The Great Exterminator

by Twinbuster2

Summary

"You've given me nothing but pain and misery! You want me to forgive you? Never. I live now only to make you suffer." The Soldier thought she was alone in the universe until she heard of the Doctor. And now that she has, she will kill him. A story about redemption.

New adventures. Canon pairings, with very slow progression Doctor/OC. 9-12 Doctor only.

Notes

AN: This story is not romance-centric. That being said, there will be elements of romance thrown in. This is a story about murder and redemption.

Also, I have respect for soldiers and what they do. However for the sake of the story, I will be introducing some controversial aspects to being one. If you are uncomfortable with this then please don't read. However my protagonist is a soldier, and will mostly remain one throughout the story, so without revealing anything, I hope that is enough of an incentive to make you continue.
Additionally the Doctor will not become central to the story-line until later. The Doctor will be making appearances, but truthfully the Doctor's first appearance won't be for a while. This will be OC-centred at first for character development and I will be following TV canon but not much of Classic Who. And there will be no episode regurgitation. I will not be adding a character that will take canon character's lines nor be writing a self-insert fic….hopefully.
Lastly, I will try to stick to canon about the Time Lords, but since so much about them is vague, I'll be exercising my creative license.
The word “soldier” exists almost universally in some form or another throughout time and space. But what is a soldier? Who is a soldier? When humans think of soldiers, they think of war and destruction, and if they feel benevolent, they call them protectors or enforcers of morality. And they’re not wrong. Soldiers are all that and more. In the most general sense they are people, “people” referring to all races and aliens, who choose to unite together and tackle a problem that they perceive to be a danger against them or their species. And contrary to a very popular misconception, while soldiers are all uniform in their attire and outward personality, they do not have a uniform outlook on life, or more particularly on the taking of life.

Throughout the universe, almost all the species have some concept of the word. Daleks from Skaro perceive themselves to be the master warrior race. Sontarans, a clone race, have a similar perception. Then there are the more moderate species like humans, Silurians, Sycorax, Chula, Weevils, and numerous other aliens that assign a percentage of their population to the occupation. Finally, there are the absolute peaceful, or the absolutely defenceless, depending on the perspective, like the Ood or Star Whales, who defend themselves on instinct, and have no true concept of strategic defence.

Time Lords, a nearly extinct race, are perhaps the most controversial and hypocritical species when it comes to their perception of soldiers and war. They were a peaceful race in the beginning, almost indolent in their neutrality, ironically because of the destruction they caused with the civilization of the planet Minyos by sharing their advanced technology and military. Despite claims of peace afterwards, they had the largest military force in the universe and an arsenal, named Omega's Arsenal that had the capacity to wipe out the entire universe. The Time Lord President Rassilon nearly did.

And really, things are never so simple either. All species discover a certain problem that escalates and complicates until simplifying, as done above, becomes illogical. But when the situation escalates into battle, who fights to defend against, or attack, the problem? Soldiers. In the grand scheme of things, soldiers are nothing but pawns in the games of mad men.

But how do soldiers fare through this madness? Some make it through intact with no injury or with mild psychological trauma, while others barely survive. Some, after the taste of first blood, become heartless killers, while others bear a relentless weight of sorrow.
However, this is a tale about a soldier who went through everything, yet nothing at all.
The Soldier reclined haphazardly on the jump seat of the console room. It had been at least a few years since she’d last even considered posture and decades since she’d outgrown the involuntary rigidity that accompanied her every movement. She gave her head a shake, trying to dispel the useless thought.

Maybe she should visit a planet. No, she shouldn’t. She was a Time Lord—no Lady—after all. Everything about them was considered invaluable and could be harvested, from their regenerative bodies to their near omniscient minds. But she could get find trouble! And would maybe, likely create a change in a timeline somewhere that shouldn’t happen. Better to stay where she was.

