The Complicated Life of Donna Noble

by Multifandomfuckfest

Summary

What actually happens to Donna after the planets leave the sky? Fearing the worst, the Doctor acted fast to save his best mate. But did he think through all of the consequences and repercussions?
Chapter 1

Donna Noble led a complicated life. Six months ago she woke up from a nap and things were different. She couldn’t quite put her finger on how the world had changed but she knew it had. But Donna Noble was never one to dwell. She got her cell phone which was beeping uncontrollably with missed texts and phone calls about planets in the sky. Planets in the sky, what did they take her for? Going downstairs she was met with her Mum and Grandad who were on the couch talking to one of her Gramps’ friends.

Tall, dark and handsome. Anyone would say so. The pinstripe suit, although out of style, certainly did him many favors. It fit like a glove in all the right places. She had to focus on her phone to avoid staring at those places. John Smith. Such a plane name, for any ordinary bloke. And although their encounter was only brief, she had dreamt of that man ever since. Of running away with him and going to foreign places with animals she never would have thought possible to exist. John Smith, he had introduced himself as but in her dreams he was a Doctor. The few times she had asked her Gramps about him he was explained away as someone he met in his stargazing club whom had since moved away.

Three weeks after the world went mad talking about planets in the sky Donna found a job at a private investigation agency. It wasn’t much work, but it was a job. Secretly she enjoyed the thrill of putting together clues for her boss Jake when looking over other’s credit card reports or following someone to see where they were going. Like she was living in an Agatha Christie novel, just without the murder.

It had been barely two weeks into this job that Donna found herself come down with the flu. No matter what she did the nausea would not subside. Her Mum was worried since it was still summer and her Gramps urged she go to a doctor.

It was that day that fateful day everything changed. Sitting in the waiting room Donna had been texting Nerys as they called her name. She had thought that the fatigue and nausea she had been feeling were due a virus she had caught. “When was your last menstruation,” the doctor asked. Donna thought back, “can’t seem to remember,” she spat, “usually I’m better at tracking, regular as the clock,” she realized surprised. Maybe she was just starting to hit that point where her body was giving up on the chance to have children.

“With the nausea, headaches and fatigue you’ve been experiencing I think we should run a test. We can take some blood too but I think we should start with a hcg urin dip,” he strongly suggested.

Barmy. It was utterly barmy. She could not be pregnant. Huffing off to the loo Donna couldn’t believe she was being forced to do this when there was no way she was pregnant. “They always make these rooms too small,” she growled trying to navigate the cup and purse between trying to pee into a small receptacle.

Turning the urine in she went back to the room to have them draw blood. They had just taken their third tube when a nurse came in holding a strip, “congratulations miss Noble,” she began, “you’re expecting.”

“Expecting what,” Donna spat.

The nurse paused looking at her coworker, “I’m sorry,” she paused. “Your pregnancy test came back positive,” the nurse announced.
“Pregnant,” gasped Donna. “It’s not possible,” she rebuked. When was the last time she had? Well she had been having memory problems. But surely she would have known if she.

The nurse walked over to her showing her the two lines, “see,” she supplied. “We can provide you with paperwork regarding your options. You’ll want to schedule a follow up appointment for an ultrasound to determine how far along you are so we can talk about what options are still a possibility,” the other nurse explained handing Donna some pamphlets.

Pregnant. But she couldn’t be. “Are you sure,” she asked again shocked by what they were both saying.

“We could run another test to make sure,” the first nurse asked.

Donna nodded, “yeah,” she agreed. “Had to have been a mistake,” she assured the nurses. After dropping her next cup, although not near the amount of the first Donna sat in the room waiting for what felt like the end of the world. They had to have switched cups, she couldn’t be pregnant.

Walking back in the room the nurse made a beeline for Donna, “what did it say,” she demanded.

“Positive,” the nurse announced showing her the two lines again.

Donna’s mind went into a blur. How was she going to tell her mum. Or Gramps for that matter. She couldn’t even remember the father. Her child would have no father. Oh, how disappointed her own father would have been if he could see her now.

Sitting in her car outside the Mott-Noble residence Donna couldn’t bring herself to go in. She’d have to tell them. There was no choice. Being a mum was all she ever wanted. Immaculate conception or not. The knock on the window scared her more than it should have, “what’s wrong love,” Wilf asked getting ready to go up to the allotment.

Taking a deep breath Donna opened the door, “can I come up with you,” she asked shoving her hands in her coat to pull it around her in the cool night air.

Wilf paused unsure whether he wanted to allow her or not, “just for a bit,” he finally agreed.

The walk up was silent. Donna’s Gramps was always great about knowing just what his granddaughter needed. Right now that was silence. Silence while her mind went crazy figuring out what to say to him. How to tell him. How to disappoint him. “Gramps,” Donna began, “have I been out with anyone recently,” she finally got up the nerve to ask. She knew that was something she could never ask her mum but her Gramps she could be honest with.

“No,” he paused, “just Nerys and the girls,” he shrugged off her question.

He focused on setting up his telescope, “have I stayed out with any of them for the night,” she queried.

Will stopped opting to sit down and meet his granddaughter’s eyes, “what’s this about,” he asked worried.

Donna bit her lip looking down and staring at her fingers, “I’m pregnant,” she explained starting to cry.

“Oh love, that’s wonderful,” Wilf cheered.

She shook her head, “I don’t remember who I slept with,” she cried.

Feeling his hand on her shoulder Donna knew that it was going to be okay. “Plenty of women
have children on their own now a days,” he suggested.

“Mum won’t see it that way,” Donna sobbed.

Wilf gave his granddaughter’s shoulder a gentle squeeze, “lets go tell her yeah,” he implored forgetting about his hopes of stargazing.

Donna was even more surprised when her Mum was supportive of the pregnancy. Not one mean remark was made, even when she shared her wish to keep the child growing inside her. Sylvia even offered to help watch the child so Donna could continue to work. Her father passing really took a lot more out of Sylvia than Donna had realized.

The next few months flew by. From the moment Donna knew she was pregnant. She knew that child was meant to be. The baby was growing at the perfect rate. It wasn’t until her twelve week scan that the Doctor had began to worry, “we will be sending for a consult,” he announced after showing her the tiny fingers, toes head and heartbeat of child growing within her.

Sylvia, who was still holding Donna’s hand met her eyes, “what’s wrong,” Donna worried.

“Nothing necessarily,” the doctor promised. “I think the scan machine needs to be serviced. We only have the one currently. I’d just rather make sure,” he assured her.

Donna looked at the live screen of her child, “what is it,” she demanded.

“See here,” the doctor pointed to the screen, “that is the heartbeat. It has a shadow. Most likely it’s the machine,” he explained.

Donna could see the heart beat, followed by another ripple, “or,” she pushed.

“Could be an arrhythmia,” the doctor confessed. “We won’t know more until we send the scan off for consult and you see a specialist,” he told her.

She would have to wait to know until the specialist could see her. It took two days to find out that the first available appointment was five weeks out. Five weeks that she would have to worry and pray that her child would be okay. “If they are having you wait five weeks then surely it is just a consult,” Sylvia had said to Donna on several occasions now.

With each day Donna got more worried, she could feel something was wrong. From day one she had loved this child and from day one she had always felt there was something more going on. Sylvia kept trying to get her to plan the nursery but Donna couldn’t, not while there was a chance her child wouldn’t make it.
Chapter 2

She was sitting at the dining table with Sylvia prattling on about colors for the baby’s room when she felt her child move within her. It was quick and light, almost as if a bubble had popped within her. More so, it was as if someone had switched on a light in her mind as she placed her hand to her round belly, “the baby,” Donna gasped, “she kicked,” she grinned pausing for a moment. Her mind flooded with thoughts and images. Dreams, or at least she had thought they were dreams but Donna knew better, she knew they were real.

“Donna,” Sylvia worried trying to grab her attention by waving a hand in front of her face.

Wilf had set his paper down watching the interaction concerned, “where is the Doctor,” Donna asked coming back to reality.


Caressing her bump Donna looked to her Gramps, “where is the Doctor,” she questioned.

“Is something wrong with the baby,” Sylvia panicked.

“No,” Donna shook her head, “not a Doctor, the Doctor,” she corrected. “Certainly he gave you a way to get ahold of him if something were to happen,” she explained.

Wilf and Sylvia met each other’s eyes panic obvious across their faces, “the Doctor,” Wilfred inquired wearily.

“Tall skinny bloke always wearing pinstripes, 900 years old, Mum hates him, gonna get a big wallop when I find him, where is he,” she pushed.

Sylvia rushed from her seat to Donna’s side, “how is your head,” she questioned kneeling before her.

“He said you would never be able to remember,” Wilfred uttered confused.

“I’m fine, I’m thinking there is one thing he didn’t count on,” Donna smiled stroking her belly and grinning.

Sylvia sat back in her seat, “are you saying the child is his,” she asked.

Donna chewed on her lip, “I think so, yes,” she paused, “I don’t know. I have to find him. He’s responsible for this,” she said. It was like her mind was there but it wasn’t, “it’s all jumbled like,” she confessed, “the metacrisis,” she announced realizing this must have to do with that. Donna looked to Wilf, “he’s all alone isn’t he,” Donna worried.

She stood up, “where do you think you’re going,” Sylvia yelped worried for her daughter.

“I need my phone,” Donna noted hurrying upstairs to where her cell was plugged in charging. Flipping it open she looked for her Martha’s number but it wasn’t there, “where are all my numbers,” she yelled down the stairs seeing that the TARDIS, Martha, Jack and the Doctor were all missing.

“They were erased. We couldn’t have you remember anything. He said the slightest memory would make you burn,” Wilf explained.
Hurrying back down the stairs Donna grabbed her coat and took the keys off the entry table, “I have to find him mum,” she said heading for the door.

“Where do you think you’re going” Sylvia screamed chasing after her with her father in tow.

Wilf hurried after them, “how do you know you won’t burn,” he worried.

Donna paused realizing how scared they must have been the past few months, “I have to find him. I need him and he needs me. I’m fine. I promise. I think the baby somehow saved me, saved my mind and made it possible to absorb the timelord consciousness inside of me,” she explained.

Grinning Wilf took his granddaughter up into a hug, “then you go find him,” he beamed placing an arm around his daughter to let Donna go.

She had no numbers, no way to reach out to anyone. Donna knew that Unit was downtown London. She’d have to go to headquarters and demand to see Martha. It was the only way. Surely she would know how to reach him. The building was a lot more conspicuous that she remembered. Tall and full of glass, certainly what everyone needed when they dealt with aliens. Donna felt her child kick within her again, “we’ll find him,” she promised.

“Hello, how may I help you,” a man greeted sitting behind the information.

“I need to speak with Martha Jones,” she stated, “it’s a matter of most urgency.”

The man typed into a computer, “do you have an appointment,” he queried.

“No, it’s an emergency. I didn’t have any other way to reach her,” she explained.

The man typed into the computer again, “I’m sorry. You’ll need to have an appointment,” he supplied.

“Can I make one,” Donna growled.

Typing yet again he appeared to be looking for a time slot, “she is booked this week,” he announced, “she appears to be out of the country next week. There is a slot the week after,” he hopefully offered.

Three weeks was not going to cut it. She needed to get to her spaceman now. He needed to not be alone. And to explain her current predicament. “I’ll have to see if that works. I’ll check my diary and give a call,” she lied. If they wouldn’t let her see Martha then she would have to pull a tactic from Jake’s handbook and wait outside until Martha left for the day catching her then.

Donna was thankful for the local chippy providing her substance through her stakeout. It could be worse she thought, at least the weather was nice and there was no rain. Perfect summer day.

Donna continued to wait as the day passed, light moving to dark. She was almost ready to call it quits for the day when she saw her. The young doctor exiting the building with a man, what was his name again, nicky maybe?

Now was her chance. She might not get another one with Martha being out next week, “Martha,” Donna called hurrying up to her. She could see the surprise on her face, “I need your help. I need to find the Doctor,” she explained.

Martha watched the obviously pregnant red head come up to her. “I’m sorry, do I know you,” Martha asked.

Donna met her eyes, “I’m not sure what he told you. I imagine something about me not being able
to remember or burn like he did my gramps but I remember everything and I need to find him,” she promised.

The ex-companions looked to Mickey before responding, “how did we meet,” Martha questioned.

“During the Atmos mess,” she supplied. She could tell Martha still wasn’t sure, “after we resolved that we ended up on Messaline,” Donna paused unsure whether she needed to dig into the wound of Jenny when she was worried about her own child’s life.

Martha’s mouth dropped, “how,” she asked.

Pulling her into a hug Donna beamed, “well no thanks to the Doctor,” she shot. “I don’t quite have everything worked out but I’m pretty sure it has to do with the baby,” she explained protectively placing her hand on her belly.

“You and the Doctor,” Mickey gasped.

“No,” Donna chirped, “we’re just mates,” she affirmed. “That’s where I get lost in this process but I know it has to something to do with the metacrisis. I haven’t,” she paused unsure whether to continue, “with him or anyone else. I don’t know,” Donna trailed off unsure what she was trying to get at.

Looking at Donna, Martha eyed her belly, “have you been scanned,” she questioned.

Donna nodded, “yeah, I’m being sent to see a specialist,” she shuddered, “which makes me think there might be more to this story,” she suggested. “You still have a way to contact him right,” hoped Donna.

She could see Martha putting it all together, “yeah.” Reaching for her phone Donna saw that of course like any good companion Martha had his number on speed dial. She waited for it to ring holding her breath. Would he come when Martha asked? Would he even answer? “Doctor, it’s Martha, we need you,” she demanded.

The familiar wheezing of the TARDIS began almost immediately. Martha hadn’t even hung the phone up when the old girl had begun to materialize. Donna hadn’t had a second thought until Martha called the Doctor and now fear was rising within her. What if he had moved on and didn’t actually need her? Martha and Mickey walked over to the TARDIS as Donna laid back, unsure of what was about to happen. She was so excited to see him, so scared, so angry. All of her emotions were jumbled up in a tornado whirling around within her.

Creaking open the TARDIS door the Doctor spied his ex companion, “Martha,” he greeted pulling her into a hug. “Mickey,” he cheered seeing another familiar face. He could tell something was off, “what is it,” he questioned inquisitively. As Martha moved to see where Donna had gone it opened up a line of sight between the two. Donna and the Doctor’s eyes met. Tears streaming down her face. He froze unsure what to do. Extending his hand the Doctor smiled, “John Smith,” he introduced himself to her again.

She felt like she was going to explode. Anxiety and love mixing within her. There was only one thing for her to do. “Doctor,” she cried closing the distance between them and throwing herself at him. Donna wrapped her arms around him pulling him tight. She could feel the Doctor stiff in her arms begin to relax yet not too much. Donna pulled back slapping his arm, “what’s that for,” he asked confused as she pulled him back into another hug.

“You left me,” she growled hitting him again as she continued to hug him. Her face was a mess of salt, tears mixing with snot. What an impression she thought. But Donna never wanted to let go of
the Doctor again.

“Left you,” the Doctor echoed still unsure.

Finally, Donna released him, mopping at her face. Always the gentleman, the Doctor produced a handkerchief for her to make herself decent with. “I remember everything,” she spat before blowing her nose.

“How,” the Doctor asked wearily moving for his handy sonic screwdriver.

Donna pulled the hankerchief from her face, “everything but this,” she confessed caressing her expanding uterus.

“You’re pregnant,” he questioned. She nodded her head. “Congratulations,” the Doctor cheered pulling Donna into a hug.

Pushing back she met his eyes, “about sixteen weeks,” she explained.

“Are you happy? Is he nice,” the Doctor asked.

She slapped him again, “sixteen weeks ago I was with you Dumbo,” Donna reminded him.

Hearing Mickey chuckle the Doctor looked up, “what, how, who,” he questioned trying to make sense of what Donna had just said. He extended his sonic scanning her.

“I was hoping you could tell me,” she supplied.

The Doctor checked his readings, “The metacrisis sparked to create another version of me, must have done the same within you,” he cautiously surmised.

“So what is this child then? My time lord self,” she asked. Donna’s mind couldn’t contain it. She was going to have her own duplicate. How wizard.

The Doctor scanned her again, “not exactly,” he squeaked.

“What,” demanded Donna.

“I was partially correct. It is time lord,” he began, “just a bit of you and bit of me, merged together,” he explained trying not to let his voice squeak too much.

Donna’s mouth dropped open, “into a child. We’re having a child. Together. The two of us.”

“Yeah,” his voice raised stepping instinctively back fearing another hit. The child within her kicked and Donna instinctively held the place where they had pressed against, “are you okay,” the Doctor worried.

She stood there worrying her lip, “do you think,” she paused, “is it,” Donna stopped. She had to know but she was scared to ask, “can you tell if the baby is okay,” she requested.

“That is a bit beyond the sonics capability yet,” the Doctor began seeing Donna’s face fall. “The TARDIS has all of the instruments required for a scan,” he quickly supplied extending his hand to her. Hesitating Donna wasn’t sure why she felt worry about taking it. Noticing the Doctor quickly shoved it in his pocket, “we could have a look,” he offered rocking on his trainers.

Taking a deep breath Donna brought her other hand protectively to her stomach, “don’t you think a doctor should look,” she hesitantly suggested.
“I am a Doctor,” he supplied.

Donna glanced over at Martha, “a proper doctor who has experience with this, with things like this,” she continued.

“Experience with time lord pregnancy,” the Doctor asked confused arching an eyebrow.

“And human pregnancy,” Donna quickly added.

Nodding the Doctor took a deep breath, “alright, Martha do you mind lending us a hand,” he questioned.

“Yeah,” she smiled watching the Doctor open the TARDIS door for them all.
Stepping aboard the TARDIS Donna could feel the exhilaration. As she stepped aboard the grated ramp Donna could hear the gentle hum of the TARDIS welcoming her back. Or at least she thought that’s what the hum indicated. The baby began moving like wild within her, “oi, training to be a soccer player are you,” she sassily pressed back at her little one as an act of comfort. Her hand outstretched instinctively feeling the cool metal rail as she slowly made her way to the console. The familiar hexagon lights still covering the walls. Donna walked up switching her hand to the console, gently circling the blue center while caressing the round hub. It was like finally coming home. Everything looked the same as the last time she had been here. Like no time had passed. Yet, Donna knew time had passed. The Doctor had just gone on with his life without her.

“Donna,” the Doctor called noticing how enamored she was reintroducing herself to the TARDIS. Mickey, Martha and he were all watching her, “sorry,” she apologized, “I just,” Donna trailed off. She wasn’t sure what exactly she was doing, “I missed her,” Donna finally settled on.

“Of course,” he acknowledged.

They were clearly all waiting on her and Donna had already delayed Martha from going home, “right,” she forced a smile on her face walking over to the door. “Med bay in the same location or have you remodeled,” she joked.

“You know the way,” promised the Doctor.

