Glimpses of Time

by Lumendea

Summary

A glimpse into the future can be a wonderful thing. Rose Tyler has had several hints about her future with the Doctor, but what about things on the other side of the timeline? This story will contain small bits from the future timeline of Guardians of the Universe. Mostly because Twelve insisted that he didn't get enough screen time with Rose.
The Doctor smiled to himself as the TARDIS materialized. He grabbed the screen and turned it so his sharp blue eyes could double check the date. Right place and right time. Nodding, he patted the console with a slight smile.

“Thanks, Old Girl,” he said, his Scottish accent thickening a bit. Then the screen flickered and showed the outside which just made his smile widen further.

His wife was lounging on a chaise in the shade of a tree. He could just see little Ally on the beach building a sand castle with her brother Archer. Indulging in a moment of ginger envy, he wondered how long Alistair’s line was going to keep the A name thing going. Sure he never argued with Rose about their names, but first Alistair and then Adam kept it going. They were going to run out of decent A name eventually. The TARDIS beeped at him and on the screen, Rose turned to look towards the TARDIS.

That was his cue. Heading for the door, he stepped outside into the warm sunlight and slipped on a pair of dark shades. Rose wasn’t looking his direction anymore, but he could almost hear her smile as he approached.

“Everything sorted?” Rose asked. The Doctor smiled, she didn’t even have to look up at him. Rose shifted over to make room for him on the chaise. “Fenric dealt with?”

“Yes,” the Doctor replied. He sat down on the chaise next to Rose, reaching over to rest his hand over hers. Which happened to be resting on her own thigh. “All sorted.” He looked out over the shimmering ocean and his eyes easily found their great-grandchildren again, giving into the urge
to confirm they were still safe. They were and Alison looked up and waved cheerfully. He smiled and waved back at the little one. “Why today? Was it the equations?”

“You were muttering about temporal fluxes and debating the nature of beings preceding the universe,” Rose reminded him. “It jogged my memory and I hate leaving time loops unresolved.”

“I recall, you were quick to order me to your past in my last body,” he remarked, relaxing back beside her.

“You never objected,” Rose said. “I used to wonder about how happy you were to see me in the past.”

“Well... you were adorable,” the Doctor said. He couldn’t help but smile at the memories.

“Were adorable?” Rose asked. She turned to look at him, pulling off her sunglasses. While she tried to give him an irritated look, all he could feel was amusement buzzing between them.

“I don’t find the mother of my children adorable,” the Doctor admitted. He brought her hand up and kissed it, letting his lips linger against her skin. “There are so many... better words for what you inspire in me.”

“Insatiable you,” Rose teased.

“Well I did just have a rather marvelous snog with your younger self,” the Doctor reminded her.

“Poor thing is really frustrated,” Rose said. She couldn’t help but smile at him. “And it’s only going to get worse for her.”

“Yes...” The Doctor shuddered. “Don’t miss those days myself.”

“Not at all?”

“No,” he answered shortly. “You were a terribly frustrating tempting distraction.” The Doctor
smirked as he ran a finger up Rose’s arm and she shivered despite the heat. “Thought I couldn’t have you. Kept telling myself to keep my distance because you couldn’t really want an old broken man.” He chuckled warmly into Rose’s ear. “Little did I know.”

Rose swallowed and turned her head as the Doctor dropped a kiss to her neck. “Adam’s back,” she said. “That means I’m done watching the little ones.”

“TARDIS?” the Doctor asked despite knowing the answer. He couldn’t help but smile.

“TARDIS.”

Jumping up, the Doctor held out a hand to Rose and grinned when she took it. Their fingers slotted together perfectly, just like they always did and he led her back to the TARDIS.
The Professors

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Chapter Two: The Professors

The Doctor had been at St Luke’s University for twenty years. His lectures were famous and always packed with people standing in the back of the room. Three times the university had put him into a larger hall just for it to fill up. However, he didn’t actually have any classes. He hadn’t had any classes for ten years now, but the university was still happy to have him. There were questions sometimes as to why St Luke’s rather than Oxford or Cambridge who had been trying to recruit him for years. The answer was always a laugh that he couldn’t work with Chatterfield at Cambridge and his wife wouldn’t tolerate them working at Oxford.

