We're Stronger Together

by yasminkhxns

Summary

This is my drabble series for the stuff i write that isn't a full fic but i still wanna post it somewhere. Probably gonna consist mostly of random scenarios the fam (mainly thasmin lmao) get themselves into

Notes

Time make Yaz struggle again!!!!!

I do love her really i promise xx

also sorry for any mistakes, this isn't beta'd lmao
We've turned our hands to guns, trade in our thumbs for ammunition

The gun slides across the ground and knocks against Yaz’s boot. Her head snaps downwards at the impact, gaze froze on the weapon below her.

The air in the room was thick with tension as multiple possibilities ran through Yaz’s mind. Does she pick up the gun? What does she do if she does? Hold it at her side so the enemy can’t use it? Point it at the rhino headed alien in front of her? Or does she kick it away? Possibly to a safe distance, or will it go into the hands of the enemy? The conflict of decisions throb in her head, until she looks up to see the Judoon opposite her press the gun in its hand further into the Doctor’s head, who flinches at the action. The Doctor, who was in front of her, on her knees at the mercy of the Judoon, where one wrong move could cost her everything.

The decision was made for Yaz in that moment as she bent down, snatching the gun up off the floor and pointing it toward the Judoon. The sound of her clicking the safety off echoing in her ears. The implications vibrating into her skull.

The weight of the gun felt wrong in Yaz’s hand, yet she tightened her grip around the cool metal, begging for her hands to stay steady. Yaz eyed her target down the barrel of the gun, until her focus was rattled by the strength of the Doctor’s voice.

“Yaz. Don’t. Put it down.”

The stern look in the Doctor’s eyes made Yaz’s lip tremble, her friends words from back on Desolation sounding like clockwork in her mind. “No. Guns? Never use ‘em.”

Yaz slowly looked back up at the Judoon and away from the Doctor, no longer able to hold her piercing gaze.

“Let her go!” Yaz’s voice was shaking, not eliciting the command she’d hoped it would.

The Judoon huffed, in what Yaz could only describe as amusement. It was obvious she had never pointed a gun at someone else before.

“Yaz. I mean it. Put it down. Now.” The Doctor’s words flew harshly off her tongue, as hard as the gaze which she bore into Yaz.
Yaz started flexing her fingers around the gun as they became clammy, still maintaining her grip on the weapon. Her resolve was cracking, like the Doctor’s gaze was slowly breaking her apart, imploring with just one look for her to put the gun down.

The young officer felt as if she was freezing up, her grip stiffening like she couldn’t let go of the gun even if she wanted to. It felt as if the room was shrinking around her, and it was only her and the Doctor left.

Yaz’s chest felt tight as her words came out in a hoarse whisper, she was surprised that Doctor could hear her. “I don’t know what to do.”

“SILENCE.” The Judoon boomed. “You will stop talking under our arrest.”

The Doctor ignored the Judoon’s command as she locked eyes with Yaz.

“Yasmin Khan.” The Doctor’s eyes flashed briefly with a softness that struck Yaz with a flutter in her chest. “You are one the strongest, most bravest people I’ve ever met. You are so much better than that gun.”

Yaz’s eyes began welling up and her hands shaking at the Doctor’s words.

“I care about you too much to lose you, Yaz. You know how I feel about guns, you know my rules.”

A tear escaped her eye.

“I don’t know what I’d do if I lost someone as brilliant as you off the TARDIS.” The Doctor’s voice turned soft, just above a whisper. A private moment shared in a room full of people. “Now please, Yaz, put the gun down.”

The look in the Doctor’s eyes was full of nothing but love as she held her gaze with Yaz, silently communicating the care she held for her best friend.
Yaz let out a sob.

The gun clattered to the ground.
Medicine Time

Chapter Summary

The Doctor gets ill, Yaz looks after her. Who doesn't love this trope.

Chapter Notes

BLAME MANDIP AND BLOODY MEDICINE TIME FOR THIS OK.
also just smashed this out for National Writing Day, big love to all the amazing fic writers this fandom has been blessed with!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Doctor was sick. That’s right, sick. She’d gone and caught the alien equivalent of the human common cold. Something that could actually affect a Time Lord.

Yaz had walked into the TARDIS that morning to find her coughing, sniffing and sneezing, therefore insisting on looking after her. The Doctor was stubborn at first, maintaining that she was fine, until a sneezing fit of thirteen in a row had her feeling defeated as the alien cold throbbed in her head.

Yaz rubbed lightly at the Doctor’s back as she leant over the console, the ache in her head making her feel dizzy.

“Come on, Doctor, let’s get you lay down. You need to rest.”

The Doctor nodded her head lightly, giving in to the idea of a cozy bed and warm covers. With an arm round her waist, Yaz led the Doctor through the corridors of the TARDIS until they ended up outside Yasmin’s room.

“Now, Doctor, I’m gonna let you rest in my room as long as I can’t catch this weird alien cold you’ve got.”

The Doctor waved her hand in reply. “No. Humans shouldn’t be able to contract this.” She sniffled.
“Right then.” They passed through the doors into Yaz’s quarters. “Time to get you out of these clothes and into something more comfortable.”

Yaz helped the Doctor change, unable to tell if the blush blooming on the alien’s cheeks was from the cold or that fact that she was now half naked in front of her friend. Once the Doctor was dressed in a hoodie and some sweats, Yaz sat her down on the bed and let out a brief chuckle. The Doctor couldn’t help the fleeting smile that flickered across her lips at the sound of her friend’s airy laugh.

“What?”

“I dunno, I guess it’s just weird. Seeing you in such normal clothes. Can’t imagine you saving the world in that.” Yaz nodded to the Doctor’s attire.

“It is very comfy.” The Doctor sneezed. “ Might have to get my own hoodie. Do they do ones with rainbows on?”

Another laugh escaped Yaz’s lips as she gently placed her hands on the Doctor’s shoulders. “I’m sure we can find you a rainbow hoodie Doctor. Might make you look cuter than you already do.”

Heat rose in the Doctor’s cheeks that definitely wasn’t from the cold as she glanced down at her lap.

Yaz moved around to the other side of the bed and pulled back the covers, gesturing to the free space.

“In you get.”

The action made a small bubble of guilt rise in the Doctor’s chest at the trouble her friend was going to, still not used to allowing herself to be taken care of.

“Yaz, really, you don’t have to do all this for me.” The Doctor’s statement was followed by a deep cough that rattled through her chest, making her groan in frustration at the current vulnerability she felt.
Yaz smiled sweetly in return. “Course I do. I’m happy to. That’s what friends are for. What a ‘fam’ are for.” She patted the empty spot. “Now in you get, and I’ll go make you a cuppa.”

The Doctor caved and clambered into bed as Yaz pulled the covers over her. She lightly stroked her fingers through blonde locks, moving her hand to the Doctor’s forehead when she reached golden tips. The Doctor hummed in delight at the coolness of Yaz’s palm against her skin.

Yaz frowned. “You do feel a bit warm. I’ll get you some water as well as tea.”

Yaz stepped back and headed towards the door when the Doctor called out hoarsely for her.

“Yaz?” The young woman spun around.

“Hm?”

“Thank you.”

Yaz grinned in reply. “Anytime Doctor.”

Yasmin returned around fifteen minutes later with an abundance of supplies from a cool flannel, to some pills and of course, a cup of tea.

She placed the full tray on the bedside table and helped the Doctor sit up so she could pass her the mug.

“Here you go Doctor.”

The Doctor accepted the beverage with a grateful smile. “Brilliant, thank you Yaz.”

“Thought you might want a couple of these too.”
Yaz sat down on the edge of the bed and passed the Doctor two custard creams. The Doctor stared at her companion in loving awe.

“Yaz, did you know you’re the best?” She dipped one in her tea and took small bite, humming in delight. “This why you’re my favourite. Don’t tell the boys.”

Yaz giggled and shook her head in amusement, though on the inside her stomach twisted in a way Yaz was scared to acknowledge for now. She instead distracted herself by picking a few packets of pills off the tray to show the Doctor.

“I don’t really know what you take for an alien cold so I kind of just picked up everything that looked right.”

The Doctor tapped on one of the packets as she continued to munch on a custard cream.

“Two of those ones.”

Yaz opened the packet and popped two of the pills out into her palm a picked up a glass of water off the side.

“Come on then Doctor, medicine time.”

Having already finished the two biscuits, the Doctor placed her cup of tea on the bedside table and accepted the pills and water, swiftly swallowing down the medicine. She took a couple more sips of water before passing the glass back to Yaz with a snifflle.

“Thanks, Yaz. What I do without you?”

Chapter End Notes
I mean it's cute but also kind of a meme as well, the perfect combo

Kudos and comments are greatly appreciated!!
Baby let me ride your wave, make feel alive everyday

Chapter Summary

While Yaz and the Doctor relax at the beach, Yaz notices something new speckling the Doctor's cheeks

Chapter Notes

This one is for the collarbone cult bby!!!!!!!
But honestly i hope everyone enjoys reading this as much as i enjoyed writing it uwu x

As the sun began to set over the promenade, the Doctor and Yaz sat at their table on the rooftop bar, overlooking the beach they had been relaxing on for the majority of the day. The Doctor had elected that the fam deserved a beach break that morning, having dealt with one too many catastrophes on recent adventures, to which they had all excitedly agreed to. The boys had gone back to the hotel they were staying in for the next few nights earlier on to shower and change, whereas the two women decided to stay out and soak up the sun for as long as possible.

Yaz watched as the Doctor took as sip of her cocktail, claiming that the alien alcohol involved in its creation actually affected her quicker than that what could be found on Earth. Yaz's gaze moved away from the Doctor's lips to scan down the rest of her friend's body for what felt like the hundredth time that day. Clearly Time Lord's caught the sun much quicker than humans, as the Doctor already had a golden tan, which was a surprise to Yaz who didn’t think she would catch the sun at all with such a naturally pale complexion. Yaz’s gaze roamed further, admiring the freckles that had sprung over the Doctor’s shoulders and across her chest, dotting over her collarbones and down underneath her bikini top. The Doctor’s soft stomach rolled slightly with how she was comfortably slouched in her chair and her board shorts, that matched her rainbow aesthetic, covered her thighs. Yaz had never seen the Doctor out of her usual outfit before, so seeing her in beachwear came as an initial shock, not that Yaz was complaining.

Yaz’s gaze made its way back up to her friend’s face, where in the golden hue of the sunset, the Doctor’s freckles stood out across her cheekbones and the bridge of her nose. The way the rays of the sun were catching the Doctor’s face made her appear even more gorgeous than she already was, her blonde locks were tucked behind her ear, exposing her earring that sparkled in the light, her sunglasses were perched on the top of her head, allowing the sun to reveal the flecks of emerald and gold in her friend’s eyes. The way the shadows were catching the Time Lords face showed off her strong jawline and elegant profile, yet, Yaz was always drawn back to the freckles that painted the Doctor’s face.
It was too late for Yaz to look away when the Doctor caught her staring. “Yaz? You ok?”

The Doctor placed her cocktail down on the table and faced her. Her concern was always so endearing and Yaz collected herself before replying.

“Yeah. Sorry. Lost in my own little world I guess.”

The Doctor’s concern didn’t let up. “Are you sure?”

Yaz looked away from her friend for a moment, watching the tide roll gently against the shore. It calmed her as she contemplated her answer. She smiled and returned her gaze to the Doctor.

Honestly, yeah. I really am. But, I was actually just looking at how much you’ve tanned today. It would take a normal human a week to turn that colour.”

The Doctor laughed, and Yaz noticed a slight redness bloom over her cheeks, though she assumed it could just be the alcohol. The Doctor reached to pick her cocktail back up and took another sip before replying.

“Ah yes. That’s another Time Lord superpower. We’re genetically modified to get brilliant tans.”

The look on the Doctor’s face made it impossible for Yaz to discern whether she was being serious or not.

“Really?”

The Doctor burst out laughing again, almost spilling some of her cocktail in the process. “No! Of course not! Must just be this body. Surprised me too if I’m honest.”

The look on the Doctor’s face was as warm as the sun beating down on them, and although Yaz’s cocktail was alcohol free, she was starting to feel brave. Maybe it was the after effects of the wonderful day they’d spent on the beach, or maybe it was the moment they were sharing together now, but something made Yaz lean forward and reach one hand out to cup the Doctor’s face and stroke a thumb gently across her cheekbone.
“These freckles are something else I wasn’t expecting. They’re really cute Doctor.” The Doctor’s jaw was slack as Yaz brushed her thumb across the sprinkling of freckles, her friend’s cheeks turning redder the longer her hand stayed where it was. Proving to Yaz that maybe it wasn’t the work of the cocktail in the Doctor’s hand that was making the blush apparent.

