark horizons crashing before her, the magnificent crystalline planet like an undisturbed ocean at night, it gave her the chills for how calm it looked, she swore the ground would give way under her at any moment and swallow her up.

“Yeah, I've got to admit, Rose, I know why he does it now. After all these centuries..”

“Does what?”

“Travels, with companions.” he stared down at his feet for a moment as their paces slowed.

“Go on, give us a clue then.” she nudged her shoulder into him as they walked, bumping a bit of enthusiasm into the sullen eyes of his. She noticed his hesitation and laced her arm through his as they walked in silence for a moment before his voice startled her out of the daze they had been.

“It's just, being around everything so alien for so long, sometimes you forget what it's like to be human. Took Gwen to help me see that, back at the start of “My Team”. ” Jack took careful note to say, in attempt to make Rose feel more comfortable before continuing “You just sort of numb it all out, I mean, I was still trying to save people, but, all people, not a single person. The whole of it became more important, and you sort of tune out the individual. Sounds rough, I know, but not having that extra person can be hell.

“Then again, they also taught me sticking around with them too long can be a problem. People get selfish, blind. It's a hard line to follow, and it makes you want to be alone in the end. Because they betray you, they shoot you or do something stupid like open up temporal rifts and let in great hulking demons. They're all so beautiful though, they make mistakes in their own way but...they
always at least feel bad about it. Guess that's enough for me.” Jack chuckled to himself, he mused as an afterthought “I don't know how you do it.”

“Do what?” she looked up at him, both in horror and confusion.

“After all this time, what how long have you been a live? Few hundred years? At least? Shows in your eyes, regardless. You still seem to retain that humanity, I see why he likes you. Even after all this time, you still see the individual. The lines sort of blur for the rest of us, I guess. Doesn't help that I never sleep.”

“Must be my womanly wiles,” she said jokingly before popping her head back up “I'm sorry Jack, really, so sorry. Wait you don't sleep?”

“Yeah well, it's alright. Hated wasting away half my life to sleep, now I have all the time to spare! Anyways, The old team back together, well, most of us.”

“Yeah,” she said drawing the word out before glancing in the distance “Ya see that?” she pulled her arm from Jacks and padded her way across a small diamond hill. “Just there.”

“Looks like a compound of sorts. Maybe we should check it out.” he glanced at his manipulator “Or we could say to hell with it and try our luck with this. Though, not mine, not sure the work you did on it was really up to par, there Rosie.”

“Oh! I don't have all the bits I need, you've done some work on it, I got confused.”

“Well you can't blame a girl for trying,” Jack stuffed his hands into his pockets and posed looking out towards the building in the distance. “What about yours?”

“Tied to the TARDIS, could end up anywhere in his time stream. Suppose we could?”

“No, too risky, the Doctor said he can sort of...feel me.”

“Feel you?” she squinted
“Yeah well, he said I'm sort of...wrong.”

“Rude,” she breathed out “Ever the charmer, that one.” Jack laughed.

“Yeah, said I was a fixed point. A fact, so when he offered to let me travel with him again, I sort of turned him down.”

“You what?” Rose replied, astonished.

“Yeah, got to thinking, had a responsibility of my own. Like I said, was better off a coward.” he grinned at her before she nodded towards the compound.

“Well, right then. Our first solo adventure, yeah?”

“Lead on, Doctor Rose Tyler!” she sighed at him before turning on her heel and leading the way towards the compound.

Rose found herself running down the hill, Jack hot on her heels. They laughed until they reached the bottom where Rose tripped, Jack catching her just in the nick of time. He grinned.

“Hi.” he said cheekily

“Oh! Don't start that again.” she laughed, pushing him away and turning to the door. She checked it, locked, and reached into her pockets, at first nonchalantly, then a bit more frantic.

“You alright Rosie?”

“My sonic!” she pouted, checking her pockets, then checking Jack's pockets just in case.

“You're such a tease.”
“Damn, must have left it back at that...where ever we were. What do you have?”

“Really not much, I didn't have chance to grab my bag before we were whisked away into a grand adventure!” Jack waved his arms around, Rose sighed.

“I guess we'll do it the old fashion way.”

“Alright, move aside I got this.”

“What? What are you doing?”

“I'm going to kick it in, what are you doing?”

“I was going to knock, Jack, ya know? 'Hello whose there'?” Rose gave him an admonishing look, and Jack returned it with his own bemused expression.

“I suppose we can do that, what was it the Doctor use to say about you? The domestic approach?” he grinned.

“Oi.” she chirped at him before knocking several times on door and then leaning against the side of the door frame, letting Jack be the first one seen. They waited several moments with no response. “Suppose no ones home.” Just as she spoke, the door opened. A blue male opened the door, he stood a good 8 feet in stature and sported an extra set of arms, and what appeared to be a prehensile tail that glowed with bioluminescent energy.

“Well Hello, Captain Jack Harkness.” he held out his hand and grinned wide.

“Oh Jack.” Rose breathed out at his immediate reaction to flirt.

“Oh Jack.” Rose breathed out at his immediate reaction to flirt.

“And this is Rose, mind if we come in?” the Alien clicked at him in a series of gutterrolls and vowels. Jack wrinkled his nose for a moment before looking at his vortex manipulator, flipping the cover up and pressing a series of buttons. He looked up at the alien and smiled. “Sorry, can we try
“You are welcome here, esteemed allies, though from where do you hail?” The aliens voice was whimsical and with a hint of spring flowers. Rose felt a wave of fear knot her stomach for a moment, then disappear. She shook herself and walked in after Jack.

“So what exactly do you do here? Don't believe we caught your name.” Jack inquired as they walked through the building, it was what appeared to be like some form of restaurant/rest stop, but housed very few people. It was a dull silver with blue trim, on the padded seats, around doors, at the edges of the tables. The man took them to a table and motioned for them to sit.

“I am Cyberianfodburn. We run the establishment here, and allow many wary travelers a safe voyage.”

“Like a...intergalactic truck stop?” Rose put in.

“Exactly like an intergalactic truck stop.” Jack nodded, looking back up “Suppose that means you serve a mean lunch then? Get us whatever your special for the day is!” he spouted out cheerfully.

Rose and him ate, though not in silence, it was never silent with those two. The constant chatter was music to Rose's ears, she spent so much time in silence or listening to others talk, but he could see her, he could touch her, talk to her, respond to her. They were a team, and they could work together. She ended up not enjoying the special and instead got their version of chips, which wasn't too bad but not the best she's ever come across. Jack told stories, about Ianto, Gwen, Tosh, Torchwood, and so much more. He made jokes and as usual brushed over the bad things. Rose told some of her own stories, a few times she would sneak around and hide things from the Doctor that he'd put down somewhere, or she'd mess with his companions occasionally just so she can feel alive. It's hard, with no one seeing you, sometimes you forget that you're alive, you feel like a ghost. Jack understood all to well, and swept her up in a big hug before letting her cry just a bit into his shoulder, he finally pulled back and gave her a grin.

“Any longer Rose and you'll start making my coat stick to my skin.” he grinned, pulling his hand up to her cheeks and brushing her tears away.

“Thanks Jack, gods, it's just been so great to talk with you. Even if we are stranded.”

“Nah, not so much stranded as a bit of a well needed vacation...” his eyes trailed down to a counter,
with a small opening window behind it that led into the kitchen. Something caught his attention. “That's not right.”

“What?” Rose looked up and tried to follow his gaze.

“Where did everyone go?” Jack's eyes narrowed suspiciously searching for their host or, anyone else for that matter. Rose got up and immediately leaned her head into the kitchen.

“Hello? Anyone home? Was looking for some dessert..” she trailed off before looking back at Jack “Nothing.” but something stopped her “Oh my god, Jack! JACK!” he ran over and grabbed her, tugging her aside and leaning over to look at what she saw.

“Oh no...” Jack grimaced.

“Jack is that what I think it is? Tell me that's not what I think it is? Please Jack TELL ME THAT'S NOT WHAT I THINK IT IS!” Rose shook the captain, her hands becoming more frantic as she grabbed hold of the Captain's coat, he simply wrapped his arms around her as she thrashed, while the immortal man cringed at the sight before him.

“We've got to stop them...this just...it's not right.” Rose pleaded, he kissed her on the forehead while her knees gave out. She shook her head into his chest.

“I can't look anymore.” she whispered out as the door from the back opened up and their friend Cyberianfodburn stepped out. Rose immediately pulled from Jack and put up her finger admonishing the alien before here.

“Now listen here, Fodburn or whatever the HELL your name is! What you are doing here is wrong, oh my god! Is that what I ate! Are they related to you! You're just butchering them, it was still alive! That's sick, it's just sick!”

“Rose, calm down, we'll take care of this.”

“No.” Rose looked back darkly, sporting the angriest expression he'd ever seen on her before she turned back on Cyberianfodburn. “Look, I'm only giving you this chance because the Doctor would do the same. What you've done, it bothers me, and it's wrong. So I'm going to stop you, and you, I suggest you take my advice: Run. Run fast, run hard, and don't stop.” Jack listened in silence.
“And why would I do that? This is my entire business. Yes, they are my own. We breed quickly, and they are a delicacy.”

“You’re just sick. And I warned you, I may not be the Doctor, but I am Rose Tyler, and you'll remember that name.” she twitched and went for her pocket before a small child poked her head out of the backroom.

“Fana?” the child called, her word for Father, Rose was able to figure out. Cyberianfodburn looked over and held his hand up, the back of his hand sweeping down towards the child violently. Rose's eyes went wide.

“Leave her alone!” she reached over and grabbed the child, shielding her from Cyberianfodburn. The sudden movement made the Alien uneasy, and he pulled up a laser pistol and shot Rose in the back who stopped suddenly, and looked up.

Her eyes glazed over as she looked at Jack, a puzzled expression crossing her face as all the pink began to drain from her face, leaving only a sickly yellow.

“Jack? I...”

“No no no, Rose don't move.” Jack approached slowly, afraid any sudden movement would disturb her. But he stared into her face and searched it, but what he found made him angry. All he saw was the the signs of life slowly fluttering away from her. Her knees gave out, she looked down to just register the hole that had gone through her chest, what surprised Jack was not a single tear entered her eye, but she looked so ashamed, so disappointed.

“I failed him again...” were her final words before she fell to the ground. He ran to her as soon as he saw her faltering further and skid to his knees, catching her before her head could smack against the concrete.

“Rose!” he screamed, clutching her in his arms his eyes tightening as he fought back the tides of fury, he pulled a gun from his waist and held it up, standing and approaching the man. “She was trying to help you! Trying to save you! She gave you a chance! And you killed her! You stupid bastard, you killed her!” the gun quivering in his hands

“And you'll kill me now?” the man said, in disbelief as he stepped back “Is that what she'd want?”
“You're damn right I am, and no. But it's what I want.” the trigger then clicked three times under his finger, squeezing it and releasing the life from the monster before him, an enraged scream escaping his throat as turned back to lift Rose up and cradle her in his arms. He rocked back and forth touching his forehead to hers, feeling her body cold in his hands. Ignoring the wailing alien child in the corner of the restaurant.

“Come on Rosie, come on..You know the Doctor will kill me if he finds out I let you get hurt, right? Come on please answer Rose, say something!” he screamed, clutching her harder.

The immortal mans voice faded into the dust and the wind as he pleaded into the sunken face of his fallen comrade.

“Please, Rose...”

Chapter End Notes

Also: I'M SORRY.

*ducks*
A Copper Rose

Chapter 10

He peered curiously at the copper trinket resting delicately in his hands, his eyes darting back and forth behind the specs resting gently at the tip of his nose. A thick, hearty sigh escaped his pursed lips. The small, metal flower glimmered in the light of the TARDIS while he plucked up a miniature flat head screw driver from his work station. Timidly he placed the tip in between the unbloomed petals of the metal rosebud, tipped with pink, chipping, paint, and turned twice clockwise before pulling it back out. He tossed his glasses off to the side and smiled at the alloy knickknack in his hand, a finger brushing the petal gently as he waited. It fizzed and sparked yellow, a sharp crackling noise escaping it causing him to yelp and pull his finger back, wagging it in the air to toss the pain off his finger then placing it in between his lips, hoping to suck out the sharp burning sensation like a poison. He leaned back in his jumpseat, propping his feet up on the console letting out another hearty sigh.

“All the mysteries of the universe, and I can't seem to unlock a single rose,” he rubbed his eyelid with his index finger and shook his head at the irony of his statement. “Figures.” he mumbled as he heard footsteps coming from the grates behind him, he rolled his head back to look at the figure approaching him. The woman had dark hair pulled into a bun, and a red leather jacket resting on her shoulders.

“Whose that for?” the woman queried, rather presumptuously the Doctor thought.

“Hmmm?” he drawled out thoughtfully “Oh, no one, just an old heirloom I was trying to fix up.” he was lost in his own little version of the vortex deep inside his mind, Martha knew the look, though she didn't know what the look meant despite seeing it hundreds of times.

“Come on, let's see then!” Martha snatched it up and began to examine in, the Doctor protested and stood stalking behind her as she twirled around the console, he continued to try to snatch it back from out of her grasp.

“Martha, now stop it. Give it back!” he stuffed his hands into his pin striped suit pants giving her a burning glower, giving his best Oncoming Puppy look and pouted. “Marthaa! Come on.”

“Oohh let's see here, what's this say?” Martha glanced at a tiny inscription on the bottom of one of the petals and tilted it towards the light for a better vantage point.

“Marthaaa--” he was cut off as he let out an extreme shout of pain that threw him back several steps, clutching his chest. Martha rolled her eyes.

“Now don't be so dramatic, you big baby, fine here you go.” she turned to see him falter, clawing at his chest while the color drained from his cheeks, she switched expressions on a dime. “Oh god, Doctor? Doctor are you okay!? What's going on?”

“Augh! Oh god, my heart, one of my hearts have stopped. Martha!” he gasped for air and grunted out a yell, cursing in a whimsical language she couldn't make out “Martha get the..get...” he pointed at the back of the room and Martha bound towards what appeared to be some form of first
aid kit, she snatched it from the wall and rushed over to him, now sitting on the grating of the TARDIS floor. She urged him to lay back then began performing compressions on his chest. He gasped again, his skin burning up around him, a suffocating feeling as he felt a bruise forming in the center of his chest.

“What the hell is all this stuff? What am I suppose to do!” Martha dumped it upside down pouring out the contents, shifting through the mess of oddly shaped alien gadgets.

“Orange tip, red button.” he gasped out, she frantically searched before finding the cylindrical rod with an orange, flat tip.

“How do I use it?!” panic rising in her voice.

“Red button!” he spat out again, incredulously as he let out another shout and squirmed on the ground. She hit the red button and slammed it into his chest, he bolted upright with a yelp and shook his head vigorously. Groaning through his hands that now cradled his face.

“Oohh! Oh that did it.” he twitched before bounding back onto his feet, Martha stared at him, mouth gaping open.

“Doctor, what the hell was that?” she admonished angrily.

“Must just have been some sort of hiccup,” he shrugged, “Happens from time-time, regeneration, it's a gamble.” Martha rolled her eyes at that.

“So, where to now?” She knew she wasn't getting anything else out of him as he danced around the console, a distant look played on his face, then turning into dark rage and anger. His eyes flitted up dangerously to her, causing her to jump back. Just as quickly as she assumed she had seen it, it was gone, a now puzzled face staring at her.

“Martha? You alright?” he peered at her like a nurse doing pre-observations on a patient.

“Yeah..just a headache. So, you were saying?”

“Right! Well, you're going to love this next place!” he grinned manically while he stretched out his hands and threw the switch, his gob still going on about some far off world that, they'd probably not actually make it to.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~

Time.

There's no time.

The universe moves on and the world turns. When shadows grasp at the unforeseen, a trickle of hope breaks through the molten ground.

Hell.

There is no Hell.

Life moves on as we create our own peril, living in self indulgent past times, littered with the currency of selfishness.

Tis but a simpler time when the secret moments caress a hearty soul, a soft brush of fingertips to breathe life back into ones heart, a lengthy chat of words left unspoken dancing on uncertain lips.
Fear, such fear. But afraid of what?

The singing.

The singing that never ends, the last of her kind singing out to the wolf lost in the wind. Ringing in the purity that is a cloud unchanged, forever calculating the ever present rain hovering over head.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Goes the storm outside, faltering, fading out. The storm dies. The rain trickles away and leaves room for the blinding sunshine. The warmth gives no comfort here. A wheezing groan left unheard, after the clouds shroud the face of the moon then the people stretch awake from their ever ignorant sleep.

A savior.

A hero.

A madman with a box.

Alone.

Rose gasped as she woke with an electric jolt out of bed, Jack jumped up startled and looked at her accusingly.

“What the hell Rose?” Jack spoke after a moment of raking his eyes over her, assuring himself that she was well.

“Sorry,” a murmur but sincere none the less “Bad dream, I guess.” Jack quirked a brow at her before standing up and wrapping her in a hug. The musk of immortality, cedar and war filled her nose. Though her head welcomed the comfort of him before stepping back and giving her best Rose Tyler grin.

My hands are weak, my breath is faint, the gentle hum is missing and I am alone. I don't want to be alone.

Rose shook her head, pushing back the thoughts that threaten to betray her strength. She looked around and crossed her arms. “What's the plan now?”

“Rose.” she peered back at him, the concern on his face made her uneasy. She wanted to ask him what was wrong, but fear wrinkled her confidence so she opted for chewing on her lip instead.

“Tell me what's wrong.” Jack persisted, much to her chagrin.

I'm lost, in a dream, no, a nightmare that I can't wake up from. I'm suffocating, he's like air and this planet without him is like water. I try to breathe but instead I just find myself sucking in more poison, it's times like this I wish I died. Wish I died with my human doctor. Wish I never even existed.

“Nothing.” was all she could croak out.

“Rosie...you're crying.”
“M’not.” she sniffed and looked away, a hand covering her quivering lip. Jack reached over and tugged her chin to look at him, brushing away a tear with his thumb.

“You need to tell him. To find him. He needs to know.” Rose shook her head violently at Jack's words.

“No I can't, I just can't.”

“Why the hell not? You've not exactly made yourself clear on that.” Jack crossed his arms defiantly in front of her.

“Because he'll leave Jack, he'll grow tired. He'll drop me off, I'm sorry but if I'm going to chase around a daft alien in a blue box I'm going to do it on my terms. MINE. Do you hear me Jack?” she was standing before him now, finger jabbed dangerously close to his face. Jack's expression softened.

“Rose, if he knew... he wouldn't just abandon you.”

“But that's just it, isn't it? 'Course he wouldn't. But he would leave me as I was. I just..” she dropped her eyes to the ground and scuffed her shoe against the pale-silver floor beneath her.

“Rose...”

“No, Jack. And you can't go sauntering off to tell him, either. This is my decision, a'right?”

“Alright,” he huffed, reaching out to touch her arm and guide her to the door. “Well I got us transport off this rock, just so happened to be in the right time at the right place. Few buddies of mine, they'll take us back to Earth. No idea what era we'll land in, but at least we'll be somewhere familiar.” Rose nodded slowly.

“Actually, Jack, I think I'm going to pop into check on the Doctor. You've got a ride, then, yeah?”

“Yeah.” he smiled faintly at her before stepping out of the doors, eyeing up a rather large Sontaran ship before him, he grinned wildly before jogging up to speak to the woman standing outside it. She handed him something before he turned and walked back to Rose. Jack clutched the item in his hand as he approached, a smile threatening to play on his lips, the corner of his mouth twitching as he tried to hold it back. Almost as if someone he hated told a funny joke that he didn't want them to know he actually enjoyed.

“Guess this is good bye.” Rose nodded at the ship.

“Only for now, sweetheart, we'll see each other again.” He grinned and held up her sonic, she let out a squeal and threw her arms around his neck, breathing in the last scent of his musk until.. who knows when, really?

“Oh Jack! Thank you. I dunno what I'd do without this. You know.. actually.” a thought occurred to her at this, a rather brilliant idea, if she didn't say so herself, she grabbed her sonic and pulled his vortex manipulator arm towards her.

“Woah, you gonna zap us somewhere quieter, then?” he winked suggestively she grinned mischievously at him. “Ya know, a proper good bye?”

