The Unspeakable Pleasure of an Unforgettable Kiss

by Chocolatequeen

Summary

Two weeks after The Stone Rose, the Doctor has been unable to forget kissing Rose. He tries to take her to a planet where even hand-holding won’t be allowed, hoping he can regain his control. Things don’t go as he planned…

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Arms flexed, and grabbed Rose into a hug. Soft lips pressed hers with a kiss of gratitude and joy and unspeakable pleasure of being alive.” ~The Stone Rose

It was all Mickey’s fault, the Doctor mused as he lounged on the jump seat and stared, unseeing, at the time rotor. If Mickey hadn’t shown them that statue of Rose, they’d never have gone back to ancient Rome and been turned into statues themselves, and he wouldn’t have been so grateful they were alive that he let go of more than a year’s worth of restraint and kissed her.

The Doctor scrubbed his hands over his face. It was just a quick kiss, he told himself. Barely more than a taste—a peck! he corrected quickly. But it was too late—now his bloody superior Time Lord memory was reminding him of exactly how good she’d tasted.

And that memory seemed to be infiltrating every aspect of his behaviour. This body was more tactile than his last, but the way he’d touched Rose since Rome exceeded even that threshold. In Scotland, he’d wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her bodily out of the way of the werewolf, instead of just taking her hand and tugging her along behind him. And then—and then!—he’d actually grabbed her bum in front of Queen Victoria!
His need to keep her safe had also strengthened into an imperative he couldn’t deny. When she’d been taken by the waterhive in London just the other day, his mind had just barely been able to overrule the pull to follow her to the river, like all the other loved ones who had been summoned.

Put simply, the kiss had made it impossible for him to ignore certain facts about his relationship with Rose that he had successfully shoved to the back of his mind since somewhere around… oh, the day he met her. He wanted her desperately, and more than that…

He managed to stop himself before he thought the word. If he gave it space in his brain, it would be even harder to ignore than the remembered kiss.

The Doctor dropped his head against the back of the jump seat and let out a loud groan. It had been two weeks; surely the memory should have faded at least a little?

“Are you all right, Doctor?”

The Doctor yelped when Rose touched his shoulder. He flailed as his legs slipped off the console, nearly dropping him out of the seat and onto the grating. When he was steady again, he looked into Rose’s concerned brown eyes and grinned a little too widely.

“I’m fine!” he said, his voice pitched only slightly higher than normal. “I was just thinking about—” How much I want to kiss you again. “—where we should go next!” Preferably, someplace where we won’t be allowed to touch.

He leapt to his feet and spun around the console, twisting dials as he went. “How about Remburtajn?” The Doctor eyed her short denim skirt and snug top, trying to keep his inspection friendly. “Bit stuffy though, this lot. You’d better go to the wardrobe room and change. The TARDIS will give you some options.”

“Well finally!” Rose smiled, letting him see her tongue through her teeth. “It’s about time you start giving me a warning when I’m not wearing era-or-planet appropriate clothing—or did you enjoy referring to me as a wee naked child?”

The Doctor pulled the final lever and the TARDIS shook as she went into flight. “Go!” he told Rose, attempting to put some sternness into his voice. Judging by the way she laughed at him as she disappeared down the corridor, he’d failed miserably.

Once she was gone, the Doctor ran his hand through his hair and tugged at his tie. A visit to Remburtajn should help him regain control of himself, or at least get over the pressing need to be touching Rose. Then maybe things could go back to normal.

An hour later, he was pacing the console room, wondering if Rose had gotten lost on the way to the wardrobe room. Surely it didn’t take this long to put on something that would cover her knees?

Finally, he heard footsteps. “Good!” he said without looking at her. “Now, as I said, Remburtajn is pretty repressed, which means we can’t touch at all…”

He forgot the rest of his sentence when he caught sight of Rose. Instead of the trousers and jumper he’d expected, she wore a gorgeous black evening gown.

“What… that’s not…” he sputtered as he took in the way the floor length dress hugged her curves until just below her hips, where it swept out enough to create a small train.

Rose shrugged, and her magenta pashmina slipped down on one side, revealing her shoulder. “You said the TARDIS would show me what to wear, an’ this was the only thing she’d let me see.”
“That’s not appropriate clothing for Remburtajn at all!”

“Maybe she knows something you don’t.” Rose raised an eyebrow. “Are you sure we’re actually on Remburtajn?”

“Of course we are,” the Doctor scoffed as he turned the monitor on. “I’d recognise that violet sky anywhere.”