“C- cute? You think I’m cute?”

Yaz smiled tenderly at the Doctor. “Course I do. You were cute before the sun brought your freckles out, but now…” Yaz lightly dragged her index finger down the Doctor’s nose until she got the tip and tapped it as she continued speaking. “I’d say your cuteness has doubled.”

The Doctor tried and failed to reply, stumbling over any words she attempted to form, decidedly necking back the remainder of her cocktail when she gave up trying to respond. Yaz also quickly finished off hers and slowly stood, placing her sunglasses back on her face from where they were previously concealed in a mass of curls. Yaz leant down with a final bit of courage and cupped the back of the Doctor’s head, soft blonde hair falling over her fingertips as she leaned down so that her mouth was by her friend’s ear.

“I’m going back to shower, see you for dinner a couple hours?”

All the Doctor could do was nod in response, shocked by the intimacy of the moment. Yaz pulled back to look the Doctor, who struggled to meet her gaze. “Great! I’ll see you later then.”

Yaz leaned forward and softly kissed the Doctor on her cheekbone, leaving her own invisible mark on the Doctor’s freckled skin. The awe on the Doctor’s face was absolutely worth it as Yaz pulled back completely.

As Yaz walked away she could feel the intensity of the Doctor’s gaze on her. She decided she loved making the Doctor flustered.
You must remember, but you always forget.

Chapter Summary

Something has infiltrated the TARDIS, but the Doctor keeps forgetting.

Chapter Notes

Literally thought of this idea this morning and quickly it wrote so sorry if it's not the best jfkgkfqgdk

Either way, hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Doctor was finishing off some final repairs on her ship while her companions hung around in the console room to keep her company. The TARDIS never felt lonely with her new family filling up its vast space.

With the final twist of a bolt, she popped her head up from underneath the console and clapped her hands together, pleased with her work.

“Right fam!” All her companions looked over at her as she garnered their attention. “All done with repairs now, just give me a bit of time and we’ll be off.”

Yaz strolled over to the Doctor and leaned on the console. “Ok but, you’re gonna want to clean your face off first, you’ve got a black mark on your cheek.”

The Doctor rubbed at her face where Yaz pointed. “Have I? Didn’t think I was working on spot where oil would get on me.” She stopped rubbing. “Has it gone?”

Yaz shook her head and the boys snickered behind her.

“Oh well, I’ll go grab a cuppa and clean up. I’m dying for a drink.” With that, the Doctor wondered off down the corridors, excited for her cup of tea. Tea always meant biscuits to dip in it, and biscuits meant custard creams.
The Doctor wasn’t sure how long she’d been gone but when she arrived back in the console room, cup of tea in hand, her friends rushed over to her.

“Flippin’ heck Doc where’ve you been? You’ve been gone nearly two hours, we were about to go looking for you, thought you’d gotten lost!”

“Lost? In my own ship? That’s quite rude of you to suggest Graham.” The Doctor brushed passed them all, heading to the console, flicking a couple of switches up on her way round to the other side and taking a sip of her tea. She pulled a face as she swallowed. It had gone cold. The Doctor placed the mug on top of the console, refusing to drink such an abomination.

Yaz maneuvered around the console to meet the Doctor on her right side and pointed at her face again. “Also, you said you going to clean up but now you’ve got more marks on your face.”

Ryan arrived on her other side as she tried to wipe at her face. “For someone who’s 3000 years old, you’re still as messy as kid Doctor.”

The Doctor took mock offense at Ryan’s statement, still vigorously rubbing at her face. “Am not.”

Ryan just shook his head as he carried on laughing.

The Doctor side stepped Yaz to reach around and pull down a lever before dipping down underneath the panel to double check her work.

She only jumped back to her feet again after hearing the echo of someone calling out her name.

“Doctor!”

“DOC!”
“Huh? Yes? What was I doing? Oh right, I was taking you to-”

The Doctor paused at the looks on her friends faces, something akin confusion, but there was an undercurrent of nerves.

“What’s the matter?”

Ryan pointed at her face again. What was their problem with some silly oil marks? “Erm… Doctor? Why have you got a tally on your face?”

“What?”

“A tally, Doc. You’ve got tally marks on your face adding up to five. Is there something we should be worried about?”

The Doctor froze on the spot as her blood ran cold. Tally marks. On her skin. She knew of only one reason for those marks.

She pushed passed Graham to one of the console screens to switch on a front facing camera in hopes that it was all some kind of silly joke they were playing on her. But as the camera flickered to life, there they were, marked on her face. A tally of five. It was clear that her friends felt a change in the Doctor as the air around her thickened with tension. All she could do was stare at herself, and see her own horror etched on her face.

The Doctor slowly closed her eyes and took a breath. Trying not to show too much of her panic. She stepped away from the console and opened her eyes to meet Yaz’s gaze.

“Doctor? What’s wrong?”

The Doctor held her gaze for a few more moments before turning away and running her hands down her face.
How was this happening? And more importantly, how in Rassilon’s name did they get on the TARDIS?

The Doctor shoved her hands in her pockets as she turned back around to face her friends, taking a final deep breath.

“There are Silence on the TARDIS.”

Chapter End Notes

eeeeeek, not seen anyone write about thirteen and the silence before so i thought why not me lmao
The Doctor stepped out of the TARDIS and was immediately hit by a wave of Portuguese heat that forced her to shuck off her coat and throw it back into her ship before searching for her friend. The Doctor rolled her sleeves up as she walked through the hotel ground, scanning her surroundings and quickly realising she had landed near the pool.

After a couple of dead ends, the Doctor turned a corner, passed the pool bar, and there she was. Yasmin Khan, sunbathing. In a bikini.

The Doctor slowly made her way over to Yaz, careful not to startle her or her family too much, she was technically intruding on their holiday after all.

Pausing at the end of Yaz’s sunbed, the Doctor selfishly allowed herself a moment to indulge in the sight that was Yasmin Khan. Brunette hair was pulled up into a bun, exposing her sharp jawline. Her abs were visible due to the deep blue bikini she wore, and a light sheen of sweat glistened over her dark skin, showing off the contours of her muscles. Struggling to keep her eyes off her friend’s abs, the Doctor took a deep breath to calm herself before speaking.

“Yaz.”

Yaz tipped her sunglasses down her nose, looking up at the doctor with surprise and a hint of confusion in her eyes.
“Doctor?” The brunette sat up, abs tensing at the movement.

The Doctor gulped, quickly becoming aware of the blush forming on her cheeks, and hoped Yaz that would assume it was the heat.

“What’re you doing here?”

The Doctor’s gaze trailed up Yaz’s form again, brain turning to mush at the sight.

“Well… I… um-”

“Oh has your girlfriend to come visit you Yaz? Could’ve told us she was coming!” Sonya piped up from the sunbed next to Yaz.

Yaz stood, turning to face her sister.

“Shut up Sonya, and for the last time, the Doctor’s not my girlfriend.”

Sonya laughed and shook her head.

“Whatever you say Yaz.”

Yaz dragged the Doctor away from her sister towards the pool bar, forcing her to sit on one of the bar stools and taking a seat opposite.

Yaz reached over and took one of the Doctor’s hands in her own.

“Seriously Doctor, what’re doing here? Is something wrong?”
The Doctor was touched by Yaz’s concern, relieved that her friend wasn’t cross at her intrusion.

“No nothing’s wrong Yaz! I just... I got the dates wrong in my head and arrived in Sheffield a week too early. Forgot you were on holiday with your family.”

Yaz’s thumb rubbed over the Doctor’s knuckles, a gesture that did nothing to calm the blush coating her cheeks.

“Oh… ok. So, why did you come here?”

The Doctor’s gaze dropped to the floor, suddenly feeling embarrassed.

“Well, I guess... I guess I just missed you. You know, because sometimes when I drop you off it’s actually longer for me than it is for you because I sometimes get caught up in stuff halfway across the universe and it had been a while this time. So, I was missing you. And yes I knew you were on holiday but I decided to come see you anyway so I’m sorry for disturbing—”

“Doctor.”

Yaz’s face softened at the Doctor’s explanation. She leant forward and placed a second hand over the Doctor’s, a smile growing on her face that was as warm as the sun beating down on them.

“I missed you too.”

“You did?”

“Of course I did daft alien! I always miss you. Now come on.” Yaz hopped off her stool, keeping a hold on one of the Doctor’s hands. “I’m sure my Mum and Dad will be… weirdly happy to see you.”

The Doctor laughed as she pushed off the stool and followed Yaz back to her family. However, just before arriving back at the Khan’s sunbeds, Yaz stopped and spun around, forcing the Doctor to halt inches from her friends face.
“Oh! By the way, I saw you checking me out when I was lay on my sunbed earlier.” The Doctor froze as a smirk plastered over Yaz’s face, a glint of playfulness shining in her eyes. She reached up and placed a hand over the Doctor’s now scorching cheek.

“You seem really hot Doctor, maybe you need to cool down?”

Before the Doctor could react, a grin spread across Yaz’s face as she pushed her into the pool.

Chapter End Notes

i’m thirsty ok

but for real the thought of the yaz pushing the doctor into the pool was hilarious to me
Yaz looked up from her book as the Doctor shut the door to the adjoining bathroom and made her way over the bed. Instead of walking around to her side, she climbed onto Yaz’s lap and plucked the book from her hands, placing it on the bedside table next to her.

The desire in the Doctor’s eyes made her thoughts clear as she cupped Yaz’s face and leaned down into a kiss. What started off slow quickly turned hungry as the Doctor deepened the kiss, her tongue slipping into Yaz’s mouth. Yaz grabbed at the Doctor’s hips as the Time Lord’s hands moved down to her neck, pulling her closer and arching into her so their bodies were pressed up against each other.

The Doctor pulled away, leaving them both breathless, her pupils blown. Yaz moved a hand up to stroke the side of the Doctor’s face and push blonde strands behind her ear.

“Where’s this come from?”

The Doctor’s hands moved to her shoulders, grounding herself enough to answer Yaz’s question, eyes half lidded.
“I just really want you right now.”

The Doctor’s own want rubbed off on Yaz at the statement. She still struggled to comprehend that the Doctor could want her this way, and so desperately.

Yaz’s reaction to the Doctor’s words was made clear when she pushed her off her lap and down onto the bed. She took a moment to drink the Doctor in, slightly tousled with want, before she leaned over and kissed her deeply. She swiped her tongue across the Doctor’s lower lip, gaining access, while her hands moved upwards into blonde locks and tugged slightly, a soft whimper escaping the Time Lord.

When Yaz finally pulled away, the Doctor let out a breathless moan, her hips rising slightly underneath Yaz. Her gaze followed the length of the Doctor’s arm down to her hand, which was already shoved down her pyjama shorts.

The brunette smirked. “Somebody’s eager.”

When Yaz looked back up at the Doctor’s face, her eyes were almost black, swirling with lust as she bit her own lip and dragged it through her teeth. Yaz leaned down to kiss the Doctor once more, her lips moving away from her mouth to her jaw, lightly nipping just below her ear, before moving to the blonde’s neck. Yaz left a trail of kisses down to the Doctor’s collarbone, biting into the skin at the crease of her neck and kissing the mark. The Doctor let out a gasp.

The Doctor’s breathing became heavier as she continued to touch herself, Yaz moving back up to capture her lips in another wanton kiss. Her fingers grazed over the Doctor’s ribs, making her squirm under Yaz’s touch.

Yaz broke the kiss, moving her lips over the Doctor’s cheekbone and up to her ear.

“Tell me what you want, Doctor.”

The Doctor sighed as she moved her fingers over herself, Yaz’s voice in her ear sending shivers down her spine.

“Touch me Yaz. Gods please touch me.”
Yaz maneuvered on the bed to rest between the Doctor’s legs, and began stroking her thighs with a feather light touch. She trailed soft kisses up strong thighs, following where her hands had previously brushed. She pulled back for a moment, watching the Doctor squirm at the lack of her girlfriend’s touch, desperate to have Yaz where she needed her most.

Yaz’s fingers pinched at the elastic of the Doctor’s shorts and slowly dragged them down her legs, leaving her completely exposed, the sight of her arousal glistening on her thighs igniting a fire in Yaz’s veins.

Her hands slowly slid back up the Doctor’s legs, narrowly avoiding her centre and forcing a cry of frustration to escape the blonde.

“Yaz, please.”

Yaz ignored the Doctor’s begging, instead moving her hands to grab the hem of the Doctor’s pyjama shirt, tugging it upwards and forcing the Doctor’s hands away from herself as she sat up to help Yaz remove it. As soon as it was off, the Doctor dropped back down on the bed, hand dipping down south again only to be caught by the wrist before she could reach where she needed to.