She thumped her head against seat and felt the light brush of the TARDIS consciousness against her nearly solitary mind. It was time to navigate her TARDIS away from the rudimentary piloting of primitive ships in the time vortex.

The Soldier paused. Could it be another Time Lord? Another who escaped the Time War perhaps?

Hope sprung her into action, and she pressed her finger against a button on the console and a holographic screen materialized in front of her. Telepathically asking the TARDIS for a keyboard, she scanned the vortex for surrounding technology. As she spotted a ship on the screen, she quickly input the coordinates to identify the species origin of the tech.

It was a Chula ship. A junk ambulance ship speeding through the vortex.

She felt gut wrenching despair at the Gallifreyan written in front of her. Before the scan could proceed further to identify organisms onboard, she angrily slammed the acceleration lever next to her.

The scan abruptly stopped as the TARDIS shook and zoomed through the vortex. As her TARDIS came to an sudden stop, she wondered if she should finally go outside and find companionship; any kind of companionship, with whatever species she found outside.

It had been decades. Or was it centuries? No, it didn’t feel that long. But she couldn’t tell anymore. She hadn’t left her TT Capsule since she’d been banished. Her wonderful, beautiful TARDIS. A Type 340 TARDIS. They had stopped creating them when she’d joined the Army at eight. And when she’d gotten her TARDIS license, it was the only one she could afford. Well, the
one she had been assigned due to her plebian status.

When she’d first walked into her TARDIS, it was like she’d made a self-discovery. Her TARDIS had been untouched, common and unwanted and she found more in common with her TARDIS than she ever had with anyone in Arcadia. And now, this TARDIS was the only thing that shared telepathic space with her. The only thing that could.

She was falling deeper into despair as she reminisced.

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She had been born in an Outsider family. Born and not loomed like the other Time Lords.

Outsiders were Time Lords that were disillusioned with the Time Lord way of life and left the cities and moved to the wastelands. They lived with less advanced technology, largely due to unavailability of resources but still much more advanced than the rest of the universe. It was a simple life, and sometimes some of the Outsiders rebelled against the corrupt rule of the Cities.

She’d been born into a relatively normal family, the sixth of eight children. Most of her siblings had joined the local schools and occupations and she’d been nothing special. Her father had had a deep distrust of the Time Lords in the Cities and had protested her mother’s proposal of her joining either the Army or Academy to become a Time Lady. Her mother argued that they needed someone in the family to join to help with the finances.

She should have been in the Academy in Arcadia. The only reason she hadn’t, was because the Soldier had been under the impression that Academy Ladies were stuffy pompous women who worried only about status. So she had insisted on the Army because she thought it suited her carefree, tomboyish nature. It wasn’t that she was wrong, but she hadn’t fully realized what being in the Army actually meant. While the learning content was essentially the same for the Army and Academy, the Army focused more on how to kill, how to find weaknesses of the opponent, how great the Time Lord Presidents were and how their orders were absolute gospel for Army students. They trained her to body to kill, her mind to work out the quickest ways to destroy enemies. And it was needless to say that she was, in her school days, nothing special. Her Army name had been Alpha Plebian. The name had been a tool of degradation by the high and mighty, only the high class receiving the privilege of a name without the class designation. It hadn’t helped that she had been trembling in fear at the sight of the Untempered Schism. Apparently it had been an average reaction.