Taking the first right Donna allowed her hand to trail along the TARDIS’ wall. Passing by the galley on her left she briefly glanced in. It looked so sterile and unused, definitely not what it looked like when she was aboard the TARDIS. Coming up to the familiar doorway Donna walked in. Everything did look the same here. The counters had medical supplies strewn across them like always, possibly even the same things as the last time she was in here, the exam table was cold and always waiting as every free space but it was littered with equipment. Instinctively she strolled over to the table and hopped up, sitting there for everyone to stare at. The Doctor followed her in, pulling open a drawer and getting out an attachment for Martha. He paused, pushing his hands in his pockets and accidently met Donna’s eyes as he was staring at her, “I’m not going to break,” she spat feeling his eyes bore into her.

Martha glanced between the two of them, “why don’t we see what’s going on. Put you both at ease,” she explained.

“What else do you need,” the Doctor questioned ignoring Donna’s remark.

She glanced at what the Doctor had already gotten her, “gel,” she noted turning to Donna. “You’ve had blood work,” she hoped.

“Yeah, all normal. It’s just the scans. That’s when they got worried and referred me to a specialist,” she revealed.

The Doctor took a step toward her, “something is wrong,” he worried.

“I don’t know. They wouldn’t say. I don’t think they were sure. They aren’t used to seeing a time lord baby,” Donna sighed.

Martha grabbed the gel and plugged in the ultrasound machine into the TARDIS monitor. “Can
you lie back,” she instructed walking towards Donna with a paper towel. Donna abided leaning back on the pillow she had become accustomed to while living on board. How many times had she been in here after the Doctor forced her to let him heal her or those times when the tables were turned and she was the one insisting he be checked out. “I’ll need to lift your shirt,” she described waiting for a nod from Donna before continuing. Martha placed the paper towel under the rolled part of Donna’s shirt. Donna could feel the Doctor’s eyes on her, on her bump. She focused on every movement of Martha’s hands in order to avoid meeting his eyes. Not once had she thought about the fact that he didn’t want children and that within a minute of finding each other again he was stuck with a companion and now a baby. “Um,” Martha paused, “I’ll need to push your jeans down a bit,” she said meeting Donna’s eyes. With another nod Martha was allowed to proceed, unbuttoning the top button of Donna’s maternity clothes to gain better access. She placed another paper towel there, “want to make sure the gel doesn’t get everywhere,” she offered.

Turning to gather the attachment and gel Donna lost sight of Martha’s hand. Her eyes veered up scanning the room. Mickey stood in the corner clearly unphased by tonight’s events. The Doctor stood leaning up against the counter. His body stiff and eyes glued to her. “You, um, don’t have to be here,” she offered looking at the Doctor.

“You want me to go,” he queried stiffing more which Donna thought was impossible without turning to stone.

Donna shook her head, “no,” she hurried to prevent him from leaving, “I just, you don’t have to be here if you don’t want to be,” she explained.

Awkwardly standing in the middle Martha paused unsure if she should place the gel during this exchange. “Why would I not want to be here,” the Doctor questioned. “I’m not sure how you aren’t burning up right now so, if you think this is the only exam that is going to happen you are sorely mistaken,” he informed her.

Realizing the worry present in his voice Donna exhaled the breath she had been holding, “it’s okay spaceman, I’m okay,” she promised him.

“And I’m still running tests,” he affirmed not wanting her to get out of them.

Nodding she smiled, “I wouldn’t have it any other way,” she laughed seeing his oncoming storm face. He was serious about checking her over.

Seeing the exchange lighten Martha moved closer to Donna, “this will be cold,” she warned before squirting the gel onto her abdomen.

Martha took the want using it to spread the gel out and feeling the coolness move across her stomach. She shifted it down to the left side below her belly button. The black screen sprung to life with the grey colored thing inside of her. Noticeable were the head and face, “one head. That’s good,” she laughed trying to break the tension in the room, or rather inside her brain.

Apparently only Micky thought it was funny as he snickered. “Hey,” the Doctor protested, “time lords only have two hearts,” he reminded her.

Moving the joystick over Martha centered it above the heart, “ahh,” she breathed.

“What, what is it,” Donna gasped worried looking from her to the Doctor for answers. Seeing the Doctor step forward his eyes transfixed on the screen Donna pushed again, “what is wrong with the baby,” she repeated raising her voice barely keeping the tears welling in her eyes at bay.

The Doctor’s hand raised to the screen, “absolutely nothing,” he said in awe. Touching the screen
he pointed to a moving part, “one heart healthy,” he started moving his hand to the right a tiny bit, “and a second healthy heart,” he explained. Shifting his hand down, “fully functional raspatory bypass,” he marveled.

“It’s healthy,” she asked again needing to be sure.

Clearing his throat the Doctor nodded turning to her, “yep,” he promised. “Everything a half human-half time lord should be,” he declared.

Martha moved the wand once again, “would you like to know the sex,” she asked continuing to check out the baby.

“You can tell,” Donna asked thinking she’d have to wait to find out what her little one would be.

“Yeah,” Martha confirmed.

Donna looked at the Doctor, “should we,” she questioned unsure due to all the information she already had received today.

“It’s up to you,” he told her.

Knowing certainly had its advantages. However, traveling with the Doctor was something that came with little foresight. Case in point her current predicament. “Um, I think I’d like to keep it a surprise,” she began, “if that’s okay,” Donna quickly added not wanting to upset the Doctor.

Pulling the wand from Donna’s belly and wiping it Martha placed it back on the counter top, “you can sit up,” she smiled. “Everything looks good, clean bill of health for baby,” Martha announced.

Starting to wipe off the jelly Donna moved to sit up, “wait,” the Doctor noted hurrying over to her, “I want to run some tests,” he reminded her.

Seeing his hands coming at her Donna shrunk back. She didn’t mean to but the memory of his hands on her temples taking her memories was too much. “Not right now,” she protested.

Seeing her reaction the Doctor stepped back. “We really should be going,” Martha interrupted noticing their interaction. Thank God for Martha Donna thought. She got things on a level the Doctor never could.

“Alright,” the Doctor acknowledged starting to lead them out. Donna buttoned her pants and pulled her shirt down following them back to the console room. “Are you sure,” he asked, “fancy a small trip for old times sake,” the Doctor suggested.

Donna smacked his arm, “oi, mother of your child standing here,” she sassed.

“You could come too,” the Doctor promised.

Martha took Mickey’s hand, “not today,” she began.

“We have plans,” he explained rubbing his thumb across Martha’s fingers.

Donna saw the connection between the two of them. How had she not noticed they were a couple until now. “Go on then you two,” she smirked, “have fun.”

“What,” the Doctor asked confused.

Shaking her head Donna laughed, “they’re a couple you prawn.”
The Doctor looked between the two of them seeing a small blush flash on Martha’s cheeks. “Yeah,” she acknowledged.

“Good on you,” the Doctor cheered happy that Martha could finally find someone who got what her life was about and she could talk about her past with.

They all said their goodbyes and the Doctor locked the door behind them, for protection Donna told herself. Unsure of what was going to happen next, what they would need to say, Donna found it easier to focus on the TARDIS. To focus on anything but him. Where did they go from here?
Chapter 4

She still was mesmerized by the console. By the smell, the feel, the sound of the Tardis. How could she ever have been allowed to forget this. “Earth to Donna,” he called finally breaking through.

“Sorry,” she apologized stepping back from the console. “She’s just so memorizing,” Donna supplied.

The Doctor took a step forward, stroking his gentle ship, “you’re miles away,” he began.

She took a deep breath in heading over to the jump seat before sitting down, “yeah,” agreed Donna, “it’s wizard how I woke up this morning trying to get through another day to see the specialist and tonight I’m here with you and my memories.”

“I imagine also confusing,” he supplied.

Donna shook her head, “no,” she began thinking better of it, “well, yeah,” she laughed. Silenced hung dead in the air between them. Both unsure what to say to the other. “You made me go back,” she finally choked out.

“Donna,” he began.

“You knew what I used to be, what I had became and you took it all from me. You made me go back when I didn’t want to,” she paused. “I said I was going to be with you forever,” Donna raised her voice. “

He stood and for a moment Donna thought he was going to rush to her side and apologize for mucking this all up like he did, “I’ve lost so many people. I couldn’t bear another.”

“It wasn’t your choice,” she bellowed sniffing between tears, “you took everything,” she broke.

Springing forward his oncoming storm flashed across his face, “there wasn’t a choice. There were two options. Live in a universe where you didn’t exist or one where you did and had no memory of me,” he explained. “I needed you to be safe, to be out there living, having a chance at a life, the one you always wanted,” he implored.

“You sentenced me to a life of nothing. No job, no memories, no importance. You made me back into the nothing girl that you first met. You took away everything I had become, everything I was going to become,” she spat.

Fury raged within the Doctor. It overcame him as he grabbed Donna’s shoulders forcing her to look him in the eye, “you were going to die,” he begged. Donna saw tears reflected in his own eyes, “I couldn’t let my best friend die.”

“So you killed your wife instead,” she shot. The Doctor was physically knocked back at her words. Letting go of her confusion sprang across his face, “I told you I remember everything,” she whispered upset by her own choice of words to wound the Doctor.

He slumped against the console sinking to the floor, “you think I wanted to erase that from your memory. That I wanted to take away everything we shared? That in the moment when I finally had someone who remembered what Gallifrey looked like, who knew my name, that I just thought never mind and pushed it out?”
Donna wasn’t sure what she thought. Surely he was always against family. But she also remembered the spark in his eye when her time lord memories had kicked in. “No,” she finally answered. “You wanted to protect me,” she recalled. The hum of the TARDIS did nothing for the miles stretching between them. “Doctor,” Donna finally said breaking the silence.

His eyes met hers so sad and broken, “I went through every possible way at least three times. There was so much variance. Too much. I couldn’t risk your life. I wouldn’t have been able to forgive myself,” he started.

Standing she went over and slunk beside him on the grating taking his hand in hers. The purple nail varnish against his skin seemed to go together, “I know. I had your mind too. I,” she broke off unsure if she wanted to admit it. “It felt like I’d be better off dead than who I used to be,” she finally confessed.

“Oh Donna,” he gasped bringing his free hand up to her face. Instinctively Donna withdrew again.

He dropped his hand avoiding her body, “m’ sorry,” she pushed when he saw her reflex. The Doctor let go of her hand. “It isn’t you,” she tried.

“You don’t trust me anymore,” he accused.

Donna took his hand again, “it isn’t that,” she declared playing with his fingers as a way to prevent looking him in the eye.

“Then what is,” he begged needing to understand.

Shrugging she traced the lines in the palm of his hands, taking in every detail the Y shaped scar from Messaline, the way his arm hair poked through coming down onto his hand and tailed on one side almost to where his pinky started, the roughness of his knuckles and how they flowed into his tender delicate fingers. She took a shaky breath in, “I see your hands come at me and my mind goes to,” Donna trailed off not wanting to say it.

“Goes to what,” he urged.

She shrugged again, “I know it doesn’t make sense,” Donna began. “It’s like I see them and I’m right back on the TARDIS and you’re about to wipe my memories,” she whimpered.

“Donna, I,” he paused knowing he could never promise her he wouldn’t do something he already had.

“I know it isn’t real,” she interrupted. “I just it feels real in that moment. Like you haven’t done it yet, like you’re going to do it. As if we’re right back on that day having just left Bad Wolf Bay,” she explained resting her head on his shoulder and going quiet.

For someone who always had something to say, this left the Doctor speechless. He didn’t have the words to fix what his companion was going through. He felt a vibration in his side, “Donna,” he worried as she moved to the vibrating areas.

“Phone,” she supplied pulling out her mobile. Seeing it was Wilf she took a deep breath, “Gramps,” Donna answered.

“Your mum is worried sick,” he started, “have you found him yet,” the beloved family member asked.

“Is she burning up,” Sylvia shouted from over her shoulder.
Donna tried not to laugh knowing they were just overly concerned after the past few months. “I’m with him now Gramps and tell mum still no burning.”

“Does he know how,” Gramps began.

“No,” Donna interrupted. “He was just about to run some tests to make sure I won’t burn. Weren’t you Doctor,” she asked smiling at him hoping it would help make him feel better.

The Doctor nodded, “yep,” he popped standing up and resisting the urge to hold his hand out to Donna like he used to so often. Instead he tried to pass off the urge by running his hand through his hair.

“We’ll come by in a while and explain everything,” she promised.

The Time Lords face when white. Clearly he hadn’t thought about having to face Sylvia or Wilfred again. “Do we have,” he began seeing Donna’s own oncoming storm glanced in his direction. “Yes,” he sighed.

“See you later,” Donna said hanging up and leaning on the console to stand. In another month she’d be bigger than a cow.

Instead of offering her his hand the Doctor stuck out his elbow, “shall we,” he hinted.

Donna smiled seeing the familiar gesture, “of course you would be excited about getting to beep me,” she snarked rolling her eyes at her mate.

Stepping back into the med bay Donna shivered unintentionally, “what’s wrong,” the Doctor worried letting go of her.

She was worried. More worried than she wanted to admit. What if something was wrong? If it was just a fluke and the Doctor would take her memories again. She knew he would in a moment. There was no question about it. “I’m not sure,” she lied.

The Doctor eyed her knowing that she was lying, “Donna,” he began.

Hopping up onto the exam table she refused to meet his eyes. There was so much, and she wasn’t sure he deserved to know yet. Something, some part of her screamed to hold it back, to not tell him that he couldn’t be trusted. Donna’s heart screamed the opposite. That of course she could trust the Doctor. He’s the one man she could always trust. “Something doesn’t feel right,” she finally announced.

“What’s wrong? Are you having a headache? Are you warm,” he worried wanting to rush to her side and tightly wringing his fingers to not move his hands to touch her.

Donna shook her head, “no not with me, not like that. I feel fine,” she verified. She chewed on her lip. At this point she’d end up ripping the skin clear off. “I know you,” she paused. No that’s not what she meant to say. “I feel like I can’t tell you things, like I shouldn’t,” she explained. “It’s like I don’t know you on one hand,” she huffed.

“Oh,” the Doctor sighed staring at his trainers.

“Fourteen weeks for me,” she began. “Fourteen weeks of craziness and worry all ending up here,” Donna stopped scared to ask him what she really wanted to know, to see how different this spaceman was, “how long has it been for you,” she finally gained the courage to ask.

He pushed himself up on the counter to sit even with her, “months. I lost track of the time.”
“Oh,” Donna echoed his earlier comments.

The Doctor realized what she was thinking, “I didn’t forget about you,” he added. “I tried to,” he stopped, “not like that,” the Doctor rambled. “I wanted to forget about what I did. I knew you were going to go off and have a wonderful life. I missed you and I had to run, run so far because, I, you,” he lost his train of thought. “You were everywhere. What I did it nearly ruined me,” he finally confessed.

Never had the thought crossed her mind that the Doctor was broke he took her memories. Even earlier when he had yelled she knew he didn’t want to but not like this not to the point that he had to run from his actions, “oh Doctor,” she sighed slipping of the table and walking across the room to pull him into a hug.

It felt right to hug the Doctor. It was one thing the felt exactly the same. Doan to his two heart beats under hear ears. Two hearts which their child shared with him. “I still want forever,” she promised.

Pulling back the Doctor met her eyes, “really,” he grinned.

“Of course,” Donna declared placing a hand on her stomach, “as if that would change especially with this.” She stood there with his arms around her another minute, “so, are you going to check me spaceman,” Donna finally asked.

Letting go of her he slipped from the counter, “we know the fetus is in perfect condition,” he began, “now we just need to ensure you are,” the Doctor continued setting up the scanner to run tests.

Donna moved back onto the table, “what if something is wrong,” she trailed off.

The Doctor paused sensing more to her question, “we deal with it,” he promised pulling the scanner over to her. Donna took a deep breath watching him intently as he scanned her. “I’m going to take some blood too,” he warned before taking her hand and pressing a different machine to it. She felt a tiny prick before the Doctor ejected a tiny piece of it plugging it into the TARDIS computer.

He stood staring, waiting for the results. Donna wanted to know but she was terrified it wouldn’t be good news. Even more she was terrified the Doctor wouldn’t tell her and just act. She knew it was irrational and she couldn’t kick the feeling. “So far so good,” she hoped trying to break the silence.

Looking up he forced a smile, “yep,” he popped turning back to the screen. She heard a beep and saw the Doctor move toward the screen, “that’s impossible,” he astounded.

“What is,” Donna pushed.

His astonishment turned to a gigantic smile spreading across his face. “Magnificent, molto benne,” he cheered.

“Doctor,” she demanded.

He turned to her, rushing her up in a hug, “you are perfect. Like nothing happened,” he announced.

“But how,” Donna questioned.
Pulling back from their embrace the Doctor looked down at the bump in her abdomen, “that,” he pointed. “It seems any residual Time Lord consciousness in you has been siphoned to the pregnancy. Almost like the Placenta works to provide the child with nutrients,” he explained bending down, “you are a chip off the old block just like your dad,” he told the baby.

“Oi,” Donna interrupted.

The Doctor stepped back, “I’m sorry, I just assumed. I guess we haven’t talked about it. I just assumed that since you found me and were staying you would want me to be involved in some manner or another,” he prattled on.

“Oi,” Donna interrupted again. “Who said that idea came from you? How don’t you know that they didn’t get their mum’s marvelous human brain too. Remember DoctorDonna little bit human little bit time lord, the best of both worlds, she laughed.

Realizing what she was getting on about he shoved his hands in his pockets having exposed too much of his feelings. “Yes, you are the most important woman in the universe. I should have thought,” agreed the Doctor.

Donna saw the look on his face, “and yes I do want you involved in our child’s life. But first,” she drew a deep breath, “we have to go see my mum,” Donna reminded him.

“Do we have to,” he pled hoping that maybe she would change her mind.

Slipping from the table Donna nodded, “if you want to see this child be born,” warned Donna taking his arm as they headed to the console.
To say that she had never seen the Doctor this scared would be an understatement. Also, untrue. The closest thing she had seen him to this was back during the planets in the sky when the Daleks were around. This was worse. The Doctor slowly moved around the console coercing the TARDIS to take as long as possible to materialize in Chiswick.

Coming up behind the Doctor, Donna placed her hand on his back, “she won’t skin you,” Donna tried to relax him.

“What’s gotten into you,” she asked confused, “you never had any issues with mum before. It was always me.”

The Doctor released his grip on the console, “that was before I left you last time,” he confessed.

Donna pulled him into a hug, “mum understands that there wasn’t anything else you could do,” she promised.

“I’m not sure about that,” the Doctor paused leading her back to the jump seat to sit, “when I brought you back I may have said a few things,” he hinted.

Donna placed her hand on his, “Doctor what did you say,” she pushed.

“I got after her,” his breath hitched, “about how she treated you. I told her how important you are to the universe and that she needed to help you see it not tear you down,” he continued not meeting her eyes. The two sat there surrounded by the gentle hum of the TARDIS, “are you mad,” he finally asked.