So, the Doctor kept giving his lectures and the university let him do whatever he wanted. Students had the ability to go and listen to him and expand their horizons. Sometimes he spoke about what the board said he was going to talk about and sometimes he went in a completely different direction. There was only one rule: the front and center seat belonged to his wife. No one else sat there and without fail Professor Tyler could be seen sitting there at every lecture, just smiling up at her husband.

Professor Tyler was just as much a mystery as her husband. Everyone knew they were married, but the Doctor didn’t answer to Professor Tyler, insisting that was his wife. At one rather infamous lecture someone had asked how the Doctor managed to marry Professor Tyler. He’d gone off on a long tangent about not wanting to be attracted to her and her never giving him much choice in the matter and a bunch of other things that didn’t make much sense. The reason for the curiosity was their apparent age difference (and that Professor Tyler was really really hot). While records clearly said that Professor Tyler had started teaching art and art history the same year as her husband, it didn’t make sense.

While the Doctor was a tall older Scottish man with grey hair, Professor Tyler looked to maybe be in her mid-thirties and that was pushing it. Her long blonde hair was an envy of many students, she had youthful clear skin and a smile that broke the brains of plenty of students. Both students and staff wondered just what someone who looked like her was doing with someone like him. He was clearly old enough to be at least her father. Yet, it was obvious to everyone that they were mad about each other. Whenever they were together, they held hands and grinned at each other like infatuated idiots.
Professor Tyler was bit more social than her husband and could be found around the campus more easily. Professor Tyler did still have two classes that she taught: an art studio class and art history. Like her husband, she also had a lecture series. Art was a common topic, but so were music, architecture and philosophy. One time they even teamed up for a poetry lecture that ended with a rather impressive snog in front of the students before they rushed off the stage. Everyone knew what they gotten up to after that. The professors hadn’t cared at all.

Professor Tyler also routinely did ‘open art’ days. She provided paints, canvas, paint brushes and even glitter to anyone who wanted to come and create. Over the last twenty years these monthly days had become quite a thing and no one knew how she afforded everything. Of course at this point, plenty of people had started bringing their own things and donating to the cause. There was a permanent layer of glitter on the floor of Professor Tyler’s studio class room. The paint from an ‘experiment’ had also never been fully cleaned up.

They were the university’s treasures. Yet they remained mysteries. No one knew where they lived as they always seemed to be on campus or near the Doctor’s office. They never gave a straight answer as to why they’d become professors with boredom and domestication being offered. There were photos of lots of children who looked the same age of Professor Tyler in both their offices and they sometimes referred to grandchildren.

Bill Potts thought they were both brilliant. Professor Tyler loved chips, adored them though she never seemed to gain any weight. That led to a lot of joking amongst the students about what sort of exercise she and the Doctor got up to. Bill thought Professor Tyler was gorgeous and she always smiled at her. Plus the Professor knew her name and always asked how she was. Bill attended any lecture by the Doctor or Professor Tyler that she could. She loved open art day and while she wasn’t a student at the university, she’d learned a lot from them both. They were both brilliant, no matter how odd they might be. Completely brilliant.

So when she received a message that the Doctor wanted a word with her, Bill went. When she got to his office room, she paused and smiled in confusion. From inside the office, she could hear an electric guitar and a piano playing. She knocked on the door and it swung open. Bill stepped inside, but there was no one in the room. The music stopped and a moment later the Doctor strode in from the back room with Professor Tyler right behind him.