She had resented being common until she’d heard of the Doctor near her graduation. The Doctor had been exiled to Earth because he had broken the non-interference rule after saving humans from an alien species known as the War Lord, who had sought to conquer a distant galaxy with the aid of the Time Lord War Chief. It was a scandal because the Doctor had been working with the Celestial Intervention Agency and was from a high born family. He’d been coined the Renegade Time Lord for all his anti-Time Lord actions and despite all the negative attention the Doctor had gained, the Soldier had only seen the similarity between him and her father, who’d also protested the non-interference law. However, while her father had retreated to the wastelands, the Doctor had been exiled to the primitive planet of the beings he’d saved, Earth, and forced to lose a regeneration. Those events had destroyed any wishes whatsoever she’d had of being high born.
Then she’d graduated. She’d chosen a common title, ‘The Soldier’ and swore to do whatever it took to keep those she loved safe, a common oath. She’d fought in countless skirmishes for two centuries before she was even considered for a promotion. Eventually she was promoted as a Guard in the Citadel to the High Councillor Partisan, who was perhaps the only sane one in the High Council. Romana, highly publicized to have travelled with the Renegade Doctor, became President and also the only Time Lord that the Soldier had ever fallen in love with. It had been painful and one sided and the leading factor in the Soldier regenerating into the first and only time as a man. Nothing really changed, though Romana listened to the Soldier’s pleas of uniting the Outsiders and Time Lords together against the turbulent future.

And then the Demon had come to life; the demon claiming to be Rassilion because how could he actually be the legendary Rassilion? He’d issued the Final Sanction and killed the Partisan for being the voice of protest. The Time War had already gone on for two centuries by then and the Time Lords were blinded by the War and Rassilion to see reason.

So then, for justice and more importantly, love, the Soldier agreed to help Romana steal the Hand of Omega and Key of Rassilion from Rassilion and destroy it so that the Final Sanction would fail. Romana only managed to damage the Key before they were both caught. Romana was imprisoned but the Soldier, being from the Army, was more gravely punished for disobedience. The High Council completely removed the telepathic presence of the Time Lords from her mind. The trauma of removing billions had fractured her mind and induced the third regeneration that had transformed the Soldier back to a girl.

The Soldier had been sentenced to dematerialization from the Universe into the Void, when The Visionary had stepped forward. The Visionary, the lone time-sensitive Time Lady on the High Council, had managed to subvert the sentence by spouting nonsense about the Soldier’s significance in saving the Time Lord race and then suggested banishment so that the Soldier could never return to Gallifrey. The Soldier had left, isolated in mind like never before. Even worse, she was disillusioned with Time Lords, love, and any hope of stopping the War.

Her Captain had been considerate enough to let her take her TARDIS discreetly when she left. And once she’d entered the TARDIS and the vortex, she hadn’t left its confines.

A great rumble within the TARDIS jolted her out of her thoughts and the Soldier jumped into action, searching for plausible faults. The shaking persisted and grew worse as she felt the TARDIS fighting a summons somewhere.

The TARDIS sent her images of red grass, orange skies and citadels. Gallifrey.

All of a sudden, the TARDIS door banged open and tilted steeply sideways, making the Soldier fall out of the TARDIS and onto a silicon oxide based ground. The Soldier abruptly turned back to see her TARDIS dematerializing away.

Come back! Please come back! She screamed telepathically, hoping the telepathic programming would override the summons. It didn’t.

Alone. She was truly alone.
The Soldier moved silently through the trees of the Star Born Estate, avoiding the surveillance bots patrolling the grounds. She used the cover of fern trees and tread lightly and quickly to the private beach owned by some rich human. She scaled the high rocks nimbly and jumped to the cave on the cliff. She withdrew her groceries from her dimensionally transcendent-bigger on the inside-pocket and carelessly threw the bag into the cave. She drew back and sat down to watch the setting sun.

It was 199,939 AD.

It had been a month since the Soldier had been stranded on the primitive planet Earth. She hated it. She hated the backward technology, the astonishingly docile dull humans who seemed to function as robots and the lack of any other species. The humans were disturbingly close minded and were devolving into a stunted society. But what she hated most was that it was wrong. Every Time Lord Sense of hers was telling her that the timeline had been tampered with, and she secretly feared that the cause was her.

The Soldier hadn’t left the cave for the first week, unable to reconcile that she had been abandoned. The second week, survival instincts had pushed her to eat the seaweed that had drifted onto the beach. The third week, some obscure hope of contacting Gallifrey had made her snap out of her stupor and then she’d finally noticed the nagging wrongness that had been poking her consciousness about the timeline.