But unless pink was the new violet, they were definitely not on Remburtajn. He checked the coordinates again and smacked the console. “Flohora,” he said glumly.

Florhora was not a planet known for its repressed culture. They weren’t prurient, but they were easily as relaxed as 21st century Earth, meaning he’d have no built-in excuse not to touch Rose.

Rose was leaning toward the monitor now, examining their surroundings. “Is that the palace?” she asked, pointing to an elegant stone building not far from where they were.

Oh, he knew where this was going. “Yep.”

“Looks like they’re having a party. Since I’m all dressed up…”

The Doctor wanted to say no, but he was helpless to resist Rose’s wide, hopeful eyes, so he pulled his sonic screwdriver out of his coat pocket and opened the door. “After you, Dame Rose.”

Rose laughed and curtsied to him. “Why thank you, Sir Doctor.”

He offered her his arm after locking the doors, and they joined the throng of people processing into the palace. “Florhora has one of the most stable governments in the system,” he told her while they waited to get inside. “The ruling queen holds equal authority to their grand council, and at this point, they’ve had fifteen good queens in a row.”

“Ruling queen?” Rose questioned.

The Doctor nodded. “There’ve been a few kings, and more will come in the future, but the society leans matriarchal, so eldest daughters sit on the throne.”

“I like that,” she said as they reached the door.

The psychic paper got them in easily, and the Doctor scoped out the room while Rose left her wrap at the coat check. When he turned back to Rose, he forgot to breathe long enough for his respiratory bypass to kick in.

“Rose… your dress,” he croaked. The wide straps and modest neckline had given the gown a demure appearance from the front, but now that she wasn’t wearing her wrap, he realised it was completely backless.

She turned her head to look at him, blond ringlets brushing against the nape of her neck. “D’you like it?”

The Doctor’s gaze travelled down the length of her bare back, and he nodded mutely. Oh, you are in trouble, Doctor, he told himself as he forced his eyes away from the dip of the fabric right above her bum.

“It looks like we got here in time for the pre-dinner cocktail hour,” he told Rose as they worked their way into the crowd. He rested his hand on the small of her back without thinking about it, but he was
instantly aware of his mistake when she shivered at his touch. It was hard enough to fight the urge to kiss her when he could pretend Rose wouldn’t welcome it.

The Doctor told himself she was just reacting to the difference in temperature between her skin and his, then pulled his hand away to grab some nibbles from a passing server.

Rose took a glass of champagne from another tray. “How long until dinner?” she asked.

“Oh… maybe thirty minutes?” the Doctor hazarded, looking at how full the room was and thinking of how many people were still waiting to get in.

“Time to mingle then,” Rose said, and led the way into the crowd.

The Doctor watched her for a moment, mesmerised by the way the skirt clung to her hips and swayed gently as she walked. Then he caught himself and flushed, and followed after her.

Rose had already insinuated herself into a group of dignitaries when he caught up with her, and the Doctor watched with pride as she charmed them with her cleverness and dry humour. He knew Rose still occasionally felt inferior in moments like these, and he wished she could see herself the way he did.

They’d only been mingling for ten minutes when Rose beckoned for the Doctor to bend down so she could whisper in his ear. “Do you notice anything strange here?” she murmured.

The Doctor didn’t see it at first; it was a party, nothing very remarkable. Then he looked again, and he realised it wasn’t what he was seeing, but what he wasn’t.

With the exception of the queen’s two personal guards, there were no guards in the room at all. At a gathering like this, with the royal family and numerous powerful figures all present, each door should have been guarded.

“What are you thinking?” he whispered.

She nodded to her right. “Two dodgy looking blokes just went down that corridor.”

“Then let’s follow them.” They grinned at each other, and the Doctor knew his own eyes mirrored the excitement in hers. He took her hand, and they walked casually in the direction she’d indicated.

They paused for a moment at all the doors, listening until they were satisfied no one was inside. “I’m glad the floor is carpeted,” Rose muttered as they walked farther and farther from the great hall. “My shoes would give us away otherwise.”

The Doctor swallowed hard when he looked down at her feet and caught sight of her shoes. Looking at the silver heels strapped to her feet, he understood for the first time how footwear could be considered sexy.

“Yes, uh… good thing there’s carpet,” he stammered.

Rose looked at him strangely, but before he could say anything to make her question further what was going on in his mind, they finally heard voices.

They leaned against the door facing each other. Two—no, three men were discussing something, but unless one of them said something incriminating…

“You’re sure this will work?” one asked after they’d been listening for a minute.
“I’ve done my part,” another said.

