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GoingToTheTardis's Prompt Fic Collection Vol. 4

by goingtothetardis

Summary

A series of unrelated ficlets/drabbles written from tumblr prompts.

500(ish) words or less.

(NSFW content fics are in a different collection, labeled as such.)

Notes
See the end of the work for notes.
“Rose!” the Doctor calls out in delight when he hears the door open, popping up from under the console to greet his favorite human.

His jaw falls open, however, when his gaze lands on Rose.

“Your hair!” Her long blonde hair has been cut off, leaving Rose with a fresh, youthful bob.

“Yeah, Mum gave me a haircut,” Rose says, nervously fiddling with the ends of her hair, as though waiting for his appraisal. “I thought… Well, you got a new look. Figured I deserved one, too.”

He steps forward and lets his eyes wander from her feet to the top of her head, before focusing on her face. Reaching out, he twirls a few strands of hair through his fingers, then smiles. “I like it. Suits you.” A brilliant smile lights up her face, which flushes a rather becoming shade of pink at his actions and words.

A feeling of fierce affection for his pink and yellow human swells inside him, and he pulls her close in an encompassing hug. It feels right, somehow, these arms around Rose. Her body fits within this new one just like it’d been made for her.

And perhaps it had been, as she’d been at the front of his mind during his regeneration, his name at the tip of his tongue while the fire raced through his blood.

“You’re still you?” she asks, mumbling the words into his pinstriped jacket.

“I’m still me,” he answers. And if he has to say it every day, so be it. He’ll do whatever he has to to keep his Rose by his side.
First Date (Tentoo x Rose)

Chapter Summary

Rose gets ready for her first date with the Doctor.

Chapter Notes

Skyler10fic requested "Tentoo x Rose and Red Dress" for my 1k fic giveaway.

Here you go!! Enjoy!! <3 Thanks for the prompt!!

Unbeta'd.

It’s their first real date, and Rose is pulling out all stops to make sure this night ends in more than a kiss at the door.

It’s funny, she muses, going on a first date with someone who already knows everything about her. Then again, she and the Doctor have never had the most traditional relationship, and she’s not about to start, now.

In the months since the other Doctor abandoned them on that bloody awful beach in Norway, she and the Doctor have slowly pieced themselves back together again, healing hurts and broken hearts, telling stories of their time apart (both the good and the bad), and slowly but surely, falling in love with each other all over again.

She hasn’t told him yet, but sees the hope in his eyes every day. While she knows he won’t repeat the words until she does out of her own free will, she appreciates the gesture, though it really doesn’t matter anymore.

Rose loves the Doctor, and the Doctor loves Rose. Simple as that.

Smiling to herself, she puts the final touches on her makeup, then walks to her bed. Rose picks up the red dress she knows will send the Doctor’s jaw crashing to the floor and shimmies into it, somehow managing to do the zipper on her own. Looking in the mirror before slipping on her golden open-toed pumps, she nods in approval.

The dress is long, but leaves nothing to the imagination with its body hugging fit, high slit up one leg, and a very low V-cut in the front and back. It’s daring and revealing, but just manages to maintain a simple elegance. Her hair is down in soft waves, just how the Doctor likes it.

Grabbing her clutch off the bed, she walks out the door without a second glance and down the stairs to where the Doctor’s waiting. His back is facing her as he inspects something on the table, but when she clears her throat, he turns around.

And just as she planned, his jaw drops to the floor.
Without moving from her spot, she revels in the seconds he can’t find his voice and takes the time to admire how fit the Doctor looks in his dark navy tuxedo, unable to keep a smile from spreading across her face at the sight of him.

“I love you,” she says suddenly, then gasps in surprise at the way the words had jumped from her mouth without her bidding.

The Doctor flicks his gaze to hers and studies her face for several moments before matching her smile. “I love you, too.”

Finally, it’s there, out in the open. And without waiting a moment longer, Rose runs into his arms and kisses him hard on the mouth.

They miss their reservation.
Chapter Summary

The Doctor wants Rose to order a banana flavored dessert, so she decides to torture him a bit.

Chapter Notes

A lovely Nonny prompted me on tumblr with: Rose x Tentoo, a bit naughty, "Rooose, please, it's banana flavored!" AND, alas, I'm a great big doofus and forgot about the Tentoo bit, so this fic is written as TEN x ROSE. Also, I tweaked the sentence prompt to better fit the story. Please forgive me. ;)

Unebta'd.

Again, this is just past 500 words, because apparently I'm incapable of short things these days.

"Rose, please, it's banana!" The Doctor juts out his bottom lip in the way he knows she can never refuse, forcing back a grin when she sighs.

“Doctor, it’s my dessert. Why can’t I order something I want?” Rose glares at him over the menu.

He pats his flat stomach. “Was hoping you’d share. I’m watching my figure.”

Rose snorts loudly, earning a few dirty looks in their direction, but studiously ignores the other patrons. “You’re watching your figure,” she repeats, her voice laden with sarcasm. “Right.”

He knows she doesn’t believe him, but he keeps trying regardless. “Pleeeeeease.”

Finally, she leans back in her seat and crosses her arms over her chest. “Fine. But you don’t get any until I’m ready to share.”

The Doctor takes her hand over the table and smiles smugly at his lovely companion. “Deal.”

The waiter delivers her dessert, and despite not initially wanting the banana dish, she has to admit it looks delectable. Across from her, the Doctor’s eyes widen and he leans over the table to inspect her plate.

“Oi, go away. You agreed to wait,” Rose commands, pointing her fork at the Doctor. He sits back with a frown and sigh, clearly sulking. She rolls her eyes but holds back a grin, planning to torture the Doctor a little before she shares her dessert.

As soon as the banana dessert hits her tongue, Rose closes her eyes and lets out a low moan of appreciation. It’s exceptionally delicious, that’s no exaggeration, but the added emphasis to her
enjoyment is purely for her banana obsessed Time Lord.

“Oh God, Doctor…” She finally opens her eyes and has to bite the inside of her cheek at the slightly glazed expression on his face. “This is so…” Moaning again, she decides to let him finish her thought in whatever way he wants.

He picks up his fork and eagerly leans over the table, but she pokes him in his hand with her fork. “Get your fork away from my plate. ‘M not ready to share yet.”

“Rooooooooose,” he whines.

Ignoring him, Rose takes another bite and leans back in her chair, closing her eyes once more in bliss. Sticking her tongue out, she drags it slowly across her lips, careful to lick up any stray crumbs. Cracking an eye open, she’s please to find the Doctor staring at her, jaw slack and useless.

She scoops up one last bite and makes a show of wrapping her mouth around the fork and pulling it out slowly, adding a few obscene moans and groans to go with it. The Doctor shifts in his seat across from her, and this time, she can’t stop the twitch in the corner of her mouth. She licks her lips a few more times, curling it slightly over her teeth and closing her eyes as she savors her last bite.

“‘M’Kay, your turn,” she says, innocently pushing her plate to his side of the table. The Doctor ignores the banana dessert at stares at Rose with dark and hooded eyes.

“Maybe,” he starts, the word coming out in a high pitched squeak. “maybe I should finish this on the TARDIS. Dessert to-go! Bananas to-go! Lots to do on the TARDIS, Rose. No time to stay here. Must… must go.” He shifts again in his chair and stares at his plate with a look of concentration.

Knowing full well the effect she’s had on the Doctor, Rose simply shrugs, smirking with satisfaction. “Whatever you want, Doctor.”
Chapter Summary

The Doctor and Rose consider their own feelings of possession for the other.

Chapter Notes

Fleurdeneuf prompted: "Mine."

I tried to make this fancy, and I have no idea if it worked. Hahahaha. Please ignore it if it didn't. The idea sounded better in my mind.

Unbeta'd.

Mine.

The first time she thinks it, the Doctor’s just blown air from his lungs all over a tree woman who proceeds to call his actions ‘intimate’ and eyes him up and down like something to be devoured.

She forgets all about it after the a psychotic flap of skin tries to destroy them all.

Mine.

The first time he thinks it, the walking dead bloke is trying to pull Rose down, and he’s just kicked through the door to pull her to safety.

It’s an odd thought quickly shoved to the dark recesses of his mind. He’s got no business for such thoughts, especially after ‘you’re beautiful.’ Master of a good save, him.

For a human.

The more time she spends with the Doctor, the more frequently the word springs unbidden into her mind. It’s a possessive little thing, a thought so unfamiliar it takes a while for her to acknowledge its existence.

- The Doctor takes an interest in a local woman who can commune with ghosts, and something twists uncomfortably in her stomach.
- Locked in a closet when the world explodes around them, another woman wraps her arms around the Doctor, clinging to him for dear life.
- And then Lynda, dear, sweet Lynda, following the Doctor around like a love-sick puppy.

He’s hers.

Mine.
The more he thinks it, the more damaged he feels. He’s nothing but an old man, too sullied and tortured to even consider his vibrant – and very young – companion in such a way.

- But oh, when he looks at her from across the table… “I could save the world but lose you…”
- And when Rose invites that weasel of a human – Adam – onto the TARDIS to show him the delights of the universe, he delights in goading her about her new boyfriend.
- Then Jack Harkness in all his flirting, tech happy glory joins the TARDIS, and it’s all he can do to keep himself from tearing the ex-con man’s arms away from Rose.

It’s then he realizes the depth of his affections for Rose Tyler.

Mine.

The fire burns through her veins – Time – the Vortex – Death – Life – Destruction – LOVE.

In the end it’s her love for the Doctor that guides her way. He is hers and she is his, and when their lips touch, the path is set.

Mine.

“My Doctor.”

Forever.

She’s a goddess of Time and the Vortex, and he’s both terrified and full of awe.

And love.

Love.

She needs a Doctor – him – to pull the fire from her, but the second their lips touch, their path becomes clear. Together. Forever.

The Bad Wolf stakes her claim with a feral growl, making him hers, just as she is his.

Everything changes from this moment, and for once in all his very long lives, he welcomes such a change.

Mine.
To the Moon! (Tentoo x Rose)

Chapter Summary

Jackie finds out what the Doctor and Rose get up to when they take Tony for the weekend.

Chapter Notes

Written for mollybrown816 who prompted: Tentoo x Rose and "my child"

I don't/won't write kid fic, so this is what happens. Lol.

Unbeta'd.

“Oh, we’d love to take Tony for the weekend!” Rose smiles at Tony and ruffles his hair. “We’ll have a slumber party, make banana pancakes for breakfast, drink our weight in chocolate milk…”

Tony whoops loudly and runs to the Doctor, wrapping his arms around his leg. “We go moon! We go moon!”

Looking between Rose and the Doctor, Jackie narrows her eyes in suspicion. “What do you mean, you’ll go to the moon?”

“Oh, Jackie, don’t get your knickers in a twist. Tony here just heard Rose tell him a story about watching Neil Armstrong on the moon. Nothing to worry about.”

Jackie studies the Doctor, trying to figure out if he’s serious. “Well, good,” she says, “because my child has no business being on the moon. Or anywhere else in space, for that matter.”

“Take TARDIS to moon!” Tony shouts. “Jump up and down spacesuit!”

With a gasp, Jackie pins the Doctor with a glare, and she leans into his space. “Has Tony been to the moon?”

The Doctor’s eyes widen in shock–fear–alarm– *something*, and he pulls away from her before turning to Rose with a pleading glance.

“Tony, have you been to the moon?” Jackie redirects her question to her son, who jumps away from the Doctor and claps his hands.

“Moon! Moon! Again? Mummy come with?”

“Rose?”

Her daughter takes the Doctor’s hand and squeezes it. “We… *may* have ended up on the moon once.”
“Or twice,” the Doctor says, following Rose’s confession. “Or was it three times?”

“You took my son to the moon without me knowing?! ”
“Yeah, I’m not wearing that,” Rose says, staring at the item of clothing the Doctor dangles from his fingers.

“But Rose, you said you wanted to start dressing up more to match the local culture.”

Rose glares at the offending object. “Not when it’s strips of leather that’ll barely cover all my important bits,” she replies, then smirks when an amusing idea flits through her mind. “Why’d you take me here, anyway?” she asks. “Did you want to see me dressed up in this… thing?”

“What!? No, absolutely not. No, nada, nothing. You and your bits,” he waves at her midsection, “never crossed my mind.” He clearly attempts to maintain an innocent and nonchalant expression, but the bright pink flush to the tips of his ears gives him away.

Rose smiles demurely, letting her tongue dance between her teeth in the way she knows drives him mad. “You know what? I think I’ll wear it. As long as it’s what the locals wear, yeah?” She plucks the garment out of his fingers and saunters toward the corridor.

“Speaking of,” she says, stopping in her tracks to face the Doctor. “What do the men wear here? ‘Cause I think, you know, if I’m goin’ local, I think you should too.”

The Doctor pales and marches to Rose, snatching the strappy garment out of her hands. “You know what? This was a terrible, terrible idea. What should we do instead? Oh! Chips! Let’s get chips!”

Tossing the item of clothing behind him, the Doctor runs to the console and pulls levers and pushes buttons to take them away from this planet.

Rose stands and stares at him for a moment before biting back a laugh and shaking her head. Bending over, she picks up the garment and tucks it away inside her jacket, then turns and walks toward her room.
Perhaps it’ll be useful later. One never knows.
Jump (Dimension Hopping Rose)

Chapter Summary

Jumping into danger, into chaos. Peace and the unknown.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this as a little drabble for Sequencefairy in her Christmas card and forgot to post it here.