It had taken seeing a crowd of humans getting zapped in the brain for broadcasting to realize that she likely wasn’t the cause for the distortion in the timeline. Well, she wasn’t going to break any more Gallifrey rules and interfere with the species. She wanted to go home, and compiling a list of crimes against Gallifreyan Law wasn’t going to help with that. Anyways the chips in their brains had made it easier to hypnotize the humans to do her bidding. She’d been using any passing human as a delivery service for basic utilities.

The Soldier had been careful to avoid any scanning technology, well aware that her being a Time Lord would create unnecessary troubles. With the Time War that was probably still ongoing, Time Lords had attained reputations of being as dangerous as, if not more than, Daleks. All the Soldier wanted to do was locate any signaling technology and send a message to Gallifrey or even her own TARDIS so that she could return home.

She was yet to leave the Estate, and she was forming plans to pave her way home. It had been a long while since she had to be responsible for her own life and actions. It wasn’t that she couldn’t think for herself. She had her own opinions on everything. But she had been living a life based on following orders, action and acting and thinking as a group. Being alone and independent was
disconcerting and lonely.

The Soldier snapped out of her thoughts at the sound of a middle-aged human woman shouting at her, below from the beach.

“Hello? Who are you? You are not authorized to be here! This is the Star Born Estates, belonging to my husband Troughton Black. Get out before I call for reinforcements!”

The Soldier leaped down agilely, planning to wipe her memory clean about this sighting. The human had brown hair, was passingly attractive, well, compared to the other humans she’d seen. She stepped forward as the human retreated and raised her hands to the woman’s head to perform the memory wipe.

Leila Black had come out to the beach after an aggravating fight with her husband. He’d been pressurizing her to get her chip implantation done and get rid of the Arc Receiver she’d built to receive transmission from the newly built Satellite Five. She’d been strolling along the beach when she’d felt the impulse to go for a swim. She’d undressed and tossed her clothes onto the sand and jumped into the sea. She’d swam out till she’d been near the currents and turned to swim back, when she’d seen a distant figure in red and silver sitting on a high outcropping on the cliff face.

She hurried back, fearing for her safety. After dressing herself, she’d marched below the cliff, pulling her courage together.

She’d caught the attention of the figure. It fearlessly jumped off the outcropping, and suddenly, she felt terror crawl up her spine. The figure stood, the red hood covering most of its features. It was wearing a silver armor body suit, and attached at the neck was a rather ostentatious cape that fluttered in the wind. Although the figure seemed to only be 5’11, something in the demeanor convinced her that it was much taller. The figure moved towards her intimidatingly, and she felt her legs move instinctively backwards.

It reached out towards her. She caught a glimpse of a pale, merciless face, with deep brown eyes that were so empty; she feared for a moment that the figure wasn’t even alive. The strong aquiline nose on a rather delicately framed face confused Leila on the figure’s gender, and an inner instinct warned her that the figure shouldn’t touch her. She pressed the Security button, summoning the bots, unnerved by the figure.

“Stop!” She cried in panic. To her shock, the figure paused in its movement and shifted its hood so that it could look at her more clearly. Feeling trepidation at its cold assessing gaze, Leila retreated further.

“Look, y-you are out of bounds. You are trespassing. This is private property.” She said, trying to gather her wits against her instinctual fear against the figure. It gave no response.

“I won’t repeat myself again! If you don’t leave right this instant, I’ll call the police.” She said her voice a little shrill in her fear.

The figure tilted its head, considered her for a moment longer, before it seemed to draw back.

“I was merely admiring the sunset.”
It was a she! There was no mistaking the voice. Leila felt herself relax slightly.

“Up from there? Anyways, you are not allowed to stay.” Leila repeated firmly, feeling her composure returning.

“You have so much land. Why are you so disconcerted that someone is watching a sunset on the beach? It’s not like you found me loitering next to your house.” The female asked, the monotone making Leila feel foolish.