“And you’ve done well,” the first agreed. “I’m only concerned that the queen might be able to counter our attack somehow.”

A third man snorted loudly. “Her Majesty is so oblivious; she hasn’t even noticed her guards have deserted her tonight.”

The Doctor’s brows knit together. Rose had been right; the lack of guards at the gala was purposeful.

“As soon as all of the guests have entered the great hall,” he continued, “our man watching the doors will signal our forces to begin their assault. By this time tomorrow, Florhora will be a free republic.”

Agreements and quiet calls for freedom filled the room, and then footsteps were coming back toward the door. Rose grabbed his arm, and the Doctor threw a desperate look down the corridor, trying to find a place to hide.

There was a single door close by, and he opened it and quickly pulled Rose inside, then shut the door behind them. The door latched with a dull snick, and a moment later, they heard the three men walk by.

The Doctor drew a deep breath, then froze when his chest brushed against Rose. His keen eyesight quickly took in their surroundings, now that he wasn’t focused on hiding. They were in a tiny storage cupboard, barely big enough for both of them.

Instantly, his senses were flooded with Rose Tyler. All the things he’d tried not to notice over the last two weeks—the curve of her spine, the softness of her hair, the way she smelled… Has she always smelled this good?

And then there was the sound of her voice, which he barely realised was directed at him. “Is it safe to leave, Doctor?”

The Doctor clenched his teeth and forced himself to concentrate. Once he was able to think about anything besides the woman standing so close to him, he cocked an ear, listening for anyone lingering in the corridor.

“I think so,” he said, but when he turned the knob, the door didn’t budge.

“Well, then open the door,” she told him.

“I’m trying,” he groused. “I think it locked when we walked in—remember that snick when it shut? That must have been the lock, not the latch.”

He twisted awkwardly behind Rose, acutely aware of how every move he made brought his body into contact with hers. Finally, he managed to reach an arm between them and pull his sonic screwdriver from his jacket pocket.

“Can you use that in the dark?” Rose asked.

“Rose, I’ve been using versions of this sonic screwdriver for centuries,” the Doctor said, feeling affronted. “I think I can find the unlock setting without looking.”

“Sorry,” she snapped sarcastically.

There was one problem, he discovered a moment later. Reaching into his pocket had been difficult
enough, but to actually use the sonic, he would need to get both of his hands on it, and there was no way he could do that with Rose leaning up against him.

“I don’t suppose you could give me just a little bit more room to move,” he grunted.

Without comment, she leaned as far forward as she could, allowing the Doctor to adjust the setting on the screwdriver and point it at the door.

“Well?” she asked. “How long is it going to take, if you’re so familiar with your ancient device?”

The Doctor tried to tug on his ear, but he couldn’t quite reach and instead, his hand landed somewhat awkwardly on Rose’s elbow. “Um. There might be a problem.”

“What do you mean, a problem?”

“Well. It’s possible—seems increasingly likely actually—that the sound we heard was actually the latch breaking.”

“So fix it and get us out of here!”

“There are some things even I can’t do in the dark, Rose Tyler.”

The Doctor regretted the words the moment they were out of his mouth, because they triggered thoughts of all the things he’d like to do… in the dark… with Rose Tyler. And he happened to be in the dark with Rose Tyler right now. The hand that was still on her elbow started to slide up to her shoulder before he caught himself and yanked it away.

If Rose noticed his appalling lack of self-control, she didn’t comment on it. “Is there another way out?” she asked. “A vent in the ceiling maybe? You said everyone would be inside the great hall thirty minutes after we arrived, and that was at least twenty minutes ago. We have less than ten minutes to warn the queen and stop the rebels.”

Her reminder brought the Doctor’s mind back to the more important task of stopping the insurrection. He adjusted the sonic until it was on the torch setting and shone it around the room.

“Nothing.” He thumbed the sonic off and slid it back into his pocket.

Rose sighed. “Then we wait. Someone is bound to find us, eventually.”

She shifted her weight back and forth, making it impossible for the Doctor to pretend they weren’t touching. Oh, and I was going such a great job of that before.

“Have to admit, I’m tired of these shoes,” she said.

“So take them off,” he said, hoping she would just… stop… moving… once her feet weren’t hurting.

Rose shuffled around until she’d turned toward him enough to grab his arm, then she bent down, displaying her bare back for his bloody perfect Time Lord vision. His fingers twitched at his sides, wanting to see if her skin was as smooth as it looked, and he clenched them into fists.