The Doctor sat down at his desk and Professor Tyler sat on the edge of the desk, giving Bill a warm smile. Bill smiled in return, noting that Professor Tyler had sat right next to the picture of herself. When the Doctor reached out and touched his wife’s leg, Bill didn’t say anything about it and focused on him.

“You wanted to see me?”

Bill left the office half an hour later very confused, but happy. She now had private tutoring with
the Doctor every weekday. And Professor Tyler had asked if she fancied learning an instrument
so now she had piano lessons three mornings a week. Professor Tyler’s final words ran in her
head and Bill didn’t know what to make of them.

“Unfulfilled potential is the saddest thing in the universe. Trust me on that.”

The Professors were definitely odd, but Bill liked the pair of them.
Lucky Thirteen

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Chapter Three: Lucky Thirteen

AN: Congratulations to Jodie Whittaker! I look forward to the new season and am celebrating the fact that my OTP is now even more interesting than before! This is very short, but I had to write something!

………………………….

Regeneration was always strange. You’d think after twelve times it would feel old hat, but it never did. This time was no different and as always there was a twinge of fear as the energy began to pulse through them. There was no time to stop it. There was nothing for it at all, but to regenerate and hope that everything fell into place.

At least they were on the TARDIS. Rose had seen to that. Their beautiful, marvelous, and darling Rose. Even now, Rose was standing just a few feet away, watching them with sad, but loving eyes. She was always sad to see a body go, but it wasn’t a rejection. The Doctor being so injured that they had to regenerate was always hard on Rose. They tried so hard to protect each other.

Then the energy washed over them. The Doctor gave her one more smile as his grey curls began to change. Rose gave him a soft smile in return and nodded gently. Permission, acceptance, and a silent promise that she’d be there in a moment. That was all he needed. At least, nowadays, he had Rose with him. Sometimes he wondered how he’d ever managed regeneration without her warm presence. Then it was over and the pain was gone. The aches that had begun to take hold in his bones had eased, but the world was a bit… taller than before.

“Rose?”

The voice was wrong and not even in the usual changed way. It was softer, higher, and too much like his wife’s. Rose was blinking at him in surprise and then he realized. Two hearts and all the proper organs, but a few things that they hadn’t had before. And a couple of things missing. Their eyes widened.

“Oh.”
“Oh,” Rose repeated. Then she started to smile, looking like she was holding back a laugh. “You looked shocked, Doctor. Didn’t you know?” There was a hint of worry in Rose’s voice now and she looked regretful for her mirth.

“It’s always been possible,” the Doctor said. Nervousness churned in her gut, regeneration was one thing and Rose had always been good about it, but to a species like Rose’s, this was. “Rose, I’m sorr-”

“Shhh,” Rose said. She crossed the gap between them in a split second and set a finger over the Doctor’s lips. Smiling, Rose brought up her other hand and traced a finger down the Doctor’s new jaw. “You’re beautiful. No surprise there.”

Then Rose leaned up and kissed her. They were still taller than Rose then. Not as much, only about an inch, but it was comforting in a way. At least that hadn’t changed. Turning her head, the Doctor focused on returning Rose’s soft kiss. It still sent sparks racing down her spine. Good, she didn’t ever want that to change. The kiss was fairly chaste with Rose’s fingers gently moving across her jaw and cheekbones. Rose’s fingers were warm and the last vestiges of discomfort from regeneration faded.

“So you’re okay with this?” she asked when Rose pulled back.

“I love you,” Rose said. Her tone left no room for argument. “Nothing will change that, not different bodies.”

“Yes, but this is a very different body.”

Rose laughed again and the Doctor felt her hearts jump at the beloved sound. She was still gone on Rose Tyler, still utterly in love with her. Nothing could change that at this point. She felt her mouth turn up into a smile at the idea. It was comforting and Rose wasn’t pulling away. The Doctor slowly brought her shorter arms and wrapped them against Rose. Her wife leaned against her and the Doctor took on the warm weight.