It's angsty and not happy. (I'm so so sorry.)

Unbeta'd.

Jump.
Jump.
Jump.

Jumping into danger, into chaos. Peace and the unknown.

Eat, sleep, repeat.

After a while, it’s a habit. Repetition. Days blur into nights. Nights blur into days.

There are times she forgets why she jumps, exhaustion and fatigue aching so deep in her bones that she runs on autopilot, wielding a gun to save her life without a second thought, failing to save a village because the multiverse holds more weight.

She forgets about hope.

The darkness of the Void seeps through her skin, oozing and suffocating, blotting out the light.

Over and over again she jumps.

For what.
To Trust (Ten x Rose)

Chapter Summary

Rose has enough after the Doctor sends her away once more.

Chapter Notes

A nonny prompted an angsty Ten/Rose fic with the words: "believe" and "blame me."

Once again, this is over 500 words, but I'm too lazy to make it a separate fic. Please forgive me. Haha.

And the angst. Oh the angst.

Unbeta'd.

Warning: cursing this chapter

Rose shakes with fury as she readies herself for another monumental row with the Doctor over the same fucking issue as always. “I thought I could believe you when you said you’d never send me away again. But obviously I was wrong.” A tear leaks out of the corner of one eye, and she wipes it away with an angry swipe.

“God, Doctor. I jumped across dimensions for you. I saw things,” she swallows, trying to keep those memories hidden, “you wouldn’t believe. Universes so fucked up it’s a miracle I was able to jump back to Torchwood in one piece. I can take care of myself, but you insist on protecting me like I’m a porcelain figure that’ll break the second I’m dropped.”

The Doctor glares back at her, his eyes dark with barely contained rage, and his hands are clenched into fists at his sides. “Can you blame me for wanting to keep you safe?”

“That’s the thing, Doctor! It’s not your job to keep me safe! It’s not your decision to send me away when you think the situation is too dire for me to handle. You have no idea what I went through in that other universe to get back to you. An’ the second I get back, at the first time of trouble, you fucking…” Rose stops and closes her eyes, attempting to count to ten before starting again. As angry as she is at the Doctor, she’s finally home, and they need to learn how to move forward. Together, if at all possible.

“Rose…” The Doctor shifts his stance and crosses his arms over his chest, the look hauntingly reminiscent of his former self. Her heart clenches at the thought, but even that him had sent her away.

“No, listen to me. Look, I learned a lot at the other Torchwood. I’m not the same Rose I was before. Instead of sending me an’ the TARDIS down to the planet, we could have worked together to save everyone. Better with two, yeah?” She tries to grin at him but falls short, unable to force even a fake
smile.

The Doctor’s jaw clenches, but he says nothing.

“There’s so much I haven’t told you,” she says, her voice softer, now, and without the cutting edge. Rose knows it’s time to tell him the whole truth. She looks up at the Doctor and catches his gaze. “I don’t age anymore. I heal quickly from injuries, even life threatening ones. I can stay with you forever.” Holding up a hand to stop the Doctor when he opens his mouth, she continues. “I think it’s Bad Wolf. It’s the only conclusion I’ve been able to come up with.”

Moving forward, the Doctor grabs her elbow and begins pulling her toward the corridor. “Med-bay. Now,” he growls.

She twists easily out of his grasp, and stands across from him in a defensive position. It hurts her heart to do so, but she will not allow him to make decisions for her anymore. “No.”

“What?” His eyes blaze with anger.

“You heard me. No. I’m fine. I’ve already examined myself. I want you to trust me when I tell you I’m fine. If this—” she gestures between them, “—is going to work, then we have to be able to trust each other. An’ right now, I can’t trust you.” It physically pains her to say the words, and she doesn’t miss the hurt that flickers across his face, but she won’t back down. “Trusting me, I… I need this from you, Doctor. I’ll tell you more, what I know, but you have to allow me to make my own decisions from now on. No sending me away. No hiding me from the ugly parts of the universe. You can’t do that.”

Rose holds her breath for several long moments as the Doctor considers her words, and when he nods – the motion stiff and restrained – she sighs in relief.

It’s a start.
Chapter Summary

To yearn: have an intense feeling of longing for something, typically something that one has lost or been separated from.

Chapter Notes

Doctorroseprompts drabble prompt: "yearn"

100 words.

Unbeta'd.

To be honest, he’d never given the verb much thought.

*To yearn.*

Nor the definition, for that matter.

*To have an intense feeling of longing for something, typically something that one has lost or been separated from.*

But in the long hours alone on the TARDIS while Rose sleeps her life away, the Doctor finally matches a word to this strange sensation.

He *yearns* for Rose: to hold her hand in his, to see her brilliant smile light up a room (and his hearts), to hear her laughter drown out the demons in his mind.

Oh bugger, he’s in trouble.
Blue (Nine x Rose)

Chapter Summary

They visit Woman Wept.

Chapter Notes

Sequencefairy prompted: Nine x Rose and Blue.

And another Woman Wept fic. :)

This fic is inspired by this art by Blezon. (She used to be on Tumblr but doesn't appear to exist anymore.)

Unbeta'd.

What strikes her the most, for some reason, are the shades of blue that make up the landscape of this alien ice world that greet her as she steps out of the TARDIS. The massive waves rearing up over their heads are impressive, sure, but it’s the never ending hues of blue that take her breath away.

The TARDIS door creeks shut behind her, and as her breath comes out in white puffs, she squeezes the Doctor’s hand and turns to him with a smile. “I always thought ice was, I dunno, sort of white.”

The Doctor’s lips quirk into a grin, and he takes a deep breath, as if readying himself to launch into one of his long winded lectures. Smiling to herself, Rose allows her eyes to wander about the breathtaking scenery as the Doctor begins his explanation.

“Used to be a tropical paradise, this world. But,” he pauses here, just for a moment, and Rose wonders about the barely discernible waver to his voice. “Something destroyed one of the suns, and it threw the planet into a bit of an ice age. Storms raged for years, and when the snow and ice settled, all life was eradicated. This is what remained. A planet covered in ice.”

“Oh,” Rose says quietly, and she shivers into her thick coat at the Doctor’s somber story.

They stand quietly together for a few minutes before Rose continues. “What’s it called, then?” She gestures around them.

“Woman Wept. The ice formations look like a weeping woman from above the planet. We’ll have a look when we leave.” The Doctor squeezes her hand, and Rose turns to him, intending to ask a question, then gasps.

The Doctor’s blue eyes pop against the blue landscape around them. They’d always been striking, boring into her like he can see to the very depth of her soul (and perhaps he can), but now it’s as if they’re setting her soul on fire.

“What’s wrong?” he asks, his eyes roaming over her face and down her body once, before glaring
threateningly at the space around them.

Rose bites back a giggle, then reaches a mittened hand to the Doctor’s face. “’S nothing, Doctor. Jus’... The blue ice makes your eyes stand out. They’re beautiful.” She pauses for a beat, then smirks. “For a Time Lord.”

The Doctor’s answering smile somehow makes the scenery around them dim in comparison.
The Doctor lurches to consciousness and promptly gags on a mouthful of rubble and ashes. He rolls to his side and wretches, forcibly removing the contaminants from his body, then scrubs a hand down his face to wipe the layers of grime from around his eyes.

As the taste of destruction gradually clears from his mouth, the Doctor squints through the haze, trying to remember the events that landed him… here. His leg shifts against the concrete, and a sharp stab of pain blossoms from his calf and radiates up the rest of his leg. The force of the sensation clears his mind enough brings his memories into razor sharp focus.

The prisoners. The underground slave trade ring. Rose’s (and his) ferocious anger. The plan they’d carefully plotted to take down the evil empire. Rose setting off on her mission. The bomb he’d planted in the building. Another bomb – not his – exploding before he’d been able to escape.

Not his bomb.

The stark realization of this fact sends his hearts into overdrive and despite the pain in his leg, all he can think about is Rose and her well-being.

“Rose!” Her name rolls off the tip of his tongue despite knowing she’s nowhere near his location, and he hopes beyond all hope that whoever had placed the other bomb had been part of some sort of resistance group and not one of the slave traders. If they’d discovered their plan and had thwarted not just his, but Rose’s mission as well… His blood turns to ice in his veins at the thought.

Again, he calls out her name, as if it will somehow summon her to his side. “Rose!” His voice is muffled in the air that still hangs thick with dust, the sound falling flat in the eerie silence.

Another shift of his leg redirects his attention to the pain, and he spares a glance down his body, grimacing when he finds a piece of rebar sticking out of his calf muscle. A quick inspection reveals
the metal has thankfully missed the bone and will be easy to remove. Without wasting time, the Doctor holds his breath, then hisses in pain as he pulls it out. Spending a moment to manipulate control of his body’s physiological functions, he directs a sufficient amount of healing energy toward the wound. He’ll still need the TARDIS’s med bay, but he should have some time to find Rose and ensure she’d led the prisoners to the safe passage they’d arranged.

His leg at least temporarily under control, the Doctor groans as he shifts concrete to pull himself out of the rubble. Closing his eyes, he takes a moment to orient himself via his connection with the TARDIS, who hums uneasily in his mind, and without wasting another moment, he carefully makes his way through the remains of the building and sets of toward Rose.

Repeating her name like a mantra, it soothes his frayed nerves as he runs toward his companion.

Rose.
The Name He Calls, Part II (Nine x Rose)

Chapter Summary

The Doctor finds Rose safe and sound, but he's still injured.

Chapter Notes

Heeeeyyyyy, so enough of you begged for a second chapter that my muse apparently decided to cooperate and allow this second part. I decided not to combine them into one fic (even though I did that with another ficlet story a few weeks ago), so part one is the previous chapter, labeled as such. ;)

SelenaTerna sent me a prompt to finish this little story, so I hope you enjoy the conclusion. (Also, it got a little long and I'm definitely breaking my 500 word limit here. Oops.)

Unbeta'd.

He finds her – healthy and safe and in one piece – at their agreed upon meeting location. For a moment, he watches from a distance as Rose directs the former slaves into the transport pod to be piloted off-world by one of the resistance leaders. He marvels at the differences between the woman he sees in front of him, now – a strong and assured Rose willing to find and stand up for the rights of everyone across the universe – and the insecure and unsure of herself Rose who’d stepped inside his TARDIS all those months ago.

Rose turns suddenly, as if sensing his presence, and smiles widely at him. Her gaze travels down his body, and he knows the exact moment she spots his injury when the smile turns into a deep frown. Eyes narrowing in concern, she speaks briefly with the individual next to her and hurries quickly in his direction.

“Doctor,” she says once she reaches his side, breathless and eyes wide with anxiety. “What happened? Thought you timed the bomb to have enough time to get out. You’re hurt.”

“Oh, don’t worry about me, Rose. I’m fine.” He shifts subtly as if to hide his leg, but her eyes narrow at his movement, and she crosses her arms.

“No, you’re not. You have a… a bloody hole in your leg!” Rose glares at him with the same fierce intensity as her mother, and he shivers.

“Someone else planted a bomb, and it went off before mine. No harm done, though.” Rose snorts incredulously at his words. “Fine, maybe my calf was pierced by some rebar. Nothing a quick trip to the med bay and a regenerative nap won’t fix. Besides, I had to make sure you were all right.” He takes her hand, pulls her close, then carefully inspects her body, even though it’s obvious she hasn’t been harmed.
Rose allows him to inspect her, but as soon as he nods in satisfaction, she continues. “Doctor, come on, let’s go back to the TARDIS. You need to get that leg fixed.”

With a scoff, the Doctor shakes his head. “Nah, you go on, finish helping out. I’ll be okay.”

Rose’s arms cross over her chest again, and she levels a steely glare at him. “Doctor, your leg is bleeding. Kell’a’pu has everything sorted. They’ll get off world, an’ everything will be fine. Let’s go.”

He sighs, but doesn’t argue and allows Rose to pull him away from the transport dock and through the streets to where he’d parked the TARDIS the day earlier. Once inside the ship, she walks him straight past the console and inside the med bay, which the TARDIS has helpfully moved close.

Despite his claims that he is okay, the Doctor sighs in relief when Rose pushes him gently onto the exam table, his aching leg appreciating the rest.

“Now,” she says, clapping her hands, “you sit, and I’ll do whatever you need me to do.”

He doesn’t dare argue when Rose looks at him like that, her eyes fierce and a hand on her hip, so he lays back with a sigh and directs Rose to the proper tools. “You’ll have to cut me trousers off at the knee, so start with the scissors in the drawer to the left. Then you’ll find the wound cleaning materials in the cupboard above the sink.”

As Rose busies herself with following his instructions, he simply watches her, trying to ignore the way his hearts warm at her deep concern for his well-being. It’s been a long time since anyone has cared for him – tended to him – in such a way, and he finds he doesn’t quite know what to do about it.

So he simply guides her as she cleans his wound, then gives careful instructions on how to set up and use the complex dermo-scanner machine to help close his wound. His own regenerative cells will take care of the internal damage, and after a good night’s sleep, he’ll be good as new.

“There!” Rose says, her face flushed with exertion as she moves the heavy machine away from the Doctor. “Can’t even tell you got hurt! That’s amazin’!”