Yaz lifted both her hands above her head so that the Doctor could hold onto the bed post.

She smirked. “No more touching until I say so.”

The Doctor let out an exasperated sigh, feeling unbearably pent up, but also melting at Yaz’s commanding tone.

Yaz began planting kisses down the Doctor’s body, starting with a peck to her mouth as she travelled back down her neck, leaving another kiss on the mark she had previously made. As she trailed down toward the Doctor’s chest, one hand came up to palm at the Doctor’s breast, brushing a thumb over the Doctor’s nipple, eliciting a gasp from the woman underneath her. Yaz’s mouth reached the Doctor’s other breast, taking her nipple into her mouth and rolling it over her tongue, her fingers copying the movements, giving equal attention to both. The Doctor arched into her mouth, moaning at the sensations rippling through her, knuckles white from gripping the bedpost so tightly.

As the Doctor’s quick breaths turned into louder moans, Yaz pulled back so as not to overstimulate
her, leaning up to plant another kiss on soft lips. The Doctor sighing into it.

Yaz trailed kisses back down the Doctor’s body, between her breasts, over her stomach, muscles tensing as Yaz’s breaths prickled across her skin. Yaz placed a final kiss on the Doctor’s hipbone before repositioning herself back between the Doctor’s legs, spreading them apart as her arms snaked underneath her thighs and gripped them with her hands to hold the Doctor’s hips down on the bed.

As Yaz breathed out, letting the air hit the Doctor’s wetness, she looked up to see the blonde's head hit the pillow, an arm over her eyes as she whined in frustration, trying to buck her hips toward Yaz’s mouth.

The Doctor let out a guttural moan as Yaz licked between her slick folds for the first time. She was hot and wet on Yaz’s mouth as she swirled her tongue in circles around the Doctor’s clit, a hand shooting down to grasp in her hair when she alternated between licking and sucking the bundle of nerves. The Doctor cried out, her grip tightening in Yaz’s hair when she pressed the flat of her tongue against her in a broad stroke.

“More, Yaz. Please, more.”

A hand slipped from around the Doctor’s thigh and down to her core. Once coated in the Doctor’s wet heat, Yaz easily slid one finger inside, her tongue still continuing its assault on the Doctor’s clit. Yaz’s name slipped from the Doctor’s mouth as she entered her at a slow pace to start with, before adding another finger and increasing her speed.

As Yaz’s fingers thrusted she crooked them against the Doctor’s walls, hitting a spot that had her back arching and thighs trembling on the edge of release.

“Right there Yaz, right there please I’m so close!”

Yaz continued her movements, mouth sucking over the Doctor’s clit as she pumped in and out of her, fingers hitting the same spot as the Doctor’s thighs clenched around her head. She came hard around Yaz’s fingers, letting out a cry of ecstasy, Yaz’s name repeatedly passing over the Doctor’s lips as her fingers continued to thrust inside her. Yaz guided her down from her orgasm, fingers slowing as the Doctor’s thighs released their hold around Yaz’s head, still shaking from the aftermath.
Yaz pulled her fingers out of the Doctor and hovered over her as she pressed the tips of them against the Doctor's lips, who easily allowed them to slip past into her mouth. She moaned as she tasted her own arousal. Her lips stayed slightly parted as Yaz removed her fingers, still a little breathless in her post-coital bliss.

Yaz shifted to lay down on her side facing the Doctor, appreciating the view of her girlfriend, totally bare, skin glistening with a thin sheen of sweat from their exploits.

The Doctor, having finally calmed down, turned onto her side to meet Yaz’s gaze. Yaz reached out to push a strand of blonde hair behind her ear and stroke a thumb lightly over her cheekbone.

The blonde let out a breathy sigh. “Give me a minute and I’ll-”

Yaz interrupted the Doctor by shaking her head.

“I wanted to do that for you. You can look after me next time, ok?” She smiled softly and the Doctor nodded, returning the smile.

“Ok.” She leaned in and gently kissed Yaz.

Yaz watched as the Doctor lay there for a brief moment before moving to climb under the covers, gesturing for Yaz to do the same. The Doctor cuddled up to her, resting her head against her shoulder before quickly pulling her hands from underneath the covers to clap twice, the lights fading down. Yaz pressed a kiss into the Doctor’s hair and closed her eyes.

“Goodnight Doctor.” She whispered.

“Night, Yaz.”

Chapter End Notes
feedback would be suuuuper appreciated on this having never written smut before!!

thanks for reading!

and in the words of my beta, i hope you can also say about this fic that 'I love the ending im so emotional after being so horny' sdkjgksjgkfdjgkfj

xx
Stupid, but amazing

Chapter Summary

Someone takes a dip

Chapter Notes

Listen idek what this is it 2:30am, I’m lay in bed and I literally just wrote this in the past hour so sorry if it’s really crap.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Come on Yaz!” Panic shook through the Doctor’s voice as she attempted to surge forward. Unable to shift out of the iron grip the villagers had clamped around her arms.

The Doctor let out a yell of frustration. “Let me go!”

She tugged harder, not moving anywhere but to the ground when her knees gave out and slammed into the ground.

One of the villagers gathered behind her spoke up, fear coursing through their voice. “She’s been under too long now, I’m not sure if she’s survived.”

The tears that already shone in the Doctor’s eyes spilled over her cheeks. “No.” The tears may have fallen but determination was set on her face. “You don’t know her. She’s strong, so strong, my Yaz. I refuse to believe it.”

A few more seconds ticked by, excruciatingly long for the Time Lord, until finally, something from below disturbed the resting water.

Not a moment later, Yasmin Khan shot to the surface, child in her arms. She hauled the young girl out of the water first, her mother racing over, sobs pouring from her chest.
The villagers’ hold on the Doctor slackened for just a moment and she used the opportunity to break free. The Time Lord almost falling back to the floor with her force. She surged toward Yaz, hands roughly grabbing the young woman under her arms as she dragged her out of the water.

Yaz felt like ice to the touch, the freezing cold water seeping into her bones. She was vigorously shaking, her lips nearly blue, wet hair already icy at the tips.

The Doctor turned to the villagers, pointing between Yaz and the child. “Get them something warm. Now.” The fury in her eyes had them darting off immediately.

Yaz pressed herself further into the Doctor’s warmth as she tried to talk “I...is...is...sh-“

The Doctor looked over Yaz’s head to see the mother still sobbing with relief. She briefly raised her head from her child to nod.

“She’s alive Yaz. You saved her.” The Doctor tightened her grip around the woman in her arms in an attempt to lessen her shaking. “You were amazing. Stupid. But amazing”

It didn’t take long for the villagers to return with multiple blankets, the Doctor quickly wrapping a couple around Yaz.

“Yaz? Do you think you can stand? You’re absolutely froze and we need to get these clothes off you really soon to stop the hypothermia.” The Doctor spoke softly.

Yaz nodded weakly, the Doctor assisting her to stand. It only took a couple of steps for Yaz’s legs to give out, the Doctor catching her before she slumped to the ground. “M...may...maybe n...not.”

The Doctor stroked through wet hair. “It’s ok Yaz. Come here.”

The Doctor swiftly hooked one arm around Yaz’s back, the other behind her knees and picked the brunette up with ease.

Yaz didn’t make any fuss, simply nuzzling into the Doctor’s neck, the cold tip of her nose against the Doctor’s pulse point startling her slightly.
Once directed inside a cabin and left in privacy, the Doctor wasted no time stripping Yaz down to her underwear. Then she hesitated, her eyes locking on the ice cold fabric stuck to Yaz’s skin. She knew it needed to come off but Yaz’s current state of mind made her uneasy about removing it.

“I...it’s fine.” The Doctor’s head snapped up and held Yaz’s gaze.

“Yaz, are you sure?”

Yaz nodded. “Get i...it off m...me.”

The Doctor nodded in return, gently grabbing Yaz by the shoulders and turning her around. She unclasped the young woman’s bra and quickly grabbed a blanket for Yaz to wrap around her shoulders. Finally, the Doctor knelt down and ran her fingers up the side of Yaz’s legs under the blanket. Once her fingers found the wet fabric they hooked underneath and dragged them down, letting Yaz step out when they reached her feet.

“Now, they left us with some fresh clothes for you. Do you mind me helping you dress?”

Yaz shook her head.

“Ok.” The Doctor smiled warmly and Yaz returned it.

The Doctor hurriedly fetched the clothes and placed them on the seat next to her, hands reaching up to where Yaz’s hands gripped tight at the blanket wrapped around her.

She placed her pale hands against dark ones, eyes questioning. “Ok?” Yaz nodded again.

The Doctor gently pulled the blanket away from Yaz’s shoulders. She forced her gaze not to wonder, yet was unable to stop the blush that bloomed across her cheeks. She hoped the brunette would assume it was from the heat of the fire at the other end of the room.

The Doctor tugged the woolen jumper over Yaz’s head, maneuvering it to make it easy for her to
slip her arms into.

She quickly shifted back down to her knees to assist Yaz in slotting her feet through the trouser holes. The Doctor then stood to help pull the trousers up to the young woman’s slender hips.

She bent down pick the blanket back up, placing back upon Yaz’s shoulders, before going to grab another and do the same.

Once dressed, the Doctor slowly helped Yaz toward the bed, setting her down on the edge.

She reached for her own boots, slipping them off along with her socks before moving to slide the striped fabric onto Yaz’s own feet. “Here.”

Yaz looked down at the Doctor in confusion “W...what are you doing?”

The Doctor grinned back at her. “Well they’re fluffy socks! You need them more than I do right now!”

“Thank you.” Yaz murmured, a gentle smile on her lips.

The Doctor helped Yaz to move and lie down in the bed, pulling the covers right up to the young woman’s chin. She moved around to the other side and slipped her coat off her shoulders, hopping in bed next to Yaz.

The brunette turned over under the sheets to face the Doctor, an obvious question pooling in her eyes. The Time Lord opened her arms and chuckled. “Come here you.”

Yaz snuggled into the Doctor’s frame, pressing into her as far as she could, not leaving an inch of space between them. Her shivering had finally ceased.

“You’re so warm.” Yaz’s voice was muffled from where her face was nuzzled into the Doctor’s neck.
“That’ll be Time Lord genetics, we generally run hotter than humans so-” The Doctor noticed the slow puffs of breath against her neck and she looked down to see Yasmin Khan already fast asleep.

She pressed a light kiss into dark hair, hand slowly rubbing circles into Yaz’s back.

“Sleep well Yaz. My superstar.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope this is decent lol
A sunset of hope

Chapter Summary

The Doctor and Yaz watch the sunset as they broach heavy subject matter.

Chapter Notes

this idea popped into my head yesterday and wouldn't leave me alone until I wrote it. So I did, lay in bed after midnight lmaooooo. Writing a one-shot at a normal time of day? I don't know her.

cw warning: descriptions of bullying, suicidal thoughts and homophobic slurs. Stay safe people <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’re right, Yaz. The sunset is beautiful up here.” The Doctor said, a look of awe painted across her face.

Yaz smiled wistfully, a pool of conflicting emotions swirling in her dark eyes. “Yeah, I used to come up here a lot as a teen. They weren’t always good memories, but the sunset made it better.”

The Doctor’s gaze shifted from the orange-pink sky to Yaz, who sat on the opposite end of the bench. “Weren’t always good memories?”

Yaz sighed, her fingers playing nervously with the sleeve of her jacket. “I sort of told you and Willa a bit about Izzy Flint, didn’t I?”

The Doctor nodded. “You mentioned her, yeah.”

“Well, that was probably the worst year of my life. I couldn’t go one day without being picked on. It was mainly for being Muslim, until someone who would still speak to me slipped up, then it was for being bi too, and that person didn’t speak to me again. So it got worse. They gave me so much crap being a bisexual Muslim, it doesn’t bare repeating some of the things that got said to me.”
One of Yaz’s hands came up to wipe at her eye. The action had the Doctor immediately shuffling closer to Yaz, their thighs grazing against each other as she reached out a hand to gently place it over the younger woman’s. “Yaz, you don’t have to-

“No, it’s ok, Doctor.” Yaz interrupted. “It’s good to just vent about it sometimes.”

The Doctor gently rubbed her thumb across Yaz’s knuckles in concerned reassurance.

“I’d come up here sometimes after school just to get away from it all. Especially on the really bad days. I can remember one day in particular, actually. One of the worst days of that year. It wasn’t long after Izzy found out I was bi, so when I went to the toilet, she managed to write ‘ugly dyke’ on my backpack during class. I spent that whole lunch break crying in the toilets, because my parents didn’t know my sexuality at the time and I was gonna have to wear it home.” Yaz breathed out slowly, voice beginning to tremble as she spoke. “It was the same day I got physically bullied for the first time. Some lads hit me over the back of the head and shoved me into a wall and called me names.”