“You wish,” she purred, whirring her sonic over her manipulator, then over his. She pushed a few buttons and then his manipulator began to beep, he opened it and looked at it, confusion knitting across his brows.
“Coordinates?” he rattled them off, he scrunched up his nose thinking long and hard at the coordinates set before him. “Wait, those are to here! Oh Rose! Are you telling me that-”

“Yup!” she said, popping the p. “So we can find each other! I would hate for you to travel the universe and not be able to regale me with your stories where you, almost always, end up naked.”

“What fun would it be if I didn't!” he whooped cheerfully at her. “So I guess I'll be seeing you then.” he gave her another bear hug and spun her around. She grinned as he jogged back off to the ship, turning before going up the ramp and waving at her.

“You know, he was right.” Jack called out.

“What?” confusion wasn't hidden from her voice as it cracked in response.

“You are brilliant.” with that, Jack left Rose standing on an alien planet beaming to herself. She looked down at her manipulator, fingertips playing on the button. She closed her eyes, and thought of the Doctor, her Doctor before pushing the button.
Double the trouble, double the fun

Chapter Summary

*reads moffats work*

*Tosses it out the window*

AUTHOR VICTORIOUS!! RAAHHH!!!!!!

SORRY IT’S BEEN SO LONG. Working on a Fic with Groovykat, She'll post it when we can. She's been inspiring my writing and helping me greatly. Also, I have a song! YES. A song made for this fan fic, and a video, it's posted on the first chapter now but I shall also post it here so you can see. yes, go see, yeesss.

https://youtu.be/hwhJiKkLH-A
Music put together by my best friend Woby, and the video is done by me.

Not art, just a video. My art skillz are rubbish at the moment, but again will be added later. #Fail

Thump, thump thump,
go the beating of his hearts. 
Thud, thud, thud goes the drumming in his skull. “No more, no more no more!” goes the voices in his head. A better story with sultry sound affects once wallowed deep within his bed of memories, this one simply wasted time.
“Doctor!”

Tik tok tik tok goes that blasted wall clock, the mallet in his hand smacking against the TARDIS, underneath the console hidden away inside his head. A growl erupting from his throat as the banging became increasingly louder, the beautiful blue box groaning under the weight of each meaty smack that sounded against her beautiful chassis.

Thud thud thud thud went the sound inside his mind, under the calloused bits of time and the delicious memories now taste like sour, rotten food that's been wasting away. A glorious feast that once so bountiful now but a figment of dust and darkness. The eternal slumber of a meal left uneaten stirred something in his belly as it growled out a protest.

Smack, smack, smack went his palm onto the cylindrical power cell as he shoved it further under the console. It was just millimeters too large but he insisted it to fit, he insisted it to go right. Something had to go right, dammit! Anything at all!

“Augggh!” he let out a grunted, groaning scream before shifting from underneath the console and stalking down the TARDIS halls. One foot moving off the ground before the other fully connected with the hard floor beneath, stalking, heart pounding, flesh tingling, mind melting into the dismal abyss that seemed to surround him daily. A pit filled his stomach that made him feel constantly hungry but no food could slate this ravenous hole, and no drink could lift his spirits. Oh how he hated that, he was fine, he was always fine and this self-loathing self-pity was driving him mad. But it was more than that, it wasn't about him, no not at all, weellll maybe a little bit. This wasn't about his loneliness or ever-encumbering list of casualties. No.

This was about broken loyalty, this was about him being the one to break it. This is about how he could do more, he knows he can, but she doesn't. Or does she? She probably knows. She always knew. She probably hates him now, probably hates him knowing he could look, could try harder, he could run faster, he could shout louder and the world would hear him.

Nay, the galaxy. The universe. He'd shout so loud that even through space at time all of Gallifrey would tremble at his call, shudder at the way his voice cracked and yet sit very, very still in fear that he, too, might hear them in return. Everyone. Anyone. He would tear apart the solar system to find the answer. The key. The button. The secret, oh he would find those secrets. Lest he die first, what new man would saunter away? Would he even care about her anymore? Would he...forget? No, he must be careful then. He must be very, very careful not to die. He doesn't think he could ever forget her..but just in case.

He broke from his thoughts momentarily, his stride slowing only a little before a hasty decision was made, he had too much on his mind. He had to get clear, this puttering about didn't make him feel clear, this made him feel angry.

He could go organize things in the infirmary maybe, no that wouldn't help. He dismissed that thought with a wave of his hand and a cruel increase in his stride. He wanted to see her, as close as he could anyways, as well as he could have hoped for. No, no he was making excuses again. He could see her, but he was scared. Too scared to figure it out on his own, he could destroy everything if he....well, never mind that. He looked up at the ship who shuffled its corridors before him and he grinned before turning a corner. There it was. He traced his fingers over the pink and yellow trimmed satin cloth draping over the edge of the table, the folds so perfect it reminded him of that pink dress riding behind him as the wind bowled around them, even the chugging of the
scooter could not drown out the whimsical sound of her laughs. The candle, that candle...the flames flickered like glowing ember red eyes as they bore into his soul, bidding him safety and without remorse or guilt or sorrow or fear atomizing the beasts around him. Petals, red, rosey red like the lips that pursed in disbelief with he would talk about his heroics, even the ones she stood by his side, such a deviant little thing, taunting him and goading him on. “Go on, tell us then.”

He let out a throaty sigh as his eyes glazed over the pictures of her placed in very specific pattern, very specific order, with very well thought out composition. It was a masterpiece, if he said so himself, but not quiet as brilliant as her.

“Oh Rose.” the Doctor breathed out and turned, shoving his hands inside his pockets. He contemplating going to the gardens and staring at her woven name inside the garden, or perhaps he would go see the statue that once lay within the museum though mysteriously disappeared hundreds of years in the future of the Goddess Fortuna, or maybe just maybe...he'd actually go and pilot the TARDIS somewhere randomly and end up being snagged up by a hoard of Crovacious Moltarians, or something.

The Christmas dinner he had did him no favors in the area of memories, but perhaps it was for the best. The Doctor smiled to himself as he turned back towards the hall, a voice calling in the distance brought him too.

“Doctor? Doctor? You about?” the male voice echoed through the halls, the TARDIS, the doctor knew, was leading him to where he was. He quickly moved from the shrine he created and stepped into view, smiling widely.

“Well, then, ready for your first—weeelll, second adventure, Jackson?” the Doctor beamed and Jackson shifted and smiled.

“It would be my most honorable moment, Doctor.” Jackson returned, taking in stride next to the Doctor as they made their way through the haunting corridors back to the console room. The song of the TARDIS seemed to be thick, he hadn't heart it sing so loudly since Rose was on board. Rose....

~*~*~*~*~*~

Rose huffed as the world vanished at the press of a button. She could feel the cooling sensation, a bitter chill as she transcended the void in a moment. Though it shuddered around her and as she opened her eyes she got a glimpse of deep purple, misting clouds shrouded about her. Strikes of lightning and piercing light thundering around her. All of time and space, yet she felt slightly claustrophobic and sick as her body trembled in the void. She felt time rip around her and reform, atoms rematerialize like snowflakes prickling the hairs on her skin. Her eyes fluttered close several times before she saw it, the TARDIS. She smiled, it looked familiar, but so old. She shook herself and caught a glimpse around her before she could feel a choking breath hitch in her throat.

“Doctor...” she said quietly, tears slowly forming in her eyes. The beautiful long, coat fluttering in the slight breeze settling around them. Haunting pinstripes trialing down that slender, perfect form. Hands bunched up in pockets of his trousers, and that hair..great hair, fluttering against the air, rich with Christmas. He turned, it felt like slow motion. Those sideburns bristling into sight before she stole herself from view. Her back against the TARDIS just out of his sight, she felt her chest heave and drop with every deep shudder of sadness brimming inside her. Oh god, this was the first time,
she realized, she'd seen her Doctor. It was so much harder than she thought to stay out of sight. In a split, maddening decision she bolted from behind her hiding spot, her voice rasping.

“Doctor!” but her scream was drowned out as he whipped around, to another female voice calling from the distance.

“Doctor!” the other woman shouted, and Rose shuddered, perhaps it was for the best it wasn't her he heard. Though she was desperate for him to run to her, that face turning up into a smile, a smile just for her.

“Who, me?” she heard him chuckle as he bolted off in another direction at full speed. After he disappeared she still heard the screaming of his name, she stood there with the snow dusting her hair like pearls, glittering the golden mane that whipped around her.

“Oh Doctor...what am I suppose to do, please, help me Doctor..” she felt the ground reach up and meet her, as her knees folded into her chest. She burrowed her face deep into her arms, trying to steady her breath. She wanted to spend minutes, moments, sectioned, years, millennia with him. But he seemed happy, happy now. She was pretty certain this was further in his timeline, after he lost her but she didn't see a companion. This intrigued her, she needed to know more. Did the Doctor need her too? Probably not, he was probably fine. She was just a shop girl, after all...one who saw the heart of the TARDIS and saved the Doctor...He seemed fine in his future selves, maybe she could live out the rest of this life with him? She had to be sure, so she stood. Her eyes renewed with conviction and a gold flame that licked the edges of her iris, she gathered herself well enough to follow suit.

She couldn't do much, she was caught between watching his adventure with himself, another him, and...Rosita. She smiled at that, she didn't feel gripping jealousy and she was unsure why, though it became evident to her later. That wasn't the Doctor, makes sense, otherwise she might have been a tad more protective. Jackson, she found out his name was. But he had his memories, and he missed her. She was glowing at the end of all this, and Jackson, this incredible man, had convinced the Doctor to stay for Christmas dinner, she'd only seen that once before. With her, her and her mum, Mickey. Christmas. The one thing that screamed through to her though, was the Doctor was traveling alone.

She made a decision, he needed a companion, and, if he didn't get over her after some more time with someone aboard the TARDIS, she'd go to him when the time felt right. She had too, for the look in his eyes and the song of the TARDIS that buzzed in her mind, it was then, and only then, that she knew this Doctor was just as much hers as she was his. That brought her a sense of peace, and patience, to be a good woman she must first be a good person, on her own steam. She would, she would do anything not just for the Doctor but, she knew, for herself. She thumbed the watch with the initials “J.L.” on them before unlocking the TARDIS and placing it gingerly on the console near the flight switch, she smiled and stepped out. She had excused herself from her stalking abilities before Christmas dinner was over to place it there. The Doctor, she hoped, would second guess not asking Jackson to go with him. Oh, how she hoped her meddling would work. She stepped out of the TARDIS and hid, she felt like she was there hours before he finally emerged and stepped inside. It took him only minutes before he was out again, the watch firmly in hand as he stalked back to Jackson's home.

She followed, and peered around a corner to watch as he rapped four times on the door. Jackson appeared.

“Back so soon, Doctor? Can't say I'm not pleased.” he hugged the Doctor “What can I do for you, sir?” the Doctor held up the watch.
“I believe this belongs to you, Mister Lake.” Jackson held up his hands.

“Please Doctor, I insist, keep it, as a token of my gratitude for helping me get my son back, and, for all the things you've ever done. In this world, and the next.” The Doctor smiled at him and put it in his pocket, he turned to leave.

Rose panicked, she looked around and found a stone, loose and laying perfectly on the ground. She picked it up and tossed it, hitting the door frame next to Jackson. The Doctor turned, and quirked a brow in confusion before glancing her way. She had already slipped behind the corner and waited.

“Jackson...” she heard the Doctors voice, yes, go on Doctor do it. “Would you like to see it?”

“See what, Doctor?”

“The...travel, maybe just one trip, ya know? You have many of my memories, perhaps you'd like some of your own.” the Doctor, as he very self consciously scuffed his foot against the ground as he asked.

“Oh..no I don't think I could..there's so much that is beyond me.”

“Right, okay. Yeah, right. Nahh, just thought I'd offer. I'll just...be on my way then.” The Doctor turned and began his stride back to the TARDIS. Rose's heart sank.

“Well...actually Doctor, perhaps one trip?” Jackson added thoughtfully and the Doctor spun around gleefully.

“Yeah? Right! Well, yes! Amazing! Brilliant even, oh you'll love it. Oh..” he breathed out “But what about your son? And Rosita?”

“I think they'll stay here, Rosita can watch over Frederic for now, it does travel in..time, right, Doctor?”

“Oh yes, I can have you home by tea!” he grinned devilishly.

“Then, what are we waiting for? I'll get my coat, Allons-y!” Jackson smiled and turned to reach into the door and tug his coat off the rack inside. The Doctor's grin got wider, if that was even possible.

“Quite right, Allons-y.” Both the Doctor and Jackson laughed, oh it was whimsical, so whimsical to her tired ears as they both found their way back to the TARDIS. Rose hot on their heels, smiling to herself. This was a good day, she thought to herself. A wonderful, brilliant day.
Did you Missy me?

Chapter Notes

Groovykat has been a huge inspiration and helped me so much, I love her to death and so glad I met her. Check out her fics here on Archive of Our Own.

:)

Also, plot is thickening, so thank you for sticking with me, and it's getting a lot thicker. Gonna be more that focus on the Doctor also as we go down the rabbit hole.

Chapter 12

“Don'tcha wish your girlfriend was hot like me,” the voice trailed through her mind like a persistent ghost with nothing better to do than toss cups off of tables “Don'tcha wish your girlfriend was insane like me. Don'tcha!” a figure twirled into view as she drewled out the 'a' rather dramatically hands splayed out in her best 'jazz fingers' pose. She leaned down on her parasol and stared with an empty expression down at Rose who groaned and held her head low.

“Oh great,” she murmured “What the bloody hell do you want?” she tried to sit up but found herself unable, her eyes glossed over her skin that had specks of crimson spread over her skin like glitter, similar to that of a road rash. She struggled against her restraints. “Oi!”

“Now now, dear, the more you struggle the harder this will be.” Missy tsked at her and smiled.

“Get me the 'ell out of here now! What is wrong with you??” Rose squirmed underneath the leather straps holding her down on the cold metal table.

“No, hold still...” she pulled up a needle and squirted a bit of liquid from it, she leaned down over Rose and smacked her arm a few times before slowly sliding the needle beneath Rose's skin. Rose shouted, she shouted until her voice was hoarse and there was a ringing in her own ears, but the woman paid no heed to her not-so-subtle cries.

“Hush, you'll ruin the mood.” she said before turning and flicking on the radio. “Now, let's see, shall we.”

“You're not gonna get away with this Missy!” she shouted as her voice trailed off, vision blurring into a place of darkness, a place that Rose desperately tried to hide from. She fought furiously to escape it, a small plea escaped her lips as she felt a small hum drown out in the back of her mind reassuringly.

The darkness was bittersweet, the feeling of emptiness washed over her as she swallowed hard. A dry Sahara desert crept into her throat, strangling her saliva like a sponge and a scratchy tongue.
She blinked several times, an attempt to return her vision. No one knew where she was, no one knew she existed, no one would miss her...Jack would be none the wiser, no one would ever know. What has she done?

Brown. Brown and rustling. Oh god, what is that woman doing now?

Hair. Great hair. Fantastic hair. God she was hallucinating now, delusional. She was sick, feverish, her body trembled.

Twinkling blue gems, the sound of breathy whistling.

The smell of honey. Honey and thyme. Thyme? No...Time...It was such a rare smell. It was almost metallic, almost copper. Like static in a thunderstorm. Sandlewood, underlying tones of an earthly scent, like the one after spring rain..So hard to define. Only to be defined by the mystery of the earth spinning, no, that wasn't a mystery...only defined by the far reaching skies that seem endless, or the explainable void with purple, blue, and deep cobalt clouds.

Lightning. Lightning that flashed like the eyes of the storm. A storm always coming, coming for her. The storm would always come.

“And it's coming for you.” she lolled her head to one side as the murmur escaped past her dried and cracking lips, she glared at the contraption that held her. She pulled her wrist up slowly, with all her might she tugged, pulled, slowly pushing her wrist into the leather. Ignoring the pain, washing it back with thoughts of her Doctor. At least he wasn't alone now, she had seen to that. At least he wasn't alone. Oh, how she wished she was alone now.

“What's coming for me, then?”

*Don't. Don't you dare use that voice. Don't you dare sound like him. Don't you do that to me.*

“He IS.” she jerked against her restraints and threw herself forward to face her torturer. Speaking through her hazy mind all she could do was imagine him, she imagined him so hard she could almost see him in front of her now. She lifted her eyes up to look at Missy.

What she saw made her gasp.


“Should I wait then?” he said cheekily, though failing to hide his concern as she saw the pressure his thumb put on the sonic and the breathy whistling as the sonic whirred over her restraints releasing her so she could then slip to her knees, he fell with her, arms circling her in a protective embrace as he whispered her name against her hair. The burning sensation in her gut was undeniable as she choked out her first sob, then another, and until it was a full on raging tornado of emotions and release.

“Doctor?” she looked up, reaching her hand to caress the side of his face, he looked at her, eyes full of concern, regret, fear, and an overwhelming sensation of joy. Welcoming joy at seeing who he can not see, who he should not see.

“Last time I checked.” he said, softly, almost inaudibly. Her hand dropped to his chest, she hovered it over the center of his chest. Afraid to test, afraid to see if it was true or not. She held her breath and glanced up at him, searching his eyes. All she found was understanding. Gently, she lowered her hand towards him an inch closer, so close she could feel the fabric of his suit jacket tickling her palm but she was still so scared.
Then she did it. She placed her hand on his chest and closed her eyes. She felt it, two heart beats. Not one, two. With that she looked up, tears still staining her face and began to laugh. He stared at her, puzzled at first until he caught up, he swooped her up in his arms and laughed with her. Their thickening embrace prolonged as long as they dared before the Doctor broke first. Worry wrinkling his brow.

“Rose, what on earth are you doing here? Are you alright? You look...different. What's going on?” he stayed on his knees in front of her, arms clasping her shoulders tightly.

“There was a woman..a woman, she said she knew you.”

“What woman, Rose?”

“She said her name was Missy. Big hair, old clothing.”

“Missy?” the Doctor hummed in the back of his throat inquiringly. “I don't know who that is, but you're safe now. How did you get here?”

“I...I don't know. I'm sorry.”

“When? How long has it been? You don't look very old...but your eyes..”

“400 years.” she whispered, and the Doctor paled.

“And..me, the other me?”

“Died of old age.” she swallowed hard. “I don't want to talk about it...”

“No, quite right, you don't have too. When you're ready.” he tugged her up and held her again, cooing in a whimsical language into her ear. “Let's go to the TARDIS, get you fixed up, shall we?”

Rose followed dreamily after the Doctor, she couldn't stop her constant musical laughter. She sat with him, letting the loneliness wash away from her, though a sinking feeling still weighed in the back of her mind yet she pushed it away. They talked, for hours they talked about nothing, and everything Rose could think of. She told him everything she could remember, and he examined her, prodded at her, poked at her, even took a tissue sample.

She paused, the TARDIS looked a bit odd. Wrinkling her nose she realized she didn't feel the comforting hum she was use too, her mouth opened and closed several times in confusion as she looked up.

“Doctor....the TARDIS....is she ill?” concern came over her face as she tried to focus on points of the TARDIS and noticing the entire thing was hard to focus on, like staring at it through a perception filter. Her nose wrinkled.

“Hmm? No it's fine. Why do you ask?”

“I can't feel her...she's usually up here.” she tapped her mind. “I can't hear it.”

“Oohh, you are linked with the TARDIS? That is very interesting...interesting indeed.” This response concerned Rose.

“Sorry, what? You know that, Doctor...don't you?”

“Oh, right, well, I would you see, yeah, 'course I would only. I'm not exactly the Doctor.” Rose lept up from her chair and backed up away from him.
“What are you talking about? Of course you are you're standing right in front of me.”

“Nooo.” he breathed out. “Fraid not, afraid you are having a psychotic break down inducing a dream state caused by the bit of amniotic fluid from the race of Deglurians, helps the right person manipulate your mind to better suit their needs. A much easier form of interrogation when you end up telling your mum or boyfriend all your secrets rather then long drawn out sessions of knee caps this and water boarding-that. Someone is watching your dream, Rose.”

“Why are you telling me this if you're just an illusion?”

“Because I'm dreaming, too, my perfect Rose. You being linked to the TARDIS I think she panicked and did the only thing she knew to do which was redirect you to me. I won't remember this when I wake up, I'm sure. But Why, Rose? Why have you not come to me yet? Are you trapped? Have I done something wrong?”