She felt his arms come around her holding her quietly as she made a fool of herself. “You know it’s true,” the Doctor implored. “There are worlds out there safe in the sky because of you. Thousands of lightyears away there are people who sing songs about you, have shrines built for you, for what you did to save them,” he explained to her. Donna’s tears sped up. “You saved us all that day,” he promised continuing to hold her tight.

After a while Donna finally got up the nerve to wipe at her face, “I should freshen up before we go,” she laughed at her pathetic self. Standing Donna gave the Doctor another hug, “thank you,” she sighed. “I’ll pop off to my room and be back,” Donna grinned.

“Donna,” he called hurrying after her.

Pausing at a blank space in the corridor she tried not to let the tears flow freely again, “where is it,” she questioned not looking up from the blank space in the wall.

“I can have the TARDIS move it back,” the Doctor offered coming up beside her.

Donna could feel his eyes watching her, “you just forgot about me? Hid my room so you wouldn’t remember what you did,” she whispered.
Drawing a deep breath the Doctor shook his head, “no,” he promised. He shoved his hands in his pockets to keep from reaching for her, “come with me,” he instructed.

They walked down a different corridor Donna had never been down before. So many doors. Some with initials, others with carvings or designs on them. One said Ace and another had a rose and then they came upon her familiar light purple door with a D on it. “What is this,” Donna asked looking around confused.

“It’s the rooms of all the companions I’ve ever had,” explained the Doctor.

She looked as far as her eye could see down the hall, “you don’t just absorb them,” Donna queried.

“No, never,” he proclaimed taking in the number before him, “it wouldn’t be right,” he declared.

Slowly Donna reached up encircling the D that had been on her door that fateful day. She paused pulling her hand back and looking at the others, “you just keep them to punish yourself,” she realized.

The Doctor shook his head, “no,” he lowered his head, “I want everyone to know that I kept a space for them in my heart and on my TARDIS.”

Donna wrapped her arms around the Doctor’s waste, “you’re an old softy,” she chuckled burying her face in his chest, “don’t try to tell me anything different,” she laughed.

He reached out gripping the door handle before opening Dona’s door. She began to lose her grip peering into it, “seems like years ago,” she recalled.

“Feels like it took,” the Doctor agreed.

Her dark purple bedding lay unmaid just as she had left it that wild day. The pajamas Donna had been wearing were lain across the end of the bed waiting for her to come home again. Donna looked around. It looked so desolate yet lived in. “You leave them all the same, like we will come back and remember exactly where we were when we left,” she asked.

He shrugged, “wouldn’t be right to change it,” the Doctor mentioned. “I could have the TARDIS move it back for you,” he suggested wanting to forget about the moment Donna left and only focus on her being back. If that’s what she wanted to call it. Coming for her Doctor and asking to go home right after wasn’t necessarily a good sign.

“After we leave she dismissed,” walking in and running her finder across her furniture. She saw a coat in the corner, “I was wondering where this was,” Donna laughed going over and picking the green puffy coat up. “Looked everywhere for it and not seems all I needed was some time lord help” she laughed.

The Doctor rocked on his heels unsure what to say. “Everything should be just the way you left it,” he promised hoping it would hurry her along.

Venturing over to the side table Donna saw a bracelet she had been looking for as well. What she didn’t expect to see there was a book. Now, Donna enjoyed reading. Just not about Astrophysics. “Doctor,” she questioned lifting the book up, “how did this get here,” she wondered showing him the book.

“Must have been left by accident,” he supplied not paying too much attention to it.

It had been where her favorite picture of the two of them was, “there used to be a picture here.
Unless the TARDIS is working on becoming a magician someone was in here. Have you had other companions,” she asked wearily.

“Donna no,” he began realizing what she was hinting at. Stepping forward the Doctor took the book from her, “it’s mine. I,” he paused unsure if she would hate him or hit him or if he was really unlucky both. “I missed you and came in here to read once or twice. It didn’t really work,” he explained. The Doctor reached in his pocket pulling out the framed photograph of the two of them and Agatha Christie. “Here,” he mumbled shoving it in her hand.

Silence hung as Donna was unsure how to reply. He’d had it. He’d been in her room. “Why did you bring it in here,” she asked knowing that not asking would get the better of her mind.

“I missed you,” he shrugged staring at the book rather than Donna.

She smiled wrapping her arms around his waist, “I missed you too spaceman.” Donna let go pausing to cup his cheek, “it’s okay to miss people,” she promised. “Give me a mo, I’m going to freshen up,” reminded Donna walking to the ensuite. She bent down rinsing the tear streaked makeup from her face. She really needed to invest in some higher quality makeup now that she was pregnant and would be crying all the time. Donna wiped at her face taking a look at herself in the mirror. “You found him, now you can tell mum,” she pep talked herself.

“What’s that the Doctor asked,” pushing the door open.

Donna looked up, “I thought you were going to wait by the console for me,” she questioned confused.

He shrugged not meeting her eyes, “I wanted to make sure you got there okay,” he promised.

The Doctor looked so shy right now the way his face was turned in and his body language was toned down. It was almost as if he was worried, “just remember to remind mum you’re giving her what she always wanted,” Donna suggested.

“It isn’t that,” he dismissed.

Walking over Donna placed her finger under his chin forcing him to look at her, “what is it then,” she paused. “Come on now, out with it spaceman,” Donna urged.

His hand came up and tugged on his ear. Donna knew it meant he was truly nervous, “I just,” he stopped unable to say it.

Taking a breath he closed his eyes. Donna could see the shiny wetness about them, “Doctor what is it,” she worried. All she could do was see his hands coming for her but she knew that they were by his side, “Doctor, please don’t take them,” she begged.

Stepping back his eyes widened, “Donna, I, no,” he stuttered trying to regain his thoughts. He had seen the fear flash before her face, the horror that his touching her had caused that day. The aftermath of his actions. Something, he often didn’t have to stick around and see day in and day out.

Donna shrunk at the fear she had just exhibited, “I’m sorry,” she sniffed trying not to cry again. “You just had this look like there was something you weren’t telling me. Something that wasn’t good. Everything isn’t alright is it,” she worried.

Looking at her the Doctor realized for the first time how small and fragile Donna really was. Always running about ordering others around. But on the inside she was a weak little girl, scared of getting hurt. And that is exactly what he had done. He had hurt her in the one way she never
expected him to. “Nothing,” he dismissed.

She knew he was hiding something, “please tell me. I’ll go crazy trying to figure out what it is if you don’t,” she begged.

The Doctor shoved his hands in his pockets kicking his trainers as the carpet, “it’s just,” he stopped, “it’s good to have you back. I missed you,” he promised.

Eyeing him she wasn’t sure if that was the only thing. Maybe he could tell that she was hiding things from him too. She was after all. Donna wanted more than anything to be aboard the TARDIS but everything was different now. Not even to mention the pregnancy. Maybe missing each other was the first step. It wasn’t going to be an easy road to get back to where they were but Donna was willing to try.

“Alons-y,” he smiled hoping to change the subject.

The giggle that erupted from Donna’s mouth surprised him, “it must be really bad if you’re willing to go to mum,” she laughed.

“Like you said, I’ll have to face it one time or another,” he nodded opening the door for her and waiting. As Donna passed through the door the Doctor looked at the room where he had come after the Mars incident. Donna may not be able to see the crinkle on her bed from him but he remembered it like yesterday. He had gone too far. He had needed her to stop him but she couldn’t even remember him. There was no stopping him then, and then on Acropoli. The Doctor shook his head. That was gone, all behind him now. Donna was back and she would be the one to remind him to just save someone, to be the Doctor, to do what he did best, with her at his side.
Materializing the Doctor wasn’t quite as fast as his typical. He may have delayed each footstep by a second and each caress of his beloved console just to put off seeing Sylvia Noble one more second. Once the landed he took a deep breath trying to think of all the possibilities that could occur in the next few minutes. Earth moms were something the Doctor had very bad luck with. Sylvia already didn’t like him and now they were about to tell him that he was the father of Donna’s child.

“Doctor, are you ready,” Donna asked seeing him steeling himself at the console. He gulped before nodding, words were escaping him. “It’s just my mum,” she offered trying to be hopeful.

Before the Doctor could turn or answer her he heard it. The loud banging on the TARDIS door, “Donna! Are you in there,” screeched Sylvia.

“Now dear you know she is,” Wilfred offered.

Well, at least he would have one friendly face. Well, maybe. He was about to tell Wilf that he impregnated his granddaughter and then left her. Two things that typically did not get people on your side. “Now or never,” Donna nodded to the door.

“Never,” he whispered as she walked over to him.

Frowning Donna took a deep breath, “if she kills you, you can just regenerate,” she joked.

“Not if she kills me again before I’m done,” he sighed running his hand through his hair. “She doesn’t seem like a hand puller,” the Doctor questioned. He was rather fond of his locks in this body.

Snickering Donna shook her head, “naw, that’s more my style,” she grinned but not usually as punishment,” she supplied sticking her tongue between her teeth. The Doctor swallowed hard coughing on the saliva in his mouth, “oi, I was joking,” she sassed. “God knows I’m the virgin Mary and you look like a nun compared to me,” she laughed.

“Donna,” he began, “I like to dance.”

She looked at him quizzically, “dancing? Are you seriously such a numbo that you think I’m talking about dancing,” sighed Donna rolling her eyes and moving to the door. “Good thing it won’t take mum that long to realize we’re telling the truth when she asks you questions. Be prepared to be asked all about our sex life,” Donna warned walking to the still shaking door.

“Finally,” snapped Sylvia as Donna opened the door, “took you long enough,” she glowered.

Donna looked up the ramp waiting for the Doctor to join her. He was still walking rather slow. “Oi, don’t drag your feet,” she instructed, “pregnant lady here needs to pee,” Donna bellowed.

“I see you still know how to shout,” the Doctor grinned coming up beside her. “Hello Sylvia, Wilf,” he greeted them both as they remained standing outside the TARDIS. “It might be best if we go have a cuppa,” the Doctor suggested.

Sylvia stepped back, “you want me to invite you in my house after what you said to me last time and what you did to my daughter,” she growled.

“Well having it half way in between the street and a box that’s bigger on the inside isn’t the best
idea either,” Donna spat.

Wordlessly Sylvia turned and marched off. Donna reached out and took the Doctor’s hand unexpectedly. He looked down noticing the way their hands fit, how he had missed it so. “That’s the go ahead,” she explained.

Wilf stood straighter saluting the Doctor, “oh, none of that,” he rebuked seeing it.

Smiling Wilf lowered his arm, “have to give my future son in law a proper welcome,” he winked.

“We’re not together,” the Doctor and Donna dismissed.

Wilf nodded, “better not tell her that,” he nodded to the house, “Sylvia may not let on but she already has your wedding planned. Of course I told her that it’s different now, people become parents all the time without being wed.

Seeing the Doctor’s start Donna gave him a strong pat on the back, “remember to breathe. None of that raspatory bypass nonsense,” she chided leaving him with her Gramps. She pushed into the house and through the living room, “popping to the loo,” she called to her mum. She knew Sylvia was already used to the pregnant bladder of her daughter.

After relieving herself she made her way back out. The Doctor, gramps and Sylvia were all sitting around the table completely silent, “Donna,” the Doctor greeted standing.

“You couldn’t find one thing to talk about,” she sighed sitting down beside him.

He placed his hand on the table handing her a cup, “I prepared it just how you like it,” he offered.

Clearly the Doctor was trying hard. Sylvia eyed him cautiously, unsure what to make. “Are you going to keep traveling,” Sylvia finally asked breaking the tension in the room. The Doctor looked up watching Donna intently unsure of what her answer would be.

She nodded, “I think so,” Donna stated briefly meeting the Doctor’s eyes hoping it would be okay, that it would be what he wanted to.

“Really,” he clarified.

Shrinking back in the chair Donna looked down to her nail varnish, “yeah, I mean, like, you’d want that right,” she questioned desperately.

“Yep,” the Doctor popped.

Donna looked back up, “really,” now she was the one unsure, “a baby isn’t going to crimp your style,” she sassed.

“No dad shock here,” he promised thinking back to what Donna had said on Messaline.

Wilf smiled patting the Doctor on the back, “you’ll have to have me by sometime, Donna’s told me all about it,” he instructed.

“You’re going to raise a baby on a spaceship after what happened to you,” Sylvia further questioned.

Reaching over Donna placed her hand on the Doctor’s, “he’s the safest place to be,” she answered truthfully.

“Donna,” Sylvia began.
She shook her head, “no mum, seriously,” Donna interrupted. “The Doctor is the safest person to be around. So much running and yeah every where we turn up something goes wrong but there is no one I’d rather have around.”

The Doctor smiled like the cat that got cream watching Donna in amazement. “Can we at least expect a proper wedding,” Sylvia pushed.

“How about that,” the Doctor began.

“We’re not like that,” Donna declared, “just friends,” she affirmed. She felt the Doctor’s hand move from beneath hers and fall to his pocket. Surely because an incident occurred didn’t mean he had to be stuck with a wife like her as well as a child.

Sylvia stood turning her back to them, “living in sin,” she scoffed.

“Plenty of kids nowadays do it differently,” Wilf reminded his daughter.

Donna pushed back on the table standing and going to her mum, “he’s my best mate,” she began. “I know you want a wedding but isn’t a grandchild something? You’ll get to see them and be apart of their life,” she promised.

Looking up from the sink Sylvia glanced over to the Doctor, “you are family,” the Doctor added rather forcefully from his own mouth, “the both of you,” he brightened turning to Wilf.

“See if you can keep me from that child,” Sylvia warned.

Laughing Donna placed her hand on her stomach, “I’ve already warned him about keeping on your good side,” she nodded to the Doctor.

Setting the dish she had been working on Sylvia turned back to the group, “I imagine you’ll want to be packing,” she asked trying to hide the frown furrowing her brow.

Donna hadn’t even thought of that yet. So much to do, so little time. “Why don’t we have tea first and go from there,” she suggested.

The Doctor’s eyes widened fear present, “Donna,” he began seeing the look Sylvia shot him, “I’d love to,” he faltered.

Noticing how quiet the Doctor had been through dinner she kept her eye on him closely trying to figure out what was wrong. The only thing that kept coming to mind was that she would be traveling with him again. After saying their goodbyes to Wilf and Sylvia the Doctor and Donna silently walked back to the TARDIS. Pausing at the Door Donna looked up, “I could stay in the house tonight,” she offered.

Turning The Doctor rocked on his heels, “do you want to,” he pushed.

She couldn’t meet his eyes, “I’m not sure what I want anymore,” Donna confessed. The two stood there so much left unsaid between them. “Doctor, if you don’t want me to come you have to tell me now,” she finally declared.

His hands shot out of his pockets, “Donna why wouldn’t I want you to come,” he perplexed.

“Ever since I said I wanted to travel you’ve been different,” she shrugged.

The Doctor’s eyes widened in realization of what she was talking about. “It isn’t that,” he
declared. Donna stood patiently waiting for what it was clearly scared to ask. She was fidgeting with her clothing in attempt to avoid meeting his eyes, “I want you to come,” the Doctor assured her.

“But,” Donna pushed knowing there was more.

His face showed so many thoughts briefly before he got them back under control, “come with me,” he begged reaching a hand out and leaving it waiting for her palm up.

Donna watched his hand like he had extended it to her that first day and in Pompeii and so many other places. She reached out taking it, “it’s time to come home,” Donna smiled shoving the unsettled fears within her.
She stood in the console room rubbing her belly, “your dad has something spectacular planned for us,” she boasted rubbing another circle. “He’s good at that you know, all the surprising. I know he thinks he’ll be a shite father but I think he’ll be rather grand.” Donna looked up hearing footsteps on the grating.

The Doctor was standing there watching the two of them as he leaned against a column. His eyes were so sad. Donna felt a piercing pain jolt through her giant belly. Seeing her grimace the Doctor stood up straighter, “what is it,” he questioned.

Donna wasn’t sure she looked from her stomach to him and back as another pain pulsed through, “I think I’m in labor,” she surmised.

Walking slowly over the Doctor nodded, “and do you know why you’re in labor,” he questioned hands in his pockets.

“Because we’re having a metacrisis baby,” Donna replied.

He loomed closer, “and do you know why it hurts so much,” he pushed.

“Because it isn’t supposed to happen,” Donna cried. “Please Doctor, please don’t. Not now,” she begged.

Frowning he took a deep breath, “you can’t remember because he can’t exist,” he stated matter of fact.

His hands came up placing them on her stomach and before her eyes it began to deflate, “noooo,” she cried.

“Oh Donna Noble, I am so sorry, we had the best of times,” the Doctor promised placing his hands on each side of her head and taking her memories.

She could feel everything beginning to fade, “Doctor, please no, please, don’t,” she whimpered.

“Donna. Donna. It’s okay. You’re aboard the TARDIS,” the Doctor gently shook her leg sitting beside her on the bed.

Opening her eyes and seeing him above her Donna jumped back, “no get away,” she shouted pushing against him and almost herself off the bed.

“Donna,” he jumped up off the bed and away from her hiding his hands from her in the process, “you’re safe,” he calmly explained, “you were having a bad dream. I just came to wake you,” he tried.

Looking around she saw she was in her bedroom. The purple blanket was still partially on top of her. Her items littered the walls and counters. Donna allowed herself to fall onto the floor curling into a ball and started to sob. “It was happening again,” she cried.

Gently walking over the Doctor crouched against the wall beside her. “I, I don’t want to ever do that again,” he promised taking a deep breath. “Donna there are things you don’t know, things I did,” he paused. “After you left, I changed,” he tried to put words to the thoughts circling around his head the past few weeks.
“You changed,” she sniffed looking up at him and meeting his sad brown eyes. They were exactly the same shade and color as the day he took her memories.

He nodded, “you were right about me needing someone,” he sighed.

“Oh Doctor,” she whispered cupping his cheek. She still hadn’t thought about what all he had gone through.

Closing his eyes for a moment the Doctor leaned his head against the wall staring ahead, staring anywhere but at her. “I went to a dark space,” he began. “I was stuck on a planet. Everyone was going to die. In the back of my mind were you words, that you wanted me to save someone,” he paused. He could feel Donna’s hand on his shoulder, “I did save someone but I wasn’t supposed to,” he confessed glancing down at his own trainers. “She wasn’t meant to be saved Donna,” he frowned continuing to stare at his tattered shoes, “she knew it and righted the situation. I still wasn’t able to save anyone,” he revealed.

Hearing the sniffing of his companion the Doctor looked up and meet her tear streaked eyes, “I’m sorry. Bloody hormones,” she wiped at her eyes. Donna saw his face and reached out pulling him into a hug, “you tried spaceman,” she comforted rubbing a circle on his back gently thumbing his neck hair.

“I wanted to make you proud but I only ruined everything,” he sighed as she let go of him. “I don’t know when to stop,” the Doctor admitted.

She shook her head, “that isn’t true,” corrected Donna.

“It is,” he rebuked. “I took your memories, almost lost out on a life with you and our child,” the Doctor continued. “How many lives have we lost in your time with me? How many have died,” he pushed.

