

War of hearts

10th Doctor x Oc

Von Tshuuls

Kapitel 8: Own truth (Part 1.)

He had a sad and lonely look on his face. "But they all gave their lives for a good purpose." "How did they die Cordot. Please tell me." But before I had even the slightest chance to answer one of the advisor shouted. "I hope they died the most painful and miserable death as possible, those bastards!" Okay this man definitely wanted it. "How dare you!" I quickly looked at the doctor. I saw anger rising in the doctors eyes, and I had to act before his anger takes over. I headed over to the advisor and continued shouting.

"Those Time Lords saved your little ass my dear. They saved a city! They gave their life for peace. They believed that Yerfilagans could change. But they were wrong. Oh and how wrong they were. This goddamn species only thinks about itself. We think we are superior but we are not. We are as low and arrogant as everybody else. And you little bootlicker dare to call those brave Time Lords bastards? You better think twice before you speak again. Or I'll make you sorry for what you said. And you know what I'm capable of. Just remember..."

"Cordot!" I turned around. I expected the king to stop me. But it was the Doctor. "It's okay now. I know we Time Lords..." "Oh don't think I'm defending you. It's not always only about you, Doctor. You might be the last of your kind but you aren't the only Time Lord I know, or knew. I am not doing this for you I do this for them!" Everybody in the room stared at me. Some of me clearly wanted me dead, others were shocked and a few were scared. I took a deep breath and calmed down. The king was the first one to speak. "I think further negotiations in this form are useless. Everybody who has something to say steps forward and gets the time to talk and nobody will interrupt, except me. Nobody! Understood?" The room filled with murmurs and nods.

The old advisor was the first to come forward, slowly followed by a far younger one. The younger one was even younger than I was, and I wasn't old. I really wondered how he became an advisor. Advisors are well educated and often noblemen. One of the guards, he seemed to be middle aged and experienced in combat, also stepped forward. I think he fought in the city 50 years ago but I'm no quite sure. I joined those three in their line along with the Doctor who seemed to be unhappy to be the last one to speak.

Doctors PoV:

I happened to be the last one in line. The first one was this grumpy old advisor. He was probably very conservative and he didn't seem to like either Cordot or me. Next to him there was a quite young advisor. He was either really skilled and educated or his parents were rich and helped with his reputation. The third person was one of the royal guard. He had the look of someone who had seen many things. Some were good but I guess most of them were tragic. He probably fought in at least the last two big wars and some civil wars.

"Is there anyone else who wants to speak up?" The king's voice cut through the silence and my thoughts. He glanced around. "It doesn't seem so. Well." The king turned around and faced the old advisor. "Would you please tell us your opinion on this matter and your solution." The old one nodded and took a step forward. He cleared his throat and started his speech.

"Dear fellow advisors I bet you still remember the day our great city was attacked. You still remember the terrible message delivered by a brave soldier who was injured. Do you remember the look on his face? He was frightened, terrified and in pain. This young man whose message saved a whole city. This very man still suffers great pain. But this pain isn't physical, no. He suffers from psychological pain. He can't make the things he saw unseen. He can't undo what happened. He can't save all those dead Yerfillagan who died during this brutal attack. And he still doesn't understand why. He doesn't know why a Yerfillagan woman would betray her own race."

He glanced at Cordot who was clenching her fists. You could see how hard it was for her to stay quiet. "Why she would let some Time Lords in and helps them destroying a city and killing innocent civilians. And this Yerfillagan woman who was responsible for all this pain and death didn't get punished. She was just banished. Banishment was far too merciful. She should have been killed 50 years ago. That's why this Yerfillagan woman, Cordot, has to die here and now." The advisor's look was filled with hatred and contempt. He raised his voice once more and almost shouted.

"She betrayed us, again. She betrayed the king's trust. And she sheltered a Time Lord, our enemy. He might be the last of his kind but he still is one. And all Time Lords want us dead! I ask you here and now, which city is next? What's your next target? How many innocent Yerfillagan have to die this time? How often will you betray us until you are satisfied? What is your next plan Mised Princess?" The advisors shouted in agreement. Cordot, however, flinched from the words "Mised Princess". Was that her name? It seemed so. But why princess there is no sign of any relationship between her and the king. However, that could be the reason why he spared her last time and would do it this time again. But the king gave me no time to think and allowed the young advisor to speak. He stepped forward and looked around. The man stood there for about two or three minutes without doing or saying anything. The advisory got anxious and started to whisper. But he didn't seem to care he just stood there.