“It doesn’t bother you, does it?” Rose asked. “I mean, I’ve never got the sense that you cared about gender stereotypes.”

“That was one thing that Gallifrey got right,” the Doctor agreed. “We were beyond all that.”
“Good,” Rose said. “If it was always possible then I’d dare say that you were overdue.”

Rose leaned up and pressed a kiss to the exposed skin of her neck. The Doctor shivered at the feeling of Rose’s soft lips against the new skin. This body was different and untested. She wondered what she looked like. Rose said she was beautiful, but love had always had a strong effect on Rose. After all, she’d found grumpy ninth and old twelfth bodies attractive. Looking down, she peered at her new hands. They were pale with good strong looking fingers. They weren’t as long and didn’t feel very musical. Pity that, but hopefully they’d so other talents.

“The biggest problem that I see is you deciding how much you want to follow gender conventions,” Rose said. She was smiling that tongue touched smile that still made the Doctor’s stomach swoop. “Cause I’m Mum, so start thinking if you want the kids to call you Dad or something else.”

A laugh escaped the Doctor. She had no idea what to say to that. Honestly, the idea of how people would react when her children called her Dad was very attractive. Smiling even more widely, the Doctor suppressed the urge to find a mirror, pick a new outfit, or more importantly go to their bedroom to start sorting through this new body. Instead, she lowered her head and nuzzled Rose’s neck.

“I love you,” the Doctor said. “No matter the body, I love you.”

“And I love you,” Rose replied. Her voice was thick with emotion. “Forever.”

The Doctor sighed happily and tilted her head, trying to move even closer to Rose. Her wife laughed a little in amusement and the Doctor caught a glimpse of blond hair. It wasn’t Rose’s and her eyebrows went up in surprise. She regretfully pulled a hand away from Rose’s waist and caught the strand.

“Still not ginger,” the Doctor said.

“No, sorry my love.” Rose was grinning again. “Welcome back to blonde.”

The Doctor groaned loudly which only made Rose laugh. Her wife threw her arms around her neck before she could say something clever. This time, Rose attacked her lips with a smile and the Doctor decided to put her thousand years of experience kissing Rose Tyler to good use.
Bill wasn’t sure why the Doctor and Rose had chosen this planet. The Doctor had raised those bushy eyebrows of his when Rose put in the coordinators and had nodded in her direction meaningfully, but Rose had just smiled. They landed soon after and Rose breezed out the door, leaving the Doctor to sigh dramatically before following her.

They were in some kind of art hall. Her jaw dropped as she stepped outside the TARDIS and looked around. In some ways, it was similar to the museums she’d seen, but it was cleaner and something about the white tiles and pale lavender walls was off. Rose was standing next to what looked like a terminal off near a wooden door.

“‘It’s the materials,’” the Doctor said calmly. “‘They’re more refined than what you’re used to.’”

“So, not Earth?” Bill asked. Her eyes landed on what looked like a DaVinci based on her lessons with Rose. “Or the future?”

“Both,” the Doctor answered. “This is the Grand Planetary Gallery of the planet Athena in the year 5207. It is the primary human colony in this sector.”

“Oh,” Bill whispered. “It’s lovely. Is that a real DaVinci?”

“It is,” the Doctor agreed. “Some great artists like him have had their work spread across the human planets in order to share the wealth of culture.”
“Great,” Bill said. “Bet Rose loves it here then. All this art.”

“She’s fond of it for multiple reasons.”

“Doctor!” A sharp voice called. It was female with a Scottish accent and didn’t sound happy. “So help me, if something is about to descend on my museum, I’ll kill you myself!”

Bill’s eyes widened as a tall woman with flaming red hair strode into the room. There was a scowl on her face, but the Doctor just grinned at her. She paused in her rage stride long enough to hug Rose tightly but kept glaring at the Doctor over Rose’s shoulder.

“Why is he here?” the woman demanded. “What trouble are you bringing down on my museum now?”

