

scared stupid and in dire need of help.

Lifting both arms, Deanna held them out to him, her eyes pleading, "Give him to me, Will. Do what you've got to do, I'll be alright."

Her words snapped him into a decision and he unconsciously realised that it was what he had been waiting for. His eyes shifted along the rest her body, paling once more at the stain that stood out like something from a horror story against the once pure white night gown. He had to get it off her. He had to remove the evidence of his failure. It was an irrational thought, but it was one that somehow kept slipping into his head, more and more as time ticked past. Will was blaming himself for all that was wrong before him, and he didn't have a clue as to why, only that he did.

So many, 'if only's', so many regrets. So much love, but too late, he was always too damn late. And now it looked like he was losing everything that meant anything to him; Deanna, their bond, the same bond that had brought him to her in her hour of need, and God help him, as Will tenderly, tearfully looked down at the tiny boy in his arms that now slept peacefully, unaware of the terrors surrounding him, he loved him too.

A moment later, Will had torn the child away from the safe haven of his chest and lay him upon his mothers. As he watched Deanna's arms instinctively surround her baby, not only with her arms, but with her love too, he felt another emotion rip through his soul; Loss. Everything he wanted, lay before him on the floor, and with each heartbeat that painfully left them, they moved further and further away from him.

Chapter eight

Will could see no other way of removing Deanna's nightgown other than tearing it from her now inert body. He was loathe to raise it over her head mostly because he didn't want to disturb the baby, who had settled against her full breasts as though he had been there forever.

He watched them both until he was satisfied that they were breathing naturally, Deanna's shallow, but steady, her sons rapid but equally steady. Only then did he feel confident enough to move away and find some clean clothing for Deanna along with the necessities to make her more comfortable. Will knew he was going to have to leave them both long enough to venture out to the shuttle to retrieve the medi-kit. Inside he knew there was a supply of hypo's, one of which would hopefully ease up Deanna's bleeding, even if it was just long enough for him to get airborne and out of this nightmare situation.

Crawling around nearer to Deanna's head, Will tenderly brushed away a strand of hair that had settled upon her pale cheek. He was losing her, he could feel it. The serenity that had settled over her face cleverly camouflaged her true condition. Only someone with a tri-corder in their hand or a precious link into her psyche would be aware that her life force was slowly but surely dissipating.