“Got all sorts of interesting medical tools in here. Don’t use them much, but they’re there if I need ‘em. Every now and then I find something new and give it to the TARDIS.”

Rose nods. “So now what do we need to do?”

“You don’t have to do anything. My body can heal itself the rest of the way, just need a bit of sleep for that to happen.” He pauses, then grabs Rose’s hands as she fidgets in front of him. “Rose, thank you for helping me. You didn’t have to.”

She meets his gaze and nods. “I know, but you never have to either, and you still do. I wanted to help you, so just deal with it.”

The Doctor can’t help the grin that creeps across his face. “Oh, come’re.” Standing up, he pulls Rose close and wraps his arms around her in a protective embrace. The fear from earlier still lingers deep in his bones, and he realizes that as much as he needs to get some sleep, he doesn’t really want to let Rose go. “Would you join me? While I sleep? I need, I mean, I don’t really want–”

Rose puts her hand over his lips to stop his stuttering and meets his gaze, as if she understands everything he doesn’t say. “I’d love to,” she says, smiling shyly at him.
As they walk out of the med bay, his hearts hammer with anxious anticipation in his chest. At least for tonight he’ll be able to hold Rose close.
A Protective Cocoon (Ten x Rose)

Chapter Summary

Rose invites the Doctor to watch some television with her.

Chapter Notes

Rainstomrlullaby prompted: “Invite Me” - about one character asking another character to join them AND Ten x Rose, playing with the other's hair or accidentally falling asleep together, so I combined all the prompts into this ridiculously fluffy thing.

I've been mentally absent from things and haven't written a lot the last few weeks, so I hope this is acceptable.

Unbeta'd.

Rose sticks her head in the galley on the way to the media room, certain she’ll find the Doctor there. As predicted, he’s there, standing at the counter making what looks like a ulyon nut butter and banana sandwich.

“Doctor, I’m gonna go watch some telly. Want to join me?” She’s anxious to get back to the 53rd century remake of the original old earth Friends sitcom. Currently on season seven, it’s been her favorite post-adventure activity the last few weeks, and she always enjoys it more with the Doctor’s amusing commentary.

“MMmmmfff,” he says, nodding through a mouth full of sandwich, then swallows. “Be there in a jiff, just need to finish this.”

“See ya!” Rose smiles at the Doctor before skipping down the corridor to the media room. Much to her delight, the TARDIS has the movie screen ready to play, so Rose spends a moment to situate the blankets and pillows around her until she’s in a protective cocoon.

The second she asks the TARDIS to start playing the show, the Doctor walks into the room. For several moments, they smile goofily at each other, and Rose can’t help the flutter of butterflies in her belly at the sight of him. This him, this new him, is so carefree and buyant it often takes her by surprise. It’s often a challenge for her to reconcile his past self and this new lighter, more hyperactive Doctor, but she knows he’s the same man. Believes it with all her soul.

“Come on, then,” she says with a shake of her head, patting the sofa next to her. He bounds over and shucks his jacket, laying it carefully on the recliner, before kicking off his chucks and laying across the length of the couch.

Without missing a beat, he puts his head in Rose’s lap and rolls to his side. With a soft gasp of surprise, she tries to keep her breathing steady. This is unprecedented behavior, and she’s determined to keep him right here.
The Doctor stills for just a moment, as though sensing her surprise, but doesn’t move from her lap. Rose glances down at him and smiles, then returns her attention to the screen, as if nothing out of the ordinary has just happened.

Instinctively, perhaps, her fingers thread through his brown locks, and he purrs – actually purrs – then shivers against her leg without saying a word. Emboldened by his reaction, she continues, occasionally scratching her fingernails along his scalp but mostly playing with his hair.

After a while, curious about his lack of commentary, especially after a particularly outrageous space scene, Rose looks down at the Doctor. Much to her amusement, he’s fast asleep, and expels a soft snore at that moment as if answering her unspoken question. She bites her lip, then reaches for a blanket to her right and throws it best as she can down his body.

She watches a few more episodes, but the Doctor’s gentle snoring and the coziness of her seat lull her into a sleepy daze, and before she knows it, her eyes fall shut and she relaxes completely into the bundle of blankets and pillows surrounding her. Her fingers remain threaded through the Doctor’s hair.

Together, the Doctor and Rose sleep, safe inside the TARDIS’s protective walls, unhindered by the burdens of the universe.

If She could smile, She would, but instead, the TARDIS turns off the show and dims the lights, leaving her precious passengers at peace.
Chapter Summary

The Doctor encounters a strange woman who knows him, but he doesn't know her.

Chapter Notes

I had an anonymous prompt on tumblr for Eight/Rose and one falling asleep with their head in the other’s lap. I'm a sucker for DHR meeting Eight, so here you go.

Thanks to SelenaTerna for looking it over!

“You’re th’ Doctor?” she slurs, her obvious exhaustion impeding with her ability to form full words. “B’ not my Doctor.” She giggles. “Still a bit pretty though. Missed you.”

The Doctor steadies the blond woman, who leans against him, clutching to him with ferocious strength despite her fatigue as though he might blow away in the wind, never to be seen again. “I’m sorry, my dear, I’m afraid I don’t know you.”

She looks up at him with wide eyes, devastation clear in their depths. “But th’ TARDIS, she’s here. I can feel ‘er.” Pointing to her head, the woman looks in the direction of his ship.

Understanding blooms quickly, save for the fact that this woman can apparently sense his ship. That’s something to be concerned about, of course, but for the time being, he believes she’s harmless and decides to discuss matters with her further once she’s had a good kip and some tea. “Miss, I don’t believe I know you, yet. Perhaps you know another incarnation of myself.”

The woman blinks, swaying slightly, even under his arm. “’M Rose. Rose Tyler.”

“Rose,” he says, intrigued about how easily her name rolls off his tongue. “Rose Tyler.” A tingle of something familiar and dear skips along his time sense, but for now, he ignores it.

Rose beams, her smile momentarily distracting him. “Knew it was you,” she says, “No one ever says it like the Doctor.”

The Doctor grins, then turns to face Rose. “Rose, my dear, I think it’d be best if you come to the TARDIS with me, if you would. I’m not sure why or how you’re here, but those questions can be answered after you get some rest. Come, I’ll help.”

She nods wearily and links arms with him, and he guides her carefully through the streets until they reach the TARDIS. Much to his surprise, the doors swing open before he can reach his key, and Rose shrugs and pulls him inside.

He closes the doors behind them, and when he turns around, Rose stands silently just inside the entrance, eyes closed and hand brushing lovingly (lovingly?) against the wall next to the door. The TARDIS, much to his surprise, rejoices in his mind, he can’t help but ask his ship just who exactly is
Rose Tyler? Of course, his mischievous ship doesn’t answer, but at least now he knows Rose isn’t a threat.

Taking Rose’s hand, he guides her to the new sofa that sits in the space two plushy chairs used to occupy. Before he sits down next to her, he carefully helps remove her blue leather jacket and places it on the arm of the sofa.

The Doctor sits down, intending to ask Rose if she’d like a cuppa, but much to his surprise, she curls up on the sofa and lays her head in his lap. For a moment, he stares down at her, slightly alarmed and unsure, but within seconds, her breathing relaxes into a steady rhythm.

Sleeping. *She’s sleeping on his lap!* What an unusual creature, this Rose Tyler. The TARDIS hums mysteriously in his mind, and despite his deep desire for answers, the Doctor finds he’s rather content to allow this exhausted woman to find respite wherever she needs it.

And if that’s on his lap in his TARDIS, well. So be it.
Chapter Summary

In the darkness, there's a familiar touch.

Chapter Notes

For this week's Doctorroseprompts drabble prompt: "dance."

100 words exactly.

Unbeta'd.

Rose twirls between dance partners, occasionally batting away a wandering hand by those taking advantage of the darkness offered by the blind gala.

She hadn’t wanted to attend, but she’s certain the duke knows the Doctor, so she’ll do whatever she can to find her way back home.

A pair of cool, gentle hands replace clammy ones on the bare skin of her back, and no– It can’t be. Her fingers brush over familiar fabric, and she clenches tightly to the material, as her senses fill with everything him in an impossible moment she’s hardly dared to hope for.

“Doctor?”
Chapter Summary

He can’t watch her walk off to bed this time. Not after today.

Chapter Notes

For this week's Doctorroseprompts drabble prompt: "wait"

The muse has been a bit of a lame wad this week, but I managed 100 words of fluffy cheese this morning. ;)

Unbeta'd.

“Wait.” His hearts pound in his chest, but he can’t watch her walk off to bed this time. Not after today.

She turns, forehead crinkled in question, but says nothing.

Striding forward to meet her, he wastes no time in cupping her face in his hands. “I thought I’d never see your smile again.” He brushes his thumbs over her cheeks before leaning down to press a kiss on the corner of her mouth.

Rose gasps and meets his gaze. “Doctor.”

The hope in her voice is unmistakable, so encouraged, he pulls her close and presses his lips to hers.
Chapter Summary

Rose needs some help getting dressed.

Chapter Notes

I got an anonymous prompt on tumblr for Nine x Rose with: One character adjusting the other’s jewelry/neck tie/ etc.

Hope this fits the bill!! ;)

Unbeta'd.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: This is the former mountaingirlheidi. I changed my AO3/Teaspoon usernames yesterday to match my Tumblr URL, so now I share the same name across all fandom related platforms. Changing my username doesn't mean you have to resubscribe! Everything should stay the same unless you've linked something specifically to my AO3 dashboard. Links to individual works will not break. I've been wanting to make this change for a while now, and I'm so glad I finally did it. :) So, in summary... Goingtothetardis = Mountaingirlheidi.

“Doctor?” Rose bites her lip as she waits for the Doctor to turn to face her and fiddles nervously with the frilly lace embellishment of her gown.

“Hmmm?”

She waits for him to turn around, but instead, he bends down to adjust something on the console. The movement affords Rose a rather delightful view of the Doctor’s bum, but she forces herself to look away. The Doctor doesn’t *do* that sort of thing – not to her knowledge, that is – and if he catches her ogling, especially when her gown is hanging open in the back… *God.*

Shaking her head, Rose tries again. “Doctor, erm, I can’t get my gown done up. An’ I can’t find that thing I used last time to help.”

At her words, the Doctor stands up and turns to face her. “Rose, what?” His eyes widen. “Oh.”

He doesn’t move, and the way his eyes flit up and down her body sends heat rushing to her cheeks. She attempts to engage the Doctor yet another time, ignoring the blush that covers her skin. “Can you, y’know, do me up?” Rose turns away from him and holds the gown tightly to her chest, hoping the Doctor catches on sooner rather than later.

“Course I can,” he says, his voice slightly gruff, and Rose wonders if she imagines it. His boots thunk against the grating as he steps closer, and she holds her breath in anticipation as his fingers ghost over the bottom button. “Expert at buttons, me.”
Rose opens her mouth to shoot back a witty reply, but at the same moment, his fingers brush against the bare skin of her low back, and the words flee from her mind. It’s all she can do to stay still and keep her breath even.

The Doctor’s fingers work swiftly, buttoning the tiny row of buttons from her waist to the back of her neck, and only occasionally slip to brush against her skin. Again and again, Rose convinces herself it’s not intentional, that the buttons simply outwit the Doctor, but when he reaches her neck, his fingers linger briefly on the bony bump of her spine before trailing up to her hair, then down along the side of her neck.

She shivers, unable to stop herself, and the Doctor’s fingers still against her skin in an area nowhere near the remaining few buttons. Then slowly, ever so slowly, he drags his fingers to the back of her neck and swiftly finishes the last few buttons.

Rose can’t breathe, her mind abuzz with sensations, and after he adjusts the high collar of her gown, his lips brush against the back edge of her ear. “Suppose I’ll go put on a monkey suit to match, then.” His hands leave her body, and it takes all Rose’s self control to not lean back into him.

She turns around to find he hasn’t stepped away from her, and his ice blue eyes stare into hers. “If that’s all right, that is,” he adds, and there’s something in his gaze that asks more than his words implied.

“Yes, yeah, of course it is,” she answers, her voice embarrassingly breathy and shallow. They stare at each other another beat, and before she loses her nerve, Rose stands and places a soft kiss on the Doctor’s cheek. “Now go find yourself a suit. I’m ready for a proper date.”
“I’m dying.”

The Doctor’s muffled voice cuts through the mildly painful haze of Rose’s semi-consciousness. With a loud groan, she burrows into her pillow and attempts to ignore the hammer pounding against her skull.

An arm flops around her middle, and the Doctor’s voice once more rattles through her brain. “Rose, I’m dying. I’m actually dying.”

Rose sighs and attempts to quell the surge of nausea attempting to wreak havoc on her morning. “You’re not dying, you’re hungover,” she says into her pillow, squeezing her eyes shut to keep everything from moving.

“No, something’s wrong. I’m nauseous, my skull feels like it’s going to break in half, and everything is blurry. I’m dying.”

“Promise you’re not,” Rose grumbles as she carefully rolls over to face the Doctor, who is laying flat on his stomach pressing his pillow into his head. “It’s six banana split martinis, two bottles of moscato, plus that one mystery drink you said tasted like Vluridian mead mixed with rotten pears.”