“No...no of course not I just can't...I don't know why...not...not yet.” her lip quivered “It's you? Really?”

“I won't remember, Rose, and you're being watched. Whoever it is they've taken an interest in you, and I want to come save you, I do, and I'm going to try so hard to remember this but I can feel it fading from me already. Rose. Whatever you do, don't be alone. We're rubbish alone, you and me. I don't know what's going on, but when you're ready, I will find you. I promise. I will come for you.”

“But you won't remember....” her hand reached up to the fake projection of her Doctor. She stiffened and sniffled.

“How could I ever forget you....” he began to fade, she had flashbacks to the bay and Rose could feel panic bubbling up in the back of her throat... “My Rose.”

She shook and turned, she was no longer shackled but she most definitely was hallucinating. Now she stood before Missy, who had a brow quirked high on her forehead.

“Now, that was definitely not what I was expecting. You're in love? Disgusting. Primal creatures, and you've dragged the Doctor into your entangling of pheromones and emotional blubbery?”

Missy snorted, leaning against a desk and staring at Rose, one hand on her hip as she strummed her fingers on the desk.

“You're going to regret playing with my mind like that.” Rose sneered dangerously at the Time Lady before her.

“Oh deary, I regret a lot of things but not least having to watch you snivel about. May I tell you a secret?” she leaned in to Rose's ear. “I'm not really here, either.” Rose glanced up, and snatched her hand towards Missy who squealed with joy and spun as her hand went through and fuzzed the image.

“A hologram!” she spat, and jumped back. “What's going on here?”

“I've already left, going to find that poor, self destructive Doctor of yours...now I know his weakness!” she clapped her hands together. “And I have such a beautiful gift for him.”

“What?! What are you going to do! You're suppose to be his friend!” Rose spat, turning in circles staring at the metal ceiling. She ran through the first door on her right and down the bland hall, everything seemed so cold, steel, lifeless. She huffed as the hologram laughed after her.
“Oh dear, we are! I simply have to find out what will break him, so he can stop pretending. Pretending to be some droll human-counter part, he's kidding himself if he thinks he can keep it up, and I'll show him. He'll be right as rain again in no time.”" the hologram planted a smile over her face as it vanished. Rose glanced at her vortex manipulator and smashed the button, but she found nothing happened. She growled in frustration and pushed it again. She searched for her Sonic, wanded it over her manipulator and pushed furiously on the button multiple time, slamming her hand into it until she thought it would break. It fuzzed out and didn't respond. She glanced up at a door in front of her, a determined stride aggressively broke from her as she strode towards it.

~*~*~*~*~

The Doctor woke with a start, he didn't remember drifting off, little alone under the console but here he was, rubbing sleep from his eyes and sitting up. He glanced at the moisture on his hand and rubbed his fingers under his cheek. He tasted the liquid and it left a bitter salt taste in his mouth. He gaped a moment at this as he heard footsteps tapering into the room.

“Doctor? Is this a bad time?” Jackson glanced down at the the Doctor's tear stained face.

“Doctor...are you..”

“I'm quite fine, thank you Jackson.” he shifted from under the console and stood up. “All fixed up and ready to go.” he nodded, squinting at the consoles monitor. He hummed thoughtfully.

“I think I know that sound, Doctor. What's happened?”

“Oh, right. It's like your in my head. Not sure I like it.” he input new coordinates into the TARDIS and glanced back at Jackson with a smile. “Then again, it's kind of nice. So, want to bring your boy back a souvenir? There's a lovely planet, it's like a giant shopping mall! Can find anything in the universe there, once I found a cat that did arithmetic. Was a bit pompous near the end I'd say but...What could go wrong?”

“Oh don't say that, I've seen your adventures, I don't think that's wise to say.”

“Right...” he drawled out. “Probably for the best, we can grab something to eat there, fancy some chips? I have a weird craving.” he grinned manically and pulled down the lever that was resting under his hand, and the whirring of the TARDIS groaned around them.
The Raggedy Doctor

Chapter Notes

A longer chapter, apparently.

More and more thank yous to Groovykat. She's a dream, listening to my rambles giving me advice and bolstering my ego.

“"I thought you and me were.....I obviously got it wrong.” The Doctors eyes shifted uncomfortably as he refused to look Rose in the eye as she bore into him. “I've been to the year 5 billion but this is really seeing the future, you just leave us behind.” still his eyes never made contact, twitching slightly. He really couldn't rebuttal anything she was saying. She paused. “Is that what you're going to do to me?”

His eyes snapped up for the first time in the entire conversation as he stared straight at her, without hesitation he responded. “No. Not to you.”

“But Sarah Jane, you were that close to her once...and now...you never even mention her. Why not?” Rose's voice cracked as she spoke, the Doctors mind raced with a million things to say. A million responses he wished he could have done. Instead. He lectured her.

“I don't age. I regenerate. But humans decay, you wither and you die. Imagine watching that happen to someone that you...” he choked up swallowed his words, staring at her.

“What, Doctor?” she queried, truly oblivious to the message hidden behind the man.

“You can spend the rest of your life with me, but I can't spend the rest of mine with you. I have to live on. Alone. That's the curse of the Time Lords.”

How he wished now he wasn't so daft, how he wished now he said the words he swallowed. Maybe things would be different. Maybe not...

The Doctor stuffed his hands deep into his pockets, his eyes scanning around him to the giant shopping mall of a planet splayed out before him. Jackson was oohing and ahhing at the spectacle, practically dancing down the street as he picked up things and engaged in conversations with aliens. He seemed to pick everything up so quickly, the Doctor has mused at one point, but that was to be expected, so much of him was now a piece of Jackson, and may well never go away. Though the Doctor wasn't focused on that, his focus was on something else.

Every blonde haired woman, and smiling face, every swish of fabric around him, every short breath and flutter of long lashes. He shook his head, he couldn't help but feel like he wasn't remembering something. Something was lost, and forgotten.
She is lost. No, he knew that, what else? What else. She is lost.

“I bloody well know that!” he growled out loud, a stranger glanced up at him and shuffled away at his angry, and estranged outburst. The Doctor scrubbed a hand over his face and murmured an apology before weaving through the crowd to find where Jackson had run off too.

“But you won’t remember....” when had she said that? He could hear her voice clearly, but she never said that. Did she? He remembered every moment with her, every smile, every stupid time he kept his mouth shut. Every uncomfortable shuffle, every crash landing and every silly antic on the TARDIS. He remembered cold nights with her passed out in the library, having slid onto his arm while he read her a story. His arm going numb underneath her, but his superior Time Lord patience allowing him to ignore it and let her rest. Some nights she couldn't sleep in her room, she had awful nightmares, and other times, he thinks she just used it as an excuse. And, really, he welcomed the excuse.

He traced his mind back over the lines of her laying on the jumpseat, fallen asleep to his ramblings. Was he that dull? He had asked her once, and she had hummed happily at him.

“Maybe I just like your voice.” he shifted uncomfortably at that, and she grinned “It's like listening to a history teacher in high school.” she teased.

“Right, thanks for that.” he groaned.

The Doctor realized he was standing stoically in the crowd, people brushing past him. He sighed, realizing he still didn't know where Jackson was and that was not good at all. It wasn't until he heard the panicked voice that he found Jackson.

“Doctor! Doctor hurry! This way!” he saw a hand waving through the crowd, and a small encircling of people moving in on Jacksons location. The Doctor turned and bolted in that direction, his jacket fluttering behind him with each step.

~*~*~*~*~*~

Rose opened the door and stepped out. Her eyes lay on a wasteland before her, it was dark and covered in moss, with thick marsh beneath her feet. She growled and tried the button again. Yet once more, there was no response. She tried to wave her sonic over it, and again, nothing. She sighed and pushed her hair out of her face, sunlight beaming through the trees making her hair look like flames and her eyes glitter dangerously. She took a step forward and felt her shoe get stuck. She jerked her foot out of the goop, losing her shoe in the process. She sighed and reached down to try to retrieve it. Fishing around inside the water, she pushed slimy weeds out of the way and muck shuffling for her trainer. Her hand grasped what she thought was her shoe and she tugged. It was stuck hard in the marsh, she clicked in an annoyed manner at the water and tugged again.

This time, something tugged back. She gasped and fell back, her rump landing firmly in the mud and water filling her clothes. She tugged her hand back, letting go of the shoe but found her hand getting sucked into the water. Another tug and it engulfed up to her forearm. Her eyes widened with fear as she slowly sank further in, pulling herself as hard as she could. Knees sucking into the water, before it moved to her shoulder, she turned her head trying to grasp at fresh air. She realized she wasn't getting out of this so she sharply inhaled a breath before being pulled under entirely.

The water gripped around her, and her chest felt tight as she was pulled through a layer of muck and into a deeper marsh, she pounded at what seemed like a firm ceiling above her. Pushing off from it she swam desperately checking other areas for any sign of weakness.
She felt her throat clench, and her eyes filling with mud and particles, she felt her breath running out. She swam further, still nothing.

She couldn't stand it any longer and gagged, inhaling a mouthful of water. She felt it pool in her lungs, she gasped again out of reflect. More water. More pooling. She forgot to find a way out and clawed at her throat, clutched her stomach as she tried to exhale the water but only allowing more to fill inside her. Veins began to pop through the thin covering of her eyes, rasping, turning red.

It was at that moment she heard a familiar groan, and blue flashing around her. Her knees hit a grated floor, then her head, as she turned to the side and began spewing muck water out of her mouth and nose, coughing, gagging. She felt sick and rolled over onto her back, heaving in fresh breathes of pure, beautiful air.

It took her a good fifteen minutes before she fully came too. Sitting up and holding her head she stared agape at the TARDIS console. Her heart raced.

“Doctor?” she tried to croak out, but her voice was ripped from the air and stuffed back in her throat with a raspy cough. She laid back down, her head spinning. She couldn't move, she felt hopeless. She felt tired. Let him find me, I don't even care anymore... she wanted him too, anyways, part of her did. She shook and curled into a fetal position, staring with dead eyes at the pile of muck that she ejected from her lungs. She wanted to scoot away from it but she was much too tired, faintly her dulled hearing caught some sort of chatter, but she paid it no mind. Her brain was pounding in her head, trying to break free of its skull that wrapped around it protectively. Her oxygen starved mind throbbed as the footsteps rounded the doorway into the console room.

“Doctor? Doctor! Come quick! Who is that?” a womans voice gasped out and pointed as the laughter of the Doctor faded and he too turned the corner, he froze. His feet stood firmly in place as he blinked away the haze in his eyes.

“Is it...can't be..” he breathed out. “Rose? Rose!” he shoved past River and collided his knees with the grate as he pulled her head into his lap. He tugged out his green tipped sonic and flashed it in her eyes, holding them open with two fingers. His hair brushed against his forehead and a rather cheesy red bow tie neatly around his neck. He tugged her further into his lap and clutched her desperately.

“Doctor?”

“Oh gods, oh no.” he rocked back and forth stuffing his face into her hair. “Please no.” he cleared his throat and nodded. “No it'll be okay, it'll be fine. River! Head to the medbay and prepare the scanners.” he stood and pulled her into a bridal-style carry as he dashed down the hall after River. He could hear her shallow breath against his chest, he shouldered through the door to the medical room and gingerly sat her on the white bed. He pulled a large dish-shaped object hanging from the ceiling over and clicked a button on the side as it hummed over her. He glanced greedily at the monitor looking at the swirling gallifrayan text and let out a slight relieved sigh.

“River hand me the oxygenating sterile stabilization patch.” he held out his hand.

“The what? Where would you keep that?” she threw her hands to her sides.

“Second drawer on the left!” he growled impatiently as she pulled it out and tossed it to him.

“Don't get testy with me, Sweety.”

“River someones life is at stake, can you keep your repertoire to yourself for a moment?!” he
turned to her and tugged Rose's jacket off, then began to pull up her shirt.

“Doctor!” River admonished “Did you even ask?!”

“River! One; I am TRYING to save her life, do you mind? Is that alright? Second; trust me. She doesn't mind.” he grinned smugly before turning back and removing her shirt, he placed two fingers under her ribs and felt around. He felt her tighten under her and take in a sharp inhale, placing his fingers there to steady the location he grabbed the patch and placed it where his fingers were. Pushing it down causing her to abruptly squeak out in pain and jolt, he stepped back with his hands in the air waving back very minutely as he waited. Both him and River had been holding their breath when Rose relaxed and lay her head back on the pillow. Only two words escaped her mouth.

“Doctor...I..” he rushed to her side and placed his finger on his lips and shushed her.

“Now, now, my jeopardy friendly Rose. There will be plenty of time for you to explain how you got into my TARDIS, nearly drowned, and how...exactly you are here....but for now, rest.” he reached his hand up and brushed the hair out of her face, rubbing a gentle thumb across her forehead. The tender act made River flinch and cross her arms across her chest. “You can do it, I know you can...Rose, my Rose. Just one more time.” he leaned up away from her and glanced back at River before stalking out of the room. River hot on his heels, immediately bombarding him with questions.

“And who is that? Doctor? I demand you tell me who that was.” the Doctor turned on her, his face inches from hers.

“No, no River you don't demand. She is...she is my past.” his eyes was searching, though he was inches from her she could tell he wasn't looking at her.

“Where did she come from?”

“I don't know. But this could be bad, this could be very, very bad. We can only hope.” he turned and began walking back down the hall, he glanced up at the TARDIS ceiling. “Move her closer, would you?” he patted the wall of the TARDIS as it shifted around him, his feet still going towards the console room.

~*~*~*~*~

The Doctor approached Jackson and glanced down at a woman convulsing on the ground, he stared, mouth agape as the blonde haired woman with the purple jacket twitched on the ground. He choked on a breath as he leaned down. One blink. Just one, is all it took and instead he stared down at a raven haired woman, he rubbed his eyes and stared again. He was hallucinating. Brilliant, he thought sarcastically to himself. He waved his sonic over the raven haired woman and stared into the blue light ontop.

“What's wrong with her, Doctor? She just dropped suddenly.” Jackson glanced up at his face, searching for answers.

“I'm not sure.” he threw his specs onto his face and touched the girls neck. He reached into his bigger-on-the-inside pockets and pulled out a small pill, which he crushed in his hand and poured into the womans mouth. Her twitching slowed as her eyes rested on the Doctor. He pushed his long, brown coat behind him and placed his hand under her head. “Better?” he queried, smiling down at her reassuringly.
“Who are you?” she breathed out, letting him help her up.

“I’m the Doctor, and this is Jackson.” he nodded over to Jackson, who was stabilizing the woman’s other arm as they helped her up. “Can you tell me what happened?”

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The Doctor adjusted his bow tie and grinned at his reflection before glancing up. It had been three days. Three days, four hours, seventeen minutes, and thirty-two seconds since he found Rose in his TARDIS. She had been in the medbay falling in and out of consciousness, delusion. He watched over her every other night, and every other one from there he had to take River...wherever they decided to go. Tonight was a River night. Though he had a hard time pulling himself from Rose's side. She murmured in her sleep, it seemed as if she was talking to him. Sometimes, it was leather jackets and gas masked children, others it was his last incarnation, long coat and great hair, apparently. According to her. Though he thought his hair now wasn't too bad, and he wondered if she'd like his bow tie. Maybe she wouldn't like him at all. This worried him, concerned him greatly, but he brushed it aside. He stood and left the medical room and shifted his way back into console room where he heard the TARDIS landing softly. He crossed the room to the console and ran his fingers over the edges. The TARDIS doors open and River stepped in.

“Hello, Sweetie.” she grinned and leaned on the door as sirens wailed behind her, alerting men to her escape. She closed the door gingerly and strode to the console, leaning in and grinning at the Doctor. The Doctor spun and clapped his hands.

“Alright then! Let's see, we could go to 1937 where Count Claus Von Stauffenberg gets promoted to Captain, but, oh better yet we could see the third ever Sugar Bowl where, spoilers, Santa Clara beats LSU by seven points. Or perhaps 1914 we could watch Babe Ruth's first professional game! Ooh, apparently I seem to be in a sports mood...and American...no, no let's not do that. They seem to have a thing for guns.” he looks up at River and raises a brow. “Though you might fit in...” he murmured as an afterthought.

“Oh you love it.” she chimed in at him, leaning towards him again. Her eyes flashed adoringly at him as she leaned in closer. “Who is she, Doctor? It's been three days. I think it's time you tell me.” she sing-songed again.

“I told you, she's my past.”

“That is incredibly vague, my love.” she cooed and he flinched at the pet name, something that made her pull back and stare at him. “Do you love her?” she said in a low, timid voice.

“River...” he repined in a low voice, a warning lingering in his pause. They were both broken from their banter when they heart a small groan from the doorway. The Doctor glanced up to see Rose holding her head and leaning on the frame, he quickly brushed past the Jumpseat and River to rush to her side.

“No no no, you should be resting. Why are you up? Come on lets get you back.” he gripped her arm to guide her back when she protested.

“No..Doctor please.” she looked up at him with pleading eyes. “Can I just..can I stay in here, for a bit?” she bit her bottom lip, she had known this face, but he had not known hers, not in this incarnation anyways. She had seen him with Rory, the scottish girl, Clara and....River. Her eyes flashed up at River for a moment before she quickly looked away, and back at the Doctor before uttering her final plea. “Please?”
The worried creases in his brow softened a bit, she'd never seen this face up close. It seemed to have a few more emotions written in it than her previous Doctors, but, then again, she suppose, this wasn't her Doctor. What did he think of her being here?

“Of course.” he said in a low, guttural voice that was oddly comforting. He held her arm and led her to the jumpseat. He helped her sit down and pulled a grate up, sifting through one of the boxes he pulled out a rather ragged looking blanket, orange, brown, and yellow colors knitted into it. He replaced the grate and wrapped the blanket around Rose who smiled, her lips had a blue hue to them and her skin was a ghastly white. Eyes sunken in, with pupils almost invisible in the haze of her illness.

“Bit worn, don't you think?” she smiled cheekily at him.

“Yeah, suppose it is.” he responded a bit embarrassed. “I could find another one...”

“No. I like it. It's very...you...the Raggedy Doctor.” she smiled.

“Quite so...but how did you know that...” the low rumble in his voice was that of amused intrigue. River watched them, while leaning against the console, arms crossed in intrigue as she tried to read this mystery woman.

“Another time, Doctor.” she responded sheepishly, tugging the blanket around her and shuddering. “I could really go for a cuppa about now...” the Doctor grinned in response.

“Well then, Rose Tyler! You are in luck. Because I am an old hand at making tea, greatest there is, in fact. Ask River.” he twirled around “Isn't that right?”

“I think the TARDIS does all the real work.” River cooed back at him and he turned back to Rose.

“She has no idea what she's talking about.” he shifted his eyes back between the two women, a rock and a hard place. “Right! I'll be back! Geronimo!” he bounded off into the halls of the TARDIS to retrieve Rose's request. Giving River her opportunity.

“So, you know each other?” River turned a scrutinizing eye on Rose.

“Yup.” Rose said, popping the 'p' much like her own Doctor would.

“For how long?” River pushed.

“Awhile.” Rose shrugged, avoiding the big haired womans gaze.

“Haven't hard of you. Must have been rather long time, I suspect.”

“What's it to you?” Rose snapped, her head jerking in direction of River.

“Just want whats best for the Doctor.” River said, a hint of challenge entering her voice.

“Then perhaps you shouldn't have forced him t--” Rose was abruptly cut off by a bounding entrance.

“Aaannnnddd here we are!” he said, blowing on the steaming liquid and gently placing it in Rose's hands. He spun dramatically towards River. “You.” he pointed at River and snapped his fingers, huming and hawing as he pulled the console's monitor towards him. “You want an adventure, then let's give Rose a good one. Something simple, not too strenuous but still brilliant. Right. Let's see... Ah! I have just the place! With the glowy lights and the brilliant little fish with seven eyes. Seven!”
he pinched his fingers to show the size of the fish and then popped his finger in several locations, seemingly showing where the eyes are located. He looked up with a giant grin on his face at the two women. River cracked a small smile, and Rose giggled almost spilling the warm tea on herself. That was enough of a confirmation for the Doctor, so he clacked away putting the coordinates into the TARDIS before humming to himself. “Mm. Fish fingers...” he pulled the dematerialization lever and the wheezing sound of the TARDIS rung in Rose's ears like music.