“It’s not always trouble,” the Doctor protested. “Don’t be a nag!”

“Do not try to out Scot me,” the woman scolded. She stomped over and glared at the Doctor, but Bill thought she saw a hint of a smile on the woman’s face. “I was born Scottish!”

“But I do it better than you,” the Doctor huffed.

“You do not!”

“Children!” Rose cut in. She was trying not to laugh and shook her head fondly at them. “Honestly, you two.”

“She started it,” the Doctor said.

“I did not,” the woman replied.

“Bill,” Rose said. “This is Amelia Pond or Mia. She travels with us sometimes.”
The woman’s expression softened as she turned her attention towards Bill. Then she smiled and stepped forward, surprising Bill with a hug. Holding back a squeak, Bill was very aware of just how pretty the woman was.

“Nice to meet you,” Mia said. Backing up, she crossed her arms and looked her over. “Still hanging around in the 21st Century?”

“It’s home,” Rose said. “The university is comfortable and he so enjoys having captive audiences to lecture.”

“That hasn’t changed,” Mia laughed. “Well, as Rose said, I travel with them sometimes.” Amelia flipped some of her red hair over her shoulder. “They practically raised me.” She glared a little at the Doctor. “Mind you, that one wasn’t so annoying then.”

“Don’t,” Rose scolded again. “Really, sweetheart, that isn’t necessary.”

“You just like picking fights,” the Doctor said. He was smiling a little now. “Don’t you.”

Amelia was barely holding back a smile now. Her eyes were wide, but she was valiantly fighting. Rose shook her head and walked over the da Vinci, seemingly unconcerned. Then the Doctor grinned at Amelia. The woman smiled back and threw her arms around him with a happy laugh.

“It’s good to see you,” Amelia said.

“You as well,” the Doctor said. “Rose thought we should visit.”

“Well, it has been awhile,” Amelia said. Releasing the Doctor, she stepped back and studied him. “You cut your hair. Last I saw you at Christmas, you still had a bit of length to them.”

“Has it been that long?” The Doctor wrinkled up his nose a little and looked towards Rose. “Darling, why did you let so much time go by?”

“Oi, don’t blame her,” Amelia scolded. “But seriously, the kids have been by more recently than you.”
“And you’re worried about me in the museum?”

“Athena has a healthy respect for the arts, my baby Melody would never hurt me that way and Jack… Jack really can behave himself.”

“I disapprove of lumping Jack in the kids,” the Doctor replied. “He really isn’t.”

Amelia shrugged, a strand of red hair falling into her face. Bill was trying not to stare, but she was stunning. Rose rejoined them and looped her arm around the Doctor’s. They shared that soft smile that Bill was becoming very familiar with. Amelia’s own smile softened and she looked at the pair of them.


“Fancy that,” Rose said.

Amelia rolled her eyes. “Oh, so you didn’t come to see me.”

“Of course we did, sweetheart, but that’s just an added bonus.”

“Bonus, right.” Amelia shook her head and reached to grab Bill’s hand. “Fine then, I’m stealing this one for tea. The exhibit is upstairs.”

“Thank you,” Rose said sweetly.

“And you’re staying for dinner.”

“Wouldn’t dream of leaving,” the Doctor said drily.

“Just so long as you haven’t got any weird tastes this time,” Amelia added. Bill wasn’t sure what
to make of that, but it made the Doctor grimace and Amelia grinned in triumph. “And do not break my museum.”

With that, she pulled on Bill’s hand and led her out of the room. The next hall was much the same and she looked around rapidly, trying to catch a glimpse of the different art. Some of it was completely unfamiliar and some weren’t even done on canvas or any familiar medium.

“Tea, then tour,” Amelia said firmly. “I need to hear about what those two had been up to.”