At the mention of the pear drink, the Doctor violently flings himself out of bed and staggers to the loo. Rose cringes at the sound of her lover unloading the contents of last night’s post-alien invasion celebration into the toilet, but it motivates her to haul herself up to the edge of the bed and drink tall glass of water she’d had the foresight to leave there in her drunken state the previous evening. It soothes her instantly, and she takes several deep breaths to work through the remaining nausea.

When the Doctor returns, he flops on his back and groans loudly. “Okay, I’m not dying. Just…” He
sighs, exhaling a long breath. “Remind me never to indulge in unlabeled mystery drinks again.”

Rose stands up and walks to their ensuite, filling the glass of water for the Doctor. She returns to their bed and hands him the glass, sitting down next to him. “Remind me to never celebrate after a successful mission again. I had no idea this is what happened.”

The Doctor downs the glass of water and hands it back to Rose with a grateful smile. “Well, at least we can tell Jackie we’re too sick for Sunday brunch today.”

Rose laughs out loud and rolls her eyes, then winces at the dull ache that lingers. “You’re daft if you think Mum’s gonna let you use that excuse.”

“You’re kidding,” the Doctor says, staring wide-eyed with horror at Rose.

With a sigh, Rose lays down next to him and shakes her head. “Nothing, not even the worst hangover in the universe, will get you out of Sunday brunch with Mum.”
Little Bit Desperate (Nine x Rose)

Chapter Summary

Rose has an itch.

Chapter Notes

Not that kind of itch, weirdos. ;) ;) ;)

Well. Not right now. (This is the Teen rated collection, so I have to be good.)

Welshdynamite20 on tumblr prompted: Nine x Rose and back scratches.

Unbeta'd. Enjoy!!

“Doctor,” Rose says as she walks into the galley, one arm contorted into a slightly awkward position to attempt to reach a spot on her back. “My back itches, and I can’t reach. Help me out?”

The Doctor turns from the counter and frowns. “Can’t you reach it yourself? You’ve got two hands.”

Rolling her eyes, Rose sighs. “Can’t. Hurt my left arm when I fell on my shoulder yesterday, and my right arm’s never been able to reach this spot.”

The Doctor thunks his tea on the countertop and crosses his arms over his chest. “When’d you fall? How come you didn’t say anything, Rose? I could have fixed you right up.” He pauses, continuing after a moment. “Did someone hurt you?”

Rose sighs again, ignoring the Doctor and his off-topic questions, then turns to Jack, who sits at the table looking between her and the Doctor with a bemused smile on his face. “Jack?”

“Of course, I can.” Jack extends an arm and claws the air like a cat.

Rose giggles, and skips to his side, but before she reaches Jack’s hand, the Doctor cuts in front of her. “Never said I couldn’t scratch your back,” he says with a scowl, glaring at Jack’s offending hand.

“Blimey,” Rose says, secretly delighted that the Doctor had stepped in at the last second. Despite her love for Jack as her friend, she’ll always welcome the Doctor’s touch more than anyone’s. “I don’t really care who scratches my back, just as long as someone does it before I give up and find a strut in the console room.”

“Little bit desperate, Rose?” Jack asks, and she doesn’t even have to see his face to know he’s smirking like a git bursting with poorly contained innuendo.

But Rose doesn’t bother to answer, as the Doctor’s soothing touch has found the spot that has plagued her for the last twenty minutes and works expertly to soothe the offending irritation.
“Better, Rose?” he asks, patting her shoulder when he’s done.

Rose turns to smile at the Doctor. “Yep!” she says, then stands on her toes to kiss him on the cheek before she bounds out of the galley to return to her room.

As she heads down the corridor, the Doctor echoes her earlier word. “Blimey.”
Chapter Summary

Rose continues to struggle with the loss of her first Doctor.

Chapter Notes

Rumple-belle/Rowofstars on tumblr prompted: I thought you were dead!

I've been struggling with my muse/writing lately and am not terribly happy with anything I write, so please let me know if you like it!

Thank you!!

Unbeta'd.

“I thought you were dead!” Rose says, blinking back tears she really did not want the Doctor to see, as a cascade of pent up emotions from the past few days threatens to overwhelm her.

It’s late that night – long after Christmas tea and snow that wasn’t really snow, long after the shy smiles and breathless agreements to continue traveling together – and Rose sits opposite the Doctor on Jackie’s sofa, twisting a blanket in her hands.

The Doctor – the achingly familiar yet simultaneously foreign man sitting in front of her – has the decency to look ashamed as he cards his hand though his new locks. “I, erm, I should have told you about regeneration. I planned to! Really, I did. But then we had all these brilliant adventures, Rose, remember those? All the running for our lives and laughing, and then we found–” He freezes momentarily, cringes, then continues. “And then it was too late. Nothing I could do about it.”

The way he looks at her, however, tells her far more than his new rambling speaking patterns ever could. Deep in the depth of those chocolate brown eyes is fear that she’ll leave him (never) and disbelief that she really accepts that he’s who he says he is (she’s getting there).

“It’s just… I never got to say goodbye to the Doctor I–” She stops, looking away from him quickly and biting her lip. “He’s gone.”

The Doctor’s lips quirk up for a brief moment, a momentary ghost of his daft grin, and he scoots across the sofa. “I’m right here, Rose. Same man, different packaging. And no more ears.” He gives the new ones a jaunty flick and smiles.

Damn him, that smile. It takes her breath away and soothes the jagged edges of hurt deep inside her heart. But still, that famous Rose Tyler stubbornness persists, and she’s not ready to let go quite yet. “Never said I didn’t like the old ones.”
Zucchini Bread (Tentoo x Rose)

Chapter Summary

The Doctor decides to embark on a bread baking experience.

Chapter Notes

Skyler10fic prompted this little thing. ;)

Thank you!

“But Doctor, what are we going to do with all this zucchini?” Rose asks, hand on her hip as she looks askance around their yard at the piles of squash her husband had plucked from their garden.

The Doctor, full of his usual manic energy, pokes his head out of the back door to their house. “Bread, Rose! Zucchini bread!”

Rose blinks. “And just how much, ah, bread are you planning to make?” she asks with a pointed stare at the stacks of zucchini.

At this question, the Doctor finally loses a bit of his enthusiasm, and tugs on his ear in a familiar tell. “Wellllllllllllll,” he starts, dragging out the word, “I decided to make my own bread from scratch, and I read that zucchini is very easy to grow. So I planted one seed, lost the rest of the packet, and decided to, ehm, accelerate the plant growth.” He flips his sonic screwdriver in the air.

“So you made the plants grow faster,” Rose says, smirking at the Doctor. “But what I don’t understand is why there are so many.”

“I, uh, may have dropped the packet of seeds in the garden, and the range of the sonic may have, er,” he scratches the back of his neck, “affected all the seeds.”
With Me (Ten x Rose)

Chapter Summary

Rose gets to say her bit.

Chapter Notes

Megabadbunny prompted: "Why are you doing this?"
Errrrr, again, this was supposed to be 5 sentences.
Several paragraphs later, it is decidedly not 5 sentences.
Unbeta'd fluff.

“Why are you doing this?” the Doctor asks, glaring at Rose as she pushes against his chest, waking him backward until his legs hit the jumpseat, and he has no choice but to sit down.

“You–” Rose stops and sighs loudly, looking over her shoulder at the console as if asking for assistance. The center rotor pulses up and down twice, and with a determined huff, Rose returns her attention to him and pokes him in the chest. “I’m tired of whatever game you insist on playing, Doctor.”

Nonplussed, he raises an eyebrow and looks bemusedly at his companion. “Game?”

Crossing her arms, Rose rolls her eyes. “Look, I’ve been traveling with you for years, now. Two? Three? I’m not really sure. We’ve shared so many adventures, some good, some bad. I’ve been locked in more prisons than I care to think about, but I haven’t regretted one second of it because of one thing. Do you know what that is?”

A cold dread seeps through the Doctor’s blood, and he wonders if he’s about to face a conversation he’s been avoiding since the moment Rose stepped on board. He shakes his head, unwilling to speak.

“It’s you, you daft alien git. You make all the adventures worthwhile. I… I love you. I almost got sucked into the Void yesterday, but I didn’t, and it made me realize I can’t waste anymore days not telling you. I thought you might… But you didn’t, so here it is, Doctor. I love you. I… I think you love me, too, but you send all these mixed signals, and I–”

The Doctor cuts Rose off as he surges up from the jumpseat and presses her against the console, effectively trapping her between his arms as he captures her lips with his. She lets out a surprised squeak, which he quickly silences, and he kisses her until she pulls back, gasping for breath.

“You… You! But how come you never said!” Eyes wide and focused on his, Rose grabs the lapels of his jacket as though she needs something to ground her to the moment.
“I’m over nine hundred years old, Rose. It was easy to convince myself that there was no way my beautiful companion could ever want a damaged, war torn Time Lord without a home.”

The ferocity in Rose’s eyes softens, and she cups his cheek with her hand. “You have a home, Doctor. It’s in the TARDIS… With me.”
“Rose, if you had to pick, which one is your favorite?” the Doctor asks, holding up five new Lorvanian silk ties he’d picked up at the market.

Rose, throughly distracted by the way the Doctor’s shirt hangs open to reveal a tantalizing strip of his neck not often visible under all his layers, pulls her gaze from his skin, briefly flicks her eyes to his, then studies the ties. She’s quite certain her face gives away the flush she can feel burning over her skin.

“Uh,” she says, blinking twice, almost forgetting what he even asked. The ties are lovely, really, but God– His neck. She just wants to sink her teeth into his bottom lip and work her way down.

The Doctor lowers the ties and furrows his brow. “Rose, is everything okay? You’re acting a bit… odd.”

Rose takes a deep breath and shakes her head, but when the Doctor juts his lip out in a bit of a pout, she can’t help herself anymore. “I vote no tie.”

At his frown of confusion, Rose pulls the ties from his hand, drops them on the ground, then stands on her toes and pulls his head down to hers. She sucks his lip into her mouth, releases it with a soft pop, then lowers herself down as she kisses her way down his neck and nips the last available bit of skin before pulling back. “Because when you wear that bloody tie, I can’t do this.”

“Oh!” the Doctor says with a loud squeak and tugs comically at an ear. “Err, yeah. Bin the ties, then. Absolutely useless.”

Rose smiles, victorious.
Chapter Summary

This week's Doctorroseprompts drabble prompt: "try"

Chapter Notes

Providing you all with a bit of determined pre-dimension hopping Rose.

100 words exactly.

Unbeta'd.

“No.” Rose shakes her head and takes a deep breath as she levels Pete, Mickey, and Jackie with a determined glare. “I'm not taking no for an answer. We have to try. I have to try. The Doctor... Yes, I want to get back to him. I won't deny it.”

Mickey huffs out a barely contained laugh while Jackie rolls her eyes.

“But it’s not just about me anymore. It’s the entire multiverse,” Rose continues. “An’ the Doctor... He always found a way. Maybe it wasn’t the most obvious path, but there’s always, always a way. I’m not giving up.”
“Stay.”

It’s less of a question and more of a command, and he pauses, hovering at the edge of the bed.

He’d planned to leave quietly, to force the memories of their one perfect night together to the back of his mind, to pretend it never happened. He thought it’d be easy, and they’d keep on as before.

But now he knows what her soft skin feels like under his fingertips, what it feels like to move inside her, to taste her lips as they move against his. To give her pleasure.

A moment passes, and then another, before he sighs in defeat. After centuries of war and fighting, he’s finally found peace with this unexpected human woman. How can he keep on as before when he knows what Rose sounds like while she shatters around him? How can he resist her?

The Doctor settles back on the bed before rolling over to face Rose. Her eyes widen in surprise.

“Though you were gonna leave,” she says, voice soft and hesitant.

“I was,” he admits, then reaches out a hand to tuck a few stray hairs behind her ear.

“Why’d you stay?”

“Cos life with you is better than before.”
The Doctor's wearing some socks.

Agentkalgibbs requested: "socks"

I thought about expanding this but then... it felt right to end it where I did to keep it a mini fic. Also, Jack and Doctor sass. ;)

Unbeta'd.

“Nice socks.”

The Doctor sighs loudly in annoyance and scoots himself out from under the console to face his latest traveling companion, the cocky Captain Jack. The suave, innuendo laden Captain Jack.

“Rose found ‘em,” he answers, not offering any additional information. He casts a glare at the other man.


The Doctor scoffs, practically bristling in derision. “Perfectly capable of acquiring my own underthings, me. Got the TARDIS wardrobe for that.”

“Sure, Doc, whatever you say.”

“Don’t call me ‘Doc.’”

Jack smiles widely. “Sure thing, Doc.”
Anomaly (Nine x Rose)

Chapter Summary

Anomaly: a deviation from the common rule, type, arrangement, or form.

Chapter Notes

Meanwhileinpetesworld prompted: Nine/Rose and Anomaly.

Getting the right words for this was more than difficult, but I'm moderately pleased with the results.

Assume that there's a fixit and Rose changed her lifespan. BECAUSE I SAID SO.

Unbeta'd, although SelenaTerna was a gem and looked this over while yelling at her TV during the soccer match.

It’s not until Rose steps out of the TARDIS with the golden wisps of Time and the Vortex unfurling around her that the Doctor finally understands the curious anomaly he’s sensed in her timelines since the first time he’d taken her hand.