Donna placed her finger on his lip to stop him, “how many have you saved Doctor,” she recalled trying to get him to remember.

“Even you are scared of me Donna. You’re worried I’ll take your memories again,” he bellowed pulling away from her hand.

Donna let the silence hang for a moment before reaching out and taking his hand. She stared at it the hair, marks, lines, everything that made that hand his, that made the hand she had touched that day. The hand had done so much. She met his eyes, so dark and sad, similar to the day she keeps replaying in her head. “Here,” she whispered moving his hands toward her temples. She felt the coolness of his skin against her face. The emotions cascading inside of her were almost too much. She closed her eyes, feeling his hands against her skin with her own hands intermingled. More tears stung at her eyes, begging to be released. Gently Donna removed her hands leaving his still flush with her temples. Taking a deep breath in Donna opened her eyes again. The threatening tears had reached their threshold now flowing freely down her cheeks. Neither of them moved, not wanting to break the connection.

Only when the child inside of her flipped did Donna drop his gaze. “Are you okay,” he softly asked bringing his arms down and resisting the urge to hide them in his pockets.

“Yeah,” she sniffed wiping her face. “This one just decided it was time for a summersault,” she giggled caressing her belly.

The Doctor looked down at her hand and the child within her, “are they active,” he questioned.

“Sometimes,” Donna supplied removing her hand. “Been more so since I’ve come back aboard
the TARDIS but other things start this one up too,” she explained.

Arching his eye brown the Doctor tried to hide the confusion on his face, “what other things,” he worried.

Worrying her lip Donna glanced down at his trainers, “well,” she began, “you.” “Like when we first hugged and when you’ve touched me like just now,” she confessed.

“Really,” he questioned not trying to hide the huge smile across his face, “you know your dad,” he grinned reaching his hand out, “Donna is it okay,” the Doctor paused unsure how to ask.

Without even answering Donna took his hand placing it on her stomach. She watched the Doctor’s face light up, his eyes becoming bigger by the second. If he wasn’t careful surely they would pop from his head. “Doctor,” she questioned.

Removing his hand the Doctor pulled Donna into a hug, “oh Donna Noble you are brilliant,” he cheered.

“What did I do,” she asked confused.

Letting go the Doctor looked into her eyes, “you kept our little time lady safe,” he proclaimed.

“Time lady,” she questioned.

The Doctor nodded, “it’s a girl,” he beamed.

“A girl,” Donna echoed. They were having a girl. She couldn’t stop the tears from falling. :We’re having a girl,” she repeated again in disbelief.

He pressed a kiss to Donna’s forehead, “you’re going to be a brilliant mum,” he promised pulling her back into another hug.
Chapter 8

It felt right being in the Doctor’s arms. Standing the Doctor helped Donna up to her feet, “you should sleep,” he instructed.

Cautiously she eyed him, “what do you have planned for us today,” she questioned ignoring him.

“Thought we could hang around good ole London town,” he mocked spreading her blankets over the bed again.

“Oi, trying to take it easy in preparation of this little one,” she giggled placing her hand on her stomach.

He paused pulling back the covers of her bed, “you need rest with a tiny time lord growing inside you,” the Doctor suggested. She opened her mouth to protest, “Donna please,” he begged.

She sat on the bed, “how did you get in my room so fast,” Donna questioned realizing her dream had ended rather fast.

“I, um, I, was walking by,” the Doctor supplied.

Donna eyes him, “you’re lying,” she accused.

“I may have been in here,” he confessed not meeting her eyes and starting to pull the covers up over her.

Donna refused to move, “you were in my room while I was sleeping,” she growled.

“It isn’t what you think,” the Doctor promised raising both hands in innocence. “I just wanted to make sure you were safe,” he offered.

Crinkling her face Donna seemed to be making her mind up. Why was he watching her? Why did she need to be safe? “Is something not right,” she asked again.

“It is, everything is right as rain,” the Doctor promised, “well unless the rain is moving up rather than down,” he trailed off.

Finally Donna leaned back onto her pillows, “then why the need to watch me spaceman.”

He tucked her in before threading his hands through his hair, “I’ve missed you,” he explained.

“So you watch me sleep in the dark,” Donna faltered.

The Doctor sat on the edge of her bed just out of reach in case she felt like giving him a hit or two, “well, dark for you,” he began tapping at his eyes, “time lord,” he reminded her. Rolling her eyes Donna pulled the blankets up and settled in. He could see she wasn’t exactly okay with it, “I’ll go,” he offered starting to hit her light.

“Doctor,” she called lifting the covers on her left side, “get in,” she huffed.

His eyes met hers, “what,” the Doctor squeaked.

“I can’t have you getting kicked up in a chair, get in,” she pushed. Standing there he gawked at her, “oi, you’re letting the cold air in turn off the light and get in,” demanded Donna.
Hurring over the Doctor toed off his trainers before hopping in. Donna thought it was cute how he elongated his legs, stretching into the other pillows. She dropped the blankets over him and curled up resting her head on his chest. Silently the Doctor wrapped his right arm around her back. Sitting in the silence Donna found the rhythm of the Doctor’s hearts rather relaxing. Her own heart rate was starting to slow as she drifted off before feeling like something wasn’t right. Donna could feel the Doctor staring at her.

Opening her eyes and shifting her head to meet his the Doctor’s brown eyes met hers, “hello,” he chirped.

Donna leaned back reaching for a black remote, and pressed it, “what do you fancy watching,” she asked trying to turn the attention from her to the television.

“You have a television,” the Doctor gasped.

Snickering she nodded, “yeah guess the TARDIS loves me more,” she grinned pressing a button and allowing for the television to pop up and turn on. Donna looked up at him, “so,” she pushed.

The Doctor shrugged, “you have any movies,” he questioned.

“So many,” Donna rolled her eyes flipping through. She spotted a show she used to watch at the house, “oh, I used to watch this. Missed the end of the season,” she huffed turning it on.

She could feel the Doctor tense beside her, “Donna, do you think something this dark is good for the baby,” he asked.

“Oi, she likes it,” Donna protested curling back into him.

Donna felt his eyes jump to her, “how do you know that,” the Doctor questioned.

Placing her hand on her stomach she rubbed it, “because she’s kicking like mad.”

His eyes traveled to her hand, reaching out his own, “may I,” he queried.

Smiling Donna pushed the blanket down and pulled up her shirt, “go ahead,” she encouraged.

Tentatively he placed his fingers then entire hand on her stomach. Donna could feel the coolness linger there. She watched him waiting for him to feel it, “I can’t,” the Doctor began.

“Wait,” Donna encouraged placing her hand on his, and pulling it lower where she had last felt her daughter’s foot. His face fell, “just wait,” she encouraged him.

Feeling her stomach move the Doctor’s eyes widened and a grin spread across his face, “that’s,” his words failed him.

“Yeah,” Donna agreed, “that’s our little girl,” she beamed.

The Doctor left his hand there after Donna removed hers and relaxed back onto his shoulder. The television light dance across them in the bed illuminated by the next murder. It wasn’t long until her heavy eyelids won out.


Taking a deep breath as she came to she tightened her grip on her pillow. Donna felt it squirm. Slow movement moved from her belly to her breast. Opening her eyes Donna leaned back feeling a hand cupping her bare breast beneath her shirt. Looking up Donna meet the Doctor's
embarrassed gaze. His mouth opened but words failed to form, “you fell asleep,” he squeaked.

“Can you unhand my breast,” questioned Donna trying not to giggle or think about his tender soft fingertips on the underside of her boob.

Quickly the Doctor pulled his hand from her shoving it into his pocket, “you shifted in your sleep and trapped my hand. I was trying to free it when you moved again,” he blurted.

Taking a deep breath Donna leaned against the pillow placing her hand on his the one still atop the blanket, “it’s bound to happen time to time,” she shrugged.

“What,” the Doctor bellowed.

Donna scrubbed her face, “well I imagine you want to be there for the birth,” she noted.

“Of course,” the Doctor agreed still obviously confused.

She shifted again to see him better, “parts of me will be on view,” she hinted, “and then there is the whole breastfeeding postpartum,” Donna continued.

The Doctor stared at her blankly, “do you not know how a pregnancy progresses,” she shot seeing his confused face.

“Time lords don't reproduce like humans. I'm familiar with the basics,” the Doctor dismissed.

“Well, you're about to become very familiar with many of my body parts,” Donna spat. “If you think I'll be one of these women going about covering herself up to avoid offending your eyes you got another thing coming sunshine. This is my house too,” Donna continued.

Realizing what she was on about the Doctor nodded, “Donna, I would never want you to feel like you didn't belong in our home,” he promised. Their home. Had he really just called the TARDIS their home? Leaning over Donna pulled the Doctor into a hug, “what's that for,” he worried.

“I'm just all emotional,” she sniffed, “bloody hormones.”

His arms wrapped around her, “can't yell at the world when your busy crying,” he joked.

Donna pulled back startled, “what did you say,” she balked.

“You are always hollering at everyone because you don't realize how brilliant you are,” the Doctor explained.

“Who said that to you,” she demanded.

The Doctor's eyes dropped looking at his hands, “something the duplicate me said,” he confessed.

It was the first time they had talked about the other him. The him that knew Donna’s deepest secrets. “What else did he say,” she demanded.

“Nothing really,” the Doctor dismissed.

Donna grabbed his hand meeting his eyes, “Doctor I need to know,” she pled.

“Why is it so important,” he queried.

She looked away trying not to let him see the tears starting to form. Donna took a deep breath trying not to let on how upset she was, “he knew things,” Donna began, “things I haven't told
anyone before,” she whispered.

Feeling a hand on her shoulder Donna turned back to him, “he told me to take care of you. That you deserved to be happy after everything you had been through,” he paused, “I'm sorry I didn't. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry that I left you,” the Doctor vowed.

“I've forgiven you,” Donna disregarded.

The Doctor frowned, “actually you haven't,” he reminded her.

“I did too,” Donna rebuked.

He shook his head, “you've never said the words,” he told her.

“Clearly I'm aboard the TARDIS with you,” Donna trailed off noticing his eyes, “Doctor,” she began cupping his cheek, “I'm not happy about what you did but I forgive you. Without the choice you made we wouldn't have this miracle,” she smiled taking his hand and placing it on her stomach. “You've given me the life I've always wanted and never thought I could have. A baby and I get to spend the rest of my life traveling on the TARDIS with you,” she declared.

Donna's mouth opened into a large o, can we go back to sleep now,” she yawned.

“I wasn't asleep,” the Doctor protested.

She rubbed her eyes yawning again, “but you make a good pillow,” she murmured rolling back into him.
Chapter 9

Donna was walking through a hallway when she saw a dark brown door with circular writing on it. Writing that she almost recognized, as if she could almost feel her read what it said. It was much like the notes that the Doctors scribbled around the TARDIS. She felt something calling to her if she was supposed to be in there. Reaching up Donna gently pushed on the door as it opened. Before her was luscious green grass expand into a large field with trees and flowers how much like that of the Doctor’s arboretum. It was absolutely breathtaking. Above it shown two suns, much like that which had been in the sky when she and the Doctor have been trapped in the apartment from hell. Could this be his home planet?

Walking into the grass Donna could see the Doctor sitting legs outstretched in the grass staring up at the sky. “I never saw her coming then either,” the Doctor said as Donna approached.

“Did you see me,” she heard another voice ask. One that she’d never heard before.

He shook his head, “oh definitely not,” the Doctor promised, “that's why you're my impossible girl,” she could hear the smile in his voice.

Donna heard a tiny gasp. Out of the Doctor's lap crawled the tiny girl about the age of 5. The Doctor turned to see what the girl had, Donna,” he called surprised seeing her standing there.

Running towards her little girl wrapped herself around on Donna’s lower torso, “mummy! you joined us,” she cheered.

“Mommy,” Donna questioned.

Quickly standing the Doctor walked over to them. “How did you,” he began.

“There was a door and I pushed it open,” Donna offered still confused about what she was actually experiencing.

The little girl looked up at her, tears brimming in her eyes. “Don't you recognize me Mummy,” she question.

The Doctor kneeled next to her taking the little girl's hands, “remember what I told you about your mommy being special and how she saved us all? Well I had to take away her memories and even though she can remember everything now because of you and everything that you've done, there's still things that are new for Mummy because mommy's human just like your half human,” he explained to the child.

Donna watched the two of them, “well this is just wizard. I’m dreaming about he Doctor and our future child.”

He looked up at her, “well, um, you see this isn't exactly a dream,” he confessed.

“This isn't a dream? So I'm hallucinating? That’s what you're saying,” Donna clarified.

The little girl shook her head smiling, “no Mummy I'm real,” she proclaimed.

Donna looked to the Doctor for an explanation, “this is our daughter? You're our daughter?”

“Yeah,” the Doctor assured her. “Well not at this moment but what she'll be one day. Time lords, they develop in a very different way than humans do and so well yes she's tiny and inside of you
but her brain is capable of so many things.”

Donna nodded stunned, “so you've been talking to her inside of my stomach,” she questioned somewhat appalled.

“He was telling me how you guys met and how I came to be Mummy,” their daughter added.

Donna looked at the brown messy hair before her, “is she really, are you really going to look like this? Have your dad's hair in my eyes,” Donna wondered out loud.

“She also has my smile and your freckles,” the Doctor grinned.

She continued to look at the little girl, “you're my daughter,” Donna said aloud still in disbelief.

Her eyes popped open and she sat up in bed looking down at her stomach holding it with both her hands. “Donna are you okay,” the Doctor asked sitting up beside her.

“I just had the strangest dream,” she laughed.

His eyes met hers, “it wasn't a dream,” the Doctor protested.

“That just happened,” she gasped.

The Doctor nodded, “yep,” he popped.

She jumped up from the bed, “you were talking to our child while it's inside of me,” Donna shot.

“You were to,” the Doctor reminded her.

She started to pace, “that's not normal,” she dismissed.

“Not for a human,” the Doctor suggested. “She has a different developing brain. Maybe you need a Cuppa tea and we can talk,” he wondered aloud.

Donna dismissed his suggestion with a shake, “are you going to do that again,” she asked.

“Yes, well, I hope to if it's okay with you,” he backtracked.

“She needs that huh,” Donna realized.

He nodded, “she'll be a lot happier with it,” the Doctor explained. “It's not like back home where we have hundreds of children in the loom together and they can talk and interact. She only has us,” the Doctor explained.

“Then I don’t think you should stop,” Donna began. She paused meeting his eyes, “it’s just different you know?”

The Doctor smiled walking closer to her, “oh my Donna Noble,” he beamed, “what are your thoughts on breakfast,” he questioned.

Donna’s face scrunched, “maybe something fruity,” she suggested.

“Banana,” the Doctor cheered.


The Doctor bounded off to the kitchen returning to her with a banana, already missing a bite,
“bananas are good,” he said swallowing.

“Hey,” she protested.

He shrugged handing her the banana, “sorry I got hungry on the way,” the Doctor apologized.

“You were gone two seconds,” she scoffed taking it and eying the missing piece.

She took a bite, “time lord,” he replied as she moaned at the taste.

“Do we have peanut butter and oreos,” she asked.

The Doctor started to turn, “I can go look,” he offered.

Scrunching her face Donna polished off the banana, “I’m starving,” she sighed, “Look together,” she offered starting to hobble off to the kitchen.

“I could make banana pancakes or french toast or waffles,” the Doctor named off.

Stepping into the kitchen Donna grabbed another banana, the oreos and the peanut butter. She opened the peanut butter dipping an oreo in and digging out a huge scoop of the sticky substance, “I’m good,” she mumbled taking a bite of oreo too.

Walking up beside her the Doctor started to dip a finger in but Donna smacked him first, “oi,” he shot.

“Pregnant,” Donna excused herself as if the one word could take the brunt for anything.

He turned the kettle on and pulled two cups out before taking a banana for himself and orange marmalade. Donna looked up at him dipping the banana in the marmalade, “that’s disgusting,” she stated.

“Says the one eating peanut butter with oreos and banana,” the Doctor prodded her.

Shrugging she took another bite of banana to go with her mouthful of oreo and peanut butter. “Are you going to talk to our daughter every night,” Donna abruptly asked.

The Doctor paused mid finger lick, “likely so. It will help with her development,” he added dipping his banana back into the marmalade.

“What is her name,” she asked.

Looking up his forehead wrinkled, “who’s name,” the Doctor questioned between mouthfuls.

“Our daughter’s. Did she tell you,” Donna explained.

The Doctor paused setting the marmalade down, “why would she know her name,” he wondered.

“Isn’t that how that it works for time lords? You said you chose the name the Doctor,” she recalled.

“No,” he shook his head. “My parents gave me a name and then I chose the Doctor. That’s how most time lords do it. Then your name is secret. Only those you trust most know it, and then when,” the Doctor drifted off meeting Donna’s eyes.

She opened her mouth, “when you marry someone,” she finished his sentence.
“Yes,” he nodded.

They still hadn’t talked about that. Nor what Donna had said her first night back on the TARDIS. “Doctor,” she began but her words failed her. If she had absorbed his consciousness and that is how she knew his name surely that would not constitute a marriage. Maybe a forced or arranged marriage but the Doctor had tried to take those memories away.

His hand reached out for hers, “you know my name,” he said.

“Not out of your own volition. It was accidental. A fluke,” Donna rebuked. His hand tightened around hers, “the same as our child,” he mirrored her thoughts.

“Yes, but we’re happy about her right,” Donna hoped.

The Doctor nodded, “very,” he agreed. “Are you not happy we are married,” the Doctor asked.

“We aren’t,” Donna dismissed, “you never told me your name. I only know it because your mind went into mine and then you tried to erase that,” she told him standing and moving to the counter with her back to him so he couldn’t see the tears brimming in her eyes. “Is there such a thing as divorce on your planet,” Donna questioned.

“No,” his voice deepened, “time lords are to be above such trivial emotions,” he explained.

Donna snickered, “trivial emotions. So you just stay married to someone for thousand of years whether you love them or not?”

“Yes,” the Doctor said.

Wiping at her face Donna turned around, “you poor thing,” she sighed. “I can’t imagine what you must have.”

“It wasn’t that bad,” the Doctor interrupted. “My wife did try to kill me off a few times,” he offered.

Donna laughed, “oi I can’t imagine why spaceman,” she giggled.

“Hey,” the Doctor protested. “I’ll have you know I’m a rather wonderful husband and father,” he promised moving over to Donna.

She met his eyes, “we didn’t get married,” Donna reminded him.

“You know my name,” he told her.

Taking a deep breath in she looked down, “you don’t want to be married to me. Plus, mum would never forgive you if she found out,” Donna rambled.

“You were saving the Earth and I was trying to save your life. We were a little busy to pop over and tell her,” he huffed.

Donna’s face sank, “I just think that marriage should be between two people that love each other. Two people who want to get married. Who will live their life together and grow old together,” she offered.

“Oh,” the Doctor realized.