Rose had not been feeling well, she wasn't quite ready for an adventure, the Doctor concluded. She had blacked out in the jumpseat. He had been able to catch her relatively easily, though he can't say as much for the mug. That was Rose's favorite mug, he mused to himself sorrowfully. He leaned over her and stroked her hair back, he glanced around at her room. He never could bring himself to delete it, and now he was glad he didn't. River stood at the door.

“You seem quite taken by her.” River spoke almost bitterly, but hid it behind a cheeky grin.

“She has always been there for me. I don't think I can say the same.” he stroked her cheek with his thumb, he could feel her burning up underneath him and he sighed.

“Many people are there for you, you have a whole entourage of people who would do anything for you.” River quipped back, crossing her legs as she leaned on the frame.

“Not like her...” he hadn't taken his eyes off her. “We were something else, weren't we?” he mused at Rose quietly.

“Well, my love, I suppose we should be off then?” River switched the subject, hoping to get the Doctor out of Rose's sight.

“Don't...” he breathed out, still keeping his eyes on Rose.

“Excuse me?”

“I said don't.” he snapped his head up at River and stared hard at her. “You know exactly, what, River, let's not play games.”

“You've never had a problem with it before!” River was standing defensively now. “Maybe I should just go, you pick up just any blonde off the floor and go blundering around with her.” she challenged him. The speed in which the Doctor stood and was on her took her aback, she stumbled back several steps as his face now hovered over hers.

“She isn't some blonde, River, you're going to want to be careful. Very, very careful on what you say now. Choose your words carefully, dear.” River heard the facetious tone in his voice then.

“Well.” she breathed out “I see. What's so important about her, then?”

“She was there, River. I never even asked, and she was there. What about you? Can you say the same?” she winced.

“You know I couldn't have prevented that day...” she started

“No, of course not.” he spoke in a low, gruff voice in response. “Then you'd never get to unravel time for some petty marriage, would you? You wanted to change time so badly, but only to get your happily ever after, isn't that true?”
“That's...that's not fair!” River leveled her eyes with the Doctors and stepped forward. The Doctor never swayed.

“No, neither is what I did to her...” he moved his head over his shoulder to glance into Rose's room.

“So, just business then? What was all those night outs then? Hm? Explain those to her.” His eyes narrowed back on River.

“He won't have too.” Rose was standing in the doorway now, leaning against it, the Doctor turned, concern wrinkling his brow.

“Go back to bed, sweetheart, let mummy and daddy talk.” River threw the comment over the Doctor's shoulder coldly.

“River..” the Doctor warned.

“No, it's quiet alright. Please, please stop. I didn't want this, I didn't come back for this. I've been...watching you, Doctor.” she admitted, sucking in a breath. “For a very long time, I was there, when you regenerated, River. I understand, you care. I'm not here to...” she swallowed the lump in her throat down “I'm just...You two are lovely together.” she smiled weakly and the Doctor rushed to her side as her left leg gave out slightly.

“It's not like that, Rose, listen.” he tilted his head to stare at her through the top of his eyes, staring at her pupils with concern. River gaped.

“No, please, Doctor.” Rose pleaded “I've been alone so long.”

“Why? Why didn't you say something? I would have brought you back on the TARDIS, you know that don't you?”

“I...I just didn't know if I could...timelines...and all that...so I just wanted to be here for you.”

“Even when I didn't ask...” he spoke in barely a whisper as he glanced back at River, who stared in shock at the two of them. He turned his face back to Rose and leaned his forehead on hers.

“Why...” he whispered, closing his eyes and listening to the slow beat of her heart, too slow, he thought, too sick. She should be in bed. “Tell me, why, Rose.”

“Because I...” she paused, a breath hitched in her throat. The Doctor saw the fear tracing over her face, and without a second thought he leaned in and caressed his lips to hers, she inhaled a breath, shock fluttering across her face before she leaned in and kissed him back. Her hand snuck up and brushed through the flip in his hair, his hand balancing her on the small of her back. He briefly heard distressed footsteps quickly leaving from behind him, but he paid it no mind as he heard a small squeak escape from Rose's throat. He gruffed low into the roof of her mouth before pulling back and returning his forehead to hers.

“Oh Rose. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Let's get you back to bed, now, off you pop.” he leaned back and patted her gently on the shoulder, leaving his hand resting there as the other was clasped firmly into hers, holding her arm out to steady her as he led her back to her resting spot. He tucked the covers in around her and sat at the end of the bed, his hands squarely placed between his knees.

“Doctor...” Rose's hand reached his shoulder, he barely glanced back as his face was soft with worry. “Go to her, yeah?”

“Rose...”
“We can chat later. I know why you do it, I know why you help her. I know why you want to help her be better. Please, we can talk later, can't we?” he nodded and smiled only faintly at her.

“Yeah. Of course.” his other hand touched hers and stroked it with his thumb before standing up.

“Off you pop.” she giggled “I think I like that.” he smiled at her.

“Me too.” he turned and took his slow stroll out of the room.

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Meanwhile, at this moment, sometime in the past a man is grinning at another, tossing a hand through his hair and leaning against a table. His eyes moved up towards the sky as he sighed.

“Well, Jackson, good thing we didn't eat the food. Who would have known that an interspecies disease accidentally cross contaminated all the beef causing neural seizures 24 hours after consumption. Easiest case of my career, I think.” The Doctor smiled, looking at a cloud that vaguely resembled the shape of a wolf. Jackson chuckled.

“Well, I am famished. Fancy a bite to eat, Doctor?” Jackson teased

“No, taa.” he shook his head and grimaced, holding his stomach as it rumbled loudly at him.

“Though, I suppose a little...but..not here. Back to the TARDIS, then!” Jackson nodded and led the way as the Doctor paced slowly back to his ship, watching the cloud of the wolf slowly blow away, a howling nigglng at the back of his mind.
The Doctor stepped into the TARDIS, his eyes immediately falling to the grate as he watched her convulse.

“What? What!?” he blurted out rushing over to Rose's side, she vomited and coughed up black and brown muck, and choked out a sob. “Rose!” he shouted as he reached down to touch her, but the image fuzzed out at his touch. She let out a small whimper as he stared down at her. “What's going on!?” he tried again, his hand passing through Rose's torso. Again, and again. He stood and flicked over the console monitor, inputting commands into the console before pulling his sonic and waving it over the image of Rose frantically.

“Doctor?” Jackson cautiously stepped forward.

“No, no no no.” he frantically ran around the console, flicking, tugging, pulling, smacking, punching. Punching. And punching. And punching. Until sparks flew from the Console and he shouted. Jackson took several steps back at his reaction.

“I don't see anything Doctor, what is it? What can I do?” Jackson took another step forward.

“No, no no no.” he frantically ran around the console, flicking, tugging, pulling, smacking, punching. Punching. And punching. And punching. Until sparks flew from the Console and he shouted. Jackson took several steps back at his reaction.

“Doctor, calm yourself!” Jackson heeded, causing the Doctor to look up, his face soften in defeat.
“Right...yeah.” he gulped down a breath of air. “I think I need a moment. I'll be in the garden.” he stalked off down the halls, every turn reminding him of her.

He slipped his way into the TARDIS gardens, he glanced up at the growth before him. He had spent so long weaving the trees in such a way that they grew into a word, no, not a word, a name.

“Rose...” he sighed heavily as he read the name woven into the branches of the trees before him. He flicked his jacket to the side and sat down on the bench overlooking his handiwork. He decided the rest of the day he'd spend in the library, though he'd been through all the books he thought he'd have another look. Maybe somewhere there was information hiding on how he could get her back, and he needed to sort out his head. The delusions he was having were driving him mad.

Though what bothered him not least of all was the fact the image of Rose, was a hologram. He was certain of it. Who would do such a thing? Who could project a hologram of Rose onto his ship? Who would have that ability? He shifted uncomfortably as he sat on that wooden bench.

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The Doctor clutched his head with River blaring something into his ears, he shouted, causing River to be aback.

“Don't you holler at me!” she bellowed in response before noticing him experiencing actual pain. Her face softened as she rushed to him. “Oh god, sweetie what's going on? What do you need?”

He looked up at her, his face straining as he twitched angrily. “Someone is messing with my head.” he growled. “Someone is messing with my head!” he shouted it this time, pulling his sonic and swiveling it in the air. “And I do NOT like people messing with my head! Whose there? Show yourself!” he clutched his skull once again as a new memory forced its way into his head, he twitched his head to the side and looked up darkly at River.

“What?! Whose here, Doctor?! Is it that girl?!” River barked defensively as the Doctor spun around again.

“No...no someone...something...is tormenting my past self.” he looked around the room dangerously and emitted a primal growl that River had never heard before, and she wasn't certain that any human would be able to replicate the sound. “And that is not good. Not good at t'all.” he glanced at River and back to the console. “Has anyone come in while I was with Rose?” River looked a bit annoyed and offended.

“No, of course not, if you think I'm stupid enough to let just anyone walk in here then why--” she was cut short.

“Good...well, not good, but, it narrows it down.”

“Narrows what down?” she huffed “You're not making any sense.”

“Good! Never be sensical, not if you can avoid it. Nonsense I say! Sensicle, not sure that's a word. Is that a word? Anyways, we have a mystery to solve, it seems. Before whoever-or whatever-ends up driving me-well, past me-absolutely insane. Insaner than I already am. Insaner-er.”

“Oh, we, now is it?”

“River! Really I am getting tired of this, you are more than welcome to go back to your hovel, or shut up and help me! Your choice.” he flipped up a lever on the TARDIS and tugged the screen over to him. He smacked it several times as the unreliable screen showed him static and faint.
outlines of circular Gallifrayan.

“Fine, where too?” she relented and fell in behind him.

“We're going to visit an old friend...a very wrong, friend, but none the less...” he flipped up the switch and the groan of the TARDIS surrounded him.

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Jack bristled as he heard the familiar wheeze of the TARDIS, the beautiful blue box he missed so much, but he brushed it off as another hallucination. He must be working too hard, he tended to hear that sound when he overworked himself. He sat inside the Torchwood building and stared at the computer in front of him. A gentle rustling of wings behind him as the pterodactyl circled the center column of the hidden building he resided in. His fingers tapped away at keyboard in front of him as he hummed curiously.

Jack stiffened as the air around him changed, and a familiar creek sounded behind him. But it couldn't be. Jack pulled his gun and whirled on the intruders, a whistle came from the gun as it charged up and Jack quirked a brow as a woman stepped from the TARDIS. Big hair, high boots, and sass exubriating from her.

“Well if you're the new Doctor I can't say I disapprove, but I'm missing the pinstripes already.” he chuckled flirtatiously as he lowered his weapon.

“Oh, will you stop it?” the Doctor stepped out from behind River.

“Never letting me say hello, are you? Now wait, so are you the Doctor?” he squinted “Must be, bad fashion sense, over inflated sense of self, and great hair. Well, that could be either one of you.”

“Oi!” he admonished a River laughed.

“Oh I like him.” River cooed.

“Well stop it you two! Enough fraternizing this isn't a high school prom night.” he waved his hands at them.

“Well you got yourself a new morsel, can't I have one too?” she spoke defiantly and he frowned.

“Another one, Doctor? Oh always the heart breaker. Whose this now?” he nodded at River.

“Professor River Song, at your service.” she reached out and shook Jacks hand.

“Jack Harkness, pleasure's all mine.” he winked at her “What kind of services are we talking about here?” he chuckled before returning his gaze to the Doctor who sighed in exasperation. “Now she said another one, Doctor, is that what this is about? Have my dreams finally come true and I get to enjoy a foursome with my favorite Doctor and a few new faces?”

The Doctor gaped and opened his mouth to snap it shut quickly. “N-no! Nothing like that, no!”

“Oh this incarnations shy, I like that.” he grinned

“Oh isn't he just.” River purred.

“Stop it the both of you! Why I ever thought the two of you in the same room was a good idea I will never know.” he paced back and forth.
“Why are you here, anyways Doctor? You go running off and return every century or so to taunt me?” Jack now gave him a serious look and the Doctor swallowed and ignored him.

“I need...your help.”

“Now that is a new one...what could possibly have gone wrong that you need me?”

“Rose.” the name escaped his lips and Jack froze.

“You said she was safe.”

“She was.”

“You said she was trapped in another universe.” the Doctor hesitated to respond.

“She was.”

“You said-”

“Forget what I said listen to what I am saying Jack, she's back. And I don't know why, or how, she's sick.”

“Where is she? Can I see her? What happened since the last time I saw her?” Jack stepped forward.

“She's fine she's jus—wait what? Last time you saw her? You knew?” The Doctor stared slack jawed at him.

“Well, I might have. Haven't seen her for awhile though, I'd say oh, 8 years? Going by basic timelines, hard to gauge that, time travelers and all that.”

“And you never said? You never thought to pick up the phone and call me? Or to signal me? Or Anything?!” The Doctor advanced on Jack now.

“Hey whoa, first off, you never came back other than the once, Doctor. Don't blame me because you lose touch with your friends. You claim it's because they wither away, well guess what, Doc. I don't. So don't holler at me.”

“You chose not to come with me!”

“And you chose not to come visit.” Jack snorted. “Second, it was at her behest. She was pretty vehement about it, and if I go breaking her trust, then what? Let her trapse about the universe alone, feeling she has no one or nothing she can trust?”

“She had me!” the Doctor snapped defensively

“Did she, Doctor? Did she really?” Jack never stood down from the Doctor, was never afraid to speak his mind, even before he couldn't die. “Then why did she come to me?”

The Doctor sighed and turned away from Jack, staring idly at the ceiling before furrowing his brow.

“Is that a prehistoric bird flying about?” he squinted noticing it fly in the distance. Jack was silent for a moment before laughing.

“Same man, different face. Yeah, it came through the rift here. We just kind of let it come and go. Plays basketball too.”

“Do you just keep raw meat in your pocket at all times?!”

“Well not all of my pockets, that would be slightly ridiculous, don't be ridiculous River. Just this one, it's slightly refrigerated, actually, quite handy for those overly hot summer days don't you think?” he tossed the meat up at the pterodactyl, watching it snap it up in its jaws and fly away. The Doctor turned.

“To business, then.” the Doctor continued, clasping his hands together and pacing in circles around River and Jack. “Someone is toying with me, well not me-me, the past me. Your me.” he pointed at Jack. “And we can't have that, I need eyes on the inside, but I can't very well do it myself, and I wouldn't trust River around him for a moment.”

“And why not? Maybe he'll be more appreciative of my presence.” River grinned seductively.

“No just...definitely not. You two are a nightmare, really.” he stepped in front of Jack. “Captain Harkness, I need your help.”

“Anything, Doctor, you name it.”

“Change your mind, tell him you want to go with him. I'm going to send you back, to shortly after he loses Donna and you go back to Torchwood. Give him some time to make some mistakes. He should be alone now.” he paused “Wait..that's not right. He's with Jackson...wait, when did...” he scowled and poured through his brain. “No, I suppose that's right, yeah, he's with a gentleman called Jackson now, and I want you to go aboard with him. Someone is playing with my past, and they are playing a dangerous game.”

“Of course, any excuse to fly around with that brooding Time Lord.” Jack grinned.

“Oiii” he drew out “Time Lords don't...brood.” he said the last word with a bit of disbelief and distaste.

“Oh that's a laugh.” River added in, not taking any effort to hide her amusement.

“Oh right..” he drawled “I'm never putting you two together again.” he rolled his eyes and placed both his hands on Jack's shoulders. “Do this, anything that seems odd, out of the ordinary. Get him to talk. We are going to catch who is doing this.”

“And what about Rose? Won't she want to go back, to him?” Jack watched as the Doctor shuffled uncomfortably.

“I don't know.” he admitted, finally.

“Would you even let her if she did?” A challenging question from a formidable questioner, the Doctor sighed.

“I don't know.” he grumped finally. “That's not important, what Rose does is up to Rose and her alone. I'm finished making decisions for her. I always seem to screw them up.” he mumbled the last part and pulled from Jack. “Now, hop in. I'm taking you back to the year 2007!” he made a show of ushering everyone back into the TARDIS and grinned manically.

“Oh and, Doctor?” Jack glanced back at him.
“Hmm?” he hummed questionably.

“Nice bow tie.”
Rose heard musical laughter coming from down the corridors, she woke and stretched out on the silken sheets. She hadn't been so happy in years, so many, many years. She turned in her bed, rustling the blankets around her like a prison. But it was a beautiful prison, so soft and cool. The TARDIS always knew what temperature to keep her room, she snuggled into the pillow that felt like clouds and how she imagined cotton candy would feel if it was able to be stuffed into a pillow and keep its form. She smelled the scent of faint copper and daisies, and what she swore smelt like grapes. Mmm grapes, as the smell hit her the sound of her stomach rumbling hit her. She stretched again splaying out on the bed. She sighed, she didn't want to get up but there were things to do. The loo, eat grapes, a nice cuppa tea, and she was eager to talk to the Doctor. Perhaps meet his companions, and decide what to do from there. She couldn't help but think of her Doctor, though, she supposed, this is her Doctor, too, or rather, maybe River's Doctor. Maybe not hers at all. Maybe he won't even let her stay. She shuddered at the thought but pushed it to the back of her mind, he always traveled with companions, she shouldn't be too much of a trouble to have around, she hoped.

She reluctantly pushed herself out of bed and had taken the time to take a nice, long, glorious shower. Where the warm water never ran out and the TARDIS detected the best possible temperature for her, oh how she missed that. She stepped out of the shower with a towel wrapped around her torso and one over her hair. She took in the magnificent scent of her room and glanced over at her makeup area that was littered with photos. She tentatively stepped towards it. She eyed up the images of her and her Doctors, some of the trips and some cameo pictures of her Doctors doing silly things. Her first Doctor, her Second Doctor, both of them pinned all around her mirror and scattered on the tabletop, a few of them in frames. One of the frames swirled with galaxies and stars around it, a gift, she recalled, from her second Doctor, she was happy to have it. She had placed her favorite picture in it, his hair done up almost like an Elvish look alike, her pink dress flourished around her. His hands in his pocket as usual, and her arm wrapped around his. He was smiling, and she could see the corner of his eyes looking down at her, and not at the camera. She remembered asking someone to take the picture for her, though they were baffled at what she was using, they had done so. She was so happy she got that photo taken. Her fingers traced against the glass protecting it before she let out a longing sigh. She shook her head to snap herself from her trance. A quick trip to the wardrobe and a pick of whatever she wanted to wear before she popped out into the halls. The sound of banter still ripe in the air, she took in a deep breath and could tell she was in the Vortex, she had traveled through it enough to know the distinct smell of static energy and the very unique colorful clouds spinning around her. She made her way to the console room.

Who was inside made her gasp, everyone turned and laid eyes on her.

“Jack!” she squealed launching herself across the room into his arms, her hair still slightly damp. The Doctor shifted.

“Rosie!!” he picked her up and spun her around as she laughed, he let her go and she brushed the hair out of her face. “Oh Rosie, how have you been?” he beamed.

“Never better.” she breathed out before glancing a look at the Doctor, she gave a shy smile and
looked away. The Doctor, who had been staring at his feet glanced at her through the flecks of his hair, he felt himself let a small smile creep from the corner of his mouth.

“Always the apple of your Doctors eye, eh?” Jack teased, River snorted.

“You know what they say about apples and Doctors, Jack. I've sworn off apples.” Rose winked playfully and Jack bellowed out a laugh. “What are you doing here?” she leaned in a whisper “Does he know?”

“Oh he does, and the jealousy was insane!”

“Oi!” the Doctor glowered, looking back and forth “I was just....” he twitched and began playing with the console.

“Rosie, the Doctor told me what happened. How did you get on board?”

“Yes, I'd like to know that too. The shields were up! Not that I'm not grateful, mind you, but I don't like not knowing.” the Doctor added. Rose shook her head.

“I don't know, one minute it was all Missy playing with my head and the next it was drowning in a swamp, then the TARDIS just appeared. I thought maybe you knew because of the...of the dream.” she swallowed. The Doctor quirked a brow.

“She just...appeared?” he queried, intrigued. “Wait, what dream?”