She opened her mouth to reply, but paused unable to form a suitable reply.

There was something different about this human. When the Soldier had caught gaze with the human female, she’d used the very low hypnotic field that had been sufficient to subdue all the other humans she’d used as a delivery service, but the female in front of her had snapped out of it almost instantly.

So, this human didn’t have a chip in her brain. This was surprising enough that she felt herself responding. But the female was just a hindrance. She couldn’t leave the only haven she’d found. Especially since she didn’t know what was altering the timeline. For some reason she couldn’t explain, she didn’t want to mentally damage the one human she’d met who had not voluntarily undergone brain damage.

“Listen, forget you saw me. I will make my way out.” It wasn’t such a big problem really. The Soldier would sneak back in later and hide out in the trees for a while.

“Oh.” The human seemed surprised.

As the Soldier turned to leave, she heard a surveillance bot approaching.

“Security services summoned. Security services summoned. Detecting unregistered humanoids in the area.” The bot had breached the forest cover and was approaching the beach. The Soldier fell back to long trained instincts.

*Cone-like structure. Strong physical resemblance to Dalek. All environment perception sensors located on top with the red light-LED. High likelihood of central processing being located on top with weapon arsenal at the more spacious bottom.*

*Weak point: The red LED area. Method of destruction: Forcibly withdraw a weapon from its arsenal and destroy weak point. Restrictions: Act quick enough to avoid scanning.*

These thoughts lasted for a fraction of a second before the Soldier jumped high into the air, to escape the range of the scanner, calculating that the height would be out of the range of the radial beam. The Soldier propelled herself forward, and landed behind the bot. Quickly finding the manual override panel before the bot turned, she opened it and was shocked to find that there was no Off button. Finding the Engage Hostile lever, she pressed it and broke the mechanical arm that drew out, spun around and smashed it onto the weak point.

The bot sparked and the Soldier hit it again. The bot powered off, the processing unit having been destroyed. She dropped the arm and turned around to survey the area to make sure there were no other bots.
She turned to the human, and found her shaking in horror.

The Soldier felt panic envelop her. She couldn’t let the human report this. It didn’t matter if she was ‘chipped’ or not. The human needed to call off her red alert before she was discovered. She’d have to hypnotize her; use a strong field.

But the after effects…

Why had her first chat with a normal human gone so wrong? Maybe she could try reasoning with her. And if that didn’t work, then she’d hypnotize her.

She approached the human cautiously, raising her hands up in a gesture of harmlessness.

“I apologize for the damages. But I cannot be scanned by devices. It is harmful to my biology. The radiation is harmful to me.” The Soldier invented, hoping the excuse of self-defense would calm the human.

“What?! How-how did you-? Wha-? Your biology?!” The human repeated, still shaking.

“Yes, my biology. I am not human.” The Soldier clarified.

“But-but how did you get here if you aren’t human? Non humans haven’t been allowed on Earth for at least two hundred years!” She voiced with shrill disbelief.

“Ye-Really? And why is that?” The Soldier asked, her curiosity coming out despite herself. “No it does not matter. I-I crashed on Earth and my ship sank into the ocean.”

“Oh.” The woman seemed to calm down. A frown replaced her face. “You still owe me for damages.”

“Go your way, and forget you saw me. I will not bother you again. I will pay you back tomorrow and leave the money outside your door.” The Soldier offered.

“No! Wait, don’t you want to go to Intergalactic Agency and get a ship to go back?” The woman asked, confused.

The Soldier considered her for a moment, thinking her rather sensible idea over. But there was still something wrong with most of the humans here. Their technology. And her Senses were telling her that this was a bad idea. The last few days had made her realize that some kind of life form was manipulating the humans. During her stroll through an alleyway, she’d detected a familiarly designed antenna that was receiving a hypnotic signal from somewhere above. It was broadcasting right into the human mind.

