

Princess

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bsp; “I am Queen Marta the fourteenth! You can’t do this to me!” A short, blonde haired woman was being pulled along by an older, raven haired woman to a pillar on which a shining silver handle was nailed. “Shut your whining!” The raven haired woman turned and opened the door in the pillar, before continuing to drag the struggling woman inside. Luckily for the raven haired female, Queen Marta passed out from shock because of the inside of the pillar, giving a chance for the other lady to breath out deeply as a purple/pink mist seeped from her mouth and into Queen Marta’s. The Queen awoke, smirking, not a second later. “That’s better. Less common.” A blue, 1950’s police public call box materialised on top of a palace in the year 5,000,283 on new earth mark two. A man who looked to be in his mid thirties walked out of its doors. (Actually the Tardis is a she, but that’ll come later.) Brown hair kind of fell in front of an also brown eye and his hands were stuffed into the pockets of his brown, pinstripe suit trousers. (What a lot of brown.) Behind him, a blonde wearing a light blue tank top and black pants emerged out of the mysterious blue box. “So, where are we?” The brunette turned his head, grinning, to face his companion. “Rose Tyler meet the human empire, year 5,000,283.” She took his hand in hers and they walked and talked until they both came face to face with guns. “Um, hello! I’m the doctor, and this is Rose!” Rose Tyler and The Doctor were taken in front of what they supposed to be the king and queen of what-ever town they were in. “You are The Doctor? The oncoming storm?” The king spoke with the kind of voice that made him sound like he was trying to sound tough but hadn’t quite gotten the hang of it yet. “Yes.” there was a pause before the Doctor spoke again. “Are you going to execute us? Because if you are can you do it slowly?” There was more silence before the king broke into hearty laughter and slapped the Doctor on the shoulder with such force that he nearly toppled over underneath it. “Very amusing, sir! And may I say your friend here is rather pretty. Anyway, we are not going to execute you! No! However, we are going to imprison you. Have a nice day!” And with those final words two rather huge men grasped the Doctor and Rose and lead them away from the royal family. When they were thrown in the cell (After the Doctor had remarked how they had hurt his elbow.) Rose and the Doctor were tied back to back and therefore Rose had to turn her head rather awkwardly to talk to the Doctor. “Doctor, did you notice how the Queen looked at us when we first arrived? It was as if she’d seen us before and didn’t like the fact she had to see us again...” She awaited a reply and after a few long moments the Doctor Answered with; “Yes I did notice that...But the only thing that could possibly mean is trampolines.” For a brief moment Rose had thought for certain that the Doctor had gone mad, before it dawned on her. “You mean Cassandra is in the Queen’s brain?” She could feel that the Doctor shrugged and she sighed. “I hope she doesn’t go inside my head if she comes anywhere near me.” Although she didn’t see it, and the Doctor was glad of this because he didn’t want a Tyler slap, the doctor grinned. “Oi, you two. Visitor.” They turned their heads to see the person they really didn’t want to see. “Thank you guards, you may go now.” The guards obediently left. “Well, well. The Doctor and Blondie!” Rose scowled. “Cassandra.” The Queen smiled a sickly smile and walked toward them, crouching in front of the Doctor. “I swear you look better every time I see you. And this time you aren’t even regenerated again!” And all Rose heard next, and this infuriated her, was muffled protests coming from the Doctor and about five seconds later the sound of lips breaking apart. Ooh how Rose wished she wasn’t tied up. “Now, where was I. Oh? Yes.” She came around to Rose’s side and smirked at Rose’s facial expression. “No need to look like that!” This made Rose’s scowl increase. “Do cheer up; I’m going to get you out of here to join me and The King for dinner.” She smiled, and the Doctor was not happy that he didn’t know what was going on. Rose

just gaped. "Okay. Then get us out." The smile faded off of Cassandra's lips. "Guards!" the troll like guards came stumbling down the corridor at the queen's command. "Untie these people. I wish for them to join me and my husband for dinner." The guards nodded and sought to untie the Doctor's and Rose's bonds. "There you go your majesty." one of the guards mumbled. "Right you are. Now take us to the king immediately." The guard gave her a blank look and she rolled her eyes.