“Yeah.” she affirmed slowly, concerned. Ignoring the second half of his question.

“Oh, oh! Oh! Of course... You beautiful ol' girl you, you saved our little Rose, didn't you?” he cooed to the TARDIS and stroked the console. “You're linked to the TARDIS, you have been since Bad Wolf Corporation when you looked into the heart of the TARDIS—”

“She what?!” River spat out in panic.

“—River really, rude, I'm in the middle of a thing.” he flourished his hand dismissively “Anyways, she must have sensed the danger you were in and pulled the nearest version of herself out of the Vortex—which just so happened to be my version of the TARDIS—and into the marsh you said you were in oh! That's just brilliant. That means the coordinates will still be inside the TARDIS memory bank, if I can trace it back I can find out which planet you were on and we can investigate this...Missy person, find out what she wants, throw her into a passing by black hole and be back in time for Christmas!” he cheered at himself letting out a confident 'ha ha' and threw his jacked behind him, tugging his hands into his pockets. He rocked back on his shiny black heels in triumph. He paused for a moment and considered “Perhaps an exploding star, instead.” he mused.

“Violence, not becoming of you Doctor.” River chimed in, a teasing jealousy creeping into her voice.

“I kind of like it, all fire and rage and something incredibly sexy about it.” Jack threw in with a smile as he waved his hands over the visage of the Doctor, giving a slight wiggle in his waist.

“I really don't like people who think they can take the people I care about and use them to toy with me.” he left the threat to hang in the air as he caught himself staring at Rose, clearing his throat he turned back to the console. “Again...”
Jack hugged Rose tightly before going up to the Doctor and forcing him into a hug as well. His hand extended to River who pushed it aside, stealing herself a hug of her own causing Jack to grin. He stepped out of the TARDIS and waved, the door cracked open and all three of them smiled and waved.


“Do I get a kiss for good luck, Rosie?” he grinned, and Rose glanced up at the Doctor who was pretending to not notice. Rose smiled and ran out, giving him a peck on the cheek. He nipped at her neck as she pulled away, missing, but causing her to squeal as she tossed a hand into Jack's chest and playfully pushing him away. “What about you, Doc?” he threw in a wink as the Doctor crossed his arms.

“You take good care of him...” she whispered, Jack's hands around the small of her back as she stared down into his chest, clinging to the lapels of his jacket as she thought of her Doctor. “Please.” she could barely croak out.

“He's in good hands, Rosie. I swear to you.” he scrubbed a thumb over her cheek and laid a chaste kiss on her forehead. The goodbye tasted so bitter to Rose, but she wanted her Doctor safe, and she knew Jack cared about the Doctor almost as much as she did. She stepped back and turned into the TARDIS. River closed the doors as the Doctor went about dematerializing the TARDIS, sending it flying into the vortex. He watched Rose from the corner of his eye as she sat on the jumpseat, he could see the tears forming in the well of her eyes and, in that very moment, he felt guilt bubbling in his gut. He looked away and up into the screen of the console, he knocked on it to clear up the picture and sighed, though there was nothing to see he was thankful no one else knew that. He cleared his throat and threw on the breaks. He glanced up at River.

“Where am I dropping you off?” he questioned, not looking at Rose. River let a confused look cross over her face.

“I'm sorry?”

“Back home, then?” he tapped the coordinates in.

“You're taking me back?” River took a step forward.

“I do every time, why would this be different?”

“Well now you have--”

“A companion? As I usually do? You have had more time lately than before. So.” the TARDIS engines whirred and she stood frozen in place as they wound down again. He held his hand up to the door. “Same time, next time, aye?” she nodded slowly before blinking her eyes and shaking her head.

“No, I'm not just gonna leave you alone wi--”

“Good bye, River.” he interjected. She swallowed disbelief before licking her lip and glancing from the Doctor to Rose uneasily.

“Good bye, sweetie...” she spoke solemnly before turning around and pulling the TARDIS doors open, she hesitated at the door and stepped outside before snapping it shut. Rose glanced up confused.

“What was that about? Doesn't she travel with you?” The Doctor ignored Rose's question and
circled around his console.

“So, where will it be? The great Icelandic mountains of the Terfoxarian glaciers, or perhaps a nice spa day? Ooh or even!” he danced around the console, not unlike her Doctor, but definitely in his own flourishing fashion, spinning on his heels while his coat twirled around him and he tapped a few buttons. “We could even go watch a star be born, would you like that?” Rose noticed his skills at dodging inquiries hadn't changed. She decided to take a moment, let herself not worry, if for even just a moment, so she nodded slowly.

“Perhaps we could see a star be born, Doctor.” she smiled and stood next to him, her hand touching a lever as she looked up. “This one?” she queried, the edge of his lips curled up as he shook his head, she touched another and look at him expectantly.

“And now you've torn a hole in the time space continuum.” she chuckled faintly at that and placed her hand over another. He nodded. “Now you've got it. Right, Geronimo!” he clapped his hands together she pulled the lever at his signal and the TARDIS flew happily to its destination. The TARDIS was humming happily, an echo of her family being back together sang in her song, if even for just awhile.

~*~*~*~*~*~

Jack toyed with his phone, glancing at the sky, then back at the ground, his fingers nervously twitching over the button. He finally sighed and selected the Doctors number. He pulled the phone up to his ear.

“Jaacceckkkkkkk. What can I do for you?” he could hear the sandshoed Doctors cheeky grin from over the speaker.

“Doctor! You actually pick this thing up?”

“Why wouldn't I!” Jack chuckled at the Doctors voice.

“Doctor, I've changed my mind. Was hoping you hadn't, would still let me on board, for old times sake.” Jack held his breath as there was a pause on the other side of the phone. Then the line cut out. Jack stared at his phone incredulously before he heard the groaning of the TARDIS. He let out a huff of relief before the doors opened before him. Jack stepped inside and let his eyes wander over to the manic man in the box. The Doctor looked up and grinned, he snapped his fingers and the TARDIS doors closed. Jack turned and looked back.

“New trick, Doctor?” his eyes laid on the man standing on the other side of the console. “Well hello, Jack Harkness.”

“Stop iiittt.” the pinstriped Doctor drawled out in warning.

“Really, still can't say hello to anyone can I?” Jacksons brow raised as he extended his arm in greeting.

“Jackson, wonderful to meet you.” Jack took a firm hold on Jacksons hand and shook in greeting.

“Jack and Jackson, it's like it was fate.” Jack grinned before turning to the Doctor. “Hanging up on me, wasn't sure you were coming.”

“I said, didn't I?” the Doctor raised a single brow at the Captain. “Though, what made you change your mind?”
“My team seems to be getting along just fine without me, I guess it's probably for the better...you know how it is.” he pulled off his coat and tossed it on a coral strut before bounding up the grated stairs and over by the Doctor.

“I suppose I do.” the Doctor replied thoughtfully, a distant look playing in his eye.

“So, where are we off too now, Doctor?” Jack nudged him and watched as his eyes snapped back to his console, now with a much more excited and intrigued look.

“Oohh I know that look, give us the debrief!” Jack said excitedly as Jackson joined them.

“Weeelll, while I was here the TARDIS picked up some unusual scans not too far from here, and a bit in the future. Thought we'd go check it out.” he grinned and waggled his eyebrows. “Not too far from the international gallery, I'd say. Some sort of disturbance, seems like something to take a look at, I thought. First, though, I need a gadget!”

“A gadget?” Jackson queried at the Doctor.

“Oh yes! With a little dish, that goes around when there's things! Need to be able to detect Rhondium particles, and knobs! All sorts!” he smiled gleefully and danced off to grab parts for his new contraption.
Who goes there?

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry it's been so very long, I fell really sick and a lot happened. Had lost my job and things kind of skewed for me for a bit, thank you all so much for your patience. I'm fine now, this chapter may have some problems if it does I am sorry. I'm still recovering but I wanted to get this out there.

I love you all thank so much for reading. <3 Things are about to spice up, and we're about to see some serious conflicts arise.

His face never was turned towards her but his gaze never left the golden woman, he was practically cross eyed trying to hide any movement he had. He couldn't stop wringing his hands together, eyeing up her palms. He wanted to take them, entwine his fingers in hers, to tug her along and laugh, to get into shenanigans. He liked that word, shenanigans. But he was afraid. He was afraid they wouldn't fit the same, afraid she'd shy away or flinch, afraid it would be awkward. After the first time he changed, she was furious and convinced it wasn't him. She had lost faith in him. What about now? Before, he had changed, for her, even, because of her. No, not because of her, because of all the things trying to tear them apart. It was because of her he was alive. Oh, he'd never wished he was him before, but now he wanted more than anything to look good in those blasted sandshoes. He was still wringing his hands together when he heard his name ringing in his ear, the sultry sound could have lulled him to sleep, he noted, while closing his eyes to just let the sound echo between his ears and roll through his mind before he heard it again, and realized it wasn't just him imaging things.

“...Doctor?” the voice piped up, unsure, and he turned to Rose Marion Tyler. Rose, that persistent, stubborn, brilliant, wonderful Rose.

“Yes! Miss Tyler!” he spun around theatrically and flipped a small switch on the TARDIS console, his coat flurrying about him as his rhythmic movements feigned utter glee. She stiffened, and he was afraid he was being too eccentric for her. He stopped, and awkwardly tried to place his hand on the console multiple times and lean on one foot.

“I don't like that.” she wrinkled her nose at him.

“Don't like...uh, what, exactly?” he stammered out, suddenly the most self conscious Time Lord ever. Well, the only Time Lord, technically.

“Miss Tyler.” she distastefully repeated, mouthing it out as if she swallowed a handful of salt. “I..like it, when you just call me Rose, or Rose Tyler, or...” she hesitated. “Yeah, I don't like Miss
Tyler.” she shook her head and sipped out of her second favorite mug, seeing as the first one broke. He relaxed a bit.

“Oh! Yes! Of course.” he mouthed the words ‘Miss Tyler’ in a test run to see if she was right, and of course, she was. “Does have a bit of a posh air about it.”

“Are you saying I can't be posh, Doctor?” she said, straightening her back out as long as she could, popping her pinky off of her tea cup.

“Even if you could, Rose, why would you want too? Posh is just so...so...posh! It's all napkins and salad forks, crab forks, and bows,” he flourished a bow and wrinkled his nose, changing his voice slightly to imitate that of what he seemed to imagine was posh “And 'Don't touch that Doctor it's priceless’” he shook his head in disapproval. Rose giggled, and he felt his mood brighten already at the bells ringing in the air emanating from a very happy Rose Tyler. This gave him hope, but a sour pit kept rumbling within his chest. He tried to push it down and focus solely on Rose. His mouth betrayed him, however, as he opened it to speak.

“Are you happy?” he blurted out suddenly, trying to pull the words back into his mouth just as they escaped, but instead hung his head like a beaten puppy, his eyes never taken off the grated floor beneath him. Rose looked up, startled.

“Sorry?” she blinked twice, attempting to register the words that he had just slung in her direction.

“No, nothing. So what's on the menu first, Rose?” he straightened up and smiled, brushing back his coat and twirling away from her. She realized what he said.

“No.” her words cut him like a knife, and his hand instinctively clutched the center of his chest as he stared in the opposite direction from her, his hair even seemed to deflate and hide his eyes slightly as he slowly turned.

“I'm sorry. I could--”

“Doctor stop.” she stood up, and reached her hands to grab his, pulling them to her sides, when they were firmly planted she wrapped her own arms around his neck. She was so close he could feel her breathing. “I'm not happy because you keep second guessing yourself.” he swallowed hard but stayed silent, fidgeting his fingers at her sides. “Are you the Doctor?”

“What? What kind of question is that Rose of cour--”

“Are. You. The. Doctor? The man in a box, soaring the universe and time, getting into trouble and rescuing damsels?”

“They're not always damsels!” he piped up “Occasionally it's an entire world, ya know.” his eyes met hers, and there was a sparkle of humor glinting inside them.

“You?” she repeated, persistently.

“Of course.”

“Then whom else would I chase over space and time?” her eyes bore into him, he'd never felt so vulnerable before in his life.

“Don't you miss him?” he said quietly.

“Yes.” she paused and watched him flinch. “And I missed the man who took my hand and called
me a stupid ape. I miss them all, but I will not care less for the man in the box just because he's gone and changed again, Doctor. I'm tired of making sense of everything, and I just want to be home." she gently pulled back from him and waved her hand around the console room. "The Doctor, and Rose Tyler, in the TARDIS. Can I do that? Yeah?"

He nodded. "Of course."

"Then that's all I want. If you are the Doctor from yesterday, and not of tomorrow, please, just promise me one thing?" he perked up.

"Anything, Rose."

"Be My Doctor?" she was suddenly sheepish, and afraid, he reached his hand up to caress his cheek.

"With all my lives, Rose Tyler." he brushed her cheek with his thumb, feeling the soft skin under his calloused hands, rigid with burns from working on the TARDIS, from scrapes and bruises. He smiled faintly, he should be happier. But in that moment, he made a decision. A very rash decision, one that might be his undoing. He would do it, for her. "With all my lives." he repeatedly solemnly.

Jack stood leading over the railing, looking down at a familiar sight that splayed out before him. The wind simulated around him whipping his coat about him, a small storm was rolling in from the east. He took a deep breath in and closed his eyes. He could hear the sound of a television being transmitted behind him and the distant sound of clamoring voices. Then came the footsteps, real, very, very real footsteps. He opened his eyes and turned, leaning forward as he rested his lower half on the railing. The Doctor came into view, like a hero stepping out of a dark corner the shadows played on his face, making him look even more worn and weary then usual, perhaps this visage was closer to the truth than Jack was use to seeing, the brow furrow that this Doctor has perfected after he lost....well, after those tragic events.

"Doctor." Jack played a smile on his own lips as he stepped into view, stuffing his hands into his trouser pockets, as per usual style.

"Jaaacckk." the Doctor drawled out accusingly, quirking a brow. "How did you get in here?"

"Hey don't blame me." he patted the railing "I was just hitting the little boys room when I found myself in this...beautiful little alcove." the Doctor stared at him, it was obvious his disbelief.

"Right, well. Come on then, let's head back. I can direct you to your...little boys room if you can't seem to follow the obvious signs.” the Doctor turned on his heel to hastily exit the room.

"What's the rush? This place is simulated beautifully. Did you decide it's inception?" the Doctors stride hitched, and Jack watched his head hand over his shoulders. Jack felt a wave of regret, but he knew Rose was out there if only he could.....

Darkness fell around them as the thought hit him, a small sound of systems whirring down and Jack fell back as the railing vanished, he yelped as the only thing to soften his fall was his own rump. He shifted and groaned, rubbing his sore landing area and then mumbling.

"Doctor, what the hell?" all he heard was a hissed 'shh' from the darkness, and then thundering footsteps run into the distance. “Doctor? Oh..Not good.” Jack sprung to his feet and took chase. His feet taking him in many directions until he realized he heard the sounds all around him, he
stopped to catch his breath before turning in circles.

“Doc!? DOC?” he called out to his own echo, that answered him in a condescending tone.

The Doctor sprung to action, he saw a glimmer in the distance, he followed it with his keen senses. Though he didn't have night vision, no that would be a bit daft. He could see vague shapes and heard the hallowing sound when he got close to walls. His feet took him deftly towards the glimmer before he found himself stopped, staring at a girl curled up under the only light in the room that flickered in and out. The light had issues of its own, sparking around the girl and groaning in frustration.

“Rose...” the word escaped his lips as he took a step closer, the woman moved. This halted him in his steps, his lip quivered.

“Doctor...” the raspy voice of the golden woman came out in barely an audible whisper. It was only now he noticed how frail she looked, the hair thinning and losing color. He hadn't notice, for she was always Rose to him. Always his precious Rose, but what happened? Who did this to her?

“Is that...” he swallowed. “Rose.” is the only thing he could get out. He felt dismay boil inside him as he couldn't formulate the words to say anything clever. Then she turned. He took a startled step back before stopping himself, and she choked out a sob in response.

“No! Go away!” she screamed, pulling her old, and wrinkled face back away from him. Her thinning hands covering her face in shame. “Don't look at me! Why would you come now? Why now! Doctor, I hate you! I waited, I waited so long...” another sob. The Doctor felt shame welling up inside him, what had he done? He rushed to her side in response, when he reached down there was nothing but dust that fell through his hand as she turned to ash. His face turned from that of sorrow to dismay, then regret, then disbelief, then anger, rage. It boiled in him like the hellfires of Mount Doom, or something equally terrifying sounding. Something equal to the storm inside him. No, there was nothing equal to that. Nothing.

“Doctor?” he looked up, and he saw Jack standing there tentatively, taking a step closer as the lights slowly flickered and illuminated the hall they were now in, Jack spun and looked at the surroundings. The Doctor stood.

“Jack.” he said, with an unnerving calm. Jack now felt nervous, though knowing he had done nothing wrong, still couldn't stifle his fear.

“Uh..yeah?”

“Do you know how many people can manipulate a TARDIS's rooms and programming?” again, the calm was terrifying.

“Um, no?” Jack didn't want to set him off, so played into his plan perfectly, no snark, no sass.

“Exactly two.”

“And whom are they?” Jack ventured a guess, but came up with only one.
“The TARDIS herself, and me. So who, exactly, dares try to mess with MY TARDIS? Who in all the galaxies think they can USE MY TARDIS AGAINST ME?” The Doctor was shouting so forcefully that Jack could see the spray of saliva fire out of his mouth like a dragon readying his ultimate weapon.

“Doctor...”

“No, Jack, oohh no. This is Timelord technology and no one has that ability. So what exactly do you think this is?” he growled, pulling his hands through his hair.

“What are we doing to do?”

“We're going to drop Jackson home, and we're going to find who ever did this and..and..”

“Doctor calm down.”

“I AM CALM.” he spat out before shouldering past Jack, who simply stepped back and took the sharp and rather painful shoulder before following after him.

“Sorry, Doc..” he murmured, before glancing around. It wasn't a good time, but he had to call and report this in...
Saint Patrick's Day

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry! this fic is NOT abandoned! I have so many plans for it, but between my new job practically breaking my hand so I couldn't move it, and moving it's been HELL. But, I wanted to post this. It's a bit of fluff, you can easily skip this and still know the story, its a Saint Patrick's day fluff, cause there's so much angst everywhere we needed a break, ya?

Anyways, it's a bit late but, they're in a time machine right? They can celebrate saint patricks day anyday!!!!!

Excuses excuses. *ahem* Onto the fic!

She looked up at her beautiful human Doctor, there was no difference to her. He looked at her the same, with soft eyes and a welcome smile. Gentle lips that her eyes traced the outline of, she smiled as she approached him, leaning down in front of him and pinning a four leaf clover to his suit.

“There we go.” she smiled sweetly and kissed him on the cheek, she noted while she was bent over his eyes traced down her face to the small slit of cleavage visible from this angle. She slapped him playfully. “Oi! You dog.” she chided him.

“What! I just couldn't help notice you didn't have yourself a clover pinned to your shirt.” she nodded matter of factly as he sipped his tea.

“Well, we'll fix that.” she grabbed another pin and placed it on her shirt, the very human Doctor reached over and adjusted it. She grinned wildly in response.

“Thank you for doing this with me Doctor, I know it's awful domestic.” she reached over and grabbed a handful of keys, wallet, and placed a festive green top hat on her head before offering one to the Doctor, who leaned down slightly so she could put it on him. He only smiled in response, the lids of his eyes were heavy and she could practically hear him purring through his gaze. She blushed and turned to head out the door that he was holding open for her, a sweeping hand motion to gesture her forth. The hand on the small of her back was warm and comforting, she closed her eyes to relish in the touch she waited so long for.

When she opened them she wasn't walking out of her flat, but staring up at dimmed lights and a telepathic hum that sang in the back of her head. She sat up, blinking away the sleep. She stretched and glanced around. The TARDIS hummed a confused and comforting sound towards her. Rose
reached out to pat part of the TARDIS.

“No, s'alright...it was a good dream.” she smiled to herself. “But I think I have the urge to celebrate today. What do you think girl, think we can get the Doctor on board?” the TARDIS hummed enthusiastically as Rose got up. She found herself in the kitchen where she reached in for a mug, she inspected the green four leaf clover on it and the festive tea the TARDIS brewed up for her.