The Doctor could feel tears welling up in her own eyes at Yaz’s story. “Yaz, I’m so sorry this happened to you.”

Yaz turned meet the Doctor’s gaze, a damp sheen still glistening in her own eyes. “Yeah, well, that day I came up here, sat on this very bench, and I just... cried. I didn’t want to be me anymore. And as much as I hated her I wished I was Izzy Flint. White, blonde, straight. Sometimes, I felt so sick about going to school because of her, I literally would be. She made me feel worthless, ugly, ashamed, broken. I was so depressed that day, that I came up here and questioned how much I wanted to live.” More tears spilled over and left tracks down the young woman’s cheeks. “Because carrying on didn’t really seem worth it.”

The Doctor squeezed Yaz’s hands tighter, a tear escaping her own eyes at the thought of her friend so hopeless. “Oh, Yaz…”

“I really felt like going home and ending it all that night, but this, stranger, saved my life. I don’t know who they were, and I’ll never get to thank them, but if it wasn’t for them, I don’t think I’d be here.”

The Doctor reached up to wipe her thumb across Yaz’s cheek, putting a halt to anymore tears that fell.
“The only thing I know vaguely, is what they look like. Can’t remember much about them because so much of that year was a blur, it’s like my memories, apart from a few, are all mushed together in a big mess inside my brain. All I know, is that they were wearing a hooded coat and their scarf was blowing in the wind. I don’t even remember their voice, but I remember what they said.”

The Doctor held Yaz’s gaze expectantly.

“They told me that things might seem hopeless, but that hope can be found in the most unexpected of places, like on top of a hill watching a beautiful sunset, something that symbolises the promise of a new, better, tomorrow.” A small smile grew on her face at the memory. “Then, they spoke to me about my hopes for the future, and it was the first time in a while that it felt like I had one. All because one random person cared enough about a sad kid crying their eyes out on a bench.”

Yaz looked back out at the sunset, her smile growing. “But they were right, you know. The next day was a little better, it snowed and the boiler broke at school so we had the day off. Me and my sister spent it making a snowman outside the flat, she can be pretty good sometimes.” Yaz laughed at the memory, and the Doctor chuckled lightly along with her. “I was ok in the end, but the rest of that year still sucked, and after the summer holiday, they sort of just, stopped caring. I mean, I still got shit from them sometimes, but never as bad as the previous year. Then I went to college, never had to see any of them again and got myself a girlfriend. We didn’t last when I went to the police academy, though.”

Yaz stood and raised her arms in the air, dropping them just as quickly as they slapped down against her thighs. “Well there you go. I basically just spilled my guts to you. Sorry to just unload all that on you.” Yaz said playfully, yet a hint of insecurity flashed behind her eyes.

The Doctor rose from her seat on the bench and stepped forward to envelope Yaz in a strong but gentle hug, whispering into the younger woman’s ear. “Yasmin Khan, you are the strongest person in the universe.”

Yaz clung tighter at the Doctor’s words, hands gripping into the fabric of her coat.

A substantial amount of time passed before the women broke away from each other, Yaz wiping at eyes once more.

“Come on, let’s get you back home.” The Doctor rubbed her back before they started their trek back down the hill.
Once the Doctor had dropped Yaz home, she headed back to the TARDIS, her destination in already in mind. As soon as she stepped through the doors she headed straight to the console, pressing buttons and flicking switches until she reached the dematerialisation lever. She pulled it down, flying back to the same place she’d just been with Yaz not an hour ago, only 5 years previous.

When she arrived, she stepped outside and the icy breeze burned at her skin as quickly headed back into her ship to find her scarf. Once the garment was warmly wrapped around her neck, she exited the TARDIS, softly shutting the door behind her. She walked along the hilltop, pulling her hood up when she spotted a young teen hunched over on a bench, wind whipping her long brown hair around her face.

The Doctor walked over and stopped at the side of the bench, looking out at the early evening sky as the beginning of a sunset began to form.

She heard the girl beside her sniffle, and she looked down to see a young Yasmin Khan, sobbing into her hands.

The Doctor cleared her throat before speaking. “Excuse me, sorry, but are you ok?”

The Doctor stayed parked in Sheffield after her quick stop in the past, the heavy conversation with her friend the previous evening had kept the Doctor concerned enough to stay in the city, just in case Yaz needed her through the night.

So it was safe to say she was startled when Yaz came barging through the deep blue doors the next morning, finger pointed right at the Time Lord.

“It was you!”

The Doctor was stunned for a moment, until it clicked in her head what Yaz was on about.
“What?” She feigned ignorance.

Yaz stopped right in front of her, face mere inches from her own. “It was you! On top of the hill. You saved me. The coat, the scarf, I remember that stranger being a woman and all!” Yaz’s hands came up to grip in her own hair she walked in a slow circle, the pieces of that day all slotting into place inside her mind. “It all makes so much sense! Oh my god, Doctor, I can’t believe it was you.”

“Well, I mean, that could’ve been anyone, honestly.” The Doctor rubbed the back of her neck nervously.

Yaz paused. “It was you. Just admit it. I’m not cross or anything. Shouldn’t have expected it to be anyone but you that saved my life. Right, Doctor?” Yaz’s eyebrows raised as she folded her arms, peering at the Time Lord expectantly.

The Doctor sighed in defeat as she leant forward against the console, her face scrunching slightly. “I thought I was a bit more incognito than that.”

Yaz chuckled as her gaze flicked over the Doctor’s form. “Erm- no offence Doctor, but there is literally nothing incognito about you.”

The Doctor pushed off the console, hands resting on her hips as her jaw fell open in offence. “Excuse me! I’ve got quite a bit of blue and grey on my clothes, very dark and sneaky colours I’ll have you know!”

Yaz gestured to the rest of her outfit. “You’ve also got rainbows and bright yellow braces. Even your scarf is rainbow! I mean, come on, Doctor.” She laughed heartily when the Doctor pouted.

Once she calmed down, Yaz pulled the Doctor into a hug around her neck and squeezed her tight, the Time Lord quickly reciprocating.

“Thank you, Doctor, seriously. You saved my life before I even knew you.” Yaz murmured into the Doctor’s ear.

The Time Lord pulled back slightly, still holding Yaz close by her hips as she smiled at her warmly. “Always.”
we must all protect our precious baby Yasmin Khan.

I want the Doctor to meet Izzy Flint so she can punch her in the face (I also want to punch Izzy Flint in the face)
Chapter Summary

prompt: 13 crying in the shower
i'm sorry

Chapter Notes

TW: Death - not one of the fam or the Doctor but there is descriptions of death so be safe people
look blame @sapphic_hymns on twitter for this, they said 13 crying in the shower, i made it happen. it just got wayyyy darker than expected. oops!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She twists the knob and lets the cold water hit her, the icy stream a sharp contrast to the heat oozing from her body. It stings against the burns that marr her back, the cuts over the rest of skin tingling as the water begins to warm up and run through them.

It went wrong. So badly wrong. She was just dropping them back in Sheffield for a few days, but disaster struck not two minutes after stepping outside the TARDIS. She’d been too slow, she hadn’t thought, she was so stupid. Now, as she washes Najia Khan’s blood off her hands, flashes in her mind of the red liquid pooling around her companions mum, she can’t stop the tears that spring to her eyes. Her hand flies up to cover her mouth as she lets out a choked sob, tracks of her own despair running down her cheeks and dripping off her chin, joining the rest of the stream to wash away. She stares at the plug hole, watches the red water disappears, gone forever, just like her fam, she supposes.

Her mind continues to flash back to the events of the day, the look of total anguish that morphed on Yaz’s face at the sight of her mum, dead, and the Doctor, too late. How the young woman dropped to her knees, not caring about how the blood she was sat in would stain her jeans, and finally, when she looked up at the Doctor. Her anguish, twisting into something the Time Lord had never seen on Yaz before, hate. It didn’t suit her.

“I never want to see you again.” she’d screamed. “How could you let this happen? You save everyone. Why not my mum. Why couldn’t you save my mum?!?” she’d questioned. The Doctor suddenly regretted the facade she’d put up for so long. She’d never let her new friends see the real her. The one that does fail, sometimes. And now they had paid the price.
The thought that she’d lost them all, the looks on Ryan and Graham’s faces agreeing with Yaz’s words, forces a surge of self hatred and anger to consume her, blackening her hearts as she lashes out and punches a shower tile. She leaves a crack, similar to the one she can feel cut through her chest, and watches as a drop of fresh blood, her own blood, slide down the wall. She drops her head against the same wall, the cool tiles a refreshing sensation against the now scalding water hitting her back, though she welcomes the pain, deserves it, even.

The Doctor shudders out a sob that wracks her whole body, tears still pouring from her eyes with no intention of stopping.

She’s messed it up. Again. She should’ve known. People aren’t safe around her. She moulds them, changes them, gets them killed, and this time, gets their loved ones killed. The Doctor, the fool who knows all about loss and carries so much of their own, but continues to break families over and over again.

She’s alone. The way it should be. The last straw. No one will travel with her. Ever again.

Chapter End Notes

am i the first person ever to kill off captain of the thasmin ship Najia Khan? maybe
I'AM SORRY OK I'M REALLY SORRY I'LL NEVER GO THIS DARK AGAIN
The air was mild, and the sky was cloudy, but the sun still poked through, shining down on the park where kids played and Yasmin Khan sat by herself on a metal bench. The coolness of the steel seeped through her clothes and into her bones, while a shiver passed through her body. It was nice, she realised, to know the simplicity of park never changed, no matter where she had travelled in space and time it was always the same. And now, sat in one of Sheffield’s few parks, a melancholic smile shaped her lips.

She liked to give herself time to think, to think about all the adventures she had been on, off in the TARDIS, and right at home in Hallamshire. It was easy to consider how much of a twist her life had taken. If you had told her back in year 10 that she would be flying through space and time with socially awkward alien, fighting tank covered psychopaths and meeting Rosa Parks, well, she would’ve said you were mad. But it happened, oh how it had happened. And it was truly unforgettable. She thought about it often. About the Doctor, Ryan… Graham. She was seeing Ryan later in the week, they still met up for coffee, went round each others houses. Travelling truly brought them together as best mates, as brother and sister.

She was only pulled from her thoughts by someone calling for her. “...ni!” Her gaze dropped from the sky to the figure running toward her. “Nani!”

Yaz smile turned warm at the sight of her granddaughter, another thing she never quite thought she’d have. Her eyes crinkled with her smile, the lines deeper now than the doctor’s ever were. “You alright, sweetheart?” she asked gently, her voice more frail now.

“There’s a strange lady who wants to speak to you.” the little girl hopped onto the bench next to Yasmin, eyes wide and bright with youth.

“You know you shouldn’t speak to strangers.” she scolded, but her granddaughter simply frowned.

“She says she’s not a stranger! She says she’s your best friend.”
Yaz felt her heart pick up at her granddaughter’s words, best friend. Surely not? She tried to keep her voice steady. “Where are they?”

“Over there!” a small hand pointed to a tree some distance away where Yasmin could see the figure of a woman leaning against the trunk, the unmistakable sight of a coat flapping behind her. Yasmin’s breath caught in her throat, it had been so long since she had seen her, but she could never forget a single feature of the Doctor.

“Would you be able to fetch her, sweetheart? My old legs will get so tired from walking all the way over there.” Yasmin’s granddaughter eagerly nodded, jumping back off the bench and into a sprint, heading straight back to the Doctor. Yasmin took the time to compose herself for what she knew would be a difficult conversation.

The Doctor began to walk over, slowly, her hand in Yasmin’s granddaughter’s and the wind suddenly gust, blowing white hair in front of Yasmin’s eyes, reminding her of the time that had passed between them. The last time she saw the Doctor, it was brown, although her braid still remained. She saw the wind blow the Doctor’s own hair, and she took note of its length, definitely longer than what it used to be.

When she finally came into clear view, Yaz pushed up the glasses that perched on the end of her nose to get a clearer picture. The Doctor stopped in front of Yasmin, and she saw the age that pooled in the Doctor’s hazel-green eyes, bright as ever, but worn with time. And Yasmin could tell it had been a lot of time. “Hello, Yaz.” she spoke softly.

“Doctor.”

The Time Lord stood awkwardly for a moment, nothing’s changed there then, and gestured to the bench. “May I?”

Yaz gave her a small nod.

The Doctor sat down, though she winced in pain as she did so, letting out a deep sigh when her back rested against the cool steel of the bench.

“Sweetheart, do you want to go play on the park for a bit while I speak with my friend?”
“Ok!”