All of this was wrong. It was making her Senses haywire, and she’d been hard pressed not to destroy that antenna. But she didn’t want to be detected, so she’d disappeared silently.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.” The Time Lady responded quietly.

“Why?” She asked suspiciously.

The Soldier contemplated telling the truth, or at least the partial truth. It would explain her situation rather well and may even garner sympathy.

“I mean no offense to your planet, but there is something wrong with you humans. You are the only human I have met so far that seems passably normal. When I conducted a scan for alien tech, I found that a cognitive dampening signal is being broadcast into your kind. This chip technology
that you humans have developed has led to your society to being stunted. Whoever broadcast this signal has been detaining any alien life forms nearby so that they cannot warn you. Out into the Andromeda Galaxy and beyond, the rest of humanity has progressed while you have devolved. Someone is targeting the humans here. My detection will prove harmful to me.” The Soldier explained.

The woman looked at her, incredulous. “That can’t be true! You’re lying! You’ve damaged my bots and trespassed. You expect me to believe you when you say that my species is under attack from someone other than you?”

The Soldier felt her irritation rise. “Are you stupid? Have you not noticed anything wrong with the rest of your kind? I have been here but a month, and the problems are already glaringly clear. You have been here for the span of your life, and you have not noticed a thing? Or are you one of those simple humans who cannot detect problems because you are so immersed in the trivialities of your banal life, that you accept everything around you as the norm or what others tell you is normal?”

The woman looked insulted at the blatant condescension. The Soldier continued. “I did not think you simple. Something must have stopped you from following the fad that other humans had of getting mind controlled. It is obvious. If you put an open broadcast chip into your brain, you are opening yourself up to manipulation by the controller at the end of the signal. Has this not occurred to any of you humans?”

“I-I” The woman looked conflicted, unsure whether to take the words as a compliment or an insult.

“Human, I do not wish you harm. I do not even intend to interfere in these events. This is your planet, not mine. But I must still act for my self-preservation. I cannot be detected by whoever has been blocking all other aliens from this planet. For damaging your bot, I will render any service you desire, or repay you in money. All I ask is that you leave me in peace, and not speak of me to anyone else.”

“But-but if what you say is true, we have to do something!” The woman cried, realization dawning upon her.

“No, you need to do something about it. I have outlined the problem; now go find your solution. I will not interfere.” The Soldier repeated firmly.

“But please!” The woman begged. “I saw you with the bot! You were so fast and strong, you could help. And you seem extremely intelligent too! We have to do something! Together! How can I do all of this alone? I don’t know another person who doesn’t have a chip implanted! It’s just me that has to help the rest of humanity! My own husband has a chip. My husband! Oh my god, what am I going to do?” The woman was quickly becoming hysterical.

The Soldier sighed. She did not want to get involved. She would not get involved. But perhaps she could give assistance and ideas, and in exchange, she could build her own transmitter. It could be a business proposition. And she didn’t want to continue living in squalor. She could probably build her own dwelling, with protections against any danger.

“Calm down.” The Soldier said. When the woman started shaking and sobbing, the Soldier grabbed a hold of her and shook her. It made no difference.

“Are you able to listen? I will remove the chip from your partner as compensation for the bot. Is that agreeable?” The Soldier asked calmly, hoping this would restore the human’s composure to a degree.

“Yes, god yes! Please. Thank you! Thank you so much.” The woman cried.

“Pull yourself together. There is more to discuss.” The woman seemed shocked before she seemed to draw into herself and take a deep breath.

“Look at me, pleading a complete stranger to save me after yelling at you for trespassing. What is your name?” The woman asked gently. “I am Leila Black.”

The Soldier gazed at her, wondering what name to give. Her title, The Soldier, would either cast doubt on her or give false hope of her involvement against the human oppression. Maybe Alpha Plebian? But she hated the word plebian. Mind made up, the Soldier answered, “You may call me Alpha.”

“Excuse me?” the human retorted in shock, before scoffing at the arrogance of the name.