“You shouldn’t have to be married to someone because I touched your hand. It isn’t right you should be stuck with me,” she continued.
The Doctor placed a finger under Donna’s chin tilting it to look at him, “Donna, I.”

“And then there is River Song to consider. Clearly we aren’t actually married because she knew your name,” Donna pushed.

He let go of her chin, “Donna we’re having a child it wouldn’t be the worst thing to be married,” he offered.

“No, just because I’m up the duff doesn’t mean we need a shotgun wedding. I don’t care what mum’s plans are,” she protested pulling away from him. “Now where are we going today spaceman?”

Shoving his hands in his pockets Donna could see him sink. She knew he only wanted to do right by her, especially after what he had done. “I was thinking felspoon,” the Doctor suggested.

“Oh you! I love it! I’ll be ready in a bit,” Donna promised leaving him alone in the kitchen.
Donna hurried to shower and dress. She shoved herself into her pants. She’d have to soon move up to the new bigger pair but wasn’t ready to yet. Just in case they weren’t up for the running. She could feel her stomach flutter not from their child but from the butterflies ready to break through her skin. “Why are you nervous,” she asked herself aloud smoothing her real top over her bump. “It’s just the Doctor, just Felspoon, just another adventure,” Donna chided herself.

Coming from her room Donna walked down the hallway and into the console room. The Doctor was practically dancing around the console. “Felspoon,” he cheered.


He paused, “if you want. I know you were keen on him,” the doctor winked.

“Maybe later,” she shrugged.

He set the TARDIS on materialize, “ready,” the Doctor questioned.

Smiling Donna bounced to the doors, “always,” she cheered.

The Doctor motioned to her, “after you,” he declared.

Donna carefully placed her hand on the door pushing it open. As she stepped out she saw purple grass as far as her eyes could see with yellow, blue pink and white flowers intermingled. The mountains were dark in the distance, and she could already see them swaying against the orange, red and grey skyline. “It’s beautiful,” she gasped encompassing the Doctor in a hug.

“I’m glad you like it,” he beamed holding his arm out for her to grab it.

Donna threaded her arm through his, “you tart. What a cheap date I am,” Donna sighed.

He opened his mouth and then closed it again thinking through his response momentarily, “it took us a lot to get here. Nothing cheap about this at all,” he promised.

She leaned her head against his shoulder as they walked down the path closer to the mountains, “is the sky always like this,” she inquired.

“Yes, permanent sunset. Not too bright or dark. Just perfection. It looks mighty nice with your hair,” the Doctor rambled. Rolling her eyes she listened as he explained how the mountains had formed, “they are sentient beings. It is illegal to mine, cut trees or pick flowers from the mountains. The locals believe that they came to be when a young princess was waiting for her prince to return. Her father did not approve of their marriage so he sent him away to the forefront of their war lines. She waited daily by her window for him to return. When her father told her he had arranged a marriage for her she ran away and hid on the mountain. That night she saw a shooting star and she made a wish that she would be able to watch until her true love returned. So she became the mountain. He never did come back,” the Doctor paused taking a deep breath, “so she still watches over waiting for him one day.”

The Doctor felt something wet on his shoulder. He looked over at Donna who was weeping openly, “it’s such a beautiful story,” she cried. “She loved him so much she waited for him. Even though he didn’t come back,” she sobbed.

“Hey,” the Doctor tried to calm her stopping to pull her into a hug, “it’s just an old story Donna,”
he tried to dismiss the story he had said.

She sniffed wiping at her tears, “but she never found her love. To not find the person you love, the person that loves you. To not ever have that,” Donna trailed off, “I’m sorry,” she wailed.

“Shhh, shh,” he soothed caressing the back of her head, “she has all of us who comes to see her and we return love to her,” he offered thinking of how the locals view it.

Donna shook her head, “but she doesn’t have her love,” she continued.

“Maybe we should go back to the TARDIS,” the Doctor suggested.

“No,” yelped Donna through tears, “I wanna continue,” she affirmed. Offering her a handkerchief Donna took it, dabbing at her tears and blowing her nose. She wasn’t sure where to put it and gasped when the Doctor did shoving it into his pocket not caring about the mess she had made of it.

They were quite for some time walking up the hill, Donna working on stopping her tearful breathing and get her emotions in check, the Doctor deep in thought. “Donna,” he finally started as they neared the top, “if you found someone you loved I wouldn’t make you stay for me,” he promised.

She stopped, letting go of his arm and meeting his face, “what,” she spat.

“If you met someone I, uh, I wouldn’t make you stay with me. Or, um, erm, you could and he could travel with us all on the TARDIS,” he offered.

What was he saying? He was willing to invite someone neither of them had even met yet aboard the TARDIS and into their daughter’s life just to make her happy? She felt her tears release again, “oh Doctor,” she squeaked.

“Oh not, you don’t have to,” he quickly added fearing he had said the wrong thing.

Her arms found his waist as she melted into him, “I love you spaceman,” she quivered in his chest.

“You do,” the Doctor asked taking his turn to squeak at the words she had said. He could feel her nod in his chest, “yeah, you would want me to be happy so much that you’d be willing to have someone we haven’t even encountered yet be on the TARDIS in some little nuclear family,” she sniffed.

“Nuclear family,” he worried. “I would do anything possible to get along with you and whoever you chose to be your mate. As long as he kept both you and our daughter happy,” the Doctor assured her.

Donna pulled back lightly smacking his chest, “you prawn, it’s what we call families that are not just a mum and dad,” she explained.

“Oh, right, yes,” the Doctor mumbled.

She turned to finish the ascension to the top which was just a few meters now. As they reached the end of the trail Donna turned to see where they had just come from. Before them was a low valley with a small lake off to the left side and a town to the right. The sunset light glowed on the TARDIS making her look like she was peacefully awaiting her friends to return. The Doctor wrapped his arm around her, “it’s everything I thought it would be and more,” she shivered starting to cool from the lack of direct sun.
“Yep,” the Doctor popped pulling her close. He shrugged out of his jacket placing it on her shoulders much like he had all those years ago when they first had met. She didn’t even sass him about how skinny he is.

Donna looked around “are we allowed to sit here,” she asked wanting to take in the view before they returned to the TARDIS.

The Doctor kicked a few rocks out of the way and made a seat for himself offering Donna a spot next to him, “right here,” he patted the spot he had cleared for her.

Slowly Donna lowered herself feeling the Doctor’s hands on her waist as she got lower, “I have you,” he declared.

It felt good to relax into him and just take everything in, “a girl could get used to this,” she smiled rubbing her stomach.

“I would hope so. You have years of this,” he promised.

Resting her head on his chest Donna just stared at the scene, “promise we can bring our daughter here one day,” Donna begged.

“Of course,” the Doctor declared reaching his hand for Donna’s stomach.

She smiled, “are you telling her about it,” Donna questioned.

“Yep,” the Doctor answered pulling Donna closer.

A little while later the Doctor gently started rubbing Donna’s shoulders, “are you ready,” she asked.

“I think you are. You’re shivering,” he said bringing how cold Donna was to her attention.

She leaned up pressing a kiss to his cheek, “I think I’m going to need assistance getting up,” Donna realized.

Standing the Doctor extended his hands to her, “allons-y,” he chirped pulling Donna to her feet and into his arms. They stood there a moment. She basking in the warmth of his arms, he feeling their child within her against him until her body gave another shiver, “we should go,” he instructed. Donna nodded as he took her hand interlacing their fingers and making their way back to the TARDIS.

Coming up to their home Donna felt the Doctor rummage in his pocket for his key, “I’ll make a cuppa, you can get into something warmer,” he suggested.

“Yeah,” she agreed pulling apart from him. Donna watched him bound off to the kitchen as she grabbed a sweater. She got it half way on when she realized it wouldn’t fit. Donna tried to pull it off but the sweater was stuck on her growing breasts, “Doctor,” she yelped coming out of her room.

He bounded down the hallway at her worried call, “what’s,” he stopped falling into a fit of laughter, “did you, did you need something,” he chuckled.

“It’s not funny,” she protested tears threatening at her eyes already, “I can’t get it on or off,” Donna pouted.

He came over taking the hem of her jumper in his fingers and pulling them up Donna felt his fingers graze ver her breasts and tried to ignore it or the jolt that shot through her body when his
middle finger ran over her nipple. “All better,” he offered freeing her.

“Thanks,” Donna said clearing her throat and covering her chest with her arms staring at offending hand and wishing it would offend her again.

“I’ll, erm, get that cuppa,” he said extending the sweater to her.

Donna grabbed it from him, “thanks,” she offered again turning and leaving him. Closing her bedroom door behind her Donna closed her eyes taking a deep breath. “Don’t think about the Doctor’s hands,” she shushed her mind. All she could see was his hands caressing her body, removing her clothing.

“Tea is ready,” the Doctor chirped down the hallway.

Her eyes popped open. Donna grabbed a cardigan wrapping it around her. And walked into the ensuite to splash cold water on her face. “Stop it hormones. No. We do not think about the Doctor like that,” Donna rebuked her own mind.

She walked to the kitchen and grabbed the cup the Doctor had set out for her, “thank you,” she repeated for the third time in five minutes curling the cup into her sweater and staring at her milky cup.

The Doctor placed a plate before her, “eat,” he suggested taking one of the sandwiches he had made. Donna continued to stare at her tea, getting lost in the swirls of movement. She swore she could smell him across the table. And he smelled so good. “Earth to Donna,” the Doctor tried to get her attention.

“Sorry,” she offered, “I have a lot on my mind.”

His hand reached out resting on hers, “care to share,” he questioned. Donna reached for the cheese toastie he had made and took a huge bite avoiding his question. “Or not,” he laughed.

After finishing her toastie Donna stood, “I’m knackered already I think I’m going to have a nap,” she excused herself. Getting into her room Donna changed into her comfy pajamas. She was just about to crawl into bed when there was a knock on the door, “yes,” she answered.

Walking in the Doctor paused by the door shoving his hands in his pockets and rocking on his heels, “I was hoping I could join you,” he hinted.

“What,” Donna stammered realizing what he had meant, “um, yeah, but only if you hop in. None of that watching me as I sleep,” she sassed.

The Doctor didn’t need a second invite and didn’t give Donna a chance to change her mind. As she crawled in he practically bounced across the room kicking off his trainers and got under the covers with her. “Is this too close,” his voice deepened in her ear as he wrapped an arm around her pulling Donna closer to his chest.

“No, it’s fine,” she acknowledged turning off her bedside lamp and picking up the remote. “Have you ever watched Roswell,” Donna questioned.

The Doctor looked at her confused, “there was an alien. A spaceship really did go down. Slitheen everywhere. I still think there are a few around that I never caught,” he sighed.

Donna eyed him out of the corner of her eye, “seriously? I’m talking about a television show and you’re telling me you were at Roswell.”
“When you get to be 904 everything has multiple meanings,” the Doctor shrugged.

Shaking her head Donna relaxed into his chest, “well you can tell me all about it tomorrow. Tonight sleep,” she demanded. She could feel him scoot down in the bed closer to her but so that he could still see the telly.

Donna closed her eyes hearing the familiar beginning of episode one, “September 23. Journal Entry one. I’m Liz Parker and five days ago I died,” she heard the title character say. Donna thought about how her own journal, had she kept one wouldn’t be much different from Liz’s. But right now none of that mattered. All that mattered was the double beat of the Doctor’s heartbeats in her hear and the slowing of her own breath hopefully ending up in sleep.
Chapter 11

“That is alienist, most species do not even have antennae,” the Doctor protested. Donna snuggled her face into his chest reaching up for his mouth but missed, “I met someone like him once. His name was Elton. He created a whole band of people searching for me much like them searching for aliens,” he continued to ramble. Her hand made another dash for his face smacking his cheek lightly but the Doctor was already enthralled in the show. “The government would have cleared any photos and taken any evidence they were much more thorough than she is letting on,” he gasped.

She rolled away from him hiding her head between the pillows, “trying to sleep,” she mumbled suddenly feeling cold.

“Donna,” she felt his hand on her shoulder, “do women not like men who are steady and loyal,” the Doctor questioned.

Turning back to him Donna met his eyes, “some women do,” she answered.

For a moment his eyes lingered in her before placing his attention back on the television, “he failed the oldest trick in the book. Always protect your DNA,” he scoffed.

“Says the 900 year old alien that lobbed off a hand and grew a spare only to have someone else entirely find and carry it around without any knowledge,” she spat.

He looked down meeting her eyes, “someone's grouchy,” he realized.

“Someone is sleepy,” yawned Donna, “growing a half human half time lord metacrisis baby takes a lot out of one.”

Pointing to the telly the Doctor shrugged, “you turned this on,” he innocently noted.

Donna reached up and smacked his cheek, “you have your own bed and there is a telly in the library. The TARDIS might even give you one in your room to preserve my sanity,” she said changing the subject.

“Donna,” he whined. “Has anyone ever told you how cute you are when you're tired,” he said losing track of what he previously was going to say.

Her face popped up, “excuse me.” She couldn’t have heard him right.

“You wrinkle your face and turn into a little kid who just wants sleep,” the Doctor explained, “right here,” his finger met the bridge of her nose, “it wrinkles and your eyes droop more closed.”

Hearing the tv the Doctor turned back to it, “up north I've used that one before,” he beamed.

“Of course you have,” Donna sighed reaching for the remote.

Sensing her course of action the Doctor beat her to it grabbing it and holding it above his head and away from her. Donna clobbered over him trying to grab it. “Doctor please,” she begged noticing their positions. She was now a top him her breasts practically suffocating him her legs straddling his. She paused meeting the Doctor’s eyes. “I’m sorry,” she apologized scrambling off of him.

“No I am,” the Doctor also apologized moving to hand her the remote. His hand and her breast met as he grazed it gently trying to move the remote to her. They both froze again.
Donna rolled over onto her right side, “night Doctor,” she quipped trying not to think about the predicament they were just in. Two times in one day was just too much. Was this what it would be like living this close to the Doctor? Awkward times they would come in contact but way more familiar than they used to be.

When Donna woke the Doctor was busy reading. She turned over seeing him sitting beside her, book in hand. His glasses were perched on the top of his nose almost falling off. “You’re awake,” he cheered.


“Nothing he dismissed starting to place it in his pocket.


The Doctor took it from her, “yes. It’s just one of many,” he explained not meeting her eyes.

“You’ve done this before,” Donna reminded him in disbelief.

His shoulders sunk, “not like this. I know the basics of human anatomy but this is new,” he explained placing his hand on her stomach.

“You’ve got the easy part,” she smiled placing her hand on his.

The Doctor’s eyes lit up, “Donna Noble have I told you how brilliant you are today,” he beamed.

“Not since I’ve woken up in the last minute,” she laughed.

“I think you deserve a relaxing day at the Doctor's order,” he smiled.

Donna rolled her eyes, “oh really another place like midnight,” she sassed.

“No, no, no,” the Doctor stopped her. “An actual relaxing trip. No tours, nothing educational, just nonalcoholic drinks and a wonderful day for my favorite companion.”

She met his eyes, “your favorite companion a? What did you break,” she questioned.

“Nothing,” the Doctor promised, “can I just take you somewhere nice?”

Sighing she took a deep breath in, “every time you taking me somewhere nice it's always ended badly,” Donna reminded him, “even ShenShen, that was supposed to be a fun day.” She saw his face fall, “I don't blame you. It's not your trouble, it just surrounds you. I don't dislike it, I just don't believe we could ever have a relaxing day. I love the running, a lot of running and I don't quite think I'm in the condition for running,” Donna said looking down at her bump.

“There was no running yesterday,” he recalled reminding her of felspoon.

Giggling Donna placed a hand on his shoulder, “okay, so you have one versus like a hundred going in your favor Spaceman.”

“I'm going for two now,” he winked. His brown pools look like a puppy dog begging to go outside.
She was worried but she couldn’t say no to that face, “oh alright,” Donna said acquiescing to his request.


Shaking her head it took everything in her not to roll her eyes again, “boy let me shower first,” Donna laugh.

The Doctor bounded out of the bed helping her up and pressed a kiss to her forehead, “thanks for letting me do this,” he beamed.

Donna gave in and rolled her eyes at her Spaceman, “go on get,” she instructed. She went through her closet picking out one of the summer dresses she had bought. Putting it in front of the mirror made it seem like this would fit. Donna paused laying the dress over the chair and looking at herself in the mirror. She ran her hand over her bump turning sideways and lifting her shirt. “I am not bigger on the inside,” she sighed rubbing her stomach. “I look like a manatee,” Donna scoffed. She was just barely at six months. How huge would she be in another three? Donna shook her head trying to shake the thoughts from her mind. Walking into the ensuite she grabbed a towel and turned the water on. Stripping Donna remembered how she used to hate her body size but at least now it had a purpose. A greater purpose than she. Slipping under the beading water Donna could feel her muscles ease. Maybe the Doctor was on to something with her needing to relax. She stood there letting the water wash away her thoughts, her fears, her innermost desires. Soaping up Donna quickly rinsed herself off and got out wrapping the towel around her. She grabbed lotion applying it to her skin she looked at herself in the mirror before towel drying her hair. Donna ran her brush through her hair pulling it back into a ponytail and slipped into her dress.

Walking into the console room Donna was hit with waves of laughter before her the Doctor was standing at the console wearing blue board shorts and his blue suit top and shirt. His trainers were gone and he was wearing sun glasses, “ready,” he asked.

“What are you wearing,” Donna giggled

He stood up straight, “what anyone would who was going to the beach,” he answered smugly.

“Oi, I'm not going to a beach looking like this,” she huffed.

The Doctor walked over to Donna, “you look beautiful.”

“I look like a beached whale,” she sighed.

“More like a dolphin,” he corrected. She didn't even think when her hand came up or connected with his face, “what was that for,” he yelled.

Her eyes narrowed, “calling me a dolphin. I'm not going to the beach,” she said crossing her arms.

“Donna, I simply corrected you to the closest animal not inferring you are a sea cow. Please come with me. They have banana flavored candy floss,” he beamed.

She had been craving bananas but candy floss and banana sounded simply divine, “maybe for a bit but I'm not getting in a suit,” she protested. The Doctor smiled, “and Doctor, you're not wearing that.”

“I'm not,” he questioned.
“Nope,” she affirmed.

He winked at her running out and leaving her alone in the console room. Donna smiled sitting on the jump seat. Quickly he returned in his brown pinstripe bottoms, a white t-shirt that was extra tight and his trainers. “Good,” he questioned.

“Yep,” Donna nodded swallowing hard.

His hand reached for hers. Meeting him Donna took his hand interlacing their fingers, “allonsy,” he grinned.

Pushing through the TARDIS doors Donna grinned seeing the buildings lit up before her, “it’s night,” she whispered so others walking by didn’t hear her.

“What’s the fun of traveling in time and space if you cannot have dessert before breakfast,” the Doctor questioned.

Smiling Donna softly knocked her head into his shoulder. Before them was water and a boardwalk extending to both sides. To the right was a boat launch. “Where are we,” she asked.

