Demons

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Demons

by [theprydonian_archivist](#)

Summary

The Doctor goes mad on the Valiant during The Year That Never Was.

Notes

Note from Versaphile, the archivist: this story was originally archived at [The Prydonian](#). Deciding that it needed to have a more long-term home, I began importing its works to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in June 2016. I e-mailed all creators about the move and posted announcements, but may not have reached everyone. If you are (or know) this creator, please contact the e-mail address on The Prydonian collection profile.

Hey look, my first darkfic! Hope you like it!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The Doctor awoke to the same environment as usual. The metal cuffs on his wrists had cut so deep over the past few weeks that the skin had now worn unbearably raw. The cold floor beneath him singed and chilled his skin as he tried to move his chained leg to stretch out. Even if it felt as though burning, he thought of himself lucky to at least be in younger form. He could thank The Master for that later.

His mind went still as he could feel the cold, empty stare towering over him. The Doctor looked up painfully to find The Master smiling down at him from above. The Doctor's blood went cold with the sight of that man. His view of The Master had changed so much during the time passed since he had taken control. It was as if The Doctor had snapped, over and over ever so violently, atom by atom of kindness and heartfelt sorrow for the man he loved ripped open and bled as though a poisoned wound. It sickened him. He sickened him. It made his stomach churn and his mind twist every time the man had entered his mind, even just to wander about, he felt to rip his mind open and throw him out. When The Master was inside of him, holding him down hard, causing nothing but pain, gnawing at his helpless and defenseless body with no means of regret that welled inside of him- it was sickening.

"How's my Doctor doing today?" The Master asked lightly. As if he didn't already know the answer. The Doctor glared at him, his once warm and bright brown eyes now cold and dark. It was disturbing to even himself to see what he had become. "Get up." The Master finally ordered. The Doctor didn't really care anymore. Before, he would've tried to reason with him, to compromise, but now... all he did was what he was told. Let his Master have what he wants. If he wanted the Earth, let him have it. If he wanted to enter his mind, allow him the freedom. If he wanted to torture, enslave, fuck him senseless, beat him till death, let him have it. This is all The Doctor felt he stood for. Nothing.

He did as The Master told, and stood up to his face him eye-to-eye. The Master smiled warmly, then put his hands on The Doctor's shoulders, which lead to pinning him to the wall of his cell. He breathed heavily down The Master's neck, as The Master did his. "What would you say if I were to...I don't know..." The Master gasped in a whisper. "Let you out?" Before, The Doctor would have taken this into consideration. But he merely pushed The Master back from his body slightly enough to look him in the face with a purely blank expression. That was all he had left, the emotionless expression. He felt no desire left to escape, to use his once clever mind to stop him, maybe save The Master, go back into the universe in his TARDIS. He stood for none of that anymore. He'd rather just die in The Master's care than survive as a hollow shell of what he once believed he was.
"Why." The Doctor finally found a word to form itself and flow out of his mouth. It left a bitter taste in his mouth to know what it was like to talk, after all this time. The Master paused for a moment, breaking contact of his teeth along The Doctor's neck.
"What was that?" The Master asked ignorantly. He backed up to see The Doctor's cold gaze cutting through him. The Doctor gritted his teeth, feeling emotion for the first in such a long time.
"You..." The Doctor kicked at The Master and threw him off balance. He then twirled his way around him, pinning him against the wall the same way and place as the other Timelord had done to him just moments ago. The cold eyes of The Doctor were now engulfed in fierce rage, his hearts pounding. The Master could feel his starvation for a purpose, dominance,

power- and he had no choice but to allow it. He finally felt what The Doctor had been feeling: cold, hollow, worthless...

The Doctor threw his body against The Master's, finally pouring into his mind. It was ever so cluttered, dark- and The Doctor lurched himself right in, tearing into The Master's thoughts, shredding his essence of being. For once, just this once, he wanted revenge. For locking him away in a cell, leaving him to die, only to accompany him if he wanted to play with him. For his self respect, tearing it apart, allowing him to bleed in shame and helplessness. He felt as though The Master needed to feel this, to drown in it, to allow his esteem to die in it, suffering...

He pressed his mouth to The Master's, not allowing the other Timelord the right to let him know to let him in. He forced his tongue into The Master's mouth, pressing him against the wall harder, gripping his fingers deep into his shoulders, tight enough to break every last-
"Please-" The Master gasped. The Doctor stopped.
"What was that?" The Doctor mocked. His feeling of disgust was rising, choking into his throat. He just wanted to hold him down, allow the torturous thoughts that had been twisting and snapping into his mind to rip him apart.
"Please- Doctor..." Even his whimpering voice was sickening. His head was now throbbing, his lungs unable to take the intense anger that had restricted breathing. The Master had taken full and perfect advantage of this moment, pushing The Doctor away, leaving him handcuffed on the floor. The Doctor's furious and hungry gaze stalked him as he began to leave the room.
"Coward..." The Doctor growled. The Master looked back at The Doctor, who stayed on the metal grated flooring, just before closing the vault door behind him. "You fucking coward."
"I'm sorry, Doctor." The Master said fearfully.
"LIAR!" The Doctor shouted, which echoed along the empty walls and caused The Master to jump in surprise. He didn't want to see his Doctor like this, so...dark... "You are nothing! You're nothing but a hollow NOTHING!" The Master stared down at him, almost choking. "All that's left of you is the demons that took a hold of you and everything you were! And to think that I loved you! I hate you! I HATE YOU, YOU BITCH!"

The Master hadn't noticed that one of his Toclafane had silently flown next to him. He still stared down at The Doctor, drowning out his screams of hatred. He was so in shock, and The Doctor was right. He felt hollow. He hadn't even felt a trickle of regret when he gave the Toclafane an order. "Injure him. Severely." He said expressionlessly. The Toclafane hovered into the room, revealing its razor-sharp blades, which swooped down upon The Doctor and shred the back of his clothing, with soon was beginning to drench in deep oozing blood.
"The physical harm doesn't hurt anymore! DON'T YOU THINK-" But The Master didn't want to hear any more of what he had to say. He slammed the metal vault door behind him, drowning out The Doctor's voice. He stared at it for several moments, not a single thread of emotion or thought worth thinking about running about his mind.
"I hate you." He finally said. He turned away, leaving the mad-minded Doctor behind in the dark.

End Notes

I hope you liked it! Please leave a review on what you think!

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