“I am named Alpha.” The Soldier repeated. “It was the name designated to me by my school.”

“Oh.” The woman replied, subdued after recognizing her own rudeness. Then she giggled, “You know, in a weird way, your name actually suits you. This whole persona that you have. Red Alpha! That would suit you more, what with your red riding hood cape and all.”

The Soldier was offended. “What is wrong with my cape?” The Soldier protested. “It is really comfortable, and protects me from the cold!”

The woman stared dazedly at the Soldier, and the Soldier stared back, confused, before peals of laughter rung through the beach. The Soldier was bewildered, but strange warmth suffused her. It had been so long since she had interacted with someone and inciting laughter seemed to melt the cold that had frozen her insides.

The woman continued to laugh, passing into hysteria, and the Soldier grew concerned. She did not think she had been that funny. But the soldier realized then, that the stress of the situation seemed to be coming out as laughter. Well, better this than uncontrollable weeping.

The Soldier waited for her to settle before she spoke. “I will help your husband. But I cannot interfere in your planet’s issues.”

“I’ll make it worth your while. Name your price.” Leila stated, staring at the Soldier calculatingly. “I can provide you with everything you need, basic technology, equipment and shelter. You can’t tell me you’re fine living in a cave. So please, help me. Help me remove these chips.

“I will not interfere in your planet’s issues.” The Soldier repeated, sighing. “But I can guide you. I can teach you what you need to know. I will also disable the chips of any human that comes along. But my existence must remain an absolute secret. I am willing to work with you, and only you. Not even your husband. Also apart from a home, I will also need a separate area for treating the chipped humans. I can list out everything I need. But you need to understand I cannot act directly in your battle. You are human, and this is your battle. I will only provide assistance. Are we clear?”

Leila listened intently before nodding. “This is better than before when you refused to help. Your demands seem alright, I guess.”

“Good. Then first, you need to alter the course of your bots so that they patrol only the border of
this estate. Also I need you to bring Surgical Implements A, B and C, any other category implements that you find, so we can treat your husband. Also I need some sort of receiver so that I can pick up surrounding broadcasts, preferably one without any mind attachments.” The Soldier demanded.

“Oh I have one like that, called the Arc Receiver. I made it.” Leila grinned with pride. “I’ll get the other stuff; just give me a few hours.”

The Soldier nodded. ”When you are done, come back to the outcropping. I will be resting there. “

Leila got up, feeling an overwhelming sense of responsibility and purpose. She rushed back, her head buzzing with all the things she would do now and in the future.

The Soldier watched Leila leave, and approached the broken bot on the ground. She could perhaps harvest the remains for spare parts and use it. Despite herself, she felt the purpose that had driven her battle days return, and the nagging in her Senses eased. Her proactive behavior had helped time. Well she still hadn’t broken the Gallifreyan rules of non-interference yet.

The Soldier needed to find a way to disguise her biology and species so that she could interact with the other humans. Maybe she would find the equipment to build Bio-Dampening Chameleon device.

Only time would tell.

It was 199,998 AD.

It had been 59 years since the Soldier had landed on Earth, and despite her best efforts at not getting involved, she found herself working as the Resistance’s Engineer. The secret brain behind it all. She owed that much to Leila.

At first, Leila and the Soldier had shared a professional relationship, but as the Resistance grew, so did their friendship. Leila had been the only human that the Soldier interacted with until she had gathered enough technology to build a perception filter and a Bio-Chameleon device. She’d placed the Chameleon in a pendant on her necklace. She had programmed her Chameleon to depict human to any device that scanned her. She hadn’t yet acquired the technology to create a true Chameleon for herself, much like the Chameleon Circuit worked for the TARDIS.

The moment the Soldier realized that Leila was her true friend, and that no one would ever replace her, was when Leila had upgraded her Arc Receiver into an ElectroMagnetic Scanner and gifted it as a Christmas present. The EMS scanned both living and non-living devices and identified its constituents.

