In Which Gerald And Eric Meet The Doctor

by AccidentallyAnna

Summary

The first in a collection of short Geric stories. Doctor Who AU, Gerald and Eric get found out but fortunately bump into the Doctor who shows them a better future.

Notes

I'm studying An Inspector Calls for GCSE English and I've become rather attached to the idea of Gerald and Eric being together. From this fanfic you probably wouldn't believe that I'm an A* English student... please don't take it too seriously!

Gerald observed as Eric tried not to blush at the stray hand that had appeared on this thigh. Eric was mildly intoxicated so when he looped his arms round Gerald's neck in a tight embrace, it shouldn't have come as a surprise.
"Eric!" Mr Birling scolded. "Gerald, please excuse my son's... inappropriate behaviour."
"Don't worry Mr Birling." Heat was rising rapidly in Gerald's cheeks. "People do all sorts when they've been at the drink... it's not as if I haven't seen it before."
"I love you Gerald!" Eric announced as he swayed from side to side. They had just finished dinner and were having a drink in the Birling's lounge.
Smiling painfully at the drunk man, Gerald took his hand and lead him away.
"I'll take him to bed, make sure he doesn't fall on the stairs or anything."
unconditional love, Gerald wished Eric wouldn't be so careless. He couldn't continue to brush off all the love confessions and embraces with the excuse that Eric was too out of his mind to know what he was doing. It was too dangerous. Eric knew the consequences that their relationship could bring. There would be a scandal - both families would be shamed. They could get arrested and locked away.

Gerald dragged his deluded lover up the stairs and towards his room. When he closed the door, Eric pulled him forward in a vain attempt to kiss him. Gerald gently pushed him away and led him to the bed, not daring to try to get him changed.
"My darling..." Gerald whispered as he pulled the covers over Eric. He sat on the edge of the bed and stroked his fingers through Eric's silky locks.
"Goodnight my love." Gerald leaned down to kiss Eric's temple before quietly walking out to say goodbye to the rest of the family.

The next morning, Eric woke up with a groan at the lack of memories of the previous night and the splitting headache he had acquired. He hoped he hadn't done anything stupid or regrettable, however unlikely this may be.

After changing out of last night's clothes he walked down to the dining room, his head lowered in embarrassment.

The loud voice of his father shattered his disjointed thoughts as he approached the table.
"What the bloody hell were you doing last night?!" He shouted at his hung-over son.
Eric looked at him in confusion. What had happened last night?
"Don't expect me to believe that there's nothing going on with you and Gerald Croft." Mr Birling replied to his unspoken question. "It happens whenever you drink and Sheila heard him in your room last night - 'my darling, my love,'" he mocked. "I'm not putting up with it for any longer. I should inform the police; maybe that would sort you out!"

Eric was in shock. His father knew. He shook his head pleadingly as he blinked back the tears that had welled up in his eyes.
"You're no son of mine. I didn't raise you to be like this... disgusting." Mr Birling grimaced.
"Either you leave this instant or I call the police and have you forcefully removed from my house."

Eric didn't think twice about turning his back and storming out of his family home. He needed to find Gerald. His father most certainly would report them both.

After a short carriage ride across Brumley, Eric was outside a bar with his secret lover.
"He knows, Gerald! We'll get sent away!"
"Maybe you shouldn't be so bloody careless when you drink! Eric, I love you but this is entirely your fault, I warned you!"
"I'm sorry, I know you did."

Gerald paced the street, deep in thought.
"We have no choice. We have to get away from here. We can stay in a hotel until we find a different solution."

Eric nodded, guilty for putting Gerald through this. He hoped he would be forgiven.

They sat as far away from each other as they could in the car. It was for safety reason mostly, as the driver could easily look behind him but Eric felt that the distance was unnecessary. He couldn't blame Gerald for being mad. He had been warned on numerous occasions not to drink so much but hadn't listened. Gerald had to take some of the blame though - if he hadn't said those things when putting Eric to bed, the Birlings would have nothing else to go on other than Eric's drunken confessions. Gerald had confirmed their beliefs.

They stayed in silence as they were escorted to their separate rooms but within five minutes of the hotel staff disappearing Eric heard a tap at his door.
He let Gerald in and they sat on the bed awkwardly.
"I'm sorry I'm being so hard on you," Gerald mumbled. "It's just as much my fault as it is yours."
Eric shook his head. "I shouldn't have got drunk... I would like to make it up to you."
There was a flash of something in Gerald's eye but it disappeared as quickly as it had appeared.
Eric leaned forward, cupping Gerald's face in his hand. Slowly he closed the gap between them
and cautiously pressed their lips together. He pulled away after a second and looked up hopefully.
"Maybe you can make it up to me," Gerald whispered.
Eric smirked and languorously kissed along Gerald's jawline, evicting moans of pleasure from the
other man.
"Am I forgiven?" He murmured against Gerald's skin.
"Hrm..." Gerald pondered. "Not quite yet."

The next morning Eric woke up in the arms of his lover. Gerald was still asleep so to wake him
up, Eric gently kissed his soft and perfect lips. Gerald's eyes flickered open. Gerald smiled down
at Eric.
"Oh Eric." He said.
Eric flirtatiously fluttered his eyelashes and kissed him again.
"Oh Gerald... I love you."
"I love you too Eric. I wish we could get married. How I long for a more equal and accepting
society."
It was at that very moment that a blue police box spontaneously appeared in the middle of their
hotel room. Eric was shocked so jumped into the protecting arms of the more dominant and manly
male.
The two men watched as the door swung open and out of the box stepped a man with a long coat
and a face akin to Peter Capaldi.
"Who are you?" asked Gerald while he caressed Eric's hair.
"I'm the Doctor." The Doctor said, Capaldily.
"Dr Who?"
"Ayyy... that you will never know, for I am ~mysterious~" The Doctor said mysteriously as he
mysterious wriggled his strong eyebrows.
The Doctor then proceeded to walk around the hotel room before asking, "You haven't seen any
Daleks round here, have you?"
"What?" exclaimed Eric.
"Daleks," the Doctor repeated. "Though I'll take that as a no as if you had, you probably wouldn't
still be alive... What year is this?"
"1912"
The Doctor pondered silently for a moment after suggestively raising his eyebrows at the two
men.
"Hey," he started. "Do you know what there is in the future?" he continued. "Marriage equality."
Gerald looked at him quizzically.
"Oh right... I'm a Time Lord by the way."
"So that's a time machine?" Gerald asked.
The Doctor nodded. "Technically it's a TARDIS but yes..."
"By jingo!" Eric exclaimed. "It's like something out of a H. G. Wells novel!"
"Would you like to come to the future?" The Doctor asked.
In response, Gerald and Eric both leapt out of the sheets before realising they were completely
naked.

About 100 years later, and after Gerald and Eric had put on some clothes, they were at an alter
somewhere saying some vows.
"I do," whispered Eric.
"Do you take Eric to be your lawfully wedded husband?"
"I do" said Gerald.
"You may kiss your husband."
Gerald smiled as he scooped up Eric in his manly and toned arms before attacking the younger
man's lips.
They both lived happily ever after and were warmly accepted into the steampunk community.

The End.

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