“Oh, you sly girl you.” Rose smiled and poured herself a cup before turning to head to the console room. She hummed to herself an Irish tune she learned in her travels as she made her way, still in her jammies, to the console room. Just outside she heard a loud curse, a thud, and rambling.

“What is this? What? WHAT!? Is this some kind of joke?” a loud hum and a fluctuation of light from the room. “Oohh so it is going to be like that is it....you..you...Why won't you just listen!” the Doctor chided, he must be arguing with the TARDIS. What had she done now? Rose walked into the room and immediately her eyes went wide, followed by a burst of laughter that made the Doctor jump back. He eyed Rose, then looked down at himself, he had a green bow tie on and a perturbed look.

“I don't suppose you had something to do with this!” he called out, waving around his green tipped sonic.

“Oh, you bet your arse I do.” she grinned, Rose walked up to him and stood on her tip toes, giving him a peck on the cheek. She pulled back and sipped her tea before realizing what she'd done. “Oh God, Doctor I'm--”

“No. No it's quite alright.” he said looking completely confused, he opened his mouth and shut it several times before waving his sonic around defensively. “Right-o, anyways. On to. Uh, well what is this?” he waved his hand to the green decorations and fourth leaf clovers covering the TARDIS.

“For Saint Patricks day!” Rose allowed him to deflect this, as she herself was unsure of her actions. It was just...reflex...to kiss her Doctor in the morning, and though his face was different, she was so use to the changes she forgot that it had been so long, and he actually was different. Whose to say he wanted her still?

He wrinkled his nose. “Rose, we're in a time machine sitting in the vortex, how do you even know that it's Saint Patricks day?”

“I don't. But I want to celebrate it.”

“You can pick literally any holiday and you chose this one? Why?” he scrubbed a hand over his chin.

“I just do, a'right?”

“Fine, fine. Well, I mean, you realize that Saint Patrick's day was actually created in celebration of Christianity being brought to--” Rose held her hand up to the Doctor.

“No, no, don't ruin this for me. I just want to wear green, and get knackered, ya?” The Doctor chuckled at her.

“Well, then, Rose Tyler, anywhere you want to go! The entire universe at your fingertips.” he leaned against the console, kicking one foot out and grinning.

“You think you're so cool.”
“Oi! I am quite cool.” he adjusted his bow tie defensively. Rose smiled and reached into her pocket, confused, she pulled out the contents. Two green four leaf clover pins.

“Oh.” she breathed out “You cheeky girl.”

“Girl?” he frowned “I'm obviousl--”

“Not you, Doctor.” she laughed, before pulling up one pin and stepping up towards him, she reached up to the lapel of his jacket and placed the clover pin on the right side. She smiled and patted it. “For luck. Now me?” she held up the other pin to him. He took it, rather nervously, she noted, but complied. Following her lead, but patting hers a bit more gently.

“For luck.” he echoed, in a smooth voice, smiling. That smile...oh, it wasn't like her Doctors, but it still got her, as the flecks of his hair fell onto his forehead as he looked down at her.

Rose cleared her throat, breaking the silence and their intense eye contact and turned to the TARDIS console, petting the edges of it before glancing back. “How about we go to Lemagoria?”

“Lema—how do you even know about that? I don't believe I've ever spoken about it.” he wrinkled his brow.

“Oh, I know things, Doctor.” she responded cheekily. “I hear that the snowflakes glow, and that they have fairies!” she squealed girlishly as she thought about it.

“Not exactly fairies, they're thought forms. Good dreams of the inhabitants of the planet released through pheromones in their skin that become semi-sentient.”

“Doctor..” Rose warned, holding up a finger to his chest. He cleared his throat.

“Ah, of course. Yes. Well then!” he spun in a dramatic circle, flourishing his coat and hitting a knob on the console. “Apparently, we're going to get drunk on Lemagoria!” he chuckled gleefully as the TARDIS took flight.

The night went fantastic, the Doctor managing to actually get a good buzz off of the local drinks, and Rose—true to her word—was absolutely knackered. She tossed her coat at the Doctor and ran out into the meadow where she danced with the Fairies—or thought forms—as the fluttered around her, twinkling a song. Though the song was beautiful, it was nothing compared to the chiming laughter of his beautiful Rose. He leaned against a tree and watched her with a small smile on his face. For a moment, he was lost in thought staring at the glow of colors on his shoe until he felt the tugging at his arm gripping him back to reality.

“Come on, Doctor! Oh I love this!” she pulled his arm and sprinted through the field, laughing and skipping. He couldn't but help laughing, himself. It was infectious. Rose was not as graceful as usual, given her current state, but it was enchanting, to him at least. Even the moment she fell—wait!

“Rose!” he reached out to catch her but only found himself being tugged down with her, the hit the ground with a “fluff” instead of a thud, which was interesting, he glanced to the side of him and watched the tufts of soft plants jump around them and slowly settle. For a moment, he forgot his regeneration, and felt like his old self, without a trenchcoat this time, without the sandshoes, the hair a bit more floppy. But he hadn't noticed, because Rose looked at him the way she used to look at him.

“Doctor,” she murmured out through her drunken haze, he hummed questionably in response. “I never forgot you.” she slurped her words sheepishly and rolled to her side.
“I never forgot you either, my Rose.” he couldn't help but grin at her fumbling around as she wrestled up onto her elbow.

“No!” she spoke forcefully and it took him back. She reached up and stroked the side of his face, he froze, but didn't dare pull away from the gentle touch of her hand. “No you...you don't...I love you, Doctor.” tears filled her eyes as she leaned forward and touched her forehead to his. He held his breathe.

“Rose...” he whispered, croaking out her name. “I changed, I regenerated.”

“Again!” she barked out. “You regenerated and you meta-crisis-ed...ed...and you...” she took a deep breathe and closed her eyes trying to regain a semblance of sobriety. “It is not the face nor the man, but the soul of the burning star that universes are split for.” she let out a sigh and nodded. “Yes, that's right.”

The Doctor grinned. “Quite the poet aren't we, now?” he teased her with a poke at her shoulder, almost setting her off balance.

“Oi! You know, I did come up with that. I did! Don't laugh!” she tried to push him in response to his laughter but only pushed herself further back. She struggled to get up, much like a turtle stuck on its back. “No help from you thanks.”

“Sorry, I just enjoyed watching you floundering about.”

“Thanks for that.” she leaned close to him again, her hand gripping his shoulder to brace herself. “Still a bit rude, are we?”

“Oi! I'm not rude.”

“Not ginger either.” she reached up and tugged at a few strands of hair, a bit harder than she expected.

“Ow! Hey watch it. Sensitive.” he rubbed his head and glared at the few strands of hair still in her hand, she sat in silence for a moment before they both bust out into laughter. It wasn't long before they both laid in silence, Rose's head found her way to the Doctors chest, his arm wrapped around her. They stared up at the stars, Rose pointing at random ones and making him rattle off the names and random things about each planet. The Doctor stroked his thumb over her shoulder as he felt her ease into sleep. He couldn't rest, however. His mind was racing with possibility, answers, ideas. Questions. Many unanswered, and he was still worried about the call he received from Jack. What was this mysterious person planning? And was it linked to this Missy character that took Rose? There was so many questions, but all in all, it was a wonderful Saint Patrick's day.
Still in the process of moving, but here's a chapter I've been excited to write.

No art yet, the character I wanna draw is hard to do and I've been busy moving, but I'll post it up later. I actually had this chapter done days ago but I though I'd have time to finish the art. I was wrong. Next chapter is half written also. :)
“No Doc, this is of my own free will. And it's the best, for all of us.”


“Yes, and nothing more.”

“Jack, if it's important you need to tell me.”

“I just can't, Doc, it's your turn to trust me.” Jack's eyes narrowed to a coat sprawled on the ground by the jumpseat that immediately tore his attention away. “Is that?..” Jack strode towards it and picked up a petite purple jacket. “Doctor..”

“I..found it, I was going to return it to her room.”

“She still has a room?”

“Of course she still has a room! The TARDIS catalogs every room, why do you think yours was untouched?” The Doctor was growing increasingly more irritated. He stuffed his hands into his pinstriped trousers.

“You know....she'll be okay, Rose.” Jack started.

“No, don't you talk about her. Don't ever, ever, speak to me about Rose Tyler.” he snatched the coat away from Jack and stormed off. Jack stared after him, mouth gaped open, and pain in his heart for being unable to tell the Doctor anything further. But, at least, he's dropped it for now.

~*~*~*~*~

They stood staring out into the crystal shoreline, glimmering in the moonlight. The Doctor stared down at Rose and smiled, which only broadened into an almost giddy boyish glee when she reached out without moving her eyes off the waterfront, and snuck her hand into his. He clasped it, and despite his terror, they fit perfectly. Her hand always fit in his. The Doctor had told her already that he goes here often times to think, to be alone and to...

“Oh no.” the Doctor breathed out an annoyed sigh. “Not him.” he huffed, his eyes on the figure in the distance, Rose glanced up at him then around until spotting him also.

“I thought you came here to be alone, whose he then?” Rose used her hand to shade above her eyes to try and get a better view of the man standing in the distance.

“Well go on then, don't keep him waiting.” he let go of Rose and pushed her lightly with his sonic in the side. She squeaked in response and jumped.

“What? Why me?”

“Just go on then will ya?” he sighed and Rose reluctantly turned. She took several steps forward, trying to make out the dark man standing in the distance. She found her steps quickened as did her heart, could it be? Those ears, that stance, that leather jacket...

“Doctor?” she called out, uncertain until he turned. “Doctor!” she had damn near screamed now, running full force as she launched herself into his arms, he grabbed her and yelled her name in response, and confusion. He didn't push her away, but didn't spin her like usual either. This confused Rose, was this before they met? No she said her name. What, then?
“Rose! What are you doing here?” he looked at Rose with confusion and a hint of amusement, before glancing at the man coming up behind her, eyeing him up and down. “Whose he? Another one of your pretty boys?”

“Oi!” the Doctor admonished, adjusting his bow tie and giving a smug look before shifting. “He called me pretty.” pointing at his younger self he glanced at Rose who was grinning.

“Now stop it you two, they say arguing with yourself is the first sign of insanity.” she grinned.

“Do what now?” the leather coat interrupted, glancing at his older self. “Oh tell me that isn't me.”

“Alright, I won't tell you.” the older Doctor pointed at him after clapping his hands. “If it makes you feel any better. I do have to say, I will not miss those ears though. They're a bit funny, aren't they, Rose? How'd I ever get you in that box with that face.” he pointed from the box to the younger Doctor.

“Well we didn't, did we? She's still sitting at home with that idiot, Rickey. Oh don't tell me, I regenerate into a pretty face then you finally come with me?” the younger Doctor crossed his arms.

“How many times have you asked me, Doctor?” Rose stepped closer to her first Doctor, she could smell the leather and felt an involuntary shiver run up her spine. This didn't go unnoticed to either Doctor.

“What kind of question is that? Once, I'm not the type to beg, Rose.” he scoffed. She gave a grin, her tongue peaking out of her mouth. Something the older Doctor was familiar with, but this one standing before her had yet to become acquainted with it.

“No need to beg, Doctor...but, ask again, ya? Promise, please? Please please?” she gave her best puppy dog eyes and clutched the lapels of his coat. “See Doctor, I am not above begging.” The leather clad Doctor stared down at her, he couldn't help a small smile.

“I can see I am going to be stuck with you for a long time. I must be burning through regenerations though, what are you, the 10th?” he looked up at his older self.

“Eleven, actually.”

“Blimey! And Rose doesn't seem to be but a few years older, just what kind of trouble are you going to get me in?!?” he looked down at Rose who looked away sheepishly. The older Doctor also found himself looking off in the distance, to avoid the gaze of his more stern self. The leather clad Doctor grabbed Rose's chin and pulled her eyes up to his, he searched them long and hard, and she found herself unable to look away from his icy gaze.

“You're not only a few years older.” he stated, matter-of-a-factly.

“It's a long story, Doctor...”

“How long.” he demanded.

“A very, long story...”

“Rose.” his voice was stern, but demanding. “Just how long is this story?”

“Alright, alright leave it alone.” the older incarnation put his hand on Rose's shoulder to reassure her and stepped closer. He couldn't help but notice the familiarity.
“I suppose there's a lot I'm just going to have to unravel myself, isn't there?” he took a step back and eyed the two of them.

“But you'll have to go back and give it another go, ya? Say you will?” she smiled up at him, and his face softened.

“Alright, but if you say no again don't think I'm going to beg. Rickey was bad enough holding onto you like a clingy child latched onto mother hen. What sort of man grovels like that?” he scoffed, and Rose giggled, she pulled from the grip of her older Doctor and wrapped her arms around her original Doctor, her first Doctor. She clasped him tightly, and he returned the hug. Tears streamed silently down her face, and he glanced down at her, in confusion and concern.

“Must be a very long story.” he pulled his hand up and used his thumb to wipe away the tears. “Don't worry Rose, I'll make sure you get in that box if I have to sonic that idiot Rickey off you.” he smiled warmly down at her as she giggled again and nodded, she reluctantly pulled away and he glanced back at his older self.

“Bowtie? And people chided my jumper....you look truly ridiculous.”

“Never be serious, I say.” the Doctor nodded to himself, and the leather and ears Doctor shook his head, he turned to head back to his TARDIS, but he turned back and called out something in a musical language that Rose was unable to make out, she looked up at her Doctor who was chuckling to himself.

“What did he say?” Rose wrinkled her brow, why wouldn't he just use English?

“Nothing.” he smiled, nudging Rose. “Let's get back, shall we? Think we've played around enough, it's time for us to find whom kidnapped you.”

“Yeah, you're probably right. And who ever is tormenting you.” They both nodded their agreement before heading back to the TARDIS.
She leaned against the counter, her familiar blue colored dress done up nicely, trimmed with a bit of white as she leaned on her hand flipping through a magazine. Her brown hair was pulled back as she hummed to herself a tune an old man once played in this very diner. The visage of Elvis painted on the door in the back. She strummed her fingers on her chin contemplatively. The chime of the bell rung from the door, she glanced up and smiled.

“Well hello, what can I get you?” she smiled warmly at the blonde who entered. The blonde grinned, her tongue touching her teeth. She found it rather charming.

“A grill cheese, you serve that, yeah?” she wore a leather jacket, purple, as she sat at the counter and riffled through her bag for change.

“Of course we do.” she smiled and turned after scrawling it down on a piece of paper. She pinned the paper and passed it back to another woman who stood in the kitchen. “So what's your name, then? You seem like you're not from around here.”

“I'm Rose. I come from a very long way away.” she said calmly as she looked up. “And yours?”

“I'm..” she pondered this for a moment, before shrugging. “Clara.”

“Nice to meet ya, Clara.” Rose smiled and hummed happily as she smelled the grill cheese. The bell rang again and she glanced over her shoulder. “Oh, here comes trouble.”

He walked in, his hand smoothing back the flip in his hair and scrubbing down the back of his neck in almost slow motion, the red of his bow tie popped from the dull brown and white of the rest of his suit. Clara's breath hitched in her mouth, it took her countless moments before she realized she was holding her breath. Not that I need to breathe, anymore. She noted to herself, but it might be suspicious, especially to him. His black shoes skated across the floor as his coat barely covered the red straps attached to his trousers and slung over his shoulder. He sat down next to the blonde woman, Rose, she reminded herself. This must have been his companion before her...Clara knew she should leave, she should go, she shouldn't be here. But she couldn't help but stay. She knew that Me may not be very pleased with this situation, but it would take her awhile to figure it out, stuck back in the kitchen.

“And what can I get you?” she refused to look him in the eye as his face rose to meet hers.

“Just something to drink.” he said, his voice scruffier than usual, his face somber. He tried to hide it, but she knew that face. She knew that look. She knew something was wrong. She turned and
pulled two glasses out and placing them before Rose and the Doctor.

Rose turned to him and waited for Clara to clear off, she smiled and touched the Doctor's shoulder reassuringly.

“What did Jack say?”

“Some really...weird stuff is going on in the TARDIS. His TARDIS, my TARDIS but...in the past...oh you get it.” he rubbed his temples. “There are new memories being forced into my head. Someone's changing my timeline and tormenting me.”

“How? And why?”

“I'm not sure, Rose, but they're using you to do it.” Rose wrinkled her nose at the Doctor's response.

“Was it that woman who took me? Missy, was her name?”

“I... dunno. Perhaps, but who is she?” he growled under his breathe. “I don't like people messing with my head, or my TARDIS, especially not my Rose.”

Clara came in just to hear that last part. His Rose? She looked at the woman and studied her with new eyes. Perhaps that's just what he did with his companions. His Clara, his Rose. He was a rather possessive man.

“Here ya go.” she smiled, placing the grilled cheese in front of Rose who hummed appreciatively.

“But who is Missy?” Rose scowled in thought, and Clara flinched, an action that wasn't unnoticed from the Doctor, he raised a brow and touched Rose's arm as she went to speak again, a gesture that silenced her quickly as she stared at him, the Doctor in turn staring at Clara. She could feel she had stopped pretending to breathe and looked away quickly.

“You said your name is Clara, right?” she froze, turning with a smile on her face.

“Yeah, I should probably clean up.” she nodded and tried to turn again, the Doctor's hand now clutched her arm.

“You're not breathing.” he noted, and she chuckled nervously, pushing air of herself intentionally. “Care to explain that? Who are you?” his voice was hard as she felt tears well up into her eyes.

“Doctor you're hurting me.” he released her, she said her name with an amount of familiarity.

“Do I know you?” she nodded, how could she lie to him now?

“I shouldn't be here. I'm sorry.” The Doctor stared hard at Clara.

“Please, Clara, if you know something. Help me. Help me.” His voice was pleading, and soft as it touched the edge of her ears. She felt herself crumble and the words spill out.

“I know who Missy is.” the Doctor's eyes shot open wide as she spoke. “She...she's the master.”

The Doctor let out a shout and threw the chair he was on, something that sounded like “Impossible!”. He spun on her, his eyes dark pools as he glared.

“How do you know that? Who are you? TELL ME.” he demanded more sharply, Rose was on her feet.
“Doctor, calm down.” Rose reached and touched his arm gingerly, he tugged away and a look of hurt crossed her face.

“My names Clara, I am...was...your companion. In the future. We got...separated....it wa--” the Doctor held up his hand.

“That's quite enough, it's alright. Clara. Sit down, please. Let's talk.” the Doctor motioned, and she did, hands clasped in her lap as she spoke.

“Missy came to us, she said she is the Master. The first time you saw her, you called me your impossible girl. I-a lot happened. I don't ever thing we met this way, I've messed up being here.” The Doctor shook his head.

“Missy is already corrupting my timeline, the universe has a way of compensating, Clara, it couldn't be helped. If it is Missy, that explains how she can be messing with the TARDIS.”

“Whose the Master?” Rose looked up, her eyes glittering in the light peering through the windows with concern.

“Another Timelord.”

“Aren't they all gone?” Rose looked at him sympathetically. “Is this good?”

“No, no I'm afraid it's not. We need to get back to the TARDIS, we have to figure out how to find her and fix this.” he adjusted his bow tie and spun out of his chair, feet clacking against the ground as he turned out of the diner, he paused at the door and touched the edge, he felt a familiar hum underneath his fingers and turned. “Clara....” his voice drawled out as he turned. “Is this...” but he didn't finish before she nodded slowly. “We have a lot to talk about.”
Okay so, this is not saturday I know lol. Nor is it longer, but, the next chapter I am working closely with my friend Groovykat to get it right, so this seemed like a good place to post for now.

Some juicy stuff coming!!

Clara paced as she explained her experience with Missy, she filled in this Doctor on as little and as much as possible at once. She paced about the TARDIS' kitchen. Explaining that Missy had been like a child, a very intelligent child, playing a morbid game of hide n' seek with him. This version of the Master was not quite what he thought, but the behaviors made sense all at the same time.

“Can't you go back? Stop her?” Rose looked up after her explanation, sipping her drink. The Doctor shook his head.

“Can't go back on my own timeline.” he mused, his brow furrowed as he contemplated the information given to him.