The Soldier loved Leila. It wasn’t a romantic love. It was love that grew out of true friendship, and the Soldier knew she would do anything for her. When Leila had grown old, and her family had left her, the Soldier took her in. Until then no human had stepped inside the Soldier’s home. Their friendship had only grown stronger. And one night, the Soldier found herself telling Leila exactly what she was. A Time Lord.

Leila had been disbelieving at first, unable to believe she was a creature of legend. But when the alien had started talking of her home, her childhood and her punishment; she had been struck with crushing sympathy for her friend. When Leila had felt death approaching, she had been troubled
that her friend would be all alone.

So the last words that Leila spoke to the Soldier was, “I worry about you. Don’t be scared to share yourself Red, you are absolutely wonderful. Find someone, anyone. Just please don’t be alone. I really don’t want you to be alone.” The crippling despair at her death felt familiar, yet the Soldier did not want to taint the memory of Leila by falling back into the old depression. Leila had been kin. Kin of the soul. The best friend she’d ever had who had healed her and taught her to live. In memory of her, she fashioned the red cape into a red coat, and left her hood intact. Red Alpha. She was the Red Alpha now.

Leila had passed away ten years ago, and the gap in power left behind had nearly ripped the organization apart. The Soldier had hesitantly stepped into an active role then. She gathered intelligence and provided technology to the agents. She worked in coordination with the Leader and managed to insert an agent into Satellite Five. The Resistance was succeeding.

The Soldier was out buying parts, when she suddenly scented the strong odor of decaying bodies. There was neither a funeral home here nor a garbage pit. Pulling out her EMS, she scanned the local surroundings and discovered a high level electric field that killed any organism that came into contact with it.

Now curious and her Sense acting up, she pondered whether she should disable the field and attract attention or, as the humans put it, go ninja. Finding common sense in the latter option, she integrated herself into the field, and put on the perception filter bracelet that was in her pocket.

She passed through the electric field and came across a barren land filled with human bodies with a large building in the center. She moved quickly and silently through bodies to avoid exposure. Her naturally low body temperature served as an advantage in avoiding heat sensor detection.

She overrode the entrance codes, and slipped in, moving lower into the basement levels of the building.

“COMBINING OF HUMAN AND DALEK DNA COMMENCING.”

“DALEK DNA INSUFFICIENT. NEED MORE DALEK DNA. EXTRAPOLATE DALEK DNA. EXTRAPOLATE. EXTRAPOLATE!”

The Soldier froze, unable to comprehend what she was hearing. Dalek? Dalek DNA? Why were there Daleks here? They were all currently fighting in the Time War. Why were there Daleks here?!

Suddenly everything made sense. Why there was such an overwhelming body count of humans, why humans had been suppressed for so long. After all these years, if there was one thing that the Soldier could admit, it was that humans were extremely curious and obstinate. Only the merciless hateful Daleks with their advanced technology would be able to keep humans compliant for so long. The Daleks were why every Time Sense of hers had been erratic the entire time. They had deserted the Time War, the cowards, and were surely looking for a way to rebuild an army to return to the fight. They were carelessly changing timelines without any Time Perception.

The Soldier jumped and activated her suction cups to attach herself to the ceiling. She watched as three Daleks rolled past, and the sight of them woke a long buried hatred. The Daleks were the
reason for the Time War. They had reduced her planet to a near unrecognizable state, and the root cause of everything bad happening on Gallifrey at the moment.

Revenge. She would have her revenge.

Chapter End Notes

AN: The Doctor makes his first appearance in the next chapter. For those who didn’t catch on, the Soldier does not know what happened to Gallifrey. She is under the impression that the War is still going on. Remember, she’s been banished, isolated and depressed. She’s only ever talked to a few humans, so it’s never come up.

Please do leave reviews. Let me know what you think! Feel free to tell me if anything is unclear though some of it is deliberate.

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