Something about Rose’s timelines has niggled for months under his skin in a way that is not entirely unpleasant. Quite the opposite, in fact, as it has captivated him quite thoroughly.

The temptation to look more closely has always teased him, pulled him to investigate further, but he’s resisted, somehow, instead choosing to simply hold her hand and linger in the brightness of her smile as they dance across Time and Space.

But now she’s standing in front of him, voice ethereal and otherworldly as she calls him hers and destroys the Dalek fleet with a wave of her hand. He stares transfixed – horrified – as his Rose brings their captain back to life, creating a fixed point that scratches along his senses.

He knows what she’s done, the enormity of it, the gravity of her actions, and that she’ll burn from exposure to a power even he doesn’t dare to carry on his own. His TARDIS – his fantastic ship with an uncharacteristic affection she’s rarely displayed for a companion – she’s known all along, he realizes, and despite a flare of anger, he knows she’d never lead Rose to her death.

The Doctor acknowledges the sacrifice he must make in order to save her life, and he delivers a line quite unbecoming of a proper Time Lord before pressing his lips to hers.

For a brief moment, as his timelines twist and meld with Rose’s, Time swirls around them, and he sees all – knows all – and revels in what he finds. But as he lays her down on the ground and sends the golden energy back to the TARDIS, he knows that what he’s seen is not for this him. He entrusts his future self with this gift.

The future, he thinks, will be fantastic.
Insta-Match! (Ten x Rose)

Chapter Summary

The Doctor volunteers to be a contestant on a local television show.

Chapter Notes

Kelkat9 prompted: Ten/Rose and Peacock.

Enjoy!!

This is pure ridiculousness. ;)

Unbeta'd.

“And up next we have – The Doctor!” The announcer leads the audience in a polite clap as he turns to the stage entrance to greet his contestant.

Rose shifts to the edge of her seat in the audience and bites her lip, anxiously waiting for the Doctor to appear. He’d enthusiastically volunteered to be a contestant on a television show, but it wasn’t until just a few minutes ago that she’d realized the exact nature of the program.

Insta-Match!

Matchmaking in one hour or less, guaranteed for success by the show runners. Rose rolls her eyes, wishing she could have been a fly on the wall when the Doctor realized what, exactly, he’d volunteered for.

Finally, after waiting a few moments for maximum effect, the Doctor appears at the entrance and spins around, sauntering onto the stage with a confident swagger.

Upon setting her gaze on his outfit – a fitted suit adorned with layers upon layers of peacock feathers, matching shoes, and his precious hair coiffed into a single suave curl – Rose’s eyes widen, her jaw falls open, and a funny sort of gasp catches in her throat before she exhales a high pitched wheeze… which quickly turns into a giggle and then uncontrollable peals of laughter.

Her reaction is so strong, so sudden and loud, that the audience quiets around her and the Doctor looks at her from the stage with mildly offronted disbelief.

“Madam,” the announcer addresses her from the stage. “Is there a problem?”

Rose wipes the tears from her cheeks as she attempts to calm her breath long enough to answer. “No,” she says, gasping for breath between giggles. “‘S just… The Doctor’s a… he’s a… a… peacock!”
“Where in the bloody hell have you two been?” Jackie storms out of her bedroom and corners them in the hall as they try to sneak to the kitchen.

The Doctor lets go of Rose’s hand and immediately reaches up to tug on his ear. “Well, er,” he coughs, hoping to distract Jackie, and shoots Rose a desperate glance. She tucks a few flyaway hairs behind her ear before crossing her arms over her chest and schooling her features into an innocent mask.

“Well?” Jackie demands, looking furiously between him and Rose.

“There was… that is to say… we found ourselves in a bit of a… a… kerfluffle.” His hand wanders down to scratch the back of his neck as he shifts uncomfortably from one foot to another. He hopes it’s enough to distract the woman. Rose bites her lip, clearly holding back a smile. Glaring furiously at her, he tries to convey his desperation for her to do something to soothe Jackie’s wrath.

“A kerfluffle,” Jackie repeats, narrowing her eyes. She studies him for a moment, then shifts her gaze to Rose, who flushes under her mother’s focused gaze.

“You two finally shagged, didn’t you?” Jackie asks, looking pleased as punch with her speculation.

“Mum!” Rose hisses, finally breaking her silence, but the Doctor knows the increased flush on her cheeks gives her away. Gives them away.

The Doctor feels the burn of humiliation on the tips of his ears, despite his attempts to regulate his blood flow, and with a grimace, he closes his eyes and hopes to whatever deity might be listening that he doesn’t regenerate from embarrassment on the spot. “Jackie, that’s not…” He opens his eyes and briefly flicks his gaze toward Jackie. “That’s not really any of your business.”

Rose sighs.

The Doctor cringes, flinching back slightly as Jackie takes a deep breath and opens her mouth. “Well, it’s about time, ya plums. The bloody tension between you two was enough to drive anyone barmy.”
The Doctor’s jaw falls open. Well, that’s unexpected.
It's Him (Tentoo x Rose)

Chapter Summary

It wasn’t supposed to happen this way.

Chapter Notes

LizAnn5869 prompted: Doctor/Rose and heart.

Err, well, I'm not sure if this is what you wanted. It's... not really what I planned to write, but this is what the muse demanded. It's a bit different than my usual, I think, but his inner monologue was interesting to think about, especially during such an... intense and emotionally charged situation.

Teen+ for language.

Thanks to Meanwhileinpetesworld for looking it over. :)

For some reason, the only sound he hears after the TARDIS vanishes from the beach is the rapid beat of his singular human heart. It pounds against his chest, dulling all other noise to a dim hum in the background, and reminds him of how very, very fucked up everything is.

It wasn’t supposed to happen this way. He wasn’t supposed to (almost) regenerate so soon after reuniting with Rose after years apart, separated so cruelly by the walls of another universe. He himself wasn’t supposed to exist!

There should only be one him, one Doctor, in the multiverse. He should currently be happily reunited with Rose, safely ensconced on his TARDIS, fucking her to his hearts content, just like he’d always wanted to.

And he should know. He’s him.

The Doctor. The Doctor in every way, except for a bit of bloody useless human DNA.

And one heart.

The heart in question speeds up, causing his breath to come out in sharp pants tinged with a healthy dose of panic. One hand moves to rub the back of his neck, and the other--

Rose squeezes it, gently running her thumb over his.

The movement, so small and inconsequential, is enough to send a calming wave of hope through this new and uncomfortable body. He exhales on a breath and returns the gesture.

He’d almost forgotten the most important piece of this bizarre puzzle. It’s not the other Doctor with Rose. It’s him.
He’s the lucky bastard who (hopefully) gets to live a long life of love and happiness with Rose Tyler.

Him.
Ravishing (Ten x Rose)

Chapter Summary

The Doctor grows quite impatient waiting for Rose to get ready.

Chapter Notes

Miss-minnelli prompted: Invitation and Ten/Rose.

I've probably written this same thing a gazillion times, but I always love imagining a dumbstruck look on the Doctor's face when Rose shows up looking HAWT.

Enjoy!

Unbeta'd.

The Doctor paces restlessly around the console, fiddling uselessly at various buttons and knobs. He senses the TARDIS reaching the end of her patience and hopes Rose graces him with her presence sooner rather than later.

After their latest world saving adventure, they’d received an invitation to the most prestigious gala in the Haruzzoi Conglomerate. Rose had eagerly, with a curious amount of unrestrained enthusiasm, accepted the request before he’d been able to politely decline.

Without giving him time to protest, she’d quickly disappeared inside the wardrobe room, confident by now in the TARDIS’s ability to lead her to an appropriate gown. He’d grudgingly donned the formal style of evening dress worn by the male species in this time after his ship had oh so helpfully placed it on his bed.

It’s always nice to know where her loyalties lay.

Finally, a soft swish of fabric behind him alerts him of Rose’s presence, and he turns, words to greet her on the tip of his tongue. Laying eyes on her, however, renders him speechless, and his jaw falls open in surprise.

She’s a goddess, glowing in a seductive golden gown with hints of skin and curves revealed in all the right places. It clings to her skin, complementing her form, and the hint of tongue in the corner of her mouth, drawn up in a knowing smirk, is almost enough to send him to his knees, begging off the gala in favor of more… enjoyable activities.

Activities that are absolutely not allowed between them, because they don’t do that sort of–

Wait. Is Rose checking him out?

Her gaze rakes slowly up his form, and the smirk turns into a full-blown smile when she meets his gaze. “You look…” Rose swallows, and a tinge of pink stains her cheeks. “You look good, Doctor.”
Despite himself, he puffs his chest out a bit and smiles lazily at Rose. Of course he looks good. But compared to him, Rose is more radiant than the sun.

The moment Rose recovers from the hard landing, she knows, senses it inexplicably. She’s home, finally in her own universe after so long.

As Rose stands, the key laying between her breasts warms for the first time in years.

Momentarily overwhelmed, she chokes back a shocked sob.

He’s here.

The Doctor.

When a glint of blue catches her attention, Rose sprints, chasing the beloved blue box and shouting the Doctor’s name. To her dismay, however, the achingly familiar sound of a departing TARDIS fills her ears.

“No!” She desperately reaches out, but the TARDIS fades away, disappearing from view. “No!”
New Bloke at the Garage (Nine x Rose AU)

Chapter Summary

Rose can't keep her eyes off the new mechanic.

Chapter Notes

Badwolfgeek prompted Nine/Rose and "oil change" which sparked the idea for my very first Nine/Rose AU. (Odd, I know, but I really ever only see these two in canon verse, at least when I write them.)

So, please have this Rose ogling over a very certain someone in a way I hope isn't too... out of line. LOL.

Unbeta'd.

“Micks, who’s the new bloke?” Rose asks her friend, staring at the bloke in question through the window from the waiting area into the garage as she waits for her oil change.

Mickey follows Rose’s gaze and snorts. “Why? Interested? I think you’ve got a spot of drool on your chin just there.”

Rose blushes and swats her friend on the arm. “Shut up. He’s just a bit fit, that’s all.”

Fit is the understatement of the century. The man is tall and handsome, his features stark and ruggedly attractive in an unconventional way. He’s wearing dark jeans that highlight his bum just so, and his dark gray top pulls tightly around his chest, showing off a well-muscled (but not overly so) physique that makes Rose’s mouth water. In addition to that, his trimmed facial scruff only serves to suit the rest of his features.

Mickey laughs out loud. “Fit. Right. Rose, you haven’t taken your eyes off him since he started working on your car.”

“I just… He’s nice to look at, that’s—” She cuts off abruptly when the bloke turns to the window and catches her gaze. His eyes are a gorgeous ice blue that somehow burn into her soul. Somehow, she manages to raise her hand in a half wave and desperately hopes he can’t see her blushing. He smirks before turning back to her car

“Oh my God, you’re so gone. Shall I announce the wedding?” Mickey asks from beside her.

“You know, if you’re just gonna give me shit about appreciating a rare male specimen such as him, maybe you should go do something worthwhile. Like asking him if he’d like my number. And if that doesn’t work, aren’t you supposed to be working and not harassing your female customers?” Rose looks briefly at Mickey but quickly returns to her current favorite activity in the world: Watching the bloke’s back muscles move as he works under her car.
It’s unlike her, really, to be so fixated on a bloke for the purpose of simply lusting after his body, but this one is different. There’s something about him and the way he moves that sets him apart from most of the other men within a decade or so of her age, Mickey included. He moves with a grace and ease she’s never seen before, and when their eyes had met for that short moment, she could immediately tell there’s more to him than meets the eye.

She’s curious, unashamedly so, and that sense of adventure and wanderlust she so frequently attempts to shove into a dark corner of her mind sparks to life inside of her. There’s a desire to know more of him, this complete stranger, and Rose knows that if she doesn’t do something to introduce herself before she leaves here today, she’ll regret it.

Ignoring Mickey, Rose stands up and sets her shoulders, walking to the door with a determined focus. Once in the garage, she makes sure the bloke isn’t in the middle of something before walking to his side. “Hi,” she says, pulling that devastating ice-blue gaze from her car to her eyes, “I’m Rose Tyler.”

“Nice to meet you, Rose,” the bloke says with a grin, extending an oily hand to hers, which she takes readily. “I’m the Doctor.”
You kissed Charles Dickens (Nine x Rose)

Chapter Summary

When Rose kisses Charlie boy on the cheek, the Doctor notices.

Chapter Notes

I recently rewatched 'The Unquiet Dead' and I spent some time watching the Doctor's face when Rose smooches CD on the cheek. And then I had to write about it. You know... The usual.

I incorporated this week's Doctorroseprompts drabble prompt into it as well. "Quiet." I also failed to keep it at 100 words this week.

Thanks to Badwolfgeek for some feedback. <3

(Just assume Rose has been with the Doctor a few days so far and has been given a room. I'm thinking she probably feels shy to ask for any other kind of clothes. Lol. A minor detail I wanted to discuss.)

The Doctor is quiet as he walks up the ramp to the console and studiously attempts to ignore Rose when she perches herself down on the jumpseat.

“Suppose I should go change, then, yeah?” She chews on a nail. “Where’re we off to next?”

“Hmmm?”

Out of the corner of his eye he sees Rose frown. “Everything alright?” she asks.