"TAKE...US...TO...THE...KING...NOW!!!" the guard stood to attention and saluted the queen. "YES M'AM!" Cassandra rubbed her temples as the three of them followed the stupid guard to a pair of gigantic wooden doors, and they were pushed aside to reveal an even greater hall which contained countless paintings and an extremely long solid oak table. "You may go now Boffin." The guard bowed his empty head and left the room. "The prisoners are joining us for dinner dear." Cassandra addressed the man that Rose and the Doctor recognised as the King before turning to them. "Sit." the Doctor and Rose obeyed and sat in the middle of the table, opposite each other. "So, Doctor, tell me the name of your friend here." The Doctor glanced at Rose, who was currently looking intently at one of the many paintings in the room. "Your Majesty, this is Rose Tyler and she's my..." The Doctor was about to finish when Cassandra interrupted. "Wife. They're married." This statement caused both the Doctor and Rose to glare at Cassandra with immense hatred. "Yes. Thank you your highness." said the Doctor, still glaring at Cassandra who was smiling pleasantly. "Oh. How long have you been married then?" Rose looked at the Doctor, who looked downward as to avoid her gaze. "Oh, not that long." 'About ten seconds' she added in her head. "Well, I hope you stay together long. Henrietta and I aren't married; we're only King and Queen by blood. We are siblings you see." The Doctor nodded and no body spoke as their food was brought out and eaten. "Well, we can't keep you in a cell now that we've had dinner! You may use a spare bedroom in the palace." announced the King when their plates were being cleared. "Ivaneto will show you to your room. IVANETO!" A small man, possibly boy, ran into the dining hall and bowed toward his master. The Doctor couldn't help but notice he seemed scared of the King, as if he was going to harm him. "Yes sire?" he croaked, "Take the Doctor," the Doctor smiled and waved, "And his wife up to room 41." The boy, Ivaneto, nodded and motioned for Rose and The Doctor to follow him. They followed him to a room closed with a door almost as grand as the dining hall doors and he searched his pockets for an old rusty key. He unlocked the door, and gave the key and card to the Doctor, before running off somewhere, stumbling occasionally. "Wow..." The Doctor turned to the sound of Rose's voice. The room certainly was wow. It was a deep red on the walls and carpet and a great, silk sheeted four poster bed stood right in the middle of the back wall. It was a mahogany wood and had white sheets. "Well, it's very nice." the Doctor said loudly, before closing the door and locking it behind him. "Something fishy's going on here." Rose rolled her eyes. "Can't you just accept that something doesn't have to be evil just because it happens to look nice?" The Doctor stood up from looking under the bed, a frown on his features. "No!" She laughed and lay on the bed, kicking off her shoes and closing her eyes. The Doctor watched her for a while then stopped, realising he was staring. "Hang on. There's only one bed." Rose's eyes snapped open, and she sat up.

"So.....Oh...OH.....Umm...I'm just going to go and change." She ran off toward their en-suite bathroom. "Into what?" Rose peered around the bathroom door some five minutes later. "Doctor?" the Doctor looked toward the door, he was in blue pinstripe pyjamas and already in their one bed. "What?" Rose suddenly looked embarrassed. "Can you turn the other way and promise not to look at me?" he raised an eyebrow but turned so he couldn't see her. Rose ran across the room to the bed, rushed under the covers and held them up to her neck. "You can look now?" The Doctor turned to face her, propping his head up with his arm. "Why are the sheets pulled so high?" Rose felt her face grow hot, and she whispered an answer. "Didn't catch that." She went a deeper red and bit her lip. "I'm only wearing my underwear." the Doctor's eyes widened and he turned onto his back. "Oh. Night." Rose mumbled a feeble "Goodnight" and clapped the lights off.