“The happiest place on Earth,” the Doctor grinned, “Disneyworld!”

Donna met his eyes, “seriously? Sometimes you’re no better than a five year old,” she giggled.

The two of them walked along the boardwalk. If Donna hadn’t known better she’d have thought this was a date. A romantic stroll in the night holding hands. With anyone else it would have been. She shuddered hearing a boom above them, “shh, it’s just fireworks,” he promised pointing to the exploding spray before them. Donna stopped watching the colors expand, shimmer and dim before them.

“It’s beautiful,” she gasped watching them.

He smiled returning her gaze, “you haven’t even tasted the candy floss,” the Doctor hinted.

She wanted to try it, she also really wanted to stay just like this. Donna watched the Doctor as he turned back to the fireworks. The colors reflected in his eyes and against his shirt. That shirt. The very tight white t-shirt. The white t-shirt that was tight around his biceps and fitted around his skinny frame in the right way. She could see more of his neck than before and his arms, the hair that started around his elbow and came down to his hand, “hmm,” he wondered looking down at her at the feeling of her hand graze down his arm closest to her. It was an intimate action that she regretted instantly, she wasn’t even sure why she did it.

“Sorry I meant to rub my own arm. Bit cold,” she coughed.

The Doctor frowned, “I’ll go get my coat,” he said letting go of her.

Donna noticed a few benches by the water, one was free. Walking over to it Donna sat staring up at the fireworks and continued to watch until the finale. She always loved watching the finale. When she was little she would cry at the end because she wanted them to continue. Her dad would always promise that they would come next year but it was never enough. She noticed the Doctor making a beeline toward her, his coat back on. His face was stern, the lighthardenness that had been there before was gone, “Doctor,” Donna questioned seeing him stride up to her.

His hand extended, “we have to go,” the Doctor declared.
The tone of his voice put her on alarm, “what are they out of candy floss,” she hoped.

His eyes met hers, “we need to run,” he demanded.

Something was off but Donna knew the Doctor was not one to be questioned. Her hand reached up taking his and he pulled her along to the TARDIS. Slipping his key in the Doctor put them in the vortex. Donna paused looking at him, “what’s wrong? Why did we just hurry out of there,” she shot trying not to sound panicked.

He didn’t meet her gaze, “I’m sorry Donna Noble,” the Doctor apologized turning to her.

“Sorry for what,” she demanded.

The Doctor walked over to her, “I need you to do whatever I say to keep you safe. You got that,” he worried.

She swallowed hard, “yeah,” she promised. There was something about his eyes that worried her. “Doctor what’s wrong,” she asked again.

His hand came up and she felt a prick in her neck, warmth moving across her body, “Doctor,” she mumbled feeling her body go numb.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Those of you who are really into reading might notice I've borrowed some scenes from one of my favorite books and taken creative liberties with it. If you've read it, be warned it doesn't end the same and there are lots of deleted scenes included.

Donna woke with a start. She was in a plain room on a bed alone. Fully clothed. Why was she always falling asleep like a kindergartener? Sitting up she looked around. She had never seen this room before. Had the Doctor brought her here? Looking to her left the bedside table had a note on it addressed to her. “Wait for me,” she read aloud. “Wait for me? Seriously,” she sighed rolling her eyes. Who did he even think he was? The hell she was going to wait for him. Donna stood up searching around the room. Nowhere was anything she owned, not in the bathroom, closet, dresser. Donna grabbed the channel changer but the telly didn’t turn on. “Great,” she scoffed. Well, she wasn’t going to stay around here without anything to do. Donna thought she heard someone's voice outside. Cautiously she opened the door, “hello,” she questioned. She was met with a hallway of doors, at the end a set of stairs. A typical hotel but there didn’t seem to be anyone there. She felt the gooseflesh creep across her body. Something was wrong but she wasn’t sure what.

Walking out into the hallway Donna preceded cautiously down the hall. It seemed like she wasn’t alone. She could hear voices in the distance but as she got closer there never seemed to be anyone. Moving down the stairs Donna saw a woman sitting at the front desk, “good morning,” she greeted.

“Morning,” Donna replied looking around at the empty lobby. She could hear clicking from the dining room, there was an advertisement for drinks during happy hour sitting on the desk.

The woman looked up, “can I help you with something,” she queried.

She wasn’t sure if she should say but she also wasn’t sure how long she had been out, “um my mate he left me a note did you see when he left?”

The clerk offered a warm smile, “yes, he left this morning asked me to look after you,” she noted.

“Look after me,” Donna scoffed.

Nodding she typed on the computer, “said to make sure you eat and stay safe until he gets back,” she explained.

“Okay,” Donna began, “what was your name again,” she questioned.

The woman smiled, “Sadie,” she introduced herself.

“Nice to meet you Sadie. Would you happen to know what time tea is,” she asked feeling her stomach grumble.

Sadie handed Donna a menu, “you can order in to your room,” she explained.
Donna noted the menu. Well, if she was going to be stuck here the Doctor was going to pay, “can I get the New York strip steak, medium, a side salad and butterscotch pudding,” she ordered.

“Yes ma’am I’ll enter your order and it will be up soon,” Sadie promised typing away on the computer.

Bumed and bored Donna walked back up to her room and sunk down on the bed. She laid down, staring up at the ceiling. She heard a knock and went to answer. At the door Sadie had her tray, “tea,” she greeted setting the tray down on the table below the broken telly and left Donna alone again.

There was nothing quite as lonely as eating alone. Donna worked her way through her meal and sat back on the bed. She wasn’t sure what to do to kill time. She was just so bored. So bored and so tired. Donna laid back and found herself overcome by sleep once again. She tried to fight it and she knew it was useless. Something was seriously wrong.

Having finished tea and still been famished Donna thought that maybe she could order something at the bar. The advert stated the bar would open around noon. It had to nearly be that time now. Setting her tray outside, Donna left her room again walking back down the hall and down the stairs. She sat outside the bar in one of those oversized lobby chairs. Sadie was eyeing her. Donna wasn’t sure but she didn’t have a good feeling about Sadie. In fact, she didn’t have a good feeling about any of this. She waited like what she felt like was forever. “Um, excuse me,” she finally asked Sadie going up to her.

“Yes,” Sadie said looking up.

“Is the bar going to open up,” she queried.

Sadie typed away on the computer, “it seems it was booked for a private event tonight so will not be open to the public,” she explained.

“Right,” Donna nodded. Maybe that explained the people she heard without seeing any. It also seemed a little too wizard. Giving up Donna walked back up to the room. If the Doctor didn’t return soon she’d likely die of boredom.

Donna was sure she had heard several people during the day but every time she opened her door no one was there. Even when she had gone down to the lobby earlier no one but Sadie had been there. She was getting sick of it, sick of being alone and sick of waiting. “Your father better get back her soon,” Donna growled. She was about at her wits ends. If he would have left any other note, some way to find him, any clue, she’d have gone after him. She looked over it again confirming it was his handwriting once more and trying to see if he had left any hidden message or had been in duress. Nothing.

Sleep. It was all she could do. It was all her body wanted to do. Sitting on the bed Donna tried to fight the tears welling up. She was scared and the Doctor wasn’t here. She hadn’t seen him all day. What if he was hurt? And where the hell was the TARDIS?

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Waking the next morning Donna decided she was done. Note or no note she was finished. The Doctor hadn’t called, hadn’t reached out to her, hadn’t left another note. The only answer was the Doctor was in trouble and when the Doctor was in trouble Donna knew she usually was the only one that could help him.

Glancing at herself in the mirror she place her hand on her stomach, the baby was a bit more calm
likely because she wasn’t around the Doctor. He always could get their daughter to move. Just his presence made their little girl kick up a storm. “I’m gonna go safe your daft dad,” she promised.

Opening the door she saw the gross carpet and bad decorating. Donna didn’t even care this time. She was on a mission. She made it down the stairs and to the door. Outside was dreary. Rain was parading down certainly she’d be chilled in seconds but she had to find him. Pushing through the door Donna felt the cold rain on her skin immediately. Her dress hugged her body in the wetness. The car park was filled to capacity, every space taken but no one was around. “What the hell,” she said in confusion. How could so many people be here but no one be around?

“Hello,” she yelled hopeful, “hello.” Her voice echoed but no one responded. “Just going to the shops,” she called to no one. Surely there were shops. That had to be where everyone was. “Won’t be long,” she promised waiting for a reply. When none came she took a deep breath, “alright then here I am going to the shops.”

Donna walked through the car park and up the winding road. It was longer than she anticipated it to be. But she couldn’t stop. Donna had to find the Doctor or at least the TARDIS. She needed a clue, anything to get her started. She noticed she was walking up a hill and looked back at the hotel. No one had come out, no one was walking but then she didn’t expect anyone to be as out of their mind as she was and to go walking about without a coat or umbrella in the rain. She’d have to remember to grab an umbrella when she got back in.

Continuing to walk Donna tried to remember how she got here. She couldn’t. She couldn’t even remember where they were last. Certainly this wasn’t right. Continuing up the hill Donna could hear traffic in the distance. She had to continue on, to find a car, hitch hike if she had too, anything to get to the Doctor. Coming up she could see the road she was on ending. There were two possible options before her. She could turn left or turn right. As the road came to a T she found herself not wanting to turn left again. That last time hadn’t ended well for the Doctor or herself. Behind the T she could see a long field. She thought about going that way but something inside told her not to.

No signs were visible and traffic sounds came from both ways. Both served the potential for her finding the Doctor. “This can’t be right,” she sighed in the rain. Either way she went she couldn’t see far because the roads almost identically curved out of sight. “There has to be a way out. You don’t beat me,” she growled. Opting to move right Donna started on that road. Donna marched on, willing herself to find the Doctor, hoping that around the next bend she would find a car.

The sun was high in the sky when she gave up. The traffic had never gotten louder. It was the oddest thing. Like no matter where she went it was always just out of reach. Her body ached and shook chilled to the core. She’d have to turn back if she would make it to the hotel before night fall. “No,” she cried. She’d failed him. Swallowing she caught her breath for a few moments. Maybe, just maybe she’d return and he’d be waiting for her, that cheeky grin on his face. Of course he’d have some words for her about wandering off. He was always on about not wandering off but she’d have a few words for him too and they weren’t going to be too kind.

Making her way back Donna’s teeth were chattering by the time she saw the car park again. The darkness was encompassing her. Her hair was plastered to her skin and dress felt twenty stone heavier from the water she was carrying in it. She was so close she had to make it back to the hotel. Coming into the car park Donna fell to her knees, “please,” she begged, “please. If you’re watching I just want to find him. Take me instead,” she swallowed hard. Something inside her knew he wouldn’t be inside when she entered. Donna couldn’t will herself to go on.

Donna caught light moving as the doors of the hotel opened. For a moment her heart stopped hoping it was the Doctor hearing her make a fool of herself. But alas it was just Sadie. Sadie had a coat in her arms and met Donna in the car park. Laying the coat over her shoulders she helped
Donna up and into the hotel. Wordlessly she offered Donna a towel and helped her up to her room. She didn’t even care about drying off or the mud caked around her legs. She laid on her bed and wept. The tears didn’t even care that she hadn’t eaten. The tears only cared that she was done. She was giving up. Donna Noble had failed the Doctor.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Those of you who are really into reading might notice I've borrowed some scenes from one of my favorite books and taken creative liberties with it. If you've read it, be warned it doesn't end the same and there are lots of deleted scenes included.

Donna was losing it. Three days. Three days she had been in this desolate hotel with no one but Sadie to be found. She had to do something before her mind simply gave up. Descending the stairs at the opposite end of the hall Donna crossed the courtyard and ascended into another wing. “Hello,” she called doubting anyone existed other than Sadie who certainly must be evil of some sort.

“Who’s that,” a posh accent echoed through the corridor.

Her heart jumped. Could she dare hope there was someone else? Or had she completely lost it and started to hallucinate? “Me,” she eagerly shouted praying she wasn’t imaging voices now. Two doors down on the left a man walked out of a room. He the most handsome man she had ever seen. His looks almost surpassed the Doctor. “Oh my,” she gulped talking him in.

“Who are you,” the man demanded.

She could feel warmth spread across her cheeks, “um, I’m Donna Noble,” she replied.

“Noble,” he began.

“Yeah,” she nodded, “that’s my name, or at least I think so. Sorry,” she apologized for her flustered state.

The man looked her over, “I’m guessing you’re not one of the, well, whoever they are,” he trailed off.

“No, I’m a prisoner like you to. Well, assuming you are,” Donna said realizing she had jumped into this situation too quickly. What if he wasn’t?

“Yes I’m a prisoner,” he affirmed, “you might even say the prisoner,” he quickly added. “Pleasure to meet you. I’m Sebastian.”

Smiling Donna extended her hand, “it’s nice to see another face,” she sighed, “I was getting rather sick of Sadie,” confessed Donna.

Sebastian took a step closer, taking her hand and bringing it to his mouth. Pressing a kiss he smiled, “pleasure is all mine. I just wish I could meet someone as beautiful as you in a different manner,” he alluded.

The heat returned to her cheeks, “would you like to get tea? I know they only bring food to rooms but,” Donna trailed off she felt like she was being forward noting that they would have to be in one of their rooms.
“I had mine in the lobby,” Sebastian noted. He extended his arm to Donna, “shall we?” Something about this action seemed familiar, a little too familiar for someone who she just met. She placed her arm in his hoping desperately that he was the Doctor. Coming down to tea Sebastian seemed to get right to his story. Donna wasn’t sure why people always seemed to trust her. Maybe it was something about traveling with the Doctor. “What brought you here,” questioned Sebastian.

“I was traveling with my friend, the Doctor,” she frowned, “I haven’t seen him since I’ve arrived. Have you? Young fellow, pinstripes, brown spiky hair,” she hoped.

“No,” Sebastian replied as they sat down to tea.

Donna took a sip of her cup, “how did you end up here,” she queried.

“I created this world. Planet one. My home. Please don’t blame me for this place,” he begged. “They have a telepathic ability and it uses my emotional secretions to model the environment.”

The words he was using were practically as German as the Doctor’s sometimes, “huh,” she questioned.

“Don’t worry about it,” Sebastian dismissed.

She licked her lips. If he ran the planet how was he a prisoner? “I thought you ran Planet One,” queried Donna.

“Planet One runs Planet one,” he corrected. “I’m more like a ideas man. When I arrived the machinery was already in place it just used my mind. I don’t understand it but I can use it,” explained Sebastian.

So he wasn’t the head, “sounds like me and Microsoft excel,” she scoffed. “How did it go wrong? What happened to lose it all,” she pushed.

Smiling Sebastian took a deep breath, “someone stole my identity and took it all away.”

“But who,” Donna wondered aloud.

“I don’t know. Now he calls himself Sebastian. He even looks like me. He might have even fooled the Doctor into thinking he’s me,” worried Sebastian.

Donna stood looking at one of the nearby chairs. She tried to move it, “we could try to fight our way out,” she suggested.

“We can’t. Planet one has become dangerous. This hotel is a molecular bonded microzone. There is no way out,” he told her.

She shook her head. There was always a way out, “there has to be a solution,” she objected.

“Yes, we must be rescued,” he resigned.

Standing there she saw him sink, but what she didn’t understand was he didn’t seem defeated. Almost like he still had hope they could get out. “My friend, the Doctor, he can save us,” she promised walking over and placing a hand on his. “I know he has to have a plan.”

“The Doctor is lose,” Sebastian revealed, “he escaped and is somewhere on Planet one,” he said.

Donna gasped, “he’s coming for us,” she hoped. No, she knew. If she had any faith, her faith was in the Doctor.
Sebastian met Donna’s eyes, “are we talking about the Doctor trap?”

Her heart stopped. She could feel the blood run from her face. The Doctor trap. She knew those words like no other. Shortly after the Library the Doctor had found her crying on the TARDIS library. He made her a cuppa and sat beside her for hours until she was ready to talk about it. Hurt and betrayed she blurted her innermost thought, “every time I meet a handsome man interested in me I feel like I should know it’s a trap.” He was shocked by her comment, his soft brown eyes turned sad and he only had placed his hand on her knee. “The Doctor trap,” Donna continued “any time anyone is interested in me there is always more to the picture.” It was true that day and since Lance, Lee, Prince Rudolph, every time she fell for someone it was too good to be true and the Doctor always came in to save her. He was especially good at crashing weddings she had realized.

“Are you alright Donna,” asked Sebastian, “you’ve gone a funny color,” he noticed.

She leaned in close, “what do you know about the Doctor trap,” Donna asked.

Sebastian tried to hide his smile, “almost nothing,” he promised.

“It might get us out of her might it,” she hinted plastering on a smile. “It might help,” Donna said looking around the room, “when I first met the Doctor I was about to get married to this bloke I really liked called Lance,” she whispered. “We got on really well. Whenever I needed a shoulder to cry on there was good ole Lance He seemed too good to be true. He told me he loved me and that we should get married,” she paused. “Only thing was the Doctor turned up and he worked out that all the time Lance had been tricking me, using me. You see he was being manipulated by someone smarter than him, someone who promised him all sorts of things and he fell for it,” she continued. Donna noticed Sebastian swallow slowly, “you okay there,” she asked not paying much attention to whether he answered or not. “You see ever since then I get suspicious of pretty boys who think ole Donna is desperate and a bit thick and now pregnant so they can do what they want with her,” she stopped again not taking her eyes off him. “I’m not being rude am I,” she questioned.

“Donna what are you saying,” Sebastian questioned.

She placed her hands on her stomach protectively, “I’m going to tell you exactly what the Doctor trap is,” she dared. “You wanna know? It’s a warning! A warning for me to avoid you. He wanted you to ask me about the Doctor trap so when you said those specific words to me I would know not to trust you,” she laughed. “Oh the Doctor. He’s brilliant he is,” she grinned seeing him continue to sit there, “I’m right aren’t I,” she gleefully said.

Sebastian sat there. She could see the wheels moving in his head. He hadn’t expected this.

“You know I could kill you instantly,” he threatened standing up.

Donna rolled her eyes, “oh shut up, I’m tired of listening to you,” she sassed.

“Enjoy the rest of your life Donna Noble. I’ll send someone for you. Soon,” he he waved leaving through the door.

Donna watched him leave. She didn’t know what to do now. She had to do something. She had to get out. But she had tried that once and nothing happened. Rubbing her stomach Donna looked down, “your dad has a plan. He always does,” she promised. Donna felt something calling her to sleep. As if the boredom around her was simply too much. Walking into the lobby Donna didn’t see anyone. She surely wasn’t going to go up to the room though. But she was so tired. Donna sat in a chair, just a few moment she promised herself. Just a few moments, catch my breath and we
can,” her sentence drifted off as her eyes fell closed.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Those of you who are really into reading might notice I've borrowed some scenes from one of my favorite books and taken creative liberties with it. If you've read it, be warned it doesn't end the same and there are lots of deleted scenes included.