“You kissed Charles Dickens,” he blurts, then blinks in surprise as the thought he’d meant to keep well hidden reveals itself.

Rose’s eyes widen and after a pause, the corner of her mouth twitches upward. “What? Feel left out, Doctor?”

“Absolutely not. Just seemed a bit forward is all.”

Rose smiles, now, as if she knows something he doesn’t, and stands up. In a few steps, she’s at his side, and before he knows it, her lips brush against his cheek. “Goodnight, Doctor. I’ll find you in the morning, she says as she pulls away.

His hand drifts up to his cheek as he watches her leave the console room. “There’s no morning on the TARDIS, Rose,” he calls out, trying to ignore the way his cheek burns after the press of her lips.

Rose laughs. “Goodnight, Doctor.”
Without Hope (Tentoo x Rose)

Chapter Summary

Without hope, there’s no tomorrow.

Chapter Notes

For this week's Doctorroseprompt drabble prompt: "knife"

Also... It's the 10th anniversary of Tentoo. Figured I'd add my bit. ;)

My Tentoo/Rose headcanon is that they start out together with a lot of angst. There's a lot to shift through with what happened on BWB Part II, and I don't believe for one second that Rose immediately moved past the actions of the Doctor who left her. But I like to focus on specific emotions between them, and today, it's hope.

Thanks to Meanwhileinpetesworld for the quick read-through.

100 words, exactly.

As he takes Rose’s hand, he holds his breath, waiting on a knife-edge for Rose to respond to his touch.

She grips his hand, accepts it in hers, as they listen to the last lingering whispers of the TARDIS leave the universe – and them – behind.

Turning to him, Rose stares in his eyes, and he refuses to break her gaze. As expected, he finds a tumultuous storm of emotions inside them. Hurt, denial, pain, anger, grief, betrayal… and hope. Barely a glimmer, but there, nonetheless.

Without hope, they’re nothing.

Without hope, there’s no moving forward.

Without hope, there’s no tomorrow.
When I'm Sleeping (Nine x Rose)

Chapter Summary

“Why do you only kiss me when I’m sleeping?”

Chapter Notes

Fleurdeneuf prompted me with this delightful sentence: “Why do you only kiss me when I’m sleeping?”

Here you are. I hope you enjoy it. :)

Thanks to SelenaTerna for looking it over for me. <3

It’s a bit longer than most of the ficlets in this collection, but… Meh. :) Happy Sunday!

“Why do you only kiss me when I’m sleeping?”

The Doctor stops in his tracks when he hears Rose’s muffled voice behind him as he’s trying to sneak out her room. He holds his breath, hoping the beats of his hearts thundering in his ears doesn’t draw Rose’s attention further, but he knows he’s fooling himself.

He closes his eyes as he answers. “I didn’t know you were awake.”

“Doctor.” Rose’s voice holds a note of warning, and he sighs, turning around in reluctant defeat.

“I… like to make sure you’re sleeping well, so I come and check on you after you’ve fallen asleep,” he answers, still deflecting her question.

The lights in her room brighten enough so the Doctor can see Rose push herself up to blink blearily at him, looking all too alluring sitting among her fluffy blankets.

“Still didn’t answer my question,” Rose says, leveling him with a stern glare. The effect is slightly lost when she yawns and rests her fingers on her cheek, ghosting over the spot he’d just kissed.

“Ah,” he says, rolling his eyes at the stupidity of his answer. How, exactly, can he talk his way out of this?

The Doctor takes a few steps closer to the bed, and Rose looks up at him with a knowing smirk.

“Need a refresher? Every night–”

“There’s no night on the TARDIS, Rose.”

“Every night,” she continues, ignoring him, “you come in here and kiss me on the cheek. Sometimes you stay. It’s easier to pretend I’m asleep, but I hear you most of the time.”
This is news to the Doctor, who’d thought his senses fine-tuned enough to ensure she’d truly been asleep. He shifts, crossing his arms over his chest, before dropping them in agitation. Rose’s eyes follow the movement before returning to his face, waiting for an answer.

“You sleep a lot.”

Her forehead crinkles in confusion. “And what? You miss me?” she asks.

“Might do,” he says, before he loses his nerve

“But you don’t have to kiss me. You could just, you know, sit and read.”

She’s blushing, he’s sure of it, and he jumps on the opportunity to throw a question back at her.

“Do you not want me to kiss you?”

“Yes. No. I mean…” Rose blows a piece of hair out of her face and falls back against her pillow, clearly flustered. After a moment, she pushes herself back up and catches his gaze, holding it steady. “Why do you only kiss me when I’m sleeping?”

It’s the same question that had stopped him in his tracks minutes before, but this time, there’s a layer of something else to her words. An invitation, perhaps? A desire for more? An edge of boldness that he’s never heard.

The Doctor’s hearts beat rapidly in his chest as he holds her gaze, noting the way her pupils darken with want. He takes the last few steps to her bed and leans down, cupping her face in his hand in one smooth movement.

Rose’s breath catches at his touch, and he brings the thumb of his other hand up to run gently along her bottom lip before lowering his head and touching his lips to hers. She responds instantly and moves her lips against his as she lifts one hand to caress the back of his neck.

It’s quiet between them, save for the soft wet noises of their lips moving together in the tentative exploration of a first kiss, until Rose pulls him toward her a little too hard, and he tumbles into her bed on top of her. Their lips part with an sudden smack, and he moves quickly to roll off her body, landing in an ungraceful heap on the floor.

Rose giggles and peeks over the bed at him, unable to fight off her amusement at his humiliation.

“Is that what you wanted?” he asks, opting for a cool ignorance of his tumble.

“What, you landin’ in a heap on my floor?” She giggles again. “No, was sorta hoping for another kiss, but I can wait.”

The Doctor pushes himself up with a mock-growl and leans into Rose’s bed with his elbows. “Well, did I answer your question?”

Rose cocks her head to the side as if thinking. “Sort of.”

He pulls away. “Sort of?”

“How come you never kissed me before bed?”

The Doctor rolls his eyes. “I don’t exactly make a habit of kissing my companions, Rose.”

“But you wanted to. Kiss me, that is.”
He’s silent for a long moment, considering his words. “I’ve wanted a lot more than that.”
“What happened doesn’t change anything,” the Doctor says, his face an expressionless mask as he shoves his hands deep into his trouser pockets.

Rose looks away and swallows down the bile that slides up her throat. Last night she’d almost wept with joy when the Doctor had slid deep inside her, and she’d thought – incorrectly, apparently – that things might be different now that they’d crossed those lines of intimacy. His words are like a bucket of ice water dumped over her head, completely erasing the post-coital happiness she’d woken up with just a few minutes earlier.

“You know why things can’t change. I’m still a Time Lord, and you’re still…” he trails off uselessly, and Rose flicks her gaze back to his face.

Anger simmers deep in her bones before it erupts in a cascade of unfiltered words meant to strike him where it hurts. Right between his hearts. It’s nothing less than he deserves.

“I’m still me, yeah? I’m still Rose Tyler, the silly little human chav from planet Earth. The one who’ll live a short and sweet life and die like everyone else. Except for you. Because you’ll live on with your own bloody ‘Curse of the Time Lords’ without allowing yourself to love and live.”

She pauses for a moment, breathing heavily, and watches as the Doctor’s face hardens further. He opens his mouth to say something, but she continues before he can speak, not wanting him to get the last word.

“You’re the last Time Lord, Doctor. Make your own fucking rules and do what you want.” She steps forward and pokes him hard in the chest. “Stop making excuses to avoid a chance at happiness out of some self-imposed need to punish yourself after doing what you had to do to save the universe.

“Let me hold your hand and be by your side. I know you want this. I know I make you happy. But then you realize you’ve forgotten to be guilty and feel the weight of the universe on your shoulders for two seconds, and you push me away. Doctor, you can only push me away so many times before
I’m not gonna be there anymore.”

His eyes, dark and swirling with a million emotions, meet hers. She holds her breath, willing beyond all hope that *maybe* for once he’ll listen to her.

“I can’t,” he says, his voice strangled and hoarse. “I can’t.”
"Ever wonder if the world would be better off without you?"

Thoroughly engrossed in his novel, the Doctor almost doesn’t comprehend Rose’s question, but something about the quietly murmured tone of her voice makes him look up at her in concern.

“Rose?” he asks, closing his book with a snap and placing it on the side table. He shifts his body toward Rose and finds her curled up in a tight ball on the opposite end of the couch, leaning heavily onto the armrest, and chewing on her thumb nail.

Without turning to him, she takes a deep breath and resumes speaking.

“It’s just... Would anything change if I weren’t here? I mean, I’m basically a nobody. You’re the brilliant one saving us every day.”

The Doctor stares at his companion, completely bewildered.

“Rose, what’s brought this on? You’re fantastic. An’ don’t let anyone tell you otherwise.” He pauses, thinking. “Did someone say something to you?”

She doesn’t answer, but the way she stiffens slightly at his question gives him the answer he needs.

“Who told you the world would be better off without you?” The Doctor’s voice lowers with thinly contained rage as he stands, unable to sit still. He walks over to Rose and crouches down in front of her, cursing inwardly when he finds the dried trails of tears on her face. “Who told you?”

Rose finally lifts her eyes to his, and his hearts clench at the pain in finds in them.

With a deep breath, she says, “I ran into my ex when we visited mum yesterday.”

“Jimmy?” He knows a little bit about the idiotic arsehole who Rose had dated for a few years, but she’d been reticent with sharing details and he hadn’t pressed.

“His favorite pastime was always tellin’ me how pathetic I am, how worthless I am, and how no one
could ever love me.” She takes in a shuddering breath and looks away. “You made me feel like I’m important for the first time in a long time, but when I saw Jimmy, it’s hard to remember how you made me feel.”

Fury almost blinds the Doctor while he considers all the different ways he could inflict pain on Jimmy Stone. His face hardens into a mask and his fists clench at his sides as his dark imagination runs wild. It’s not until a soft hand presses against his cheek that he realizes he’s closed his eyes.

Rose has scooted to the edge of the couch and gazes at him in concern. Instantly, he’s filled with shame for so quickly retreating to a place of anger instead of comforting Rose.

“Doctor, he’s not worth the trouble. ‘S just… I was nothing for so long.”

The Doctor takes Rose’s hand in his and gazes into her eyes. “You’re not nothing, Rose. You’re everything to me. You and the TARDIS. You’re all I’ve got, an’ I wouldn’t have it any other way. Wouldn’t do for you to go thinkin’ the universe would be better off without you, cos I know it wouldn’t be. You haven’t been travelin’ with me for long, mind, but if you weren’t here anymore, the Rose Tyler sized hole missin’ from everything would be bigger than you think.”

A tear runs down Rose’s check, and he stops it with a finger. She sniffles but raises teary eyes to meet his.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” he answers.

He’d be lost without her.
Monsters in my Sleep (Ten x Rose)

Chapter Summary

The Doctor swallows back a lump in his throat. “Sometimes the monsters that visit me in my sleep are worse than the most terrifying looking aliens,” he says softly. “There are some horrors in this universe I never want you to know, and I promise to do everything in my power to keep you from them.”

Chapter Notes

Misstylersmith prompted (from the angst prompt list): "Don't fucking touch me!"

I wanted to write something beyond the obvious. This is about nightmares and the consequence of their travels around the universe.

It's angsty but ends on a lighter note.

Thanks to SelenaTerna for the read through.

(This is a bit longer than most of the ficlets in this collection, but I'm tired and don't have the motivation to make a new fic post. #lazy)

The cloister bell rings loudly out of nowhere, jarring the Doctor out from his position under the console. Smacking his head a piece of grating, he curses loudly as he scrambles out from his position.

Rubbing his head, he runs to the monitor to see where the TARDIS is taking them, but much to his confusion, they're still in the Vortex. The Doctor shakes the monitor, wondering if he needs to reroute the wires, just as the cloister bell rings out again.

This time the bell is accompanied by a shrill scream that originates from somewhere deep inside his ship. The scream, a raw guttural thing filled with terror, causes his breath to catch in his throat

“Rose!”

His mind hyper focuses on his companion, the only other being inside his ship. Logically, he knows she’s safe and sound in her room, but logic has never guided him well when it comes to Rose.

The Doctor senses the urgency from his ship and spins on his heel to sprint down the corridor. He finds the door to her room relatively close to the console room, and he sends thanks to the TARDIS as he bursts into her room, Rose’s strict privacy rules ignored as another sob-filled scream pierces the air.

The sight of Rose thrashing about in her bed stops him short after he passes the threshold to her room. Her face is painted with the very picture of agony, eyes squeezed shut, a sheen of sweat on her forehead, and she grips the bedding so hard her fists turn white.
The moment the Doctor takes a step toward her bed, Rose takes a deep breath in her troubled sleep and screams, “Don’t fucking touch me!”

He stops in his tracks, thinking Rose had been addressing him, but when she whimpered and cried out in distress, her head pressing hard into her pillow, the Doctor swallows hard and rushes toward her bed.

Knowing waking her up abruptly might have potentially dire consequences, the Doctor leans down and gently brushes his fingers over her forehead, combing back her mess of hair while muttering soothing words. At his touch, Rose instantly calms, but it’s clear she’s still in some distress from her nightmare.