“Unless...” Clara started, “It's not exactly your timeline.” she stopped and turned, walked briskly to the Doctor. “There's a point in my life, a point in my timeline, when I met with Missy, you weren't there yet. You can intercept her there, although oh. Oh.” she breathed out. “That will definitely give me a bit of a start.” the Doctor furrowed his brow.

“Clara, what do you mean?”

“I...well when I met with her you looked...different.”

“Sandshoes?” he asked calmly.

“No uh..wait you wore sandshoes?” she waved her hand. “Nevermind, no you were older. Much older. And, well, you had..regenerated.” The Doctor spit up some of his drink and looked up.

“What?” he piped up, “Again?”

“Afraid so.”

“That should be impossible, I'm on my last....”

“No, don't try to think about it. You...you had help.” she tucked hair behind her ear nervously. The Doctor stood from his chair.

“Claarrraaa..” he drawled out, she knew that voice, crossing her arms she turned to him. “You have a TARDIS. Why. You have no pulse, you don't breathe. I've been watching you. I regenerated an extra time. Now....”

“Alright!” she snapped, turning. She took in a deep breath. “The Timelord gave you an extra regeneration, maybe more than one.” She heard Rose inhale sharply.
“But they....”

“They're alive. You, all of you, suspended Gallifray. I...I maybe didn't let you blow it up.”

The Doctor stopped. He turned to Rose and shook slightly, she stood and went to his side, touching his shoulder as she watched the turmoil flushing his face.

“Doctor....” Rose started to say but was cut off shortly.

“Don't, just don't.” Clara watched the familiarity between them with a pang of sadness, but it warmed her heart all at once.

“We could take my TARDIS, so there's no chance of them crossing over each other and leave this one defended, you can program the sonic to call it if anything really bad happens. Right, so, what do you think?”

Rose gaped at Clara and piped up. Clara glanced at her and pointed “Yes, question?” Clara smiled, it was like being back in school, Rose thought.

“Are you sure your not the Doctor?” she giggled and looked up at the Doctor who was also staring at Clara. He shook his head.

“I can't put you in danger for us, Clara.” she whirled on him quickly, a gesture that even surprised him.

“Don't you dare, you shut up. No, shut it. Doctor, you want to know what I am? I'm human. Regular, plain, human. I died, do you understand me? I died for you, again, and again, and again. You are no good on your own, you do insane things, and I know you have Rose, but I don't know her. I know you, and I know what you do when you're stupid. Your brilliant, but your stupid. I'm coming, and this is not up for discussion.” Clara crossed her arms as Rose grinned.

“Oh I like her.” Rose breathed out before turning to the Doctor. “It's settled then, lets go find us a timelord, ya?” she grinned, her typical grin the Doctor could hardly resist.

“What's this? This isn't a democracy I nev--” he stopped short as the two girls were staring at him, leaning on opposite sides of where he stood, glaring at him. He sighed. “Fine!” he threw his arms up and spun on his heels and stalked off, Rose turned to Clara and with a burst of energy flung her arms around her, Clara started and stared at her before hugging her back.

“What's that for?” Clara inquired as Rose pulled away.

“It felt like you needed one.” Rose said, leaning back and brushing her own hair behind her ear. “Now come on, let's go find our Doctor before he broods too much, ya?” she looped her arm through Clara's and tugged her down the halls, giggling as they spoke. Clara smiled, our Doctor.

~*~*~*~*~

He leaned against the console deep in thought, tugging his specs off his face he pushed them back into his pocket. He lean figure twisted contemplatively as Jack entered the room, he glanced up. Jack's face was wearing a deep scowl as he tugged something into his pocket and looked up, feigning a smile that the Doctor saw right through.

“Do you think she's happy?” The Doctor said, suddenly, Jack looked at him hard and thought about his answer carefully.
“You made the right decision as you saw it.” he said, finally. “There's nothing to change that now.” The Doctor nodded slowly.

“Yeaahh,” he drew out. “Right then. I suppose it's time to decide what to do next. I've checked the entire ship, I can't seem to find anything out. No point dawdling here until it happens again.”

~*~*~*~*~
Clara and Rose rounded the corner and looked up into the console room, the Doctor was leaning over the controls, that sparked angrily around his fist. There was papers and parts scattered on the floor, it almost looked as if someone had broken in. Rose stepped forward first.

“Doctor...” her voice was gentle as he looked up, eyes puffed out and gleaming darkly in the green glow. She swallowed and willed herself closer. “Are you....”

“Where.” his voice was stern, startling, and it echoed through the room.

“Where...what?” Rose ventured cautiously.

“Not you. Clara, where is it? If Gallifrey stands, where?” he demanded. Clara shuddered under his stare.

“It's...programmed in my TARDIS, it was...it's just, there, I guess.” Clara glanced at Rose then back at the Doctor.

“No need. If it's where it should be, I know the way.” the Doctor spun the monitor around and stared at the swirling images that flickered on the screen. He arranged several knobs and buttons as Clara hesitated.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?”

“No.” his voice was firm as he pulled the lever, throwing Clara and Rose tumbling over each other to the ground. He never looked up from the lever.
Uncomfortable silence filled the TARDIS console after the Doctor’s grim admittance. His tone of voice was dark and weary, and perhaps even held a bit of apprehension in it, but his countenance was determined. He was going to do this whether it was a good idea or not.

Rose spared a look toward Clara as she hauled herself from the floor and up onto her feet. In normal circumstances she might have seen the young brunette as a rival and would have sized her up as such, but now wasn’t the time for selfish games. Rose pushed down her jealousy and warily approached the girl. She held out a hand to help her to her feet.

“What can we trust you?”

Clara blinked and damn near spluttered at the casually posed question. She kept her voice to a low hissed whisper so not to distract the pilot at his console and took Rose’s hand to pull herself to a stand. “How can you even ask me that?”

Rose tipped a shoulder upward in a half-shrug and slowly blinked her eyes in a forced nonchalant manner. “How haven’t you asked me that question?”

Clara rolled her eyes and shook her head. “He trusts you, why shouldn’t I?”

Rose swallowed thickly. “I just don’t want him hurt.”

“I think it might be a bit too late for that,” Clara offered with a sympathetic look toward the Doctor. “He was in so much pain when I met him, lonely. Was that after he lost you?”

She brushed passed the question. “Someone’s tampering with his timeline,” Rose breathed worriedly. “He’s a Time Lord, he has to be in agony over that.”
“Then we do what we can to stop it hurting any more, yeah?” Clara held out her hand in a truce. “Right, I’m sure that if we work together, we can stop whatever is happening to him. He’s done so much for so many people.” Clara looked towards him wistfully.

Rose looked down at the proffered hand and nodded a firm bob of her head. “Quite right, too,” she agreed firmly as she shook Clara’s hand in bargain. “First thing first – tell me everything you know about this Missy character.”

The Doctor’s voice called softly from the console. “We’re here.”

Both women dropped their hands and turned slowly toward him. They each held their own kinds of shocked gasps to see that the Doctor, who was so fiercely determined only moments ago now seemed to have shrunk within himself. He seemed almost…

…scared?

Rose moved quickly toward him. “Doctor, are you okay?”

He looked down as her hand touched his arm in a supportive gesture. He smiled and covered her hand with his own. “I’m rarely okay when I set down on Gallifrey.” He looked into her face and gave her the barest hint of a smile. “Don’t get me wrong, Rose Tyler. I’m beyond thrilled to discover that I did – in some way – save Gallifrey…”

“There’s no some way about it,” Clara corrected him fiercely from the other side of the room. “You and … yourselves … saved Gallifrey.” Her brows tightened in disbelief at the memory. “You all did, but you, Doctor, My Doctor…you were willing to try. You made that decision, Doctor. This you. There was so much Doctor all in one place.”

“Terrifying,” the Doctor muttered at the same time that Rose smiled and called it brilliant.

He looked down to Rose and had so smile at the cheek, beaming, grin on her face. “Don’t get any ideas, Tyler.”

“Hard not to,” she said with a wink and a chuckle. “I think Jack said it best….”
“The universe only needs one Jack Harkness, thank you,” the Doctor interrupted sharply.

“Then call me Jill,” Rose sang with laughter as she wound around him to stride toward the door. “Because there really should be a female version…”

“There already is one,” the Doctor muttered against her temple as he briskly over took her on the path to the doors. “Her name is River Song.”

“Yes,” Clara half cheered from behind them. “Your wife. I’ve met her. Well. Sort of. In a ghostly temporal, spiritual pocket dimension or something.”

Rose breathed that four-letter word with slight disdain and a tightening in her eyes, but didn’t actually comment. She caught an apologetic look from the Doctor, and let her eyes drop to his lips that began to flutter and flap as though he was struggling to find words.

“It’s okay, Doctor,” she breathed with a weak smile. “Moving on, yeah? I was married, too, remember.” She looked away from him and breathed out a quiet huff that may or may not have been: “To you.”

There was a sharp rap against the door that halted any further discussion on the matter. Although safe, the Doctor automatically pulled Rose to stand behind him.

“Doctor. We have your capsule surrounded,” an authoritative voice boomed from the other side of the door. “You will come out quietly, and without incident.”

“Will I now?” he muttered under an indignant breath.

Rose couldn’t help but let out a chuckle. “My first visit to Gallifrey and I’m going to end up in a dungeon. Oh, I’ve missed traveling with you.”

The Doctor snorted. “No dungeons on Gallifrey, Rose Tyler,” he advised her shortly.

“Really?” She let out a short sound of surprise. “That’s … That’s surprising.”
He then snorted. “Well, depending on your definition of the term the entire planet may well be one.” He inhaled through a gaped mouth. “Council prefer exile to incarceration. Less participation required on their end for that. Just ship off your criminals to another world and let them deal with it. Piece of cake, really.”

“I can think of so many reasons why that’s a great idea,” Rose breathed out.

“And so many reasons why it’s a rubbish idea,” the Doctor argued lightly. “Unleashing renegade Lords of the like of the Master and Rani on unsuspecting planets…”

“And you,” Clara teased quietly.

The knocking on the other side of the door began again in earnest. “Doctor, we know you’re in there…”

“Yes yes,” the Doctor grumbled loudly. “Just wait a moment. I’m busy.”

“Busy doing what?” Rose challenged him incredulously. “You’re just standing about and staring at the door no doubt thinking of reasons why you don’t want to go out there.”

“Which means that my mind is busy, Rose Tyler,” he shot back with a shake of his head and a tap at his temple. “Time Lord mind is an absolute marvel of biology, you know. Oh, but it’s constantly in motion, filled with thoughts and plans and ideas…”

“Most of which are utter rubbish” Clara injected dryly.

“Indeed they are,” the Doctor answered with a flick of his finger as he stalked toward the monitors of his TARDIS. “And be that as it may, the fact that my mind is constantly working and my, quite brilliant, mind is who I am. Then this would indicate that I am in a constant state of busyness.” He looked first at the keyboard then up to the monitor. “Always busy. Very busy. Busy busy busy.” He drawled as his eyes rested on Clara.

“Clara….” he inspected her carefully. “Did you say you died? Several times if I'm recalling your words correctly, how is that even possible? Hmm?”
Clara swallowed. “I--”

He grumbled at the ruckus from beyond the doors. “By the Gods. Will you please shut up. I’m trying to concentrate and I can’t do that while you’re banging on my TARDIS doors and shouting nuisance orders that you know I’m never going to follow.” he waved his hand dismissively and in a theatrical gesture, as if they were able to see him.

Rose lifted up onto her toes to peer over his shoulder at the monitor. “What you doing?”

“Confirming my landing coordinates,” he answered without hesitation. “Have to make sure I stuck that landing right.”

“Yes,” Rose purred against his ear. “You do seem to have some difficulty with that from time to time.”

He smiled and tipped his temple toward her lips as though seeking a chaste kiss. He received it as if it was normal, then swallowed down the realization that…it wasn't. Though he wished it was. He quickly straightened up, his voice all business. “Yes. And given that I do experience a rare navigational error or two on planets where I am fully confident of their current solar and lunar orbit and can therefore accurately and precisely pinpoint any landing coordinates…”

“…accurately and precisely?”

“More often than not,” he said with a huff.

“More often?”

“Seven times out of ten, then,” he huffed. He sniffed. “Okay. It might be more accurate to say six out of ten.” He licked at his lip. “Five, maybe, four out of ten.” He suddenly smiled a wide grin and poked his fingertip into the monitor. “But would you look at that. I appear to be getting much more accurate. We have landed within an inch of my ideal target landing position.” He slipped his thumbs into his suspenders and pulled them outward as he stood tall in the face of Rose Tyler. “And I was left with no other choice but to guess not only the galactic coordinates, but accurately forecast the lunar and solar orbital positioning based on my current linear timeline against Gallifrey.” He lifted his nose higher. “Not busy indeed.”
Rose rolled her eyes, but smiled warmly. She bumped him with her shoulder, which made him stumble slightly and release his suspenders with a snap. He hissed at the sting of the snapping elastic and held at his chest in dramatic fashion. Clara shifted behind them as she drew closer to the two.

“Any reason,” she hummed with amusement while she completely ignored his childish request for sympathy, but winked at Clara who was smiling bemusedly at the two. “That you chose this exact spot to land?” She looked at the monitor, and into the face of what looked to her like a Gallifreyan police officer. “Right on top of Mr. Plod’s desk, I’d say.”

“Quite likely right beside it,” he corrected with a shrug as he switched off the monitor and strode lazily toward the doors. “And to avert any confusion, Rose Tyler, his name is Pandrilidrerdi, not Plod. Let’s not confuse a Chancellery Guard for an English Bobby, yeah?”

“Semantics,” she replied with a sigh. “Call ‘em what you want. A cop is still a cop.”

The Doctor snorted as he pinched his finger and thumb around the small knob for the door release and looked back to her with amusement. “A cop—even old Plod himself—is smarter than any one of these, Rose. Trust me.”


“Good,” he said with a sigh. “Because I don’t know just what I did the last time I was here to warrant a greeting like this.” He sucked at his bottom lip and released it with a pop. “Then again. Every time I land I receive a welcoming party fit for a serial killer….”

“Let’s see,” Clara began softly, rather distractedly, as she counted off her fingers and walked toward the doors. “The last time the Doctor was on Gallifrey. You defied several orders from the Lord President to appear before council. Never mind that the armed forces were sent as escort, you basically flipped the two-fingered salute at them and said bugger off. You sent Rassilon into exile…”

The Doctor gasped. “I did what?”

She continued. “You broke an agreement with the War Council by shooting the General and forcing him to regenerate…” Her eyes flashed at him. “He became a girl, by the way. I didn’t realize that could happen.”
“Regenerations are a lottery,” he answered quickly, but quietly. He then screwed up his face and levered a glare of utter disbelief at her. “What in the name of Gallifrey happened the last time I was here?”

She shook her head. “Well, I just recounted part…”

“But *why*?” he queried.

“To save me,” she answered, sounding a bit brokehearted. “Because I died. For good, this time.” Her eyes then fell off to the side. “A-and, because they spent a few centuries torturing you or something like that.”

A booming, thunderous voice called out to the Doctor over the top of continued heavy pounding. “Lord Doctor. You will open your capsule, immediately, or I will have the guards storm the doors and destroy her.”

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He leaned against the desk at Jack chattered to some woman, he really hadn't been paying much attention, and felt bad for doing so but he really couldn't be bothered with the workings of humanity right now. He has so much on his mind, it was fluttering in and out of existence while he traced back the image of Rose still burned into his minds eye. A hand scrubbed down his face and pushed through his hair, ruffling the locks on his head. He had pushed himself off the desk without noticing and followed Jack as they left the building and headed outside.

“Doctor? Are you even listening? Earth to the Doctor, helloo?” Jack waved his hand in front of the Doctors face, he glanced up.

“Mm? Oh right, yes. Jack, sorry, what were you saying?” He stuffed his hands deep into his pockets as they walked down the streets.

“I was just saying, they hadn't come up with anything. I'm not really sure where to st--”
“Well of course they didn't, human technology isn't going to find out what's wrong with my TARDIS, Jack.” he snipped, tossing his long coat behind him. Jack leveled eyes with him.

“Listen, Doc, I know you're stressed. But I'm trying to help, okay?” his voice was firm as the Doctor ran his hands through his hair again.

“Yes, yes indeed.” he sighed. He insults species when he's stressed. He heard Rose's voice echo in his head, and he hesitated until he felt a gentle hand nudge him. It was soft, smelled faintly of lavender and vanilla. “Sorry.” he muttered quietly.

Jack gaped at him. “Did you just apologize?”

“Weeell...” he drawled out. “Let's not make a big deal about it.” he shifted uncomfortably and looked up. “Fancy some chips?”

Jack wasn't really hungry, but he noted the longing face that the Doctor wore, and knew he was thinking of Rose. He nodded solemnly. “I think I am.”

They sat in silence for the most part, as Jack ordered two steaming baskets for them and distributed them accordingly, sitting down on a bench he watched the expression that flitted across this Doctor's face, he was so young, comparatively, yet so troubled. In every regeneration he's seen since, the loss of Rose was evident in his mannerisms.

“Doctor...”

“No, don't.” the Doctor shook his head. “Whatever you're going to say, Jack, just don't. Please.” the last word hit Jack like a sledge hammer as he wracked his brain for the last time he'd ever heard him say that, he slowly allowed his jaw to go back into a neutral position after he realized it had been slack.

“I was just going to ask, uh, well if you wanted to go somewhere? Nebula? Watch a star be born? Cause some mayhem perhaps?” he grinned and though of their adventures together with Rose. It hurt, he knew, he wished he could say something to him, but he knew he was under strict orders from, well, from himself, the Doctor, his older self. He wondered if that was something like not telling the sober-you that you drunk texted your ex. Speaking of text, he flipped his phone out and glanced at it. No word from Rose or the Doctor, he sighed.
“Expecting someone?” he queried, watching him closely.

“Just checking the time.” Jack lied, the Doctor knew it was a lie, but didn't press. He'd been doing that more lately after their confrontation previously.

“Perhaps you should go back, to your team.” the Doctor offered softly, staring at his food, barely touched.

“Not going to happen, promised I wouldn't leave your side, and that's exactly what I plan on sticking too.” The Doctor shot Jack a furious look.

“Promised who?” there was fury in his voice, unlike he is use to hearing from him. He never spoke like this with Rose, unless she was missing.

“No, I already told you.”

“Perhaps I have half a mind to just leave you behind! Then what, Jack? Continue to keep up this charade and I'll--”

“You'll what?” Jack interjected hotly. “You won't, you won't leave me behind with both know that.” Jack was attempted to quell his temper.

“And what makes you so certain?” a cool, calming voice left the Doctor that sent a shudder up Jack's spine, but he stood, slamming his hand on the table.

“Because you're lonely, Doctor. I see it, god knows the TARDIS sees it, everyone but you sees it Doctor. I am not going to let you go throw your life away into the abyss of all of time and space, I'm not going to stand by with your reckless behavior.”

“Timelords are not reckless.”

“No? Just you then?” Jack had had just about enough. He got up and stormed in the opposite direction.
“Jaackk.”

“No, Doctor, I will be in the TARDIS, who, I assure you, will let me in. She knows as well as I that you are in no state to be alone. And the sooner you accept that, the sooner we can focus on the real issues here. God knows I give a shit about you, I did about Rose, too. We lost her, and all we can do is move forward, or, well, backward if you please. But you. Are. Not. Doing it. Alone!” he shouted, causing passerby's to stop and stare at them curiously. He turned before he could say another word, and stampeded towards the TARDIS, leaving the Doctor alone, who stared down quietly at his chips.

~*~*~*~*~*~

The Doctor shifted between surprised, elated, shocked and confused. He quickly schooled his features and opened the door of the TARDIS wide. “Lord Borusa,” he cheered into the face of a man dressed in a deep crimson coloured velvet robe wearing a skull-cap to match. “I’d like to say it’s a pleasant surprise to see you, but it isn’t. Not a surprise at all in fact. Perfectly intentional meeting you here like this.”

“Oh do Mother Gallifrey and all her children a favour and be quiet,” Borusa huffed in reply. “I would like to think that age and regenerations would have silenced and settled you somewhat.” He exhaled a long suffering sigh. “Or at least afforded you wisdom and common sense.” He eyed him up and down. “It would appear that that expectation of you is too grandiose.”