Donna woke in her bed, “no,” she cried. She looked around and she was alone in the room, still fully clothed. She looked around she had to find something, anything. Donna Noble was done with this. She was done waiting. Out of the corner of her eye Donna saw an umbrella she had brought up with her after her walk. Donna grabbed it and walked into the hall.

Gripping it carefully she started pounding it on the door across the hall. Bashing a hole in the door Donna peered in, “here’s Donna,” she chirped seeing no one in the room. Moving to the next one Donna beat at it, “here’s Donna,” she chimed again looking through the hole she had made. She continued her way down the hallway. There had to be someone here. Someone would be able to help her escape this hell hole. If she had learned anything from the Doctor it was there is always a weak link. She just had to find it.

Thirty seven rooms. Thirty seven rooms she had broken into. Each one looked the same. One made bed, kettle, broken television, bathroom adjacent. Thirty seven empty rooms. Donna was tiring. She hadn't even felt like she had done much. “Thirty eight,” Donna counted beginning to hit the wood with the umbrella splintering it and looking in again. “Here’s Donna,” she sighed to yet another empty room. Coming out of the most recent room Donna gasped seeing the Doctor standing in the hallway. He was just standing there. Like he had been waiting for her all along.

“Hello Donna,” he greeted smiling that smile that only he could do.

Her Doctor was here. Nothing could compare to his smile, his worn trainers and that pinstripe suit. She wanted to run to him, wanted to hug him, hell she wanted to kiss him. But Donna Noble also knew better. Nothing was to be trusted, he could be a hologram or something else. Nothing was ever as it seemed, “prove you’re you,” she said feeling tears prickle at her eyes, “prove you’re my Doctor. He said he would send someone for me,” she paused, “I never thought it would be you,” her voice broke, “so maybe you’re somebody who looks like you.”

He took a step toward her, “who said? Sebastian,” the Doctor asked.

Donna stood there looking at him, “you want me to tell you about the Doctor trap?”

She saw surprise echo across her face, “how do you know about the Doctor trap,” he questioned.

Confusion swirled within her. Shouldn’t he remember? “I told you, remember,” she swallowed. His face fell, was he trying to size her up? They continued to look at each other. He looked like her Doctor. She wanted him to be her Doctor. She wanted to believe him and feel his arms around her but with what Sebastian said about body doubles she couldn’t risk it. Especially after how she had got here. “I’ve got an idea,” Donna suggested.
“Oh good,” he beamed relaxing.

Donna took a deep breath, “you tell me how to get out of here and I’ll tell you what I know about
the Doctor trap. Deal or no deal,” she demanded.


Watching him walk down the stairs and into reception Donna couldn’t kick the feeling something
wasn’t right about him. He didn’t have the typical enthusiasm that her Doctor did. Maybe, if she
played along he could get her out of here, take her somewhere she could find her Doctor. He
walked out of the doors, through the car park and toward the road like she had before. “I’ve tried
the road. Don’t think you can get me to fall for that one,” she scoffed.

“When do you tell me about the Doctor trap before or after we’re out,” he pushed.

She shrugged, “to be honest I don’t care. I don’t have a clue why I’m here or what’s going on,”
Donna proclaimed feeling the rain fall on her face.

The Doctor turned to face her walking backwards, “ah now I can help you there. Sebastian rules
this planet through robotic technology. Think of him as someone with infinite power, very much
what you would call God like. And because he’s really bored being all powerful he organized a
hunt with me as the target,” the Doctor explained. He noticed his hair falling into his face, “it’s
wet,” he noticed aloud.

“You’ll get used to the rain and you’re not convincing me,” Donna informed him still cautiously
eyeing him. If he thought that would be all it took for her to believe him he was sorely mistaken.

Frowning the Doctor continued to walk backward, “he found this bloke who knew lots and lots
about me and did him up to look like me. Operated on him, big time. Really went to town on the
whole making him look like me business.”

There it was, he was setting her up to believe him over her Doctor. She knew it was a scam, “why
would he do that,” she gasped.

“Sebastian knew I would follow especially as he had my TARDIS. My double had my DNA and
a key from somewhere which meant he could operate the TARDIS,” he paused. “You see that
really annoys me, that really gets my goad that does.”

If he could do it once, why wouldn’t he try again. Surely the Doctor would also have some care
that he took his child as well. Donna noticed he was taking her on the same route she had taken
when she tried to get out on her own. She stopped, “I told you that road doesn’t go anywhere,”
Donna protested.

“Yeah it does,” he said as he continued.

Her hands came to her hips, “no it doesn’t,” she spat.

“It does,” the Doctor dismissed.
l“I’m telling you no,” she growled.

The Doctor paused noticing she wasn’t beside him anymore, “Yeah it does,” he repeated turning and facing her. He placed his hands on his hips mimicking her, “look, do you trust me or not,” he queried.

Donna wrinkled her face. He looked like her Doctor but he didn’t feel like her Doctor, “mmm, no,” she told him.

“Good, then just do as I,” he said thinking she would repeat the words Donna always did. “What do you mean no,” the Doctor squeaked.

Donna stepped forward squaring up to him, “that road does not go anywhere,” she huffed.

“That’s because it’s not a road,” explained the Doctor.

Her eyebrows raised, “oh so what is it then?’

“A train station,” he smiled.

Rolling her eyes Donna shook her head, “you are kidding me,” she said noticing him looking around on the ground.

“Should be here somewhere. Ah,” the Doctor chirped pressing down on a piece of ground. It opened to reveal a red button. Stomping on it the road began to split apart revealing stairs. She couldn’t believe it. “The great thing about Planet One is that once you’re in the know you’re never far from a robot workshop or a train station,” he beamed.

Donna clapped her hands in triumph, “oh you beauty,” she smiled seeing their escape. Maybe he was her Doctor after all.

Placing her hand on her belly she rubbed it gently. This movement didn’t go unnoticed by the Doctor who was waiting for her, “everything alright,” he looked at her stomach.

“Yeah,” she said dismissing his worry.

He held his hand out to her, “coming,” the Doctor questioned wearily.

Moving towards him Donna didn’t take his hand, instead going down the stairs of her own volition. Donna heard his trainers hit the stairs behind her. “Train should be coming soon,” the Doctor said.

They stood in silence watching one another unsure what to say, attempting to size each other up as they heard the whistling of a train come toward them and then stopped instantly. “How many laws of physics just got broken there?”

“Lots,” the Doctor beamed watching her. He never wanted to let her out of his sight again. She looked over at him, “you know I’m beginning to believe you,” she winked watching the doors open.

“I’m going to say it because I like to say it. All aboard,” the Doctor grinned madly.

Her blood ran cold as the Doctor’s words echoed in her ears. Before her was the Doctor. Standing on the train as the doors opened. His smile met her face seeing her. “Donna,” the other Doctor greeted, “I’ve come to rescue you!”
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Those of you who are really into reading might notice I've borrowed some scenes from one of my favorite books and taken creative liberties with it. If you've read it, be warned it doesn't end the same and there are lots of deleted scenes included.

The first Doctor flattened seeing him, “oh no,” he moaned.

Their eyes met. Donna couldn’t help but look from one to the other. They were completely identical, “oh my god,” she gasped. Freckles, hair, eyes, lips, suits, completely the same. “Oh my god,” she repeated in disbelief.

“That man is an imposter. He’s been surgically altered to look like me to lure you to Planet One and hunt me down,” the new Doctor claimed.

The Doctor who got her to the train stood there appearing unsure what to say, “well, we’re going to need to sort this. What have you got to say for yourself.” she asked waiting for him to respond.

His face pained, “alright. There’s no choice. I’m Baris,” he said.

“I’m the Doctor,” the man on the train declared meeting the other man’s eyes.

Donna stared at the two of them, “that feels right,” she realized. “I have this emotional subconscious bond thing with the real Doctor. Call it a woman’s instinct and I never trusted you. You were always too good to be true. Got that fake,” she pointed to the one who had met her in the hotel.

His shoulders slumped, “yes Donna. I’ve got that,” he sighed.

“Let’s get the hell out of here then,” she beamed running up to her Doctor and hugging him.

The platform began shaking, “I’m sorry to break up your cuddles chaps but I think we’re in for quite a sizeable train crash any second now.”

Donna let go of her Doctor meeting his eyes for what to do, “don’t worry Donna,” he grinned, “I’ll get us out of here. The stairs,” he instructed pushing her towards them.

“Oh great,” sighed the hotel Doctor.

They escaped up the stairs as the whistling grew louder. As the climbed back up Donna noticed the trees were shaking. She took the train Doctor’s hand as they ran towards the hotel again, “we’ll be safe in there,” he promised.

“The hotel? What if it collapses,” she worried.

“Don’t go in the hotel. Get on the ground,” the other Doctor shouted starting to dive to the ground.

She looked at her Doctor, “into the building,” he insisted.
The grass in front of them rippled. The cars in the car park jumped into the air as the hotel lurched up cracking down the middle. Windows fell from it. The ground surrounding them began to churn. “Donna, just duck,” the other Doctor said suddenly beside her. The weight of his body pushed against her and pulled the train Doctor down to the ground. The air knocked from her body as they were simultaneously lifted into the air.

Ringing and white noise echoed in her ears until the whistling became apparent again. She tried to open her eyes but all she could see was dark, she felt like she was stuck in the mud. No, she was buried alive. She felt something move against her and Donna punched up through the turf above her feeling the rain on her skin. She pulled her hand down to punch up again clawing at the dirt as she felt movement again. Someone was beside her trying to turn to help. One of the Doctors. His arms were protectively over her belly. No, her Doctor. It was her Doctor. And she had called him fake. Donna pushed and clawed at the soil trying to create an hole for them. Pushing her head through the hole Donna felt his arms beside her pushing the patches of grass off of them. She wiped at her face and spat the mud from her mouth. Before her coming from the hotel was the train.

The Doctor sat up beside her, “we need to think seriously about vacating the premises. In an orderly fashion would be best but a mad cat dash would do,” the Doctor said.

She smiled, “and which one are you,” she questioned seeing a pair of trainers under another patch of ground.

“The real one,” he promised.

She frowned, maybe they had switched places somehow in the crash. She wasn’t sure what order they had fallen. “You would say that though,” she sighed.

“I would. Sorry,” he offered.

One of the compartments flew off the train, “he’s after me,” realized the Doctor glancing over the other Doctor still laying in the mud, “us,” he corrected. “He won’t mind taking us both to get the right one. We better bring him,” he said.

The Doctor stood offering her a hand up before moving the dirt from the other Doctor. He began to lift him, “Who is this guy and where are we going,” she demanded.

“Blimey I’m heavy,” the Doctor realized aloud swooping his duplicate onto his shoulder. “We’re going into what’s rest of the hotel to hide. Our pursuer is one of my hunters. We’ve probably got five minutes to find a way out,” explained the Doctor. He nodded to the duplicate over his shoulder, “his name is Baris and he’s my number one fan,” he continued.

They walked toward the still standing wing. The Doctor led the way heaving Baris up the fire stairs. “So we’re safer up there are we,” Donna questioned.

“Nope, not really, no,” the Doctor confessed.

She shook her head. He really knew how to put her at ease, “then why are we going,” she queried.

“I like stairs,” he answered as Baris groaned.

The Doctor hoisted Baris onto the floor and against a wall to take the weight, “into a room,” he instructed.
She kneeled trying to catch her breath. This pregnancy was taking a lot out of her, “just need a few minutes to work out a way to escape yeah,” she panted.

Using Baris’ body to push the door open the Doctor stepped in followed by Donna, “oh no,” he gasped. “This place is a molecular barrier, no way to get out, not even for me,” he realized.

“So we’re finished then? That bloke’s gonna kill us,” Donna realized. No, he had to have a plan.

The Doctor quirked his head, “unless we get him first of course.”


The Doctor dropped Baris onto the bed as Donna shoved the door shut. She eyed Baris on the bed. “We could, you know, hand him over. You know pretend he’s you,” she thought briefly.

“What,” the Doctor squeaked.

Her face sank. She wasn’t proud of suggesting it in the first place, “well, he did bring us here to be killed,” she said walking over and hugging the Doctor. “Haven’t done that yet,” she noted changing the subject. She knew she shouldn’t have suggested it.

A loud noise startled them, “concussion grenade,” the Doctor said.

Donna’s arms tightened around the Doctor. She was worried for him, for their child and for her. She knew he was about to do something stupid and even more she was worried she might lose him this time. “Doctor,” she mumbled in his chest. “If this is it, if we’re going to, you know. I know you get us out but I don’t see us both walking out of this,” she cried. “I just, I want you to know that I’ve enjoyed every minute of it. You know? I wouldn’t give it up for the world. Any of it.”

A bigger boom shook them, “they’re in the building,” he told her.

“And you haven’t come up with an escape plan,” she accused.

The Doctor stilled, “nope, not a chance” he confirmed.

She looked up meeting his eyes and cupped his cheek, “I’ve enjoyed being back on the TARDIS with you. I love this all. Even the parts I don’t love,” she swallowed hard hearing another boom. Donna looked only into his brown eyes, “I love you. That’s why I didn’t want to be your wife. That’s why I didn’t want to talk about it. I love you and I can’t imagine my life without you in it,” she confessed.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Those of you who are really into reading might notice I've borrowed some scenes from one of my favorite books and taken creative liberties with it. If you've read it, be warned it doesn't end the same and there are lots of deleted scenes included.

“Oh,” the Doctor cheered letting her go. Donna watched him confused. She didn’t expect him to reciprocate but at least a thanks would have been appreciated. “Sebastian just could not accept that Baris and I might have swapped places. Even his robot servants worked it out. But Sebastian insisted that out of all the possible situations, that me being Baris was simply impossible. I know it’s highly unlikely but given my genius and my ability to triumph.”

Donna rolled her eyes, “yeah, yeah. You’re you alright,” she sighed.

“I felt insulted and mystified. Why would it be so impossible of me to get the better of Baris. Especially as the boy spent so much time gloating,” he crawled onto the bed looking at Baris, “you brave little idiot.”

She didn’t understand, “I don’t get it,” Donna confessed.

“My number one fan. The clues were in the title. Baris didn’t want me captured or killed. He didn’t want to be me. Of course he’d want to try out being me, see what it’s like for a while but you don’t kill your heroes. The procedures and DNA transfusion would have been enough for him, the idea that he was going to be used to hunt me down was too much.”

She realized what he was on about, “he couldn’t warn you or make a run for it. So he thought up a way to swap places to give you a chance,” she understood.

The Doctor nodded looking at Baris, “he knows me almost better than anyone. He knew that if he goaded me I’d punish him for it.”

“That’s a real risk,” Donna sighed having seen it too many times. It was the one thing that got under his skin most.

He looked up at her, “that’s what Sebastian couldn't understand. He’d want to kill those he looked up to but most wouldn’t. Oh Baris, why would you do that for me,” he asked looking back to him.

Baris’ eyes opened, “you try living in apartment 458944/BYY block A in Proxima City district A for 20 years. Nothing changes, nothing happens. And then I get offered the chance to be the Doctor.”

“Wow,” humans always amazing me the Doctor blearily smiled.

Baris sat up, “I knew you’d get me out of those zones.”

“Well I didn’t have a lot of time to hypnotize you properly. That bleepy stick thing you had was good but it didn’t come with any instructions. All I could do was give you the find Donna command, program it to loop in if your real personality started to come through and send you on
your way. I didn’t do half of the rescuing. You made it easy for me,” the Doctor smiled.

“Can I have your autograph,” Baris questioned.

Donna giggled, “later,” the Doctor noted meeting her eyes.

Jumping at the gun blast Donna knew it was getting closer. Her eyes met the Doctor’s, “so, escape plan,” she suggested trying to keep her fear at bay.

Baris sat up and pulled something from his pocket, “miss this,” he warmly smiled pulling out the Sonic Screwdriver.

“Thanks,” the Doctor chirped moving over to the wall fiddling with what looked like the air conditioning, “can’t you think of something? I’m Busy. Is it me or is it getting cold in here,” he prattled on.

“He’ll find a way, he always does,” Baris promised saying the same words Donna had uttered countless times.

The reperation and sound of a grenade rang, “um, they’re getting closer,” she hinted running her hand over her stomach. He’ll get us out she thought to herself, promising it to the child within her. They had come too far for it to end like this. She looked around the room. It was boringly simple. Just like the days she had spent here. “Doctor,” she tried to hurry him.

Baris smiled, “he’s thinking. He’s doing his thinking face. Can you put your glasses on? What do you call them? Your clever glasses! Can you do that,” he practically beamed.

“Brainy specs and shut up,” she corrected him. Oh why hadn’t she told him everything churcning within her before? Why did she chose the wrong Doctor? Her brain was starting to run circles around anxiety mounting.

Another thump shook the room, “ooo, they’re right on us. I wonder what he’s going to come up with,” Baris asked again.

Cold air seeped into the room, Donna shivered feeling it prickle against her skin, “I’ve got it,” the Doctor chirped.

Baris climbed off the bed matching face to face with the Doctor, their faces matched identically, grimacing in unison, “oi! What is going on,” Donna yelped irritated at the scene before her and their impending doom.

“Shh,” the Doctor and Baris said in unison.

Blinking Baris smiled, “I know what to do. For the first time in my life I know what to do,” he beamed. He made a run for the door pulling it open. Pausing he met Donna’s eyes, “make sure you get away,” he told her.

“Baris no,” the Doctor ran for him.

Donna knew what she had to do. She jumped onto the Doctor knocking them both to the bed, “go on, get going,” she encouraged tears forming in her eyes. She knew the Doctor wouldn’t approve. That he’d want to be the one to save them. Donna also knew that she would do anything she could to keep the man she loved safe.

He gave her a wink, “I’m a hero,” he cheered slamming the door behind him.
“Baris, Baris,” the Doctor called trying to shove Donna aside.

“Come and get me you scum,” they heard him yell from outside. An explosion followed by gunfire echoed down the hall. She knew he was gone.

The Doctor wriggled beneath her. It took all her might to keep him pinned to the bed. She couldn’t meet his eyes. She couldn’t even see them if she wanted. Her vision was blurred with her falling tears. “Leave him,” she begged.

“Why,” he questioned.

She grabbed his hands to keep him still, interlacing her fingers with his, “he wanted to do what you would do. He wanted to be you, like we all do,” she sobbed. She barely make out his eyes boring into her, “don’t,” she whimpered. “I feel rotten enough,” she shook.

His head turned to the left, “door,” the Doctor said looking to the bathroom door.


Freeing his hands the Doctor brought them to Donna’s shoulder gently moving her off him, “it’s time to go,” he told her.

Donna wiped at her eyes as he stood inspecting the bathroom door. She saw him change the Sonic’s setting before opening the bathroom door. Behind it was a darkened room, inside the TARDIS stood waiting. It was almost too good to be true. “Doctor,” she worried as he held his hand out for her to take.

“He didn’t count on this. He didn’t count on Baris and left the TARDIS unmanned,” the Doctor explained.