The Doctor sits on the edge of Rose’s bed and leans down to quickly remove his shoes and shuck his jacket. Once that’s done, he carefully crawls over his companion and lays down next to her before pulling her against his chest and wrapping his arm around her middle. The increased touch soothes her further, and the Doctor closes his eyes as he presses a soft kiss on her forehead.

At the touch of his lips, Rose stills completely, before sagging bonelessly against him.

“Rose?” he whispers.

“I thought they were gonna…”

His grip around her tightens. “They’re not. There’s no one there, Rose. You’re safe on the TARDIS. I promise. I’m here. I’ve got you.”

Rose sniffs and he feels tears soaking his shirt as she presses closer to him.

The Doctor swallows back a lump in his throat. “Sometimes the monsters that visit me in my sleep are worse than the most terrifying looking aliens,” he says softly. “There are some horrors in this universe I never want you to know, and I promise to do everything in my power to keep you from them.”

Rose presses further into his embrace, and her body shudders as the emotional onslaught from her nightmare continues to rickochet through her body.

“You can’t stick me in a protective bubble and never let me out,” she mumbles into his chest.

He’s quiet a moment before sighing. “No, I can’t. You’re right... though it won’t stop me from trying.”

Despite the situation, Rose huffs a humorless laugh against his shirt. “But what if you’re not there?”

“Mmm, says the one who never listens to my number one rule.”

“S really more like a guideline,” Rose says, and he’s relieved to hear a bit of a smile in her voice.

“Blimey, you’re beginning to sound like me.”

She pokes him in the chest.

Anyway,” he says, returning to the matter at hand, “I can teach you how to fight back and how to be more aware of the world around you.”

As loathe as he is to promote fighting, he grudgingly acknowledges the importance of Rose being able to defend herself beyond what she’d learned on the Estate growing up. He hopes she
understands the significance of his offer.

“Yeah,” Rose replies. “I’d like that.”

They’re quiet for several minutes, and the Doctor wonders if he should leave.

As if hearing his thoughts, Rose slides an arm under his and holds him tight.

“Please stay. I can’t… Please?”

The Doctor nods and moves about until he’s under the covers with Rose curled up against him.

He was never going to leave.
The Next Best (Ten x Rose)

Chapter Summary

Without any better idea of where to go to wallow in her feelings of rejection and anger, Rose wanders into the wardrobe room, a place she’s occasionally found refuge in while avoiding her bloody idiotic Time Lord.

Chapter Notes

Sequencefairy prompted: Ten/Rose and "the creak of leather."

I meant for this to be fluffy, but it's angsty as f*#k. I'm so sorry.

Post-GitF angst, y'all.

Unbeta'd.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Without any better idea of where to go to wallow in her feelings of rejection and anger, Rose wanders into the wardrobe room, a place she’s occasionally found refuge in while avoiding her bloody idiotic Time Lord.

Well, not hers anymore, she supposes. He’d made that quite clear when he’d run off to save Reinette.

Rose bites the inside of her lip and blinks back tears as she allows her feet to lead her to some as of yet undiscovered corner of the multi-level room. She runs her fingers over a rack of clothing and closes her eyes, enjoying the sensation of the many unfamiliar alien fabrics beneath her fingers.

Forcing her thoughts away from the 51st century space station, Rose imagines all the lands and people belonging to the clothes passing under her fingers. Despite her anger with the Doctor, the possibilities of infinite destinations in the universe sends a thrill of anticipation down her spine. This is why she started traveling with him, for the adventure and breathless excitement, and her hopes that they might be something more than friends had clearly been a delusional dream that doesn’t fit into that picture.

Rose’s fingers land unexpectedly on a familiar material, and her steps falter as she opens her eyes and turns to the rack. Gasping in surprise, tears spring to her eyes, unbidden and unwanted.

It’s the leather jacket. His leather jacket. Her first Doctor’s.

Without a moment’s hesitation, Rose pulls it off the rack and wraps it on around her shoulders, slipping her arms through the sleeves and closing her eyes at the familiar creak of leather and the scent of him lingering in the leather.

God, she misses him.
Logically, she knows he’s still here, that he isn’t really gone. She understands it in a way she can’t really explain when she stares into his ancient eyes. It’s him, in some weird alien way her human brain still has difficulty comprehending.

Rose moves to a lounge seat and lays down, melting into the jacket and pretending it’s her first Doctor’s arms wrapped around her. It’s not hard to imagine.

A noise from the level below distracts her from her thoughts, and Rose sits up, looking around.

“Doctor?”

“Rose, I was wondering where—” The Doctor appears at the top of the stairs and stops speaking the moment he lays eyes on Rose. His eyes narrow as he flicks his gaze from her face to his old leather jacket, and his lips press together in a firm line. Jaw twitching, he shoves his hands in his pockets.

“Where did you find that?”

Rose stares at him in defiance, noting his obvious annoyance. “I found it on a rack and put it on. I missed it.”

I missed you, she doesn’t say.

“You missed it,” the Doctor repeats, his voice devoid of his typical unrestrained excitement. “You mean, you missed my previous self.”

Rose looks at him and says nothing, not bothering to try denying the truth.

“I’m right here, Rose,” the Doctor says stiffly.

She gazes at him a moment longer before shifting her gaze to a hat rack behind the Doctor. “Yeah, but old you never would’ve left me behind for some French bint.”

The Doctor inhales sharply through his nose, and Rose watches with satisfaction at the way his eyes darken in anger.

“I didn’t leave you for her. Nothing happened between us, except for a kiss I didn’t initiate. I had to save the timelines, Rose. You know that. Besides, you and I aren’t together, so why does it matter?”

Rose gasps and clutches the jacket to her chest, staring at the Doctor in shock. His words are like a bunch to her stomach, and she struggles to catch her breath in the aftermath.

“I thought…she says, inwardly cursing the way her voice tremors at the end, “I thought we were somethin’. An’ now, after everything we’ve gone through, you just swan off to snog the next best blonde? You utter, complete arsehole!”

Rose stands up and delivers a sharp Tyler smack to the Doctor’s cheek and ignores his outraged splutter of surprise. She walks away from him without another word and begs the TARDIS to show her a place on the ship the Doctor will never find.

She needs some time to decide what to do.
This is one of those situation in which the characters act in ways that don't really align to my headcanons, but it's fun to explore and branch out and challenge myself to write difficult things.

Just so you know.
"We'll match!" (Ten x Rose)

Chapter Summary

The Doctor presents Rose with a special present.

Chapter Notes

Creativebec prompted: "Converse" and Ten x Rose.

Unbeta'd.

“Rooooooose! Rose, wake up.”

The Doctor’s voice filters through her door, and Rose rolls over and groans into her pillow. It’s far too early for the Doctor’s relentless enthusiasm.

“What?” she mumbles, sighing loudly when the Doctor bounds into her room after hearing her reply with his impressive Time Lord hearing.

“I got you a present!” the Doctor announces, bouncing on his toes, his hands behind his back.

Rose blinks and rubs the sleep out of her eyes.

“A present?”

The Doctor grins, no doubt knowing he’s found the way to lure her out of bed and into wakefulness.

“Since we love the running, I thought you’d like your own pair.” The Doctor pulls a slim, black box out from behind his back and presents it to Rose.

Rose grabs the box and opens it excitedly, squealing loudly when the tissue paper reveals her very own pair of hot pink Converse.

“We’ll match!” she says, beaming widely at the Doctor before jumping out of bed and into the Doctor’s open arms.
"I want the universe to know you're mine." (Nine x Rose)

Chapter Summary

"I want the universe to know you're mine."

Chapter Notes

Chiaroscuroverse prompted: Nine/Rose and "windows"

Unbeta'd.

When they step out of the elevator, Rose gasps. Looking around the expansive flat at the top of the skyscraper, it feels as though she’s standing on an open roof. Instead, windows dome upwards from the floor, allowing the inhabitant an unobstructed view of the sky.

“Where’s the ceiling?” she asks, linking her fingers through the Doctor as she looks at the night sky overhead. The three moons of the planet drift lazily in space, and far in the distance, a nebula burns a kaleidoscope of colors. It’s utterly breathtaking, and she can’t keep her eyes off it.

“Never was one,” the Doctor answers, and something in his voice makes her shift her attention toward him.

His ice-blue eyes stare into hers with a dark sort of intensity that takes her breath away, and the promise in his gaze sends a rush of heat to her core.

“But what if we’re seen?” she asks, glancing at the enormous bed filling the center of the room.

Despite her layers of clothing, when the Doctor’s hand runs down her back and cups her bum and pulls her tight against him so she can feel his ready hardness against her hip, her skin burns with anticipation.

The Doctor lowers his mouth to her ear. “I want the universe to know you’re mine.”
Rose throws her towel on the bed and squeezes a glob of lotion onto the palm of her hand. Bending over, she works the lotion into her skin of her feet and legs before grabbing the bottle again and repeating the process on her stomach and arms.

As she’s working the lotion into her chest, something thuds loudly to the floor behind her. Rose jumps and spins around, covering herself as best as she can in her naked state.

Upon discovering the Doctor standing in the doorway to their bedroom, his eyes glazed over and jaw slack, Rose smirks. “Everything alright, Doctor?”

She crosses her arms over her chest, hiding her breasts, and the Doctor frowns. With a small shake of his head, he rubs an eye and shuffles his feet.

“Doctor?” Rose asks before uncrossing her arms and allowing them to fall limply at her sides.

“I’ve never found the act of applying lotion so arousing before,” he finally admits as his eyes travel up and down her body and darken with apparent desire.

“Oh?” she asks.

Rose walks over to the Doctor and stands up on her toes to kiss him on the corner of his mouth. His hand moves to her hip automatically, as if to stabilize her, and his thumb caresses the skin there.

“Mmm,” he murmurs, gazing down at her body pressed close against his.

“I think you rather like some of these domestic human moments,” Rose says, sending the Doctor the tongue-touched smile that never fails to distract him.

“Oh yes,” he replies, before lifting her up around the waist and hauling her to their bed.
Bumfuzzle (Ten x Rose)

Chapter Summary

She watches the Doctor talk himself into the deepest of holes, one of which she’s not sure he’ll be able to get out of without her help.

Chapter Notes

Dirty-brian/Aapicula prompted: "bumfuzzle" + Ten/Rose

I DON’T EVEN KNOW.

Unbeta'd.

It all started with the ginger beer.

Two hours ago.

Rose slurs from the straw out of her hot pink fizzy drink, which is adorned with one of those paper umbrellas. She watches the Doctor talk himself into the deepest of holes, one of which she’s not sure he’ll be able to get out of without her help.

“You… You bumfuzzle,” the Doctor shouts, pointing his finger at an alien with eight green tentacles that hover threateningly around him.

“Yrueielksdnfdffiff,” the tentacled alien screams back.

“Bumfuzzle.” The Doctor smacks his lips together. “No, no, no, that’s no good. Bumsnout! Barmdoodle! Bumpkinfizz!”

Rose snorts into her drink as one of the green tentacles sends the Doctor flying, and she wonders if it’s time to rescue her knightly Time Lord.

“Bombadil! Bombadiddle!” the Doctor shouts from the ground. He hiccups and giggles at the same time before pushing himself up into a seated position.

The green alien hurls another round of insults at the Doctor, who pulls a yo-yo out of his pocket and begins lecturing the alien about the origination of the toy.

Rose smirks and sits back in her seat. Turns out there’s more of the show to enjoy before she hauls the Doctor out of the bar.
Chapter Summary

Rose tries to hide an extra passenger from the Doctor.

Chapter Notes

Waltzing-with-my-inner-geek prompted: Kitten + Nine x Rose.
Enjoy the fluff!!
Unbeta'd.

Rose follows the Doctor as he strides up the ramp and sticks her hands into the pocket of her hoodie. She’s thankful she’d opted for the looser fitting layer today, as it had allowed her to save an unexpected life.

Stroking the head of the tiny kitten tucked inside her pocket, Rose plops down on the jump seat instead of helping the Doctor as he sends the TARDIS into the Vortex.

“What’s with you, then?” the Doctor asks, a line of worry spreading across his brow as he turns to her after flicking a switch.

“Nothin’, just tired.” Rose yawns loudly to prove her point and cups the kitten against her belly with her hands.

“Hmm.” The Doctor studies her a moment longer before returning his attention to the console. It’s clear he doesn’t quite believe her.

“Meeew! Meeew!” The tiny creature cries from inside Rose’s hoodie.

At the console, the Doctor freezes, scratches the back of his head, and turns to Rose. She smiles innocently at him, and his eyes narrow.

“I know that smile, Rose Tyler. You’re hiding something.” His gaze flicks to her abdomen, and the kitten choses that exact moment to meow again.

Rose blinks and bites her lip.

“No. No, no, no. The TARDIS is no place for a kitten. No. Absolutely not,” the Doctor blusters as he crosses his arms over his chest and attempts to look fierce.

Rose smirks, knowing that she’ll be able to crack his surly exterior. She pulls the kitten out of her hoodie, and it sits in the palm of her hand, tiny and adorable. Standing up, she steps closer to the Doctor and holds out her hand to introduce him to her new friend.
The kitten paws at the Doctor’s jumper. Rose smiles.

The Doctor sighs.
Chapter Summary

“That wasn’t a one time thing, was it?” Rose bites her lip, hating she even has to ask the question, but her tender heart needs the answer.