She brushed against him again as she unbuckled the shoes and kicked them off. Her moan of relief as she straightened up was right out of the Doctor’s fantasies. He watched in silent adoration as she tilted her head back and rolled her shoulders, and then turned and leaned back against his chest.

The Doctor’s hands relaxed and found a place on her waist. “Comfy?” he asked her.
“Mm-hmmm.”

Rose nodded, and her hair tickled his nose, tantalising him again with her scent. He turned his head toward her slightly and inhaled before he realised what he was doing. When his brain caught up with his actions, he froze, but Rose didn’t appear to notice.

It shouldn’t matter if she noticed or not; he was taking liberties with his companion that he’d vowed he would not take. If one quick kiss had wrought this kind of effect on him, he was terrified to find out what anything more would do to him. But despite the stern warning he gave himself, the Doctor relaxed just slightly, encouraging Rose to lean into him a little more.

Her head was tucked into the crook of his neck now, and with every breath, he became more attuned to her, to the exclusion of anything else. When she tilted her head, he automatically followed, nuzzling into her neck.

“You know,” Rose said casually, “in books and films, this is when the couple finally breaks down and kisses passionately.”

The Doctor was suddenly aware of three things: one, his arms had tightened around her waist until he was holding her snug against his own body; two, his mouth was close enough to her neck that he was practically kissing her; and three, the heady aroma of human pheromones had been added to the lovely Rose scent he’d been enjoying.

He swallowed hard and forced himself to straighten up. “You wouldn’t want that from me though,” he said, wincing at how unconvincing he sounded.

Rose grabbed his arms when he tried to let her go. “Are you sure?” She turned her head and brushed her lips against his jaw.

“You shouldn’t,” he ground out.

“But I do.”

The rest of the Doctor’s restraint evaporated with that breathless confession, and he threaded a hand through her hair so he could bring her lips to his.

The feeling of her warm lips moving against his pulled a groan from deep in his throat. He licked at her bottom lip, then sucked it into his mouth, scraping his teeth over it in a way that made Rose shudder.

It wasn’t enough though; their position didn’t let him hold her the way he wanted, so he released her lip with a pop and urged her to turn around in his arms.

Rose shivered when his hands touched his bare back. “I’ve wanted to feel you touching me all night,” she said as he trailed kisses down to her neck.

The Doctor groaned again. “How did you want me to touch you?” he whispered against her neck as his fingers traced her back along the edges of her dress.

She sighed and tilted her head back, and his lips latched onto her pulse point, sucking and laving at it with his tongue until he drew a whimper from her. He pulled back then and took his hands off her back. “Rose? How did you want me to touch you?”

Rose’s eyes fluttered open, and he loved the glazed over expression in them. Then a catlike smile crossed her face, and he suddenly realised he hadn’t reckoned on her own not inconsiderable
seductive power.

“How did you want me to touch you?” she countered, and the Doctor swallowed hard at the sound of her voice, a low purr that vibrated to his very core. “Did you want me to run my hands through your hair?”

Rose raked her hands through his hair, then scratched her nails lightly over his scalp. A low moan escaped the Doctor’s open mouth, and he wondered how he’d lost control of the situation so quickly.

“Maybe you imagined me loosening your tie enough to undo a few buttons,” she suggested, acting out the words coming out of her mouth. “Then I could lean up like this—” She used the hand wrapped around his shoulder to pull herself up. “—and kiss your neck.”

“Yes,” the Doctor hissed when she started licking and nibbling at his Adam’s apple. He felt her lips turn up in a smile, and then he clutched at her back when she sucked on the tender spot.

Just when the Doctor was contemplating the logistics of pushing Rose against the wall and hiking her legs up around his waist, a small explosion rocked the palace. Dust and debris fell down on them from the ceiling, and he tucked her head into his body to keep her from getting hurt.

When the ground was steady again, a sliver of light shone through the door. “I think we can get out.” He pushed on the door, and it swung open. The Doctor waited in the corridor for Rose to put her shoes back on, then offered her his hand.

To their surprise, when they ran into the great hall, it was filled with soldiers. The Doctor blinked. “Apparently, the seditionists didn’t catch the queen as unaware as they expected.”

“Do you mean we followed the bad guys, eavesdropped on their plans, and got locked in a tiny storage cupboard, and our save-the-universe skills weren’t even needed?”

The sparkle in Rose’s eyes belied the disgruntled tone in her voice. The Doctor smiled at her, but then he saw something he hadn’t noticed in their mad dash through the palace.