The Doctor rolled his eyes upward much like a petulant teenager receiving admonishment from a teacher. “One thing about you is certain, Borusa,” he began peevishly before he was cut off by the thundering voice of the man.

“After your last visit to Gallifrey, Lord Doctor,” he snapped. “After what you did, the carnage you left behind, and the abhorrent manner by which you treated your fellow Time Lords for your own selfish gains, how can you show your face in these hallowed halls?”

The Doctor uttered a light growl of his own and moved with a snake-like grace toward Borusa. He lifted himself high to look down into the other Lord’s face and let his eyes flick quickly between Borusa’s. “First thing first,” he practically snarled. “Before I let you continue on this somewhat redundant little rant of yours.”

“It’s hardly redundant,” Borusa growled in response, not in any way swayed under the Doctor’s
“Repetitive then,” the Doctor corrected himself with a roll of his eyes and an indignant lift in his lip. “If I didn’t listen to you the first, second, fifth, sixth and fiftieth time, then what makes you believe I’ll listen to you now?”

Borusa turned sharply on his heel and flicked his hand over his shoulder in an unspoken order for the Doctor to follow him. “Call it wishful thinking; that perhaps the man who ended the Time War wasn’t just a petulant little child who got lucky.”

“I resent the accusation that I was lucky,” the Doctor snapped in indignation. “If there is one thing that I am not, never have been, and don’t ever intend to be is lucky.”

Clara leaned in to Rose and kept her voice to a low whisper. “No offense to the Petulant child insult, but call him lucky and there’s hell to pay??”

Rose bit hard at her lips to keep herself from chuckling.

Borusa looked over his shoulder to the two women and then shifted his gaze back to the Doctor. “Must you have your pets accompany you to the Panopticon, Doctor?”

The Doctor raised his hand quickly to stifle both Rose and Clara when they snorted with insult to Borusa’s taunt. “Why are we heading to the Panopticon, Borusa?”

Borusa smirked a one-sided smile. “I would expect that’s why you’re here, Doctor,” he answered with an air of annoyance. “To stake your claim to the Presidency?”

“So not interested,” the Doctor sang quietly to himself.

“Excuse me, Lord Doctor?” Borusa stopped walking and turned toward the Doctor. He kept his hands folded together in front of him, and looked upon the renegade Time Lord with tired eyes. “If it wasn’t your intention to return to Gallifrey and accept presidency, then why did you choose to overthrow Rassilon and exile the entire Lord Council? For kicks, Doctor?”

“Yeah,” the Doctor muttered with a scratch at the back of his head. “About that. See, thing is. I didn’t actually do any of that. That’s something I do in the future. Obviously Rassilon and the
Council did something that rather spectacularly pressed each and every one of my buttons, and I saw fit to…” He paused and stopped scratching at his head. “Hold on, if you don’t mind. Did you say that I overthrew *Rassilon and the Time Lord Council*, as in *all* of them? As a whole? Gone. All gone?” He swallows and dipped his head on his neck to look up through his brows in disbelief at his old Academy professor. “At my hand?”

“With the entire army behind you, Doctor, yes,” Borusa continued. “And then you betrayed and then defeated them all to give your companion…” He gestured toward Clara. “To save her life.”

His face lit up and the Doctor looked toward both Rose and Clara like an excited child. “Did you hear that, ladies? Seems that the reputation the River song says I have does hold some truth to it after all. I mean, well, if I can bring the entire Time Lord Council to their knees with the Gallifreyan forces standing behind me then…” He caught a look of sadness from Rose, guilt from Clara, and faltered in his excited delivery. “Rose? Clara?”

Rose’s eyes were pinched and she shook her head lightly. “What kind of man have you become?” she asked sadly. “As long as I’ve known you, you’ve spoken Rassilon’s name as though he’s a holy man. He is a founding father of your entire civilization…”

His brows lifted, as did his head. “Rose. The man he *was* and the man he became…”

“I didn’t ask about the kind of man Rassilon became,” she said with a soft and sad tone of voice. “I don’t care about him. I care about you.” She moved close to him, weaving herself in between the Doctor and Borusa. She lifted up onto her toes to bring her face up to his. “What have *you* become?”

“I don’t understand,” he answered carefully along a slow voice.

“I thought I made you a better man. You *told* me I did,” she clarified passionately. “And I believed it. You-you *became* so much better than the damaged Time Lord you were when we first met.” She lifted her hand to his cheek. “What happened to you?”

“I left you behind,” he answered inside a whisper so soft it was barely audible. He closed his eyes and tilted into her touch. “You hand wasn’t in mine any more to ground me, Rose. I lost you – I lost myself.”

“But your wife,” she breathed painfully. “She just stood by and let you fall like this?” She covered her mouth with her hands when he looked away from her and closed his eyes. “How did she let you become this … become…” She couldn’t finish the question.
“This is who she wants me to be,” he answered softly. “She didn’t like who I was when I was...” His eyes clenched tightly together and he closed his eyes as he turned his head from her.

“Then I don’t like her,” Rose vowed fiercely as she stepped back from the Doctor – well out of his reach. “I don’t like what I’m hearing about what you’ve become with her influence.”

Borusa sneered from behind her. “He has simply become what he was always going to be, young Human. What he was always destined to be, as predicted by Gallifrey’s Matricians when he was first released from the Loom. Gallifrey’s renegade child. A danger to us, and a danger to the entire universe.”

Rose straightened up at Borusa’s words. She let her eyes peer angrily into the Doctor’s rueful green eyes for only a moment in a challenge for him to respond. When he didn’t, she flicked her head to look back over her shoulder and levelled a heated glare toward the robed time Lord.

“Was I talking to you?” she snarled viciously.

Borusa’s eyes flared. “Excuse me…”

“Well?” she continued hotly without actually turning around to face him. “Was I? Was I looking at you? Were my words aimed in your direction?” Her awkward positioning made her stumble somewhat, and she snapped her hands forward to snatch handfuls of the Doctor’s lapels. She didn’t falter in her aggressive look toward Borusa. “No they weren’t, because I wasn’t talking to you, I was talking to the Doctor.”

Borusa’s eyes widened on Rose for a moment. He inhaled a breath and slowly blinked his eyes to shift his gaze toward the Doctor. “Well. I see that you’re still finding the most barbaric and untamed companions to travel with you.”

“Oi, excuse you.” Clara straightened and stepped forward to stand beside Rose. “The Doctor is a good man, a great man. If there is anything I learned from teaching, it is you can not dictate who a child will become. What sort of society is this that you just run off and decide who a person is before they have the chance to even know what that means? If you ask me, the only barbaric person standing here isn't human.” The Doctor flinched slightly but kept silent.

Rose had about seven different responses to Borusa’s comment, but made do with simply narrowing her gaze at him as Clara spoke, she was slightly startled at her brashness, but was
starting to like it. “You have no idea,” she growled at Borusa, whom glowered at Clara before turning back to Rose.

“I have more than you think I do, Human.”

The Doctor’s voice piped up almost immediately. “Rose,” he corrected shortly.

Borusa sniffed in deeply and switched his eyes from Rose to the Doctor. “Pardon me?”

“Her name is Rose,” the Doctor clarified. He then looked to Clara. “And this young lady is Clara – instrumental in the rescue of Gallifrey if I’m not mistaken.” His eyes widened for confirmation from her on that. At her nod he smiled and shifted his eyes back to Borusa. “I’m not mistaken, then. Good to know. Good to know.” He blinked sunken, weary eyes at her. “Is there any chance that you’ll fill me in on that little escapade?”

Clara shook her head, but said nothing. “M’sorry…”

“No,” he said with a rather long suffering sigh. “I suppose you wouldn’t. Must have been one hell of a teacher you traveled with.” He raised his voice near the end before flicking his hand in a gesture toward Borusa. “Now the Time Lords, oh, they’ll give out every spoiler they can without concern for where that information will take me in my future…”

“That is,” Borusa remarked rather coolly. “If you’ll even have one.”

Three pairs of eyes shot toward Borusa, each one of them holding their own, separate question. It was the Doctor, however, who chose to give voice to the question swirling inside his ancient eyes.

“You’re aware that my time line is being tampered with?”

“Hard not to,” Borusa admitted blandly. He let out along sigh and flicked his fingers in a request for the Doctor and his companions to follow him. “Come. We need to go to the Panopticon.” He watched the Doctor’s posture stiffen and inhaled a deep breath as he shook his head. “You want answers as much as we do, Lord Doctor. Standing around here arguing is not going to give us anything more than a annoying headache. Now if you will.” He motioned a facetious gesture with his hand to ask the Doctor to walk ahead of him. “Spandrell is expecting us both. Pandrilidar will see to the comfort of your companions.”

“Oh,” Rose huffed quickly with a defiant fold of her arms against her chest. “I’m not leavin’ him
alone with you.”

“Nor me.” Clara added in utter agreement with Rose.

Borusa levered an unimpressed look toward Clara and then settled on Rose. “The Panopticon is sacred ground accessible only to Time Lords,” he responded with haute arrogance and a raking glare of disapproval up and down her body. “We don’t invite off-worlders into our domain. I’m sure you understand.”

“And I’m sure you’ll understand that I don’t care,” Rose remarked indignantly with a look toward Clara for support, who stood by her as an impenetrable wall beside her. Her eyes drifted back to Borusa. “I’m not lettin’ him out of my sight.”

“Yes,” Clara agreed sweetly. “We're his care takers” she grinned, remembering something his last self said to her.

He glanced up and quirked a brow at her. “Care takers?” he mouthed quietly at her.

“Right, we care so he doesn't have too. It keeps him honest.” she grinned cheekily at him.

The Doctor shrugged. “They’re right, of course.”

“This is against the edicts of Rassilon,” Borusa argued flatly.

“So’s allowing unevolved species like Humans on Gallifrey,” the Doctor argued in a board yawn. “But. Leela was allowed to not only remain on Gallifrey, but to wed and bear a womb-born child to a Gallifreyan.” He tipped his head and lifted his brows. “And what is the law of Rassilon regarding natural conception, again?”

“Leelandredloomsagwinaechegesima is a special circumstance,” Borusa said with a wince.

“Special meaning that she’d fillet anyone who tried to deny her access to her beloved,” the Doctor said with a wide smile. “Oh, but those humans have such passion, don’t they? To be loved by a Human is to be loved by Time herself, Borusa.” He winked. “You should try it.”
“Says the expert,” Rose sang quietly to herself, unable to tamp down the jealousy. “A Human for every Incarnation.”

The Doctor gave her a curious look, but shook off the question in his eyes to look back to Borusa, who was now in front of a panel beside a large metal door. “This is where the Amplified Panatropic Computer Network it located.”

It was half question and half spoken as fact, but was drowned in a voice thick with apprehension and fear. Borusa knew full well what the Doctor had suffered the last time they had entered this room.

“Where we hold the Matrix of the Time Lords, yes.”

He blew out a shuddering breath. “Any reason we have to meet here?”

Borusa pressed his hand into the identification panel to release the door to allow them entry. He quickly slid his hands back underneath his robe and let out a long sigh. “Because this room and the Panatropic Network is the only thing that is holding your time stream together, Doctor. You need to witness the fractures for yourself.” He looked up without a smile of greeting as an aged and hunched Time Lord dressed in a crimson tunic and trouser set ambled across the floor. “Spandrell. You remember the Doctor.”

“Yes, yes,” Spandrell half spluttered in an impatient manner. “How could I possibly forget the Time Lord who near sacrificed himself in the Matrix in the name of Gallifrey.” He looked up with weary, ancient eyes, and whilst he seemed happy to see him, he didn’t offer a smile. “Doctor. It’s been a while. How many regenerations has it been now?”

The Doctor scratched just below his ear and looked off to the side with mild embarrassment. “Several, actually.”

“You’re wearing a different face since your last visit to Gallifrey. Have you already begun burning into your second package?” Spandrell’s body seemed to tremor as he looked to Borusa. “How many regenerations did Rassilon give him?”

The Doctor flicked a brow and passed a look to Borusa. “So this isn’t my last face, then?” he recalled what Clara said to him previously with some hesitation.

“Ahh,” Spandrell breathed with a half-chuckle as he ambled back to the computers. “A younger
incarnation, then. We really need to get that Transduction Barrier back in place and repair that time lock, Borusa,” he warned. He flicked his hand like he was swatting a fly through the air. “It won’t be long until the renegades work out they can come here out of time and start messing about with Gallifrey’s history.” He lifted his eyes up over a monitor. “And we don’t need that now, do we?” He looked back down. “It’s bad enough that there are targets being put on individual Time Lords, Borusa. One Time Lord’s life changed outside the Matrix can mean the destruction of Gallifrey and even Time herself.”

Borusa raised his eyes to the ceiling and exhaled a long breath. It was clear that he was desperately trying to maintain patience in the ramblings of an obviously older Time Lord. “Indeed, Spandrell. Now for why the Doctor has returned to Gallifrey.”

“By sheer accident I would imagine,” Spandrell muttered in an aged voice. “Gallifrey has never been a preferred destination of the Doctor.” He half smiled toward the Doctor as he swayed a little and went back to the computer. “I hope you didn’t come looking for assistance, Doctor. Because we’re unable to provide you anything other than information and advice.”

“I really don’t know why I came here,” the Doctor admitted. He leaned down over the console beside Spandrell and pressed both hands into the counter in a lean. “Someone is obviously messing about with my timeline, and for some reason my first thought was to come here.”

Spandrell chuckled a breathy laugh that was a quiet cackle. “Trouble always brings home the wayward child, does it not, young Doctor?”

“And in the Doctor’s case,” Borusa groused. “Trouble usually follows him home.”

“I’d resent that accusation if it wasn’t completely accurate,” the Doctor admitted with a sigh. “If what Clara tells me is accurate, then we’re quite possibly dealing with the Master again. Missy, she calls herself now.” He looked at Spandrell. “You remember him, Don’t you, old man?”

“I will watch who you call old, Doctor,” he snapped back in irritation. “I’m only on my fifth incarnation.”

“And no doubt already into a second millennia.”

“Third,” Spandrell corrected. He then let out a breath. “If we are indeed dealing with the Master – and all the evidence we have on hand might agree with that assumption – then you’re going to have
quite the challenge on your hands, Doctor.”

“Isn’t he always a challenge?” the Doctor breathed quietly as he assessed the information scrolling down the screen. “And just when I think his actions represent our final challenge, he goes ahead and ups the anti.”

Spandrell let out a displeased grunt. “I believe I’ve told you in the past that this private feud of yours is not to be settled on Gallifrey, Doctor.”

The Doctor snorted. “My timeline doesn’t involve Gallifrey,” he defended with a grunt. He poked at the keyboard and shifted himself rather rudely against Spandrell’s side to nudge him out of the way. “I’m just here to pinpoint just where in my timeline the fractures start.”

“You do realize,” Borusa offered gravely. “That Gallifrey rises because of your timeline, with every one of your incarnations, Lord Doctor.”

The Doctor gave a very minute shake of his head. “No,” he breathed. “It doesn’t.”

“It does,” Clara offered quietly from behind him. “Doctor, I was there.”

Spandrell gave a firm nod. “The Human child is correct, Doctor,” he said with aged tremors in his voice. “If your Timeline is not stabilized, then Gallifrey will fall.”
Crash Landing

Chapter Summary

Gallifrey has a lot of things for the Doctor to mull over, but it seems to bring back lost memories for Rose....

Chapter Notes

*SCREAMS*

I WAS HOMELESS/COUCH HOPPING BECAUSE I MOVED BACK TO A STATE TO TRY TO BE WITH MY DAD WHO GOT OUT OF PRISON AND HE WAS AN ASSHOLE SO I ENDED UP BEING ON THE STREET WITH MY BEST FRIEND WHO IS NOW MY HUSBAND WHO ALMOST DIED BECAUSE HIS SPLEEN RUPTURED AND I HAD TO SELL MY COMPUTER TO TRY AND HELP US KEEP GOING AND TO FEED MY KITTIES BUT NOW I HAVE A BRAND NEW COMPUTER AND A GOOD JOB AND EVERYTHING IS GOING WELL AND I'M SORRY AND YOU HATE ME AND IT'S OKAY.

Anyways, planning on updating more, literally the first thing I do when I get a computer is install virus scanners, then write a new chapter.

So, BOO?

Also I re-read this so I could catch up and I am like WHAT THE PLOT WHOLES AND DEVICES AND BAD WRITING? So I want to work on all that, some things can't be helped, but others I can close a gap for and fix up a bit of the writing and try to be better in the future. Please, feel free to C/C me ("Compliment Sandwhich" is a good method I'm a big ol' blubberin' baby).

It's a VEERRRRYY short chapter, it's just a segway to say hi. :D

There always seems to be one, be it the one who will lead, the one who follows, the one who rebels, or the one who gives up. There is always one, but when you, yourself, are many, you are always that one. You've lived those lives, you've been the one to burn, to run away, to love, to hate, to be alone, to cause war, to stop war, when you are as old as he is, as old as a Time Lord, you are always the one whose done it. Become it. Defied it. There is one thing he has never seem to be able to get quite right, in every incarnation, in every note, in every life. He couldn't quite perfect poetry. He read poetry, of course, he could recite the greatest poetic minds in history from the unknown to the most popular in all of creation, he could memorize. He knew the algorithms and had a vast vocabulary in multiple languages, even without the help of his TARDIS, but he seemed to lack something that made the soul quiver when he spoke them, he lacked something that really made the words become fire that burned you from the inside and swallowed you whole. For now, he resorted only to reading musings about golden-haired ladies and Angel’s that we do not yet deserve, but one day will.....
“Rose’s are red…this Doctor is blue, I wish I knew how to find you….”

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She landed with a heavy thud, her heart racing and skin tearing as she slid across the molten pavement beneath her. She shouted, rolling over and grabbing her now mangled and bloody arm. She felt herself lurch forward involuntarily and let out a pained scream, blood splattered out the side of her open lips painting the pavement before her. The sensation was burning, crawling through her skin and grinding against her every muscle, everything felt as if it were in slow motion, she felt every agonizing second, the side of her face swollen, one eye so large it could no longer open. Her hair, blonde, was dyed red. She was dying, it happened before, once before, she was careful not to let it happen, but it was happening now. The feeling was agonizing, like a fingernail slowly scratching away at the inside of every blood vessel, slowly, she raised her head to stare at the woman before her. How long had she been there? Why was she so…calm? Was it shock?

“My, my, aren’t we ever the dramatic one.” The woman leaned down with a parasol and poked the tender bits on her arm, causing her to release a scream from the pits of her belly. “You must be Rose, sweet, innocent, succulent little rose.” The woman pulled up her dress, and with a leather black shoe kicked at Rose’s hand. “Come now, let it go. Don’t make me get nasty nooowww.” She sang, Rose clutched tighter onto the bobble, which only seemed to infuriate the woman more.

“Fine,” she sniffed and pulled her parasol back. “Well fine, fine, dear, have it your way. More fun for me anyways!” she jabbed the pointed part of her decorative umbrella into Rose’s wrist, a sickening crunch sound followed by a shrill string of curse words, Rose looked up through the sweat, grime, and blood at the woman standing before her.

“Who…?” She tried to stammer out, but the woman stabbed her parasol down again, Rose finally released the trinket which glowed a radiant TARDIS blue. It pulsed and flexed, almost as if a beating heart. Rose screamed and tried to reach out for it, but it was already inside of a perfectly manicured, white gloved hand. The woman smiled.

“Well, now you look awfully dreadful. Don’t worry dear, oh, you’ll nau’ remember me in the morning.” The woman leaned down and planed a kiss directly on Rose’s blistered face, pulled out a round box and aimed it at Rose.

Rose’s eyes fluttered open, bolting upright she grasped at her face, touching each facet to make sure it was intact. She sighed in relief and leaned back, next to her was the other girl, Clara, who was watching the Doctor with a bemused expression, whom of which was pacing and mumbling. They had a lot to discuss, but for now, Rose had an important announcement.

“I remember how I got back, to this dimension I mean.”

End Notes
Related Note:

I have no fuck idea where I was going here, and I am not sure how to fix some of my flaws here. GroovKat helped me a ton on the Gallifray parts, and RL has her very busy so I'm not sure how to continue with this part.

I need to rework and fix up a few things, I'm gonna go through, re-read, fix up some typos, and figure out where to go.

e__e

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