Chapter Notes

Rowofstars prompted: After + Nine/Rose.
Have a bit of pillow talk. :D
Unbeta'd.

After, when they lay side by side, breathless and sated, Rose turns her head and studies the Doctor. Much to her surprise, his eyes are closed, and she wonders how long it’s been since he’s allowed himself to truly rest and be at peace.

Rose shifts, turning onto her side, and reaches out to run a finger down the line of his jaw. He hums softly, and she feels the vibration in her hand when rests it on his chest.

“That wasn’t…” Rose pauses, unsure if she should finish her question.

“That wasn’t…” the Doctor prompts, echoing her words, but remains still.

She takes a deep breath and exhales. The Doctor, as if sensing her hesitation, flicks his eyes open and rolls to his side to face her. His eyebrows raise in question.

Meeting his gaze, she continues. “That wasn’t a one time thing, was it?” Rose bites her lip, hating she even has to ask the question, but her tender heart needs the answer.

The Doctor studies her for a long moment, his eyes boring deep into hers. He cups her face, his thumb brushing gently against her cheek, and he leans forward to kiss her softly on the lips.

“No,” he says, his voice low and thick with promise, “not a one time thing. You’re more than that, Rose.”

Rose sighs in relief and surges forward to capture the Doctor’s lips. She runs her hand down the length of his side and squeezes the bum she’s admired for so many months. Before long, they’re both breathing hard, and she can feel his arousal growing against her hip.

Nudging him to his back, Rose swings a leg over the Doctor and perches on top of him with a pleased smile. “Good,” she says. “Cause I don’t think I’m letting you out of this room for a very long time.”
It isn’t until Rose shoves him back into a berm of snow, then slips on the ice and lands on top of him, does the Doctor realize how dangerous the situation actually is.

Rose, her face flushed from the cold, laughs with mirth, and her eyes sparkle with a specific brand of mischievousness the Doctor has come to associate with his human companion. The sight of her laying above him is… distracting.

And since when does he, a Lord of Time, allow himself to get distracted by humans?

(It’s not just any human.)

(It’s Rose. Only Rose.)

THWACK.

“Gaahhh, now what’d you do that for?” the Doctor splutters through the pile of snow covering his face and mouth, and he wipes it away from his eyes to find Rose sitting on top of him with her arms crossed over her chest.

She smirks. “You were thinkin’ too hard, Doctor. There’s snow. Have a bit of fun.”

The Doctor grabs the opportunity to take his mind off his previous thoughts and reaches behind him for a handful of snow.

“A bit of fun, Rose? I’ll show you a bit of fun.” He lobbs the snowball at Rose, who registers his intent a split second too late and receives a mouthful of snow for herself.

She tumbles off him with a shriek and springs to her feet. “You! Oh…” Rose points her finger at him and smiles. “Better watch out, Doctor. I don’t have many talents, but I do know how to win a snowball fight.”

The Doctor meets her gaze and shivers at the challenge he finds there.

“Rose Tyler. It’s on.”
“Doctor, why’s it so cold on the TARDIS?” Rose asks, shuffling into the console room bundled up in a hoodie, heavy sweatpants, her favorite woollen slippers, and the finger gloves her nan had knit for her years ago.

The Doctor looks up from the monitor with a frown. “Oh, I didn’t notice. Superior—”

“–biology, yeah. Got that. Was in my room puttin’ laundry away, and it got so cold I saw my breath!” With insistent grumbling, Rose walks straight to the Doctor and forces herself into an embrace, nuzzling her nose into his chest.

His arms wrap around hers without hesitation, and despite the cold, Rose grins, happy it’s such a natural thing between them.

“Hmmm,” the Doctor says, then reaches around her and taps a few keys on the monitor. “TARDIS system checks read normal. She insists nothing’s wrong.”

“Then why’s it so cold?” Rose can’t help the way her teeth chatter around the last two words.

The Doctor studies the monitor for a few more seconds before reaching down and grabbing her hand. “Tell you what. Let’s get you to the library in front of the fire with a nice cup of tea, and I’ll figure out what’s going on with the TARDIS. Deal?”

Rose follows him readily and squeezes his hand. “Deal.”

A few minutes later, Rose sighs in relief when she sinks to the plush rug in front of the fireplace. The Doctor, ever the doting Time Lord, drapes a heavy quilt around her shoulders with a quiet murmur that he’s off to fetch some tea.

As warmth envelopes her, Rose closes her eyes and allows the heat of the fire to warm her frozen
“What?!” The Doctor’s outraged voice pulls her from her quiet contentment.

“What’s going on?” she asks.

The Doctor stands in front of the door, his arms crossed in front of his chest in a way highly reminiscent of his prior self, and the image tugs at her heartstrings.

“She locked the door,” he says, unfolding his arms and running a hand through his hair.

“Well, come ’ere, then. Can’t have you stuck in the cold.” Rose holds open the quilt, inviting the Doctor to her side.

Tugging on an ear, he frowns. “I’m impervious to the cold the TARDIS generates. I’ll be fine, Rose.”

Rose huffs quietly to herself. Standing up, she shuffles across the floor and takes the Doctor’s hand, looking up at him with wide eyes she knows he can’t refuse.

“Come on, Doctor. Please? Might as well have a good snuggle if the TARDIS is trapping us inside,” she says, following her words with a tongue-teasing grin.

For a brief moment, she fears the Doctor will refuse, but within seconds, his shoulders slump in defeat. And if she’s not mistaken, his eyes had oh-so-briefly focus on her tongue.

Rose guides him back to her spot in front of the fireplace, and together, they stack pillows in a half circle to create a sort of seat. Throwing the quilt over their bodies, she snuggles into the Doctor’s side, significantly warmer with his presence and the flickering flames in front of them.

“Blimey,” the Doctor says after a moment.

“Hmm?”

“I think the TARDIS trapped us in here on purpose.”

Rose hides her delighted grin by tucking her mouth into his chest. “Shame, that,” she replies.

“Meddling, interfering…”

“Doctor,” Rose interrupts by placing a hand over his mouth.

“Mmmpffff,” he says and licks her palm.

Though thoroughly disgusted, Rose perseveres and keeps her hand in place. “Maybe it’s… not a bad thing we’re trapped in here.” She pushes herself up to lean over him. “Maybe… the TARDIS wanted us to have a cuddle.” Removing her hand, she quickly replaces it with a finger over his lips before he can speak. “Maybe… she wanted us to have a bit of a snog as well,” she finishes breathlessly as she replaces the finger with her lips and finally, finally, experiences the sensation of that soft lower lip moving against hers.

As she pulls away, Rose is more than pleased to find the Doctor gazing at her with an unfamiliar hunger in his darkened eyes. He looks slightly dazed, as though someone has delivered a proper shock, but then again, she rather had done just that.

His mouth opens and closes uselessly for a few moments. “Still a bloody meddling, interfering time
ship…”

Rose smiles widely. “Only cause I asked for help.”

The Doctor’s jaw falls open, and he flicks his eyes up to the ceiling before returning his gaze to hers. “Oh, Rose Tyler.”

“What’re you gonna do about it, Doctor?”

Chapter End Notes

This is me procrastinating on my DWSS. :D
Sharing a Bunk (Nine x Rose)

Chapter Summary

Rose is in for a little surprise after she convinces the Doctor to share her prison bunk.

Chapter Notes

Agentkalgibbs on tumblr prompted: Nine x Rose + Socks

This is pure silliness. ;)

Unbeta'd.

“Doctor.” Rose sits up on the bed and crosses her arms as she glares at the alien in question. He’d refused to bunk with her in their concrete block prison cell, choosing instead to lay on the cold ground under a thin blanket.

“What, Rose?” The Doctor lies still and doesn’t open his eyes.

“Stop being daft. Get off the floor and share with me on the bunk. I won’t bite,” Rose says, rolling her eyes at the Doctor.

The Doctor cracks open one eye. “‘M fine. Never been more comfortable.”

“‘S concrete, Doctor. It can’t be comfortable. Come on, I promise I won’t do anything inappropriate,” Rose says, blushing despite herself at the mere thought.

With a loud sigh, the Doctor pushes himself up with one arm and mumbles something about promises and comfortable beds, but she ignores him in favor of scooting toward the wall to give him more space.

The Doctor sits down heavily at the edge of the bunk, but before he can swing his legs onto the mattress, Rose makes a muffled noise of discontent.

“Boots off,” she commands.

“But Rose, what if we have to run?”

Rose snorts in amusement. “You and I both know they’re not coming back until morning. Boots off,” she repeats. “No shoes on the bed.”

Grumbling, the Doctor leans over to untie his boots, then kicks them off before pulling his legs onto the bunk. In the dim light of the room, Rose stares at his feet in wide-eyes surprise.

“What? Thought you wanted ‘em off,” the Doctor whinges, not meeting her gaze as he fidgets restlessly with the blanket.
She’d expected utilitarian black socks to match his trousers, jumper, and leather, but much to her surprise, the Doctor wears bright blue socks decorated with tiny bananas. Socks she herself had purchased for him in London on one of their trips to visit Jackie.

“You’re wearing the socks!” she exclaims in delight. “I never thought you’d actually wear them.”

The Doctor gazes at her with a soft intensity that turns her insides warm, and she bites her bottom lip. “They’ve got bananas, Rose. And bananas are good.” He grins somewhat maniacally.

As they settle into the narrow bunk to sleep (or whatever the Doctor does while she sleeps), Rose wonders what else the Doctor would wear with bananas on it if she continues to gift him clothing.

A challenge for another day, perhaps.
Minty Fresh (Nine x Rose)

Chapter Summary

It's New Year's Eve, and Rose wonders if the Doctor's breath is minty fresh for a reason.

Chapter Notes

And the last chapter to this collection was prompted by Kelkat9 who requested "spearmint" and pairing of my choice. I went with Nine/Rose. ;)

Unebta'd.

Happy New Year to everyone! And thanks again for all your wonderful readership and support this year. It's meant the world to me. <3

“Why’d’ya smell all minty fresh, Doctor?” Jackie slurs, patting the front of his leather jacket.

As the Doctor’s face scrunches in disgust, Rose links elbows with the Doctor’s leathery one and tugs him away from her mum.

“Leave him alone, mum. You promised you’d behave,” she says.

“'S New Year’s Eve, Rose,” Jackie grouses between sips of cheap wine. “Who’s he gonna kiss?”

“Mum!” Rose hisses, fighting a blush and avoiding the Doctor’s dumbstruck gaze by burrowing her head into his sleeve. “Come on, Doctor. Let’s go outside.”

“With pleasure,” the Doctor says, following easily as he allows her to drag him through the flat, winding around the other guests over for Jackie’s New Year’s Eve celebration.

As Rose pulls him outside, Rose hides a smirk by chewing on her nail. Because Jackie is right – hidden beneath the Doctor’s distinctive scent of time and leather, grease, books, and tea, there’s something new on the surface.

Spearmint. Or maybe peppermint. Something fresh and minty on his breath that isn’t always there.

“Mum’s right,” Rose says, guiding him to the railing and looking out over the estate.

The Doctor folds his arms across his chest and levels Rose with a calculating gaze that makes her weak in the knees. “Jackie? Right? How so?”

Rose scoots a bit closer and grins. “Well… You do smell minty fresh. ‘S new.”

With a huff, the Doctor scowls. “Nothing wrong with good dental hygiene, Rose. I’ve seen you brushing your teeth.”
“Yeah, but…” She trails off and bites her lip, watching as his gaze flicks briefly to her mouth before returning to her face. “You told me when we were in the prison on, um, you know – the place with the three-eyed aliens with four arms – that you don’t have to brush your teeth because of the enzymes in your mouth that clean your teeth for you.”

“Ah,” the Doctor says, shifting on his feet and looking vaguely uncomfortable. “Superior biology, that. Doesn’t mean I still don’t enjoy an occasional minty brush.”

After rolling her eyes at the Doctor’s infamous ‘superior biology’ bit, Rose places a hand on his sleeve and leans in a little closer. “Doctor? Were you angling for a New Year’s kiss? ‘S kinda a thing we humans do when we’re hoping for a kiss.”

She’s never seen the Doctor blush, but in the dim light of the outdoor walkway, it almost looks like the tips of his ears are red. His eyes flick to her lips again, and when he meets her gaze, his blue eyes are darker than she’s ever seen them before. Her breath hitches.

“Might be,” he says, voice slightly gruff.

Heart hammering in her ribs, Rose replies, “Yeah? Anyone in mind?”

The shouts of people counting down to the new year filter through doors around the estate, and Rose looks expectantly at the Doctor.

Without answering, he gently cups her face in hips palm and slowly – at a pace that makes her almost dizzy with anticipation – he brings his face close to hers. When the countdown reaches zero, and the cheers of the neighbors reveling in the new year reach their ears, the Doctor presses his lips against hers.

Time loses all meaning as their lips move against each other. Noses bump awkwardly together and breaths of air puff gently on their cheeks as the seconds pass. He tastes… minty fresh, but more than that – something that she knows somehow instinctively to be the Doctor. Rose sighs into the kiss before pulling away gently to catch her breath, leaning her forehead against his chest.

“That answer your question?” the Doctor asks, amusement lacing his tone.

End Notes

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