

Donna stomped into the console room, arms loaded with a multitude of bags and boxes; her face pursed into a frown.

"Take me home!" she called to the Doctor, who currently had his eyes on a sparking console panel.

The Doctor jolted up, his head nearly colliding with the panel above him. "What?"

"Home" she repeated, slowing down the word before setting one of the boxes on the floor. "Got all my things, I'm ready."

Looking her up and down, the Doctor's expression softened as realization sunk in. "Is this because of the Library and... you know?"

Donna sighed. "He had a name, dumbo, and you're allowed to say it." She inhaled, as if looking for the right words. "It's been unbelievable, I mean it. But now, how would you feel if you had this incredible life: married, kids, house, and it turned out to not be real?" Another sigh, this one softer and more wistful. "I'm just tired."

"Shame," the Doctor remarked, his eyes on both her and the console. "There were so many things I wanted to show you."

He stopped, his face breaking into an impish grin. Donna could almost see the tiny wheels and spokes in that Time Lord head of his turning.

"What?" she asked incredulously, struggling to pick up the box she'd set down. "Aren't you going to miss me?"

The Doctor leapt towards her, wrapping an arm around her shoulder. " Donna Noble, what if I told you that I had a brilliant idea?"

Donna rolled her eyes; she'd learned by now that his brilliant ideas were typically code for something stupidly dangerous or stunts that wouldn't come out even after a week. "Then I'd go grab the rest of my things." She crossed her arms. " Don't tell me. Instead of home, you're taking me to some kind of planet with volcanoes or giant beetles or something."

"Nope! " He touched his spiked hair. " This time, it's whatever you want. No danger, no monsters, just us. Whatever you want me to do, just ask."

Donna blinked. " Anything?"

The Doctor did a tiny bow, then donned a faux posh accent.
"I am your humble servant, Miss Noble."

Donna laughed, tossing him the boxes. "Well, first, take these back to my room! Then, see if the food dispenser still has any Rich Teas."

The Doctor started towards her room.

"Get a shift on! And bring me a blanket!" She was going to enjoy this.

On an overstuffed couch in the TARDIS library, wrapped in a multicolored blanket, Donna reached into the packet, pulling out another crisp and popping it into her mouth. Sitting up, she yelled "Oi! Spaceman!"

Breathing heavily, the Doctor raced over. "Sorry! Keep meaning to organize these shelves better. I got lost in Bronte." He held out three paperback books, all of which had covers displaying kissing couples and titles in loopy, feminine letters. "Here you are. As requested."

Donna scrunched up her face, examining each book. "Ugh, Mum's got this. I read this one already. Ooh, that's nice!" Donna set the other two books down on an end table..

The Doctor nodded, before asking " Right, anything else?"

Donna's mouth suddenly curved into a wide grin as she pondered the question. "Well, while you're here, there's one more thing you could do for me." Leaning down, she started taking off her shoe. "Rub."

The Doctor gaped. " See, the thing is," he sputtered. " I haven't done this in, oh, decades? Centuries maybe? Court of Queen Anne?"

Donna shrugged, " Traveling with you is murder to my feet. So yeah, rub. "

The Doctor sat on the floor. "As you wish."

Donna couldn't help but giggle. " You really just said that? Like that film, what's it called, with the bloke in the mask and the eels? Nerys and I must've watched it a hundred times."

"The Princess Bride."

"Right, that one." She looked down at him. " Well, keep rubbing."

Taking her eyes off of the television screen, Donna asked "Coming or not?"

The Doctor rushed in, carrying a bowl practically overflowing with popcorn. " You know, I always forget the food machine has a cinema setting." He reached a hand in for a piece, only for Donna to grab his wrist.

"I did not see you bring me a drink!" she quickly admonished before adjusting the television's volume

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"There's one last thing you can do for me." She pulled one of the blankets she wasn't currently wrapped in from the sofa, holding it out to the Doctor

"Donna, what are you---oh."

Donna pulled him closer as the lights automatically dimmed.
"You said anything I wanted." She gave him a teasing smile.
"All I want right now is this."

As they snuggled, the room nearly dark, the Doctor whispered
"As you wish."