Those Aren't Mine

by Aristhmetic

Summary

While sorting through the Doctor's things, the Master comes across some very interesting letters.

It wasn’t unusual for the Master to find himself picking up after the Doctor. The other Time Lord always had a dreadful habit of leaving the most exquisite messes in his wake, particularly where his own TARDIS was concerned. Oh he may have considered himself the neat one in the relationship, but of course the Master knew better.

There was a very distinct difference between saving some dinky little star cruiser from flying into a supernova and tearing apart half its circuit boards to do it. A hero, the Doctor might often be. Clean and orderly he was not.

Currently the Master was sorting through a large, musty trunk, which served as a part of his rival’s abysmal cataloging system. This particular trunk held collections R through T and was positively overflowing with rubbish. Old vinyl records without covers, a Sirulian war mask, several broken pocket watches he felt sure belonged in another bin, dated blueprints for that infernal screwdriver, and even a carefully wrapped impressionist painting signed by it’s creator.

Heaving a sigh, the renegade set about what was sure to be a lengthy task of arranging this sad excuse for a filing structure. None of these silly relics held any interest for him so he continued the sorting with a rather detached resignation until something caught his eye.

At the bottom of the trunk was a small stack of yellowing paper folded and tied together with string. It didn’t take a genius like the Master to recognize they were letters. Curiously, he lifted them out of the box and pulled loose the twine binding them together. The parchment was old and
fraying around the edges, stained with coffee and water damage. A great deal of the fancy script was rendered illegible where the ink had smeared or faded, but parts of it could still be made out with a little squinting.

The Master, while unable to determine the recipient of the letter by the address, could hazard a guess, and placed the period they’d been composed somewhere around the early twentieth century. (One didn’t travel with the Doctor without gaining some knowledge of his favorite planet.) He began scanning the documents with amusement, wondering what had merited such faithful correspondence.

However, it didn’t take long before amusement turned to suspicion. Whoever had written these letters seemed far too familiar with the Doctor He, or she more likely, spoke with sickening affection, referring to lavish parties and expensive gifts. He felt his face growing hot with anger as he flipped through the notes. One simpering account spoke of a week spent in the Doctor’s company.

“How lucky I am”, the Master read aloud to himself incredulously, his voice quaking in resentment. “To have a doctor so devoted to my well-being. I don’t think any of the others were ever so gentle”?! Unable to take any more of this, he skipped to the end of the letter and experienced an explosive rage when he saw the sign off read “love and kisses” accompanied by the most abhorrent, disgusting, ridiculous pet name he’d ever heard in his life. His hands shook, the paper fluttering audibly. He’d never known the Doctor to use pet names, at least not that the Master could remember. There was a definite repulsion at the diabetic-inducing sweetness of the name and just a smidgen of jealousy that he didn’t have one of his own.

It was at that precise moment the Doctor chose to return from the kitchen, a steaming cup of Earl Grey held to his lips. The Master did not turn to greet him or even register the other’s presence. The man regarded him mildly from the doorway and rocked back a bit on his heels.

“Making any progress then?” His eyebrows disappeared into his hair when instead of responding, the Master looked slowly over his shoulder, eyes ablaze, and stared at him.

“Doctor”, he growled, struggling to keep his voice steady and achieving an eerie effect when it rose in pitch. “Who is ‘Tricki Woo’?!”

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