Chase the Dark: Epilogue
by fogsblue

Summary

Follows on from Chase the Dark. What happens after the Doctor and Rose's happy ending?

Notes

I'm posting this separately cause it's not needed on the story. It's really that I have trouble letting go. Also, a couple of people wondered about Donna and River and well, you get some idea here. But mostly, this is fluff, pure and simple. An idea of their future...

Time passes for the Doctor and Rose, and when they’re asked, as Jack sometimes does, they’re never sure how much. For a while, years perhaps, they count the time that passes in how many times and places they can get married.

Rose loses count after twelve. The Doctor makes it to twenty two before he stops counting. But in the end, they only really count of two of them.

However, neither happens until after Donna calls Rose, asking to talk. The Doctor watches the two women who mean so much to him walk away from the TARDIS, but even as they turn a corner and leave his sight, he hopes.

It’s not easy, nor quick, but eventually Donna agrees to go on a trip. This happens on and off for a while, as she slowly forgives the Doctor. Rose smiles on the day the fiery woman calls him ‘space man’ and slaps him across the back of the head. The Doctor smiles too, because somehow, it seems to signal the start of a new friendship, and even if Donna never travels full time with them again, they still see her often.
Of course, it’s Donna who points out that twelve, twenty-two or a hundred and two, they should still have a wedding on Earth. Because even if Rose isn’t human now, she was once and that should be recognised. Rose finds it amazing just how quickly the Doctor agrees, staring in shock as he drags Donna into her house, talking about the people who should be there.

They share that wedding with their friends, their family. Jack and Mickey, Martha and Sarah Jane, Donna and Wilf. An old friend of the Doctor’s, Sir Alastair, performs the ceremony for them, as legal on Earth as it can be for two people who don’t really count as citizens. Rose has tears in her eyes, even as a huge smile lights up her face, simply because she can see the family they’ve made and it makes her happy, even if she misses her mum.

Surprisingly, the day goes without incident and ends with the Doctor threatening to shave Jack bald if he ever paints anything on the TARDIS again. Rose just smiles, whispers in her husband’s ear and suddenly chasing Jack seems to lose its appeal.

More importantly, it leads into their other wedding. The one they don’t share with anyone. Performed in the privacy of their own bedroom, it’s both simple and means everything to the Doctor. A few words in a language Rose only grasps a few words of and a simple ceremony involving a long TARDIS blue ribbon to begin with. It ends later, after a night wrapped around each other, physically and mentally, as they build a new, lifelong bond.

For them, the measure of time matters less and less as it continues to pass. The universe turns and it’s on a day when years might have turned into decades that they run into River Song. She flirts, not just with the Doctor, but with Rose, laughing as they both furrow their brows and stumble over the questions they want to ask. Seeing someone in long blue coat in the distance, the woman smiles, telling them it’s been fun, as always, confusing them both and mumbling something about winning ten quid.

Watching River run off, the Doctor shrugs at Rose and asks if it’s just him, or does the future looks like it’s learning from Jack? Giggling, she nods and takes his hand, pulling him down so she can whisper in his ear suggestions that even their overly friendly Captain would blush about. Or at least ask to watch. It’s amazing how fast they can get back to the TARDIS, with the right inspiration.

They continue exploring the universe and its wonders, seeing the best and worst and always trying to help. It’s while saving a small planet that Rose regenerates for the second time. It’s a shock when it happens, but the Doctor has to admit to her, she handles it better than he ever does. And if she could show him how she minimises the changes in her appearance, he’d really appreciate it. Tongue poking between her teeth, she shakes out her long light brown curls and teases him.

After the Doctor regenerates once more, saving Sarah Jane’s son from a car, they slow down for a little while, as they both learn this new Doctor. More than ever, Rose tells him she understands that underneath the obvious changes, he’s still the man she loves. Rather than letting words tumble out, he simply captures her lips and lets his actions speak.

Not long after the Doctor’s regeneration the TARDIS lands them in a small garden, where a young Scottish girl sits outside, in the cold night air, looking lost. Rose offers the small girl, Amelia, comfort when she explains she’s home alone and got scared. After checking the house, they find someone to look after Amelia and unable to help themselves, they check up on her, watch her grow up into a determined, generous and caring young woman. She travels with them, a new companion, not the Doctor’s, but theirs. Though, Rose simply tells Amelia she’s family and the Doctor agrees.

It’s sad for them, when Amelia’s ready to leave, to live her life on Earth, with her Rory, but they’re
proud of her and who she’s become. They promise to visit, especially for the wedding. And the rest of the big events, Rose says, winking at the young couple. The Doctor raises an eyebrow, a move that lacks effectiveness in his new body, given the pale eyebrows he now has.

They travel onward again, often looking back, to check on friends and family, watching over them all. They lose some, Sarah Jane and Sir Alastair are the first and they grieve. The Doctor holding tight to Rose as they stand with the families they’ve been made part of and say their goodbyes. But it’s easier as they welcome in the new members too. Donna’s sweet Shaun, and their kids. Mickey and Martha’s surprising twins. Gwen and Rhys’ daughter.

Despite the Doctor’s grumbling, Rose knows he’s happy when Jack joins them sometimes, for a few days or a few months, depending on how he feels. The man never stops flirting, apparently still trying to get them both into bed with him. Deep down though, each of them knows it’s just a game. They love Jack, as he loves them. But unlike the early days, it’s now the love of a family. he loves them as siblings, and they love him as a brother.

On the day Rose walks into the console room, nudging the Doctor’s foot as she asks him about compatibility, Jack’s head pokes in the door and he mouths the question at her. Rose nods and they both try not to laugh as the Time Lord begins to ramble. He starts on about percentages and probabilities, genetic traits and excess energy, recessive…

The Doctor trails off, his head poking up from underneath the console, his eyes wide as he stares at her. He opens and closes his mouth, he stutters out a garbled word before pulling himself up and practically running over to Rose. Jack slips from the room and he doesn’t care because all he can see is her and the way she’s standing. A hand resting on her stomach and a smile on her face.

“Rose, are you, are we gonna? Rose, are you?” he asks. She nods, grabbing his hand and placing on her still flat belly. Underneath his palm, he can feel it. That little spark of life. There’s a new, glimmering spark that wasn’t there before and she’s theirs.

After that, they slow down and they start measuring time again. Not in minutes or days, but in heartbeats and movements, in the moments that make them catch their breath and hold it. When she arrives, loudly and loved, they start to learn the months and years again, watching her grow up.

When she becomes a sister, more than once, the Doctor and Rose are happy to let the months and years pass by, and let time look after itself while they measure it in the birthdays and graduations, the weddings and births they celebrate and the goodbyes they say.

They watch their oldest step out of their TARDIS and into her own life with promises to visit soon and they sigh, a sad and happy sound. Rose has taught the Doctor why it’s alright to look back sometimes, even if it hurts. To see where they’ve been, to see that the lives they touch. The lives that touch them. He’s thankful, every single day, for the fact she was willing to give him a chance to learn.

The Doctor wraps his arm around Rose, leaning down to whisper his thanks to her. She simply smiles up at him, laying a soft kiss on his lips. When he looks around the empty TARDIS, their younger ones with friends, his smile takes on a flirty edge and he pulls her into their ship.

“Come with me?” he asks, hopeful, even if her answer has remained the same for years.

She smiles, simply saying, “Always.”
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