“And be good! I’ll have my eye on you.” she smiled cheekily at her granddaughter, who giggled and jogged towards the swing-set.

Yaz’s attention then switched to the woman sat next to her, taking in everything about the alien she hadn’t seen for years. She was right about her eyes—now up close—she can clearly see the age that swirled in her irises, and when her gaze dropped a touch, she examined in the dark circles that hung below. Her forehead had a nasty scrape and her one cheekbone was splotched with purple. Dried blood marred her hairline and her bottom lip was split. Long blonde hair now drooped over sagged shoulders, matted with dirt. Her clothes are tired and unclean, dark patches leaving untold stories that Yasmin wasn’t sure she wanted to know.

“Doctor,” she started, weathered fingertips coming up to stroke against a sharp jaw. “what happened?”

“So much, Yaz. So much has happened. But that doesn’t matter now. It’s over. That’s what does matter. I just wanted to see you again before I… before I go.”

“I don’t understand?”

“You see Yaz, I look bad, I know. But these injuries,” she gestures to her face, “they’re no problem, they’ll go. It’s the internal ones that are the iss-” the Doctor was cut off by a coughing fit, her breaths haggered as she struggled to take in air. And it was when she pulled her hand away from her mouth, that Yasmin saw the problem.

“Oh, Doctor…” she gently cupped the pale hand, the pale hand that was now contrasted with splattered blood, dark blotches breaking up the intense red.

“I’ve been poisoned, and I can’t fix it.” she locked eyes with Yasmin. “Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“I-” the Doctor interrupted her with another cough, one that wracked her ribs and tugged at her organs, doubling her over with a groan of pain as she spat more blood on the ground. When she sat back up, Yasmin saw the golden glow, twirling beneath her skin and when her gaze was pulled toward the Doctor’s face, she saw the same light creeping up her neck.
“You’re going to regenerate.”

“Yeah…” the Doctor agonised, her eyes clouding over. “I don’t want to, Yaz. I really liked this me. I love being in a woman’s body.” she sighed as deeply as her body would allow, though it sounded more like a wheeze. “I’m scared.” she whispered, and a tear fell. “What if turn back into a man again?”

“Hey,” Yaz frowned, her wrinkled hands still as gentle as ever when they cup the Doctor’s face, calloused fingertips sifting through uncut golden locks. “You are, and always will be the bravest person I know.” she wiped away another tear that leaked from the corner of the Doctor’s eye. “I don’t know what happened, but I can see how much it’s aged you, how tired you are. I reckon this body has had enough. Think of this regeneration as refresh. Trading in the old model for the new one, yeah?”

The Doctor offered Yaz a watery smile and a light chuckle, affection quickly misting over the age in her irises. “My Yaz. My brilliant Yaz. You always know what to say. And look at you. You haven’t aged a day, still as beautiful as ever.” the Doctor remarked, lifting a hand to stroke through snowy locks, and Yasmin unconsciously leaned into the touch.

“Don’t be daft. I’m seventy-two. Look at my wrinkles!” she pointed to her face and the Doctor shook her head.

“And I’m probably over 4000 now, but look at me. Age is relative.”

They held each other’s gaze, old memories passing between them until the moment was broken by the Doctor pulling away into another coughing fit, one that lasted worryingly long as Yasmin rubbed soothing circles over her back. When the Time Lord finally caught her breath, her voice was ragged, on its last legs, like the rest of her body.

The Doctor twisted back around to take in Yasmin again, her lip trembling as tears she willed away instead rolled over her damaged cheeks. “I think I um… I think should go. I doubt you’ll see me again.”

Yasmin’s own eyes leaked at the Doctor’s words, knowing her they were true. She was old, and the Doctor was about become brand new. Number fourteen was on their way, fast, and thirteen was saying her goodbyes. Yasmin could tell this one was permanent. “I’ll miss you.” She spoke. “I always miss you.”
“I’ll miss me too. And Yasmin Khan, I won’t ever forget you. Not for one day.”

Yasmin choked a sob, the Doctor doing the same and she pulled the Time Lord into a tight hug. It was the final time, she realised, that she would ever hold the Doctor again. This face, her Doctor’s face was about to be burned away into someone brand new and she would never see who it was. “I love you.” Yasmin whispered, and she felt the Doctor nod into her neck, before she finally pulled away to lock her gaze with Yasmin’s.

“I love you too. I always always will.” she pointed to both sides of her chest. “You’re always going to be here. For however long I live.”

“I know.” Yaz affirmed, voice shaky as she watched the Doctor slowly rise from the bench.

“Well, Yasmin Khan. I guess this is goodbye.” There’s a long pause. “I hate goodbyes.”

“Goodbye, Doctor.” Yas spoke softly in an attempt to comfort her friend.

The Doctor cupped Yasmin’s jaw and smiled wistfully. “I’ll think of you– when I change. I’ll make sure you’re the last thing I think about, and the first thing they think about.” she leaned down, and left a light peck on the corner of Yasmin’s lips, her hand finally dropping away to fall at her side as she began to step backwards.

Yasmin knew the Doctor was terrified to look away. Looking away meant finality, and she wanted to see her for as long as possible until she no longer saw the universe through hazel-green.

The Doctor waved, and Yasmin returned the gesture. Her final goodbye before she finally turned around to begin welcoming number fourteen into the world. Yasmin watched her all the way, until she was finally out of sight, the sob she was holding in escaping her throat.

She was gone.
When you're in a half light, it is not you I see

Chapter Notes

idk this came out of nowhere i'm literally just writing and posting this little thing

its sad tho oop-

When she heard the TARDIS door creak open behind her, the Doctor flinched. She knew it was nighttime in Sheffield, the TARDIS had told her in her mind. She knew who it would be, she’d managed to land outside of Park Hill. Her suspicions confirmed when she heard the soft tone of Yaz’s voice.

“Doctor?”

She could hear Yaz’s steps edge closer to her, her one handing darting into the inner pocket of her coat in search of something, gripping tight once the item was found. She heard Yaz call out for her again.

“Doctor, you ok?” she sounded nervous.

The Doctor knew she was being too quiet for comfort, so she slid the glasses she’d picked from her pocket on her face, plastered on a false smile, and spun around to face Yaz.

“Hiya Yaz! What’re you doing up at this time of night?” she asked in attempted nonchalance.

“Erm… Doctor?”

“Mhmm?”

“Why are you wearing sunglasses?”

“What do you mean?” she retorted, acting blase.
“*I mean,*” Yaz exaggerated, “why are you wearing sunglasses… indoors?”

“Well why not!” the Doctor shrugged, her excuses failing as Yaz shifted closer.

“Doctor, what’s wrong?” There was a hint of panic in Yaz’s voice.

*Was she really that easy to read? This new body was far too expressive.*

“Nothing! Nothing’s wrong.” she replied falsely.

“If nothing’s wrong, will you take off the glasses, they look silly.”

“I don’t want to.” the Doctor was acting stubborn. She knew it. But she didn’t care. Even if it made her seem like a child.

“Doctor, seriously.” Yaz was inches from her now, she could feel her breath ghosting against her cheek, feel eyes boring into her. She could even feel the light gust of air as Yaz’s hand reached up to pluck the glasses from her face. The Doctor’s own darting up to catch Yaz’s wrist before she could.

“Yaz…” she murmured, her voice breaking slightly, and she cursed inwardly.

“Doctor, please let me take them off, you’re making me worried.”

“I’m fine Yaz, I promise.”

“No you’re not.” Yaz replied before the Doctor could even finish her own sentence. “I don’t need to be able to see your eyes to tell. Now let me take them off. Please?”

The Doctor’s grip slowly loosened on Yaz’s wrist, her hands immediately burying themselves in her pockets, stopping herself from instinctively reaching up to stop the other woman.
A gentle grip graced the rim of the glasses, slowly removing them from the Doctor’s face, and eliciting a fearful gasp. “Doctor…” Yaz’s voice trembled at the sight of the Doctor’s foggy eyes, hazel-green clouded over by a dull sheen, the sparse amount of colour that could be seen, blurring together in murky blotches. “Doctor… can– can you see?”

The Doctor could hear the trepidation in Yaz’s voice, frustration filling her mind at the sight of only darkness in front of her. “No…” she whispered, her own voice shaking.

“Doctor,” Yaz started, her hands coming up to rest on the Doctor’s cheeks, “what happened?”

“I… I don’t want to talk about it right now.” she could barely keep her voice under control, the lump in her throat growing thicker as her own hands reached out to feel for Yaz’s face, stroking gently over what she knew to be soft cheeks and a strong jaw. “I just…” the Doctor could feel a tear trickle down her cheek, Yaz catching it with her thumb, and she let herself be vulnerable, just this once. “I’m scared Yaz. I’m really scared.”

The younger woman dragged her into a tight hug, the Doctor burying her face in Yaz’s neck as she silently wept, mourning her vision… again it seemed.

This time, she didn’t know if she could get back. So she disentangled herself from Yaz, felt for delicate hands which quickly found purchase in her own, and answered a question she already knew Yaz was begging to ask.

“I don’t know what to do.”
Yaz, the Doctor, and the kitchen table (M)

Chapter Notes

i didn't know whether to post this here or on my fic for smut prompts, but this one feels to silly and too short to post there so i'm just whacking it on here.

this is ridiculous, i'm sorry. but im kinda not

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Yaz holds tight to the Doctor’s thighs from where she kneels on the floor, keeping her hips pressed into the sofa as she laps at her clit, running broad strokes through slick folds, knowing where to tease most by the tightness of the Doctor’s grip in her hair.

“Oh Gods, right there Yaz. Don’t stop!” the Doctor pants, when Yaz pays more attention to the left side of her swollen bud, running tight circles in the small area as the Doctor cries out, grinding against Yaz’s talented tongue.

Yaz soon presses two fingers inside the Doctor, setting a punishing pace as woman above her moans breathlessly, writhing in the cushions while Yaz brings her to the edge under her touch. “Ah! Yaz! You’re so good, I’m so close I’m—”

The sudden jangle of keys in the door makes them both freeze for a moment before the panic sets in. Yaz whips her fingers out of the Doctor… who is completely naked on her sofa, one of her family members about to walk in on them. “Oh my god.” she whispers, the Doctor staring up at her like a deer in headlights.

Yaz acts on the first thought that crosses her mind, “Under the table.”

“What?”

“Get under the kitchen table!” Yaz drags the Doctor off the sofa, shoving her under the table just as her mum walks through the door.

Yaz notices the Doctor’s clothes strewn across the floor out of the corner of her eye, quickly dashing out of her mum’s eye line to shove them haphazardly behind the curtains.
“Yaz?” Najia calls out, obviously hearing Yaz’s shuffling.

“Here, mum!” she replies as she turns, suddenly remembering her still wet fingers and damp mouth. She swipes the back of her hand across her lips and her fingers on her trousers as Najia walks into the kitchen, placing a few shopping bags on the counter.

“You alright, love? You look a little flustered.” Najia asks, emptying one of the bags.

“Yep!” Yaz cringes at the higher pitch of her voice, her mum giving her a funny look. “Just… done a workout.” she lies, and she’s not sure Najia believes it either, but she leaves it for now.

“Right, well, can you help put this shopping away please?”

“Sure!” Yaz replies over eagerly, her heart racing and her mind reeling with the thought that the Doctor was under her kitchen table… naked. And her mum was in the same room.

They unpack the groceries without too much fuss, and when Najia declares she’s going to go take a shower, Yaz thinks they’re in the clear… until a thump sounds from underneath the table and they both freeze, the only sound in the room a quiet, “Ow.”

Yaz and Najia stare at each other, the younger woman’s eyes wide with panic, Najia’s creasing into a glare. “Yaz…”

“Mhmm?”

“What’s going on?”

“Nothing!” she replies too quickly, inwardly cursing as Najia steps towards the table.

“Who else is—”
“No, mum don’t!”

But it’s too late, because Najia has bent down to look under the table, practically screaming when her eyes land on a completely naked Doctor, hiding behind the chairs.

Najia quickly shoots back up, eyes darting to Yaz, whose face is buried in her hands. “Yasmin?” she receives no reply.

“Yasmin.” she snaps, Yaz’s face finally rising from her hands, cheeks on fire with embarrassment.

“Yeah?” she replies as innocently as she can.

“What is the Doctor doing stark naked under the kitchen table?”

Yaz could kill the Doctor right now. “Um… well– I… she–”

“Hi Yaz’s mum!” the Doctor calls from where she now stands, naked, in the flat, in front of Yaz’s mum.

Scratch that thought, Yaz was going to kill the Doctor.

Immediately Najia’s hands flew over her eyes as she yelped. “Doctor put some clothes on!”