“You were hurt,” he murmured, brushing a finger over the abrasions on her right shoulder. The outline of a bruise was forming around the mark, and he realised she must have been struck by a piece of the ceiling.

Rose glanced at her shoulder, then shrugged. “Tis but a scratch.”

The Doctor’s lips quirked up in a brief smile at the Monty Python reference. “Still, I think it’s time we went home. I don’t imagine they’ll be serving dinner as planned.”

Holding Rose’s hand tight, he weaved his way through the crowd to the coat check. Amazingly, the attendant was still present, and after the Doctor produced Rose’s claim ticket, he disappeared and reappeared a moment later holding Rose’s pashmina.

When the Doctor turned back around to hand Rose her wrap, all the want that had been simmering since their interrupted snog threatened to boil over. Thanks to his hand raking through her hair, her curls hung loosely around her shoulders. Her cheeks were pink with excitement, and the love bite on her neck made it obvious what they had been doing.

She looked thoroughly snogged, and the Doctor was desperate to pull her back into his arms. The bruise on her shoulder reminded him that he needed to take care of her injury first, and he managed to tamp down his desire.
But he nearly lost all of his hard-won control when he saw the hungry way she was looking at him. Her gaze fixed on his neck and when she brushed her fingers against the mark on her neck, he figured he must be sporting one as well.

She licked her parted lips, and he knew he had to get them out of the palace. Drawing a deep breath, he forced thoughts of anything but getting back to the TARDIS out of his mind, then dropped her wrap into her hands without touching her.

“Ready to go home?” Rose nodded, and he started quickly for the door before she could reach for his arm.

Compared to the activity inside the palace, the streets were almost deserted, and the clicking of Rose’s heels echoed loudly on the stone pavement. The closer they got to the TARDIS, the longer the Doctor’s stride got, until he was almost running in his eagerness to be home.

“Med bay,” he said shortly after closing the doors behind them.

“It barely even hurts,” Rose protested.

He touched her shoulder lightly and traced a single finger around the perimeter of the darkening bruise. Her eyes darkened when he touched her, and he let his hand slide down her arm until he could lace his fingers through hers.

“Please, let me take care of you.”

Her quick, indrawn breath would have been too quiet for human ears to pick up, but the Doctor heard it. She held his gaze, and he didn’t hide from the question in her eyes.

She nodded after a moment. “All right,” she agreed, her voice soft.

Without letting go of Rose’s hand, the Doctor led the way to the med bay. “Up on the bed, please,” he directed once they reached the room, and then he opened a drawer and retrieved the dermal regenerator.

When he turned back around, Rose quickly looked away from him, her cheeks stained a deep pink. The Doctor was puzzled for an instant, then he realised she must have been staring at his bum while his back was to her. As he crossed the room, he wondered how much higher the tension between them could get before one of them broke.

For a few moments, the only sound in the med bay was the soft hum as the device repaired Rose’s skin, then she broke the silence. “So are we going to talk about it,” she asked quietly, “or are we going to pretend it didn’t happen?”

The Doctor nearly dropped the dermal regenerator. He met her gaze, and the uncertainty he saw there made his hearts ache. He’d been so obvious recently, or so he thought, that he hadn’t even considered how his hesitancy might appear to Rose.

Well. It’s time to fix this.

He laid the medical tool down on the bed behind her and took one of her hands in his. “I don’t think that’s even an option anymore,” he said firmly, without equivocation.

Rose looked down at their hands, then up at his face. He dropped all his shields and let her see the tender feelings he couldn’t yet put into words, and a breathtaking smile spread across her face.
“Well then,” she said as she slid off the table and wrapped an arm around his shoulders, “why don’t you kiss me, Doctor?”

The Doctor’s dual pulses sped up, and he slowly bent his head toward her. He brushed his nose against hers, then whispered her name before dipping down and capturing her lips with his.

This kiss was a promise, a pledge that no matter what, he would not let her go, and as it deepened, the Doctor felt a shift in his personal timeline that left him momentarily dizzy. Things that would have happened in his future were changing. Those moments flashed through his consciousness in the blink of an eye. Mickey’s presence on the TARDIS, a week of tension after a trip to France, an encounter with Cybermen in a parallel world, and the eventual battle against Cybermen and Daleks in this world—they all faded away.

The Doctor felt a chill ocean breeze on his face, and then his timeline settled again, as vague and shrouded in mystery as it should be. His arms tightened around Rose’s waist; he didn’t need to know what the future held, as long as he could hold Rose Tyler.

End Notes

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