Standing Donna met him at the door waking through after him. The room was deserted. The Doctor made for the TARDIS unlocking it and hurrying on quickly followed by Donna, “what about Baris? About what Sebastian did to him? Doctor we can’t just leave,” she protested still guilty for being apart of Baris’ demise.

“We aren’t,” the Doctor clarified. “I’m going back. I’m going to make them pay,” he declared.

She could see the oncoming storm darken in his eyes. She could count the number of times she had seen that look, “well what are we waiting for,” she agreed.

The Doctor paused meeting her eyes, “I need you to stay here.” Donna opened her mouth to protest but the Doctor stopped her with his mouth, pulling her to him and pressing his lips to hers. She gasped meeting his eyes. “I love you Donna Noble and I need to know you both are safe,” he explained letting her go.

Donna swallowed in shock of what had just happened, what he had just said. Before she could respond the Doctor had taken off again, sonic screwdriver in hand again. She numbly walked over to the jumpseat sinking onto it, her hand stuck to her stomach. “He’ll be back,” she promised herself and their daughter. The Doctor loved her. He had said that. Or had he meant the baby. He loved her as a friend and their child? No, he wouldn’t have kissed her if that had been what he really meant. Her mind was exploding on itself.

Hearing fast approaching footsteps Donna’s eyes widened. The Doctor rushed onto the TARDIS, slamming the door behind him and flipping the old girl into the vortex. The TARDIS shook as it dematerialized. He stood at the console refusing to look at her. Donna wasn’t sure what to do, what to say. The Doctor looked broken but not the most she had ever seen. Standing Donna walked up behind him wrapping her arms under his and placing her cheek to his back hugging
him tight. She could feel his heart beats against her skin. How could she have ever doubted he was him? “Doctor,” she finally softly said.

He turned in her arms his chest meeting her cheek and his own arms wrapping around her in return. She could feel his head rest against hers. Donna felt safe in his arms, like nothing could ever happen. So safe that when the tears began to fall again Donna wasn’t sure why or how to stop them. “Shhh,” he comforted wrapping his arms tighter. She shifted her head to look up meeting his eyes. The Doctor forced a smile. Oh, what might be going on in his head.

The Doctor brought an arm up, wiping a bit of muddy grass from her face. Donna had completely forgotten what a mess she was. She could see dirt and grass painted across the Doctor’s face and clothes. She didn’t dare speak. If she spoke she’d lose the nerve. Her arms wrapped around his neck, pressing herself into him, caring less about the dirt and mud. Fingers threading in his hair she felt his hands come up meeting her sides and sliding down. The Doctor lifted her turning and placing her against the console pressing himself between her legs that intertwined around him keeping him from escape. Donna’s breathing quickened their faces and bodies mashing. Pulling back Donna panted, “I bloody love you,” she grinned. She couldn’t mistake his smile for anything else.

Her own grin rivaled his. Could this really be happening? The Doctor dipped his head licking the line of her jaw. She pushed at his jacket forcing it off his shoulders and onto the grating. Their mouths met again as she tore at his shirt buttons. Donna had wanted this for longer than she was willing to admit. The Doctor grinded himself against her as she pulled his shirt from him digging her nails into his skin. Donna practically cried out at the friction between them. It was so close but not what she desperately needed. Feeling his fingers on her wetness the Doctor ripped away her underwear, plunging his fingers into her warmth. She whimpered unable to gasp greedily trying to become one with his mouth.

His eyes met hers as he curled his fingers inside of her. Donna let out a cry squirming unintentionally and breaking free of him. The Doctor let his head drop to her breasts, probing them with his tongue, kissing different parts as he brought his other arm up behind her back to steady her from hitting the wrong console button and causing them to implode in a less desired way. He was completely unraveling her. The Doctor brought his body closer to hers continuing to wind his fingers inside, pulling them in and out. His thumb came to met her fleshy mound causing Donna to leach forward muffling her moan against his shoulder. He slipped his fingers out licking the moisture she had left behind. Donna could see him calculating as if trying to figure out exactly what she tasted of and commit that taste to emory. Laughing she broke his attention. “What,” the Doctor questioned.

“Of course you would be all about the licking,” she giggled.

His eyebrows waggled, “oh Donna Noble you have no idea,” the Doctor declared leaning in and pressing a kiss to her lips. No one had every given her the chance to taste herself on them before. It was new and very Doctor like.

Reaching for his pants Donna hooked his belt loops pulling him closer still she could feel his harness press against her. She really had never thought about what he had down there before. Unbuttoning his trousers and finding the zipper she used her legs to help free him. Pants! He wasn’t wearing pants! She swallowed hard as their eyes met once again, her breathing quickened with the oncoming storm looking back at her. She had only seen him a few times but right now nothing else mattered her world began and ended with him. “Do you need an invitation,” she purred.

“Donna,” his voice dropped saying her name. She felt him lift her adjusting Donna’s body to meet his in just the right way. She could feel him at her entrance, his hardness grazing against her and
her vagina pulsing in anticipation. His eyes went mad, rubbing herself against her opening. Shifting forward he entered her. Donna let a moan escape. She didn’t even care if the Doctor was pleased with himself as he filled her. He stiffened inside of her groaning at the feeling of her around him before beginning to move steadily. His right hand came down meeting her clit. Whether he knew from experience or books Donna didn’t care. He was a master at this. His tongue licked and mouth sucked at her chest easily. It was almost as if Donna’s breasts were planning against her practically falling out of her dress and bra and into his mouth.

She knew she was close, “Doctor,” she moaned her body starting to twitch. Donna arched back as the Doctor hit her just right. It was as if he had hit a button inside of her triggering everything she never thought possible. Donna had thought she had orgasmed before but never like this. She saw the world before her. It was as if she was God with him inside her. Pleasure rippled through her, her body separating from itself. She could feel his hotness empty within her as they collapsed against each other, the Doctor still protectively keeping her from hitting something on the TARDIS.

Both panting, the Doctor slowly slid out of her allowing the wetness to drip down her thighs. He bent forward giving her thigh a lick and moving closer to her pleasure zone. She flinched when she felt his tongue against her flesh noticing that his girth must have literally broke her open. His tongue kept lapping, as she felt him sucking on her clit again, feeling another orgasm quell within her. It was like he had studied her for ages and knew exactly what to do, his tongue made expert movements cleaning her and then lapping aher up as she came undone at him again. Finishing the Doctor looked up at her, admiring her flushed cheeks and chest, “you are breathtaking,” he declared standing up again.

Donna was exhausted from the emotions that the past few days. They were finally catching up. The Doctor tugged at his trousers hooking them again. Seeing Donna’s hooded eyes he shifted his arms picking her up, “oi,” Donna started to protest but was interrupted by a yawn.

The Doctor took her to her room pushing open Donna’s door he laid her on her bed, covering her with an extra blanket the TARDIS had provided. “Goodnight Donna Noble,” the Doctor whispered pressing a kiss to her forehead.

Her eyes drowsily opened seeing the Doctor begin to move away, “lay with me,” she begged. Smiling the Doctor couldn’t say no to her. Walking around the bed she felt him crawl in and wrap his arm around her, his body pressed up against hers. “I love you Doctor,” Donna said for the second time that day.

“I love you Donna Noble,” he repeated back. Her smile raised. She could get used to hearing that.
Donna woke to a cold bed. Surprised she rolled over looking for the Doctor, but he wasn't there. She reached over turning on her table light. The room was empty. Where had he gone? He hadn't left her alone one night since she had returned to travel with him. Where is he she hummed stroking the TARDIS without reply. A chill ran down her spine something wasn't right even if she wasn't sure what.

Standing Donna tiptoed over to your door. It looked like the TARDIS, it smelled like the TARDIS, it felt like the TARDIS. Donna didn't doubt that she was on the TARDIS. But last night what they shared, she'd been too caught up in all of her desires and emotions to really think about it. The Doctor he wouldn't have, they wouldn't have, she hadn't even thought to question him when he came aboard the TARDIS. What if he wasn't him? What if all along she had been right and her doubts were part of some connection with the real Doctor?

Donna had to play the smart. The duplicate had already fooled the TARDIS once, what if he could do it again? She needed something, some sort of protection before she pushed him. If he wasn't her Doctor she didn't know how he would react. Even if he wanted to be her Doctor, provoked he could be dangerous. She remembered what her Doctor had once said when she'd seen something peculiar in the wardrobe, as staunch anti gun as he was, he always kept a spare for Jack aboard.

Tiptoeing along the hallway. She figured that the Doctor would likely be in the console room. Donna made her way to the back entrance of the Wardrobe. Slipping in she looked for a hanging leather holster. She remembered seeing it in a strap when she'd caught the silver in the light. “Come on super temp,” she chided herself. And then she saw it on the wall almost hidden behind a dress, just like she remembered. Weary walking over, she picked it up she wasn't sure how to use it there was only one trigger it would have to be enough.

She willed herself to be brave to keep her emotions down on the way to the console room. Donna heart the TARDIS hum low, almost as if a growl.

“Why won't you work,” she heard the Doctor growl before hitting the TARDIS, mallet in hand.

Donna stepped into the doorway raising the gun at him, “maybe that's because you're not the Doctor she said as she steadied her voice.

“Donna,” the Doctor questioned looking up.

She swallowed hard, “yeah I'm me, prove your you,” she dared not taking her eyes off of him.

The Doctor stood up straight raising his hands in innocence, “of course I me,” he promised.

“Well, you'd say that wouldn't you,” she snarkily replied. “I need you to tell me something that only I would know. Something only the Doctor would know. Not Baris but the Doctor.

He thought for a moment. He looked so much like the Doctor when he was thinking maybe he was. “On Pompeii after we escaped the sisters, there was a moment the, moment when I realized I had to commit genocide again. When I had to kill the entire race of Pyrovileians and all the people of Pompeii. There was a moment when you were crying you met my eyes and you said, ‘nevermind us,’ and we press the button together.

She looked him up and down, thinking about whether someone else could have known this
information. Everyone had died that was around them right? There was no way they could know. His eyes move from hers to the gun expecting her to lower it but Donna didn't. “Why won't the TARDIS work for you,” she questioned.

“The TARDIS will work just fine. Well, you know how she is mind of her own and all,” he explained.

Donna shook her head, “then why were you beating her up,” she demanded.

His eyes flashed to the console and back to hers, “you and I both know this would not be the first time I hit her with a mallet.”

“True but you always say she takes you where you need to be. So where is she not taking you,” Donna dared.

“It's not about where she's not taking me,” the Doctor revealed. “I wanted yesterday to be good for you. I wanted you to be able to relax, a day for just the two of us, well, three of us. We could spend time together,” he offered.

The baby she had thought about the baby? The baby wasn't moving in fact the Doctor hadn't touched her stomach since they had met up again, “who is the father to my child,” she deadpanned.

The Doctor took a step toward her seeing the gun in her hand, “Donna do your really not believe it's me,” he worried.

“I don't know what to think anymore,” she confessed, “you haven't reached out to her since we've been back, since I've seen you again, since there were two of you. How am I supposed to know what to think anymore? You both looked the same, sounded the same and then you tell me you love me and we did what we did and we've never before and,” she trailed off.

He offered a warm smile, “I know our relationship hasn't been conventional,” the Doctor started. “I do love you Donna. I wouldn't joke about that.”

She could feel her resolve starting to give up. There had to be something something that only she and the Doctor would know to prove that he was him that Baris wouldn't have known. “Your name,” that was it only the Doctor would know. She knew she hadn’t given it up to anyone.

“And here I thought you didn’t want to be married to me,” he smiled, “permission to approach,” he requested.

Donna gave his small nod, “don't pull anything,” she warned.

Slowly he closed the distance between them coming over, her he leaned into Donna, his lips beside her ear, “Theta,” he swallowed. He was him.

Suddenly everything that Donna had in feeling doubled as she realize what really was wrong. “Then why haven't I felt the baby move,” she cried dropping the gun beside her. Her hands jolted to her stomach, “something's wrong isn't it?”

“Let's go have a scan,” he suggested.

She looked at him quizzically, “can't you just reach in and see,” she asked as he guided her to the med-bay.

“I could but I’ve been blocking contact for the last few days,” he confessed.
“What do you mean,” Donna asked confused.

The Doctor swallowed, “I may have blocked my psychic energy from connecting with her.” Donna's mouth dropped open. “Not forever just for a bit, some things happened to me and I didn’t want her to feel it. Then, what we did last night would have been a bit more than I’d want a time baby to see.”

Donna hadn’t even thought about what he had gone through. Had he been on the run the entire time. She knew he had switched places but the Doctor said Sebastian didn’t think he was the Doctor. She had assumed he was safe just biding time to find her. “Time baby? That's what we're calling her now,” Donna laughed making a note to ask him about what happened later. She felt his hands on her sides as he helped her onto the table.

Pulling down the instruments he scanned her. A big smile spread across his face, “everything's fine promise. Absolutely nothing abnormal. Well, other than a fully functioning binary system and two hearts but that's perfect for a half human half time lord.”

“So she's just quiet cuz her dad hasn't been kicking around the old brain,” she hoped.

He nodded, “apparently she must like my feedback.” She gave a smile shaking her head, “want a cup of tea,” the Doctor queried.

“I could murder a cup,” Donna sighed.

“You could have murdered me,” the Doctor winked. “Wait, when did you learn how to hold a gun,” he asked moving over and helping her down from the table.

She threw back her head laughing, “all those westerns that Gramps used to watch,” she giggled.
Donna was standing in the kitchen making tea as the Doctor watched her, “what,” she questioned seeing him staring.

“Nothing,” he sighed coming up and wrapping his arms around her, “have I told you how beautiful you are today,” he purred in her ear.

Turning in her arms she pressed a kiss to his lips, “I could get used to hearing it,” she grinned.

The Doctor left his hands on either side of her, “you know how you said some don’t like men who are steady and loyle,” the Doctor began.

Donna nodded, “yeah,” she admitted confused as to why this was what he was bringing up now.

She could see the wheels turning in his head, “is that why you don’t want to me married,” he questioned.

“Are we back to this again,” she huffed.

“Yes,” he affirmed.

Her eyes blinked trying not to tear up, “right the minute we need to discuss it? I’m not going to change my mind because you take me on a date on a mountain that moves or get us kidnapped when we’re supposed to be eating banana flavored candy floss,” she huffed.

Opening his mouth the Doctor closed it again. He sat there for a moment. “I’m sorry,” he apologized.

Donna stopped reached up cupping his cheek, “no I am. I didn’t mean it like that. I just, I need time. This is all still new, being back on the TARDIS, what we did, I’m getting used to this,” she motioned between the two of them.

“Does that mean you might be okay being my wife,” he hoped.

“I’m not saying that,” Donna warned, “I, um, I,” she pushed through his arm leaving the kitchen.

The Doctor followed her, “Donna,” he called.

She heard him and she felt the tears in her eyes starting to prickle, “don’t,” she whimpered moving faster to the library in hopes of escaping him.

His hand reached her shoulder just as she reached the library, “I’ll stop asking about it,” he promised.

“Don’t you see you can’t say anything right,” she cried.

His faced dropped, “I’m not good with relationships. You know this.”

“Apparently not,” she sassed between tears.

His hand slid down to hers, “can you explain why this is so hard to talk about,” the Doctor queried.

“Don’t you see that’s exactly what the issue is,” she sniffed, “I can barely keep it together talking
about being your wife because it’s not real. In the dark of my mind I think you don’t love me, that you’re just trying to be the stand up guy who marries the girl he got pregnant when you didn’t even get me pregnant,” she shouted turning to move into the library so he could no longer see her.

Sitting on the sofa she buried her face in her hands. Donna felt the Doctor sit beside her, feeling his arms encompass her. “If there was any other way to get my mind out of yours we would have had the same conversation,” he started.

“Doctor don’t,” she sunk, “you don’t have to do right by me.”

His hands moved across her back as he let go of her, “Donna, look at me please,” he begged.

It took her a moment but she allowed his request. The Doctor instantly took her hands in his, “last night was no fluke. I would not have said that if I did not feel it. If things had been different. If you had continued to travel with me. If Earth hadn’t disappeared. If that alternate reality hadn’t been formed around you,” he brought his right hand up tilting her face to meet his gaze, “I would have told you a long time ago.”

Donna smacked him and jumped up, “you can’t,” she protested.

“I had waited to kiss you for so long. Since the detox. Donna Noble you’re my best friend. You’re going to be the mother of my child. And I have loved you since Pompeii,” the Doctor proclaimed.

She raised her hand and the Doctor flinched as she came up her hands pulling his face towards hers, “I must be dreaming,” she grinned against his teeth.

“You’re not dreaming. ShenShen was supposed to be a date,” he blurted.

Her eyes met his as her hand gently rested against her cheek, “what,” Donna swallowed.

“ShenShen. I took you there because it’s one of my favorite places. It was my poorly timed attempt at a date. Felspoon seemed to turn out fine. I tried to tell you I loved you more than a mate once before but I didn’t want to ruin your wedding and then after death died you didn’t seem to ever want a relationship again so I let it be. All I wanted was for you to be happy Donna.”

She couldn’t believe her ears. The Doctor actually properly had feelings for her not just in a moment of humanistic weakness but before anything even had happened, “oh you bloody Martian,” she conceded.

Feeling the baby kick Donna’s hand fell to her belly, “what is it,” he worried seeing her alarmed.

“Nothing spaceman,” she beamed taking his hand and placing it on her stomach, “someone else is happy we love each other too,” Donna grinned.

The Doctor leaned down pressing a kiss to her stomach, “does that mean your mum is going to start calling me her husband,” he questioned glancing back up at Donna.

“Oi,” she spat grinning madly, “maybe. I’ll think about it. But if you think that I’m just going to wander around here being your wife without a ring,” Donna set him right.

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” the Doctor promised reaching into his pocket and pulling out a blue box, “what do you say earthgirl?”

She looked at the box in his hand as he opened it. A diamond band was held in the box, blue and white stones surrounded the center rock. Donna pulled it out carefully looking at it. Inside the band was a circular inscription, “Theta,” she said recognizing it immediately.
“It only felt right you should have it,” he offered watching her.

The child within her kicked again, “looks like someone wants me to say yes,” she laughed.

“Is that a yes,” he asked.

Scrunching her face Donna shrugged, “I mean you never have asked me,” she said tongue between her teeth.

“We’re already married,” the Doctor started to say. He remembered then, all her thoughts, all that she had said. “Donna, no one else would have been able to sustain what you have, you’re special,” he promised moving from the couch to one knee, “Donna Eileen Noble, will you do me the honor of wearing this ring and being my wife,” he hoped.

Donna held her hand out, “yes spaceman,” she answered.

The grin on his face practically met his ears, “with this ring,” he started sliding it onto her finger.

“I thee biodamp,” Donna laughed thinking back to the first time they had said those words. “Wed, I mean wed,” she giggled.

The Doctor pulled her into his arms, “look at how far we’ve come,” he said pressing his lips to hers. Standing he pulled her to him, “allons-y,” he cheered.

“Where are we going,” questioned Donna.

He bent pulling her into his arms, “all of time and space Earthgirl.”

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