“Oh my God.” Yaz ran her hands over her face, wishing the ground would open up beneath her and swallow her whole.

“Oh right, yes.” she hears the Doctor start awkwardly, “Forget you humans are weird about the naked body, I don’t get why though, very strange you lot, but I–”

The Doctor grimaces, “Yes, sorry.” she moves into the lounge to collect them, only to pause. “Yaz’s where are my clothes?”

“Oh. Um– behind the curtain.” Yaz watches the Doctor bend over to pick them up, butt in the air, and Yaz can’t appreciate the view right now because Najia is boring lasers into her head from where she’s spun around to no longer face the Doctor.

Yaz thinks if this were a cartoon, steam would be piling out her mum’s ears and her face would be beet red, especially when the Doctor walks past, clothes clutched to her chest as she turns to Najia, still naked, with a scrunch of her face and a “sorry,” on her lips.

Yaz hears the bathroom door click shut behind the Doctor, and all she wants to do is bolt from the flat, hop on the TARDIS and never come back. Hell, she’d rather face another dalek ten times over than deal with the conversation she was about to have.

But just as Yaz opens her mouth to try and explain, the bathroom door clicks open again, both women’s gaze glancing toward it as the Doctor’s head pokes out, “Erm Yaz? Do you think we’ll be carrying on where we left off anytime soon? Because if not then I’d rather just sort myself out now than not all.”

Yep, Yaz was going to kill the Doctor.

Chapter End Notes

the doctor said fuck yaz lives
asked people on twitter today to cc me ficlet ideas because i’m struggling to write. this hiatus has officially killed me but I WILL RISE FROM THE DEAD.

so thanks to everyone for the ideas, this little exercise really helped.

also FYI, the last ficlet is M rated!!!!

hope y’all enjoy these ficlets, including: hand holding, good omens au and date night

“The human needs to leave.” the Judoon claimed, pointing its finger at Yaz.

“Why?” the Doctor fired back immediately, her frown deepening.

“We do not need her here.”

Yaz watched as the Doctor held her ground, feet planted thoroughly to the floor as she held eye contact with the Judoon, not blinking for second, not faltering, never the one to back down.

“Well, I do.” she stated firmly, her hand reaching out to clasp Yaz’s, their fingers entwining with natural ease.

The gesture took Yaz by surprise, the Doctor so far hadn’t seemed one for touch. Only briefly taking Yaz’s hand in her own a couple of times prior on adventures, if only to guide her. But this – this was different. Yaz’s hand was a reassurance for the Doctor, her pale hand a tad clammy when it gripped Yaz’s own. Her hand was a support right now, and Yaz was more than happy to be the structure that held the Doctor tall. So she squeezed tight, and took a step closer to her friend.

The Doctor glanced briefly in her direction, sending her small and thankful smile before turning her gaze back to the Judoon, the switch in her eyes almost instantaneous. Her expression was fierce, irises burning like a newly stoked fire.

“It’s both of us,” the Doctor lifted their hands into the Judoon’s vision, “or neither of us.” Their hands dropped, still clasped tightly together.
The Judoon practically growled in frustration at the Doctor’s stubbornness, but nevertheless, he relented. “Very well. Come this way… both of you.”

As soon as his back turned to escort them, the fire in the Doctor’s eyes dissipated as she glanced over to Yaz, grinning with success. They followed the Judoon, the Doctor never relinquishing her grip, only holding tighter, pulling Yaz closer. It made Yaz feel safe – even though they were on an alien spaceship above Earth, no boys, no TARDIS, just the two of them, with the Doctor’s hand in her own, Yaz felt like she could take on the world.

“--

“Well, that went down like a lead balloon.”

Yasmin looked to their left, eyes meeting the deep yellow and dark slits of the blonde next to them. They chuckled nervously. “Sorry, what was that?”

“*I said, ‘Well, that went down like a lead balloon.’*”

Yasmin frowned. “Yes, yes, it did– rather.”

Their eyes continued to flit between Adam, Eve and the person next to her, watching as they pouted slightly. “Bit of an overreaction, if you ask me. First offence and everything.” They shrugged, “I can't see what's so bad about knowing the difference between good and evil anyway.”

Yasmin’s eyebrows shot up in surprise at the blonde’s statement. They faltered for a moment. “Well, it must be bad–” they paused, lacking knowledge of the persons name.

“Doctor.”

“–Doctor.” they continued, “Otherwise… you wouldn't have tempted them into it.”
The Doctor’s head tilted slightly as they shook it, “Oh, they just said, ‘Get up there and make some trouble.’”

“Well, obviously, you're a demon.” Yasmin replied confidently. “It's what you do.”


“Best not to speculate.” Yasmin frowned disapprovingly. “It's all part of the Great Plan. It's not for us to understand... It's ineffable.”

The Doctor scoffed. “The Great Plan's inefficient?”

“Exactly. It is beyond understanding and incapable of being put into words–”

“Didn't you have a flaming sword?” the Doctor suddenly piped up, and Yasmin felt a nervous lump form in her throat.

“Oh–”

“You did. It was flaming like anything. What happened to it? Lost it already, have you?” the Doctor joked.

“–Gave it away.” Yasmin muttered under breath.

The Doctor’s eyes widened in delight, a grin forming on their lips, “You what?”

“I gave it away!” Yasmin stated clearly, guilt in her tone. “There are vicious animals. It's going to be cold out there. And she's expecting already. And I said, ‘Here you go. Flaming sword. Don't thank me. And don't let the sun go down on you here.’” they justified. “I do hope I didn't do the
wrong thing.” Yasmin finished, worrying her lip.

Yasmin’s explanation had the Doctor falling a little bit in love with the angel next to her already. “Oh, you're an angel.” the Doctor smirked, “I don't think you can do the wrong thing.”

“Oh– oh, thank– Oh, thank you.” Yasmin smiled warmly at the Doctor. “It's been bothering me.” they admitted, their attention briefly distracted by the lion roaring in the desert in front of them. They watched as Adam fought it with their sword.

“I've been worrying, too.” they heard the Doctor also admit. “What if I did the right thing with the whole 'eat the apple' business? A demon can get into a lot of trouble for doing the right thing.” they frowned, their eyes crinkling in a way that was too cute for a demon.

They both looked on as Adam struck a final meaty blow to the lion, the big cat slumping to the ground in death. “It'd be funny if we both got it wrong, eh?” the Doctor piped up. “If I did the good thing and you did the bad one.”

They both chuckled, until Yasmin composed herself, quickly remembering the example they were supposed to set. “No!” they stated. “It wouldn't be funny at all.”

“Well…” the Doctor trailed off, smirk still painted on their lips as the first spot of rain hit Yasmin on the cheek. The rest of the downpour soon fell after that. They briefly glanced over to the Doctor who was already looking back, a question in their eyes. Yasmin rolled their own as they lifted up their wing in offering, the Doctor grinning as they stepped underneath, sheltering themselves from the first ever rainfall.

Yaz had seemed – distracted – as of late, the Doctor had noticed. She was usually the one making the most of their trips, experiencing every little thing, taking in every tiny detail. Yet the last few, it’s like her head was in the clouds, and it seemed the cloud was a little stormy. And after Yaz’s absence from the present nearly got her killed, the Doctor decided that was the final straw. So when Yaz walked through the deep blue doors of the TARDIS, ready for the next adventure, the Doctor took flight immediately, ignoring the confused crease of Yaz’s brow.
“Erm, Doctor? What about Graham and Ryan?”

“Just us two today.” the Doctor smiled back warmly, though it did nothing to loosen Yaz’s frown.

“Any reason?” the younger woman questioned.

“Nope!” she stated as they landed, brushing past Yaz and straight to the doors, and flinging them open and smattering the console room in the brightness of what were the two suns outside. “Come on!” the Doctor called as she stepped out, Yaz on her heels.

“Woah…” Yaz trailed off, taking her surroundings, the unique flowers that covered the ground in shapes and sizes that she’d never seen before capturing the most of her attention. Her attention was soon distracted by a finger cupping underneath her chin as she glanced up into the Doctor’s deep hazel-green eyes. Her smile was gentle, and inviting her pale cheeks a touch pink from the warmth of the sun, her blonde hair glowing and wisping in the slight breeze. Yaz was so enraptured that she almost didn’t notice the flower the Doctor slotted behind her ear.

“There.” the Doctor grinned with a nod. “Pretty.”

Yaz’s eyes widened, lips parted slightly. “The flower or…?” she cut off, to apprehensive to finish the sentence.

“Both.” the Doctor stated with confidence, and Yaz felt herself flush.

They’d been teetering on the edge of… something for a while now, with the nervous brush of fingers and overly flirtatious compliments. The Doctor being far more brazen than Yaz would have ever expected, only the other week kissing Yaz’s knuckles better after a successful escape attempt mean socking an alien in the jaw.

“Follow me.” the Doctor spoke softly, twisting her index finger around Yaz’s own with a gentle tug, guiding them to the edge of a cliff, a gorgeous view lay before them. A purple tinted lake spread out for miles, surrounded by flower coated cliffs and trees that twisted and spiralled in all different angles, like they were dancing. The Doctor stopped them edge and dropped to the ground, perching them next to each other as they looked out and took in the view together. It was just the two of them, no one else around, it was calming – peaceful – and Yaz felt like her brain was relaxing for the first time in a while, her worries seeping away. That was until the Doctor glanced in her direction, her expression serious but kind kind.
“What’s been on your mind, Yaz?”

Yaz’s heart sped up in her chest as she swallowed nervously, the storm in her head crackling as it as her worries came rushing back, she should’ve known better than thinking the Doctor wouldn’t notice.

“Erm– nothing?” she tried, her smile feeling strained on her lips. “Why do you ask?”

“Yaz…” the Doctor’s lips pulled tight as empathy shined in her eyes, she wanted to help, that much was clear. But Yaz wasn’t sure how much she could.

“Well– I–” Yaz huffed, struggling to form the right words, “It’s just–”

“Yaz,” the Doctor briefly interrupted, “it’s ok. Take your time.” she reassured, her eyes wide and glistening in the sunlight as she reached out to gently pluck one of Yaz’s hands from her lap and clasp it in both of her own, running gentle circles over dark knuckles with her thumb.

The gesture caught Yaz off guard, eyes locked with the Doctor’s own as as the soothing circles of the Doctor’s thumb set her at ease. “I’ve just been thinking a lot lately – about travelling with you and–” she saw the Doctor’s shoulders slump, quickly realising how her words sounded. She’d botched it already. “No! Doctor that’s not what I mean! I love travelling you, so much. I never wanna stop.” she watched as the Doctor righted herself, her face softening with a hidden affection. “And well– I suppose that’s sort of the point.”

Yaz took a breath before word vomiting her troubles, “ I never wanna stop travelling with you and I keep thinking about my job and how much do I really want it when all I wanna do is travel with you for the rest of my life because are literally the best I’ve ever met and I feel so free every second I spend with you.”

Once finished she ducked her head in slight embarrassment, realising the last part was probably meant to stay tucked away in her head and heart.

There was a long silence before the Doctor finally responded, though her thumb never ceased its movements. Yaz refused to look up, scared of what the Doctor’s expression might reveal if she did. So she kept her focus on the Doctor’s hand in her own, the thumb continuing its circles.
“Don’t quit your job.” the Doctor stated, and Yaz’s head shot up, her eyes wide. The Doctor’s expression was hard, though softness still seeped through the cracks, it always did when it came to Yaz.

“But–”

“I’m serious, Yaz. Don’t. You never know what’s gonna happen to you. Or me. You know what it’s like travelling with me now. I can’t promise anything. That job is your security, hold it tight. Deep down you still love it. I know you do, I can see it. You are so proud when you wear that uniform, you’re one of the good ones. You can rise to the top, and make change. I can see it in you. You are far more powerful than you realise Yasmin Khan, you don’t need to be with me all the time to know that. It shines through on your own accord, you brilliant, wonderful human. So please,” the Doctor implored, “don’t quit your job.”

The Doctor’s words sunk deep into Yaz’s chest. As scary as some of them may have been, she was right. As always. Yet her compliments of Yaz’s inner strength did not go unnoticed… to either of them. “Thank you, Doctor. I think you’re right. I do still love it. It’s just hard not to compare the mundanity of it to the adventures I have with you.”

Yaz looked up at the Doctor, watching a soft smile grow on her friend’s face. “I know.” she nodded in understanding. “But that job will keep you grounded. To Earth, to your family. It’s a commitment that will remind you that sometimes you need to pop home,” the Doctor’s face scrunched, “just for a bit.”

The Doctor’s expression made Yaz chuckle, her eyes and nose wrinkling in the most adorable fashion and warming Yaz’s chest. “That’s made me feel a lot better. Thank you Doctor, seriously.”

