The Present Is A Foreign Country.

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Summary

The world does not end and Sheldon falls in love. 600 word flashfic.

Notes

Continuity/Canon: Doctor Who 5.01, The Big Bang Theory in general through season 3.

It is when Sheldon sees the answers to life, the universe, and everything scroll by on the screen during the semi-annual we're-all-going-to-die-and-it's-all-the-UK's-fault web conference that he discovers, much to his surprise, that he has a sex drive.

It's not that the man on the other end of the webcam is particularly appealing in a sober-minded scientific way; there's no way of knowing if any of it is true until it has been independently verified and anyway, it isn't published. But that arrogance appeals, the sheer knowledge that he's right appeals, the fact that Sheldon is also very sure he's right definitely appeals.

Sheldon is also suddenly hyper-aware of the fact that it turned him on to obey those orders, that he was getting hard while scurrying to obey a random stranger who was, shockingly, clearly smarter than him and clearly knew exactly what he was going to do with that big brain and the next twenty minutes of Sheldon's time.

When it's all over, Sheldon has to take two hours to calm himself down. And then he starts trying to find him. It doesn't take much effort to figure out the name, or, rather, the preferred alias for this genius; it's all over the science blogs. Under normal circumstances, Sheldon would be insulted by someone deciding "The Doctor" was a perfectly fine way of introducing himself, as if he were the...
only person in the world allowed to use that title, except that Sheldon has a sneaking suspicion, which corroborates itself in Sheldon's increasingly vivid wet dreams, that the Doctor is, in fact, the ultimate Doctor, is Plato's ideal of a Doctor, and so he is entirely allowed to go around using that title as a name like it's the most natural thing in the world and all other Doctors in existence should grovel at his feet in obeisance to his gigantic brain.

"No one has a problem with you being gay," Leonard says. "We're just a little concerned that you want to fuck his mind more than his body."

"His mind is the sexiest part!" Sheldon objects, but then begins to understand Leonard's point when an acquaintance at UNIT helpfully sends along surveillance photographs of the Doctor stripping off at a hospital and playing dress-up while the world had just finished not-ending-for-the-hundredth-time-and-it's-still-all-the-UK's-fault.

It takes somewhat longer to find him. But Sheldon has a way in; he gets the Doctor's phone number from Jack Harkness after providing miscellaneous help during an alien infestation when Sheldon attends a conference in Wales. The details don't matter. Sheldon showed up that weekend bored, he left, still bored, still picking bits of slime out of his suit jacket, but with the Doctor's phone number. He counts it a win and resolves to never go back to the UK.

Then he does what any theoretical physicist would do when given the phone number of their one true love: he spends a week deliberating on it, and then leaves a drunken voice message professing undying love and begging for just one afternoon with just them, some wine, and the Doctor's big giant brain. And possibly some sex, if the Doctor is in the mood. But no pressure!

It surprises even Sheldon when the Doctor calls him back.

"I'm flattered," says the Doctor. "But we're not even the same species."

"I'm fully human," Sheldon says, "I have the DNA tests to prove it."

"I'm an alien," says the Doctor. "It just wouldn't work between us. I'm sorry."

Sheldon does not cry into his cheerios. He clears out some room in his office and starts building a spaceship.

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