“My pleasure.” she grinned. “So… you’re gonna keep your job?”

“Yeah.” Yaz smiled warmly. “Yeah I am. Though I also won’t forget to keep being a ‘wonderful, brilliant human.’” she smirked cheekily as the Doctor’s face flushed and she stammered for words. You can just keep complimenting me if you want Doctor. I quite like the ego boost.”

Yaz laughed as the Doctor stood and took a step closer to the edge in an attempt to hide her bright red face. Soon enough, Yaz came to stand next to her, slender fingers pushing blonde locks back behind her ear and placing something behind it. The Doctor’s own hand rose to feel for what Yaz had done, the tips of her fingers coming into contact with the stem of a flower and fragile petals.
She turned her head to face Yaz, their locking as she smiled affectionately at her companion. Yaz reached up to twist her fingers in the ends of the blonde wisps, the Doctor’s jaw dropping slightly in surprise at Yaz’s boldness, her faded blush only returning when Yaz spoke again.

“Pretty.” she stated, copying the Doctor from earlier.

So the Doctor copied her back, speaking just above a whisper as to not break their little bubble. “The flower or…?”

Yaz leaned in, lips millimetres from grazing the Doctor’s as she whispered, “Both.” before closing the distance and pressing their lips together in a gentle kiss.

———

It was date night. The Doctor had taken Yaz out for dinner on another planet to one of its finest restaurants. When the Doctor had said food was incredible she wasn’t lying. It was probably the best meal she’d ever had. Soon after the night had moved to the dancefloor where they’d swayed together, the closeness building a tension between them.

The Doctor’s attire had done nothing to quell the heat that had burned in the pit of Yaz’s stomach, her sparkling suit reminding Yaz of a galaxy they’d sat and watched only a few days prior. The Doctor’s dark eye make up enhanced the green flecks of her eyes and the minimal contour strengthened her jaw and cheekbones. The Doctor was irresistible, and clearly thought the same of Yaz when she’d thrown her down on the bed not ten minutes before, stripping her of her dress as her hands roamed over every inch of dark skin they could reach.

And it was now that Yaz found herself sat on top of the Doctor, slowly sinking down onto the toy strapped around the Doctor’s waist, a guttural moan falling from her lips as she was guided by strong hands until skin met skin.

“You ok?” the Doctor panted heavily, the position clearly affecting her just as much as it was Yaz.

“Yeah,” she breathed, “Yeah I’m good.” she nodded as she started to move, the Doctor’s hands still gripping her hips, nails digging in and stinging slightly but in the best way.
It didn’t take long for the Doctor to sit up, craving the closeness of their bodies pressed together. Her hands moved to Yaz’s backside, guiding her against the appendage as she moaned against the Doctor’s ear causing shivers down the Time Lord’s spine.

Yaz’s arms wrapped around the Doctor’s shoulders as she pulled her into a kiss, deep and slow as she moaned into her mouth when she grinded down on the toy. Yaz could feel her release quickly building, the Doctor’s foreplay having already wound her up to the edge. She pressed herself closer to the Doctor, her movements jerking against the toy as her orgasm built rapidly. “Doctor,” she gasped, “I’m close–”

The Doctor kissed along her jaw, one hand moving up Yaz’s back to trace her fingers down her spine, her lips working up to her ear to tug lightly on Yaz’s lobe before whispering, “Come for me Yaz.”

The Doctor’s voice was like liquid gold in Yaz’s ear and it was all she needed to let go. The Doctor guided her through her climax, allowing her to ride it out at her own pace until she finally stilled, panting heavily, a sheen of sweat glistening over both their bodies.

“Fuck,” Yaz mumbled into the Doctor’s shoulder, the Time Lord laughing heartily in response. Yaz lifted her head to smile drunkenly at the Doctor, “It should be illegal to be that good.”

“Are you gonna arrest me for it?” the Doctor smirked back and it was Yaz’s turn to laugh.

“Don’t tempt me. Though I think you might like it a bit too much if I did that.”

“You know me too well, Yasmin Khan.” the Doctor stated, brushing their noses together before leaning in to capture full lips in a lazy kiss.
ficlets II

Chapter Summary

more ficlets lmao

Chapter Notes

here's another lot of ficlets!! this exercise is honestly helping a lot and once again this was really really fun!

this time featuring: River Song, bananas, no.1 mum Najia, the Doctor with kids (bc it's always the cutest thing ever) and thasmin snuggles because they soft

When Yaz received a knock at her front door ten minutes prior, one thing she certainly wasn’t expecting was to open it to a woman with a wild mane of blonde curls holding a strange beeping device in her hand as she barged past, eyes fixated on the devices small screen.

“Hey!” Yaz scolded as the woman brushed past, completely ignoring her presence. She quickly shut the door following the woman into her living room and almost bumping into her where she’d frozen in the entryway. She was staring at the Doctor, who was currently enthralled in an episode of Love Island, despite claiming it was ‘brain melting rubbish’. Though she was soon distracted when her head whipped around at the woman’s voice.

“Well — this is certainly something I wasn’t expecting. Not that I’m going to complain.”

And even though Yaz was stood behind the woman, she could practically hear her grinning.

The Doctor shot off the sofa, and was stood in front of the woman within seconds, her eyes wide, jaw slack. “River…”

“Hello, sweetie.” River spoke softly, hand reaching up to brush through the Doctor’s blonde locks.

“Sorry to break the moment — but what on Earth is going on here?!” Yaz exclaimed.
It was another ten minutes later that Yaz found herself sat at the kitchen table with the Doctor, while River leant against the worktop, all of them sipping at their cups of tea until Yaz spoke up again in confusion. “So you two are married?”

“Yep.” the Doctor nodded.

“And you chose not to mention this… at all?” Yaz raised a brow at a slightly sheepish Doctor.

“...Yeah.”

“But — we’ve spoke about marriage before and you never mentioned anything.”

River feigned shock, hand resting on her chest in a dramatic fashion. “Are you trying to hide me away, sweetie?”

The Doctor spluttered before managing to sort her reasoning, “No! I was just trying to forget—”

“You were trying to forget about me?!”

“No! I— River that came out wrong. What I mean is—

“You don’t want to remember your gorgeous wife?” River teased, revelling in every second of winding the Doctor up.

“River! You know I think your gorgeous. I just didn’t want to think—”

“Oh so you don’t think about me at all now?” River grinned cheekily.

“Maybe I won’t if you keep messing with me.” the Doctor pouted.
River took in an over exaggerated gasp at the Doctor’s comment before leaning over the counter, picking up a banana, and throwing it at her. “How rude Doctor!”

The fruit bounced off the Doctor head with a dull thwack, a hand instantly shooting up to rub at the area the banana struck. “Ow! River! What was that for?!”

“For forgetting about me.” she smirked.

“I didn’t—!”

“Oh my God will you two stop bickering!” Yaz interrupted. “Your like a—” she paused, quickly remembering the situation.

“Like a what?” River joked, “A married couple?”

Their first attempt at revealing their relationship status to Najia didn’t go well. When Yaz and the Doctor arrived at the Khan’s flat after a trip in the TARDIS, hands clammy and stomachs fluttering with nerves, they opened the door to a family gathering. Nanis, Grandads, Aunties, Uncles, Cousins – you name the family member, they were probably there. It was her Dad’s birthday, and Yaz had forgot. Too many trips on the TARDIS will do that to you. So when they entered the flat and Najia heard the door go, she ushered them in the master bedroom and left the door ajar.

She only glanced briefly at the Doctor before focusing on Yaz. “Yaz where have you been? It’s your Father’s birthday!” she looked to the Doctor again who smiled politely back.

“Hi Najia.”

“Hello, Doctor. Been whisking my daughter away again have you?” she chastised.

“Mum—”
“What? I’m sorry Yaz, you should’ve been here earlier. I don’t know what you’ve been up to but the least you can do now is go and give your Father his present.”

Yaz’s eyes grew wide as her stomach dropped, she was in for it now. “Erm— well, I—”

Najia’s hands came to rest on her hips, “Don’t tell me you forgot…”

The second time didn’t go much better. They were more prepared this time. Sheffield, a weekend, no birthdays, in a coffee shop. Yaz and the Doctor walked in, the bell on the door ringing above them as Najia spun around in her seat to spot them with a polite wave. They made their way over and the Doctor took a seat while Yaz went and ordered their drinks. She came back to the table with their coffees, almond milk latte for Yaz, decaf for the Doctor, where a very awkward silence fell around them, the Doctor unusually quiet. Yaz rightly assumed nerves when a clammy hand reached for hers under the table.

“So what’s this about?” Najia started, breaking the ice.

“Well,” Yaz cleared her throat, “me and the Doctor just wanted to discuss something with you and it’s been hard to get a chance to tell you so—” Yaz huffed out a breath in preparation, only to notice her breath visible in the cafe. She soon noticed the chill in her bones and the goosebumps on her skin as she glanced around the room to see she wasn’t the only one that had noticed. Everyone was shivering in their seats, even the Doctor, who was usually like a living radiator.


The Doctor pulled her hand away from her drink where she spotted a sheen of ice coating the table and looking up, the icicles suddenly dangling from the ceiling. Najia shook in front of them, lips turning blue, the tips of her hair frosting, everyone else's doing the same.

“I– I–” the Doctor tried. “I don’t k–know.”

Third time lucky, Yaz had hoped as they sat at the kitchen table of their flat, Najia opposite them, her back to the window.
“So—” Yaz started, and just as she was about to carry on, something caught her attention in the sky above. A spaceship. A spaceship breaking through Earth’s atmosphere and crashing in Sheffield of all places. Of course. “Oh for God’s sake.” Yaz mumbled as she turned to the Doctor, only to find an empty chair and the noise of her flat door slamming open.

Yaz awkwardly rose from her chair with an apology to her Mum before dashing out the door after the Doctor, only one thought on her mind — lucky number three my arse.

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Their fourth and final attempt wasn’t even an attempt, it was accidental, and happened on the same day as their third attempt.

Turned out the aliens weren’t friendly. Yaz didn’t think Earth could attract friendly aliens even if it tried. Well — apart from one, and she was busy wrangling with a teleport pod that had flung off the ship upon its crash. As the Doctor worked, she had explained that the ship was only a harvester, and that the mothership was in orbit around Earth. The aliens were looking for a snack, and apparently humans were quite tasty. Time Lords weren’t. “Regeneration energy will kill them if they so much as take a nibble at me.” the Doctor had winked.

She wasn’t letting Yaz go with her, said it was too dangerous, couldn’t risk losing her when she could sort it out so easily by herself. It took a lot of convincing, but Yaz had agreed to stay behind. So just before the Doctor stepped inside the pod, she leaned down and captured Yaz’s lips in a longing kiss full of promises. She pulled back only slightly, whispering another promise against her lips. “I’ll be back before you know it, ok?”

Yaz simply nodded as the Doctor stepped back into the pod and the next moment, she was gone.

Yet, what Yaz didn’t realise, is that her Mum had also left the flat, following them to crash site but keeping her distance. So when Yaz turned around and just about managed to make out the smirk on her mum’s lips, she knew she’d seen everything.

———

The leaves crunched under Yaz’s feet as they strolled through one of Sheffield’s parks. The Doctor’s arm was linked with her own as she told an elaborate story about the time she met Vincent Van Gough. Yaz listened with intent, the Doctor’s stories always so vast and exciting. She was just explaining how she took him to see his own art in a gallery in the present day, when the Doctor was interrupted by the sound of crying child. If the Doctor’s ears could perk up like a dog,
she’s sure they would have as she scanned the greenery surrounding them, until her eyes locked onto a little boy who had fallen down on the path a short distance ahead.

The Doctor immediately shot off, Yaz following suit, but by the time she had caught up the Doctor, she was already helping the little boy up off the ground with soft coos. “Are you alright, honey?” the Doctor asked gently as she scanned the young boy, noticing a small scrape on his temple with a frown, gently brushing the dirt off it with her thumb.

“I– I fell.” the boy cried and the Doctor murmured comforting noises as she stroked through fair blonde curls.

“Oh no, does it hurt anywhere else? Apart from your head?” she questioned, her expression turning worrisome when the little boy nodded.

All Yaz could do was watch on, stunned at the Doctor’s care for the boy. She shouldn’t have expected any less really, the Doctor would rush to help anyone, her gentle nature around children was less than surprising, but oh so endearing.

“My leg.” the small boy mumbled as the Doctor wiped under his eyes, his tears slowing in the calming presence of the Doctor.

“Where’s your mum, honey?”

“O– over there.” the little boy pointed to a bench where a brunette woman and an older lady sat chatting.

“Ok, well I’m the Doctor, and this is Yaz. Is it ok if I just pick you up to take you over to your mum? Just so you don’t hurt your leg anymore?” the Doctor gently rubbed the little boy’s arm as she asked the question, keeping him calm, the gesture working.

He nodded in reply and the Doctor smiled warmly back as she lifted the little boy into her arms, careful of his leg as she rested him against her hip.

“What’s your name, sweetheart?” Yaz asked as they slowly made their way over to the boy’s mum.
“Ricky.”

“Ricky? That’s a brilliant name.” the Doctor grinned. “I used to know a Ricky once, no Micky, no Ricky.” she nodded, then frowned. “No, Micky.” then she glanced at the little boy. “Were you Micky?”

The little boy giggled at the Doctor’s silliness. “No! I’m Ricky.”

“Ooooh, Ricky. Right. Got it.” she winked and the little boy giggled again. Yaz noticed that Ricky’s mum must’ve heard the young boy laugh, her gaze shifting to the three of them as she stood up and quickly made her way over.

“Hi Ricky’s mum!” the Doctor called as she neared. “Ricky had a bit of a fall on the path and hurt his head and leg, so I just brought him over for you so you can use your special mum powers to make him feel better.”

The Doctor’s friendliness instantly put the mum at ease as she lifted her son into her own arms with a grateful smile. “Thank you so much, erm—”

“The Doctor, and this is Yaz.”

“Oh well, thank you, Doctor, and Yaz. Both you, seriously.”

“Not a problem!” the Doctor beamed, her gaze then shifting to Ricky. “Just be a bit more careful next time, eh?”

Ricky nodded, his smile wide, and Yaz and the Doctor waved their goodbyes.

By the time they got back to the path, the Doctor had linked their arms again, mouth already moving with a brand new story. This time it was about how she helped Queen write Bohemian Rhapsody. Yaz wasn’t sure what to believe.
The planet had not been what the Doctor was expecting, convinced it was much warmer the last time she was there. So when they all finally got back to the TARDIS, teeth chattering, bodies dithering, it was time for a change of clothes, a cup of tea and cozying up in bed.

Except, Yaz was in fluffy pajamas, under two blankets, hugging a hot water bottle, and was still cold. The days weather had well and truly seeped into her bones. She lay there still shaking for another five minutes or so until a knock rapped against her door.

“Come in!”

The door slid open to reveal the Doctor, also in fluffy pajamas with a blanket hanging over her shoulders. “Hi Yaz.” she called from where she stood awkwardly in the doorway.

Yaz leant up, resting on her elbows as she frowned. “You ok, Doctor?”

“Oh, yeah! I’m fine. I just— um, well— I just wondered if—”

“Do you want to cuddle up in bed with me?” Yaz asked, so the Doctor didn’t have to.

She received a hasty nod in reply.

“Thank God, ‘cause I’m freezing.” Yaz pulled back the covers and patted the empty spot. “Get over here.”

Yaz blinked and the Doctor was already under the sheets, pressing into her side as she yanked the third blanket over the top of them. “That’s better.” she mumbled into Yaz’s neck, wrapping their limbs tight as she pulled them closer together.

Yaz almost jumped when the Doctor’s foot grazed her ankle, her skin stone cold. “God, Doctor, your feet are like ice.”
“I know.” she murmured, “It’s freezing.”

They lay together in silence for a while, the soft sounds of the Doctor’s breathing relaxing in the dim light of the room. Yaz could feel herself warming up in the Doctor’s tight hold, her shivers long gone and the frost thawing on her bones.

Yaz’s breath caught in her throat when the Doctor shifted her head, pressing her face further into Yaz’s neck, a cold nose brushing against Yaz’s throat. It made goosebumps rise on her skin that weren’t from the cold, especially when the Doctor sighed into her neck.

“You still cold Yaz?” the Doctor whispered.

“A little. Why?”

“I felt your goosebumps.”

Yaz felt her heart rate pick up and hoped the Doctor couldn’t hear it. “Oh, well I’m not th—”

“Hang on.” the Doctor said as she shifted her hands to push under the fabric of Yaz’s pajama top, her hands warm on Yaz’s still cool skin, sending more goosebumps rising over her body as the Doctor’s arms wrapped tight around Yaz’s stomach.

“Is that better?”

“Y— yeah. Thanks Doctor.”

The Doctor’s hands were soft against Yaz’s skin, her fingers idly tracing patterns against Yaz’s back as she dozed, the sensations calming, allowing the younger woman to drift off into a dreamless sleep.
Curiosity killed the cat

Chapter Notes

the doctor's a bit of an idiot sometimes.

thanks @timelxdy for this lil prompt!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Doctor was fiddling. Messing around with Yaz’s utility belt from work. Messing in all the pockets, too curious to let it just lie there on the console and not be examined. Her hands had finally made it to the handcuffs, unclipping them from the belt, intrigued as to how official police cuffs actually worked. So much so, that she snapped one of them around her wrist. The Doctor’s brow creased at the tightness.

She leaned over the console, reaching for the belt to find the key… when she accidentally knocked it off, the belt hitting the floor with a loud clang. Though in her mission to try and stop it hitting the ground, her hand darted out, the handcuffs on her wrist flinging around and clamping shut around a lever on the console. The Doctor was yanked back with quite a force, almost stumbling over until she managed to find her footing before she whacked her head off engineered metal. She glanced down to where she was cuffed to the console, and gave a light tug, then another… and another. They didn’t budge. She cursed her stupidity under breath until she realised — her sonic would do the trick, no problem! Yet, when she went she went to dip into her coat pocket, she found nothing… because she wasn’t wearing it. She looked around the central pillar to find it hung off the opposite side of the console — out of reach.

What was that saying? Curiosity killed the cat. And the Doctor felt like a very stupid cat.

“Yaz?” she called out, hoping she might hear, though she knew the other woman was already tucked up in bed. “Ryan?” she tried, but it was late — for humans anyway. There was no point in trying Graham, he wasn’t even on the ship. She groaned in frustration as she gave another hard tug, the cold metal pulling and rubbing at her wrist, marking it with an angry red. After a few more tries it was starting to become sore, so the Doctor gave up, slumping against the console with a pout and a sad little sigh. No cuddles with Yaz. Not so amazin’.

When Yaz woke up, her bedside clock read 04:30am, and when she rolled onto her side, the bed was cold and empty. She frowned, the Doctor had said she wouldn’t be long after her, and even if she didn’t sleep, she’d usually wait until Yaz woke up before moving. Confused, Yaz rubbed the sleep from her eyes as she hauled herself out of bed, padding through the halls of the TARDIS in
search of her girlfriend. The TARDIS ended up leading her to console room, where she spotted the Doctor, slumped over, handcuffed to the console, looking like a kicked puppy.

“Doctor?”

Her head shot up, blonde locks flying everywhere, her eyes suddenly much brighter. “Yaz! There you are! You alright?” she sounded overly enthusiastic, her smile a little too false.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Yaz nodded to the Doctor’s cuffed wrist. “Are you?”

The Doctor followed her gaze, smile fading, eyes dimming as she pouted. “Yeah — yeah I just—” she sighed, “I got a bit… stuck.”

Yaz chuckled lightly, “I can see that. You sure this isn’t—”

“It’s not a weird thing, Yaz. I promise. I just—”

“You thought you’d mess with my belt?” Yaz questioned as she picked the offending item up off the floor, rummaging through a particular pocket for a small key.

“Erm,” the Doctor’s face scrunched almost guiltily, “Yeah?”

Yaz shook her head in amusement as she plucked the key from the pocket, placing the utility belt back on the console. “You should really try to be more careful you know.” she said softly, as she moved to free the Doctor’s wrist. “You’re like that saying, curiosity—”

“Killed the cat. Yeah I know.” the Doctor mumbled, slightly embarrassed.

“But,” Yaz started as she freed the Doctor, checking over her wrist to find it rubbed raw. She planted a gentle kiss on the sore skin as she locked eyes with her girlfriend. “Satisfaction brought it back.”

Yaz continued to leave soft pecks against the red blotchy skin of the Doctor’s wrist, the Time Lord
humming in return, “You are pretty satisfying.” she mumbled, and Yaz chuckled against her wrist, leaning up to leave a light peck against the Doctor’s soft lips.

“I should think so, now come on, let’s get this cleaned up properly.”

Chapter End Notes

she softé but dummy
Chapter Notes

i’m back writing about 13’s new jumper again because apparently i can't stop BUT CAN YOU BLAME ME?!

you can all thank @thasminthot for this

“Nani?” Yaz called out as she opened the front door to the old woman’s home. “Nani, me and the Doctor are here!”

Yaz and the Doctor made their way down the hall and into the lounge to find Umbreen perched on the sofa, a nonsensical quiz show playing in the background while a pile of knitting rested on her lap. “Ah — Yasmin, Doctor. How are you my loves?” she asked, her voice as gentle as ever, warming both women’s hearts.

“We’re well thank you nani, want me to stick the kettle on?” Yaz pointed to the kitchen and Umbreen nodded.

“If you don’t mind, Yasmin.”

Yaz headed into the kitchen and the Doctor heard the significant click and rumble of the kettle as it began to heat. She sat down on the opposite end of the sofa, smiling warmly at the woman in front of her. It was amazing, really, seeing how far she had come from Lahore, from the partition — from Prem. The Doctor washed away the wistfulness pooling in her eyes with a with a question of her own. “How are you, Umbreen?”

“Oh, you know, I’m taking it as I go. Managed to make it to another birthday this year.”

“Nani!” Yaz chastised from the kitchen doorway. “Don’t say things like that!”

Umbreen huffed and the Doctor chuckled as Yaz skulked back into the kitchen to finish brewing their tea. They chatted idly until Yaz finally returned, brandishing their drinks on a plastic tray and setting the floral patterned china cups down on the coffee table in front of the sofa, and passing them out. She moved to sit in between her nani and the Doctor, blowing on her tea before taking a
sip with a satisfied hum.

After setting her drink down, Yaz gestured to the ball of wool and needles on Umbreen’s lap. “What’ve you been knitting nani? It’s not another scarf is it? Mum’ll go ballistic if you try to give dad another one.”

Umbreen chuckled heartily and shook her head in response. “No! No more scarves for your father, I promise. I’ve been starting on a pair of gloves, but they’re proving quite difficult. However,” she quipped, setting her cup down and shifting the wool and needles into the gap between her and Yaz, “I do have a gift for you, Doctor.” Umbreen stated, eyeing the Doctor who’s eyes grew wide at the confession.

“For me?”

“Mhmm.” Umbreen nodded and gestured toward herself. “Now come here, so I can give to you properly.”

In her excitement, the Doctor necked back her entire cup of tea, hissing with a grimace of pain as it burned the back of her throat. She was up off the sofa in an instant, rounding the coffee table to kneel in front of Umbreen hands in her lap as she waited impatiently.

“Now,” the older woman started, “I had to guess on the sizing because I wanted this to be a surprise, but there is nothing to you so I think it should be fine.”

Umbreen leaned over the side of the sofa, picking something up off the side table and unfolding it, letting it drop to reveal a rainbow embossed dark blue jumper.

The Doctor’s jaw subsequently *dropped* at the sight of it, her eyes lighting up like a child on their birthday when they see their birthday cake. Yaz couldn’t help but grin herself at the Doctor’s face, if she knew the Time Lord at all, she already knew she was absolutely in love with it.

“Umbreen…” the Doctor uttered, rising from her purchase on the ground and taking the jumper from weathered hands in her ascent to stretch her arms out in front of her, soaking in every aspect of the item of clothing. “I *love* it.” she revealed, breaking out into a grin that was so bright Yaz thought she might need sunglasses.
The Doctor dropped her arms, Umbreen coming back into her eye line, “Can I try it on?”

Umbreen tutted, “Of course, I didn’t make it so you could just hang on your wall.” she chided playfully as the Doctor dropped her braces from her shoulders, tugging the jumper over her head immediately and yanking the yellows straps back up. Once over her head, hair a little ruffled, the Doctor patted it down, brushing any creases out as she strode over to the mirror, twisting and turning on the spot as she took in every feature of her new attire. A sound of pure joy came out of the Doctor’s mouth as her hands dropped to her hips, her reflection standing tall.

“Brilliant!” the Doctor turned to Umbreen, making her way back over and engulfing the older woman in a hug. “Oh, thank you Umbreen. Thank you so much. I really do love it, it’s amazing!” she gushed, finally pulling back, a smile still plastered on her face.

“I’m glad Doctor. But I wouldn’t recommend wearing it next time you go to the Punjab. Much too hot for jumpers.”

The Doctor’s smile dropped, and Yaz choked on her tea.

End Notes

Kudos and comments greatly appreciated!!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!