They reached a small side door and opened as Amelia approached. Inside it looked like any other break room and Bill released a grateful sigh. Her mind was already spinning a little. Amelia let go of her hand and gestured for Bill to take a seat at the table. She sank into a very comfortable chair and watched as Amelia busied herself making two cups of tea on a very futuristic stove.

Amelia looked human, but Bill had already learned that appearances could be deceiving. It didn’t take long for Amelia to heat the water and she used actual tea leaves, humming softly. The tune was familiar, but Bill couldn’t place it. Maybe one of Rose’s compositions.

“So,” Amelia said, putting the tea down in front of Bill. “How long have you been with them?”

“Not long,” Bill answered. “I, uh, work at the university. I attended the Doctor’s lectures for fun and he noticed that I wasn’t a student.”

“Ah,” Amelia said. She nodded in understanding. “Yeah, they hate seeing wasted potential. Let me guess, they arranged something for you.”

“A few things really,” Bill admitted. “I get to take some classes and Rose is even teaching me the piano.”

Amelia smiled fondly. “She taught me the violin.”

“So when you say they raised you... are you their...” she trailed off. “I’ve seen your photo in their office.”

“It’s complicated,” Amelia said. “I’m not their daughter if that’s what you were trying to ask.”
Something happened to me as a kid and it impacted my brain. Nothing bad exactly, but it made me a bit different so they wanted to keep an eye on me. Rose wouldn’t let him just kidnap me so I lived with my aunt and had sporadic trips with them growing up. It was fun and I learned a lot. After university, me and Rory, he’s my husband, traveled full time with them a bit. Now we live here. I’m a curator and he’s a doctor. The Doctor and Rose helped raised our children since they were a little different too. Our daughter Melody is actually in a relationship with their daughter Jenny and…” Amelia glanced at her, judging her for a moment. “And a man called Jack. So they’re both my parents and my daughter’s in-laws. It’s a bit strange, but it works for us. Rory and I go and adventures with them from time to time for fun.”

“But not full time.”

“No,” Amelia curled her nose a little. “I love them both dearly, but at a certain point, it’s odd always being around your parents. Rory and I needed a place of our own and fulfilling work.”

“Where are you from then?” Bill asked. “You said you were a Scot?”

“Oh, we’re from Earth,” Amelia assured her. “I was born in the late 20th Century and went to school in the early 21st Century. Probably not too far off from you to be honest. That’s the same era that Rose is from so they have a fondness for it.”

Sitting back in her chair, Amelia smiled broadly, looking very much like the cat with the canary. Bill tensed, forcing a smile on her face as she braced herself.

“Oh don’t look so scared,” Amelia scolded. “Drink your tea! Tell me all about your adventures.” She leaned forward, putting her elbows on the table. “Then we’ll track down those two, give you a bit of a tour and head to my place. You can meet my husband Rory and hear some of our stories.” She nodded to Bill tea. “Come on then, drink your tea.”
The Doctor maintained a fondness for Rose’s Cambridge flat. She’d been moved out for years and he’d regenerated several times. Toying with the strings of his guitar, he lounged in the corner of the TARDIS and watched his wife adjust the settings of the TARDIS controls. Things were quiet. Billie was taking a break from traveling via the TARDIS to go on holiday with some mates the normal human way. The Doctor wasn’t overly impressed by it, but Rose had encouraged it, remembering some of her own trips.

They were alone in the TARDIS and yet he couldn’t help but think about Rose’s old flat. He hit a sour note and Rose grimaced, turning to look at him. She raised a curious eyebrow and he responded by waggling his thick grey ones. He had much more impressive eyebrows than she did.

“What are you plotting?” Rose asked. She gave him a knowing look and leaned against the TARDIS console while he tried to look innocent. “I know that look, my love. Innocence does not become you.”

“I believe that I might be offended by that statement, Darling,” the Doctor said. None the less, he set his guitar to the side and stood. Smoothing his coat, he eyed Rose who watching him with a patient, but amused smile. “Very offended indeed.”

“That’s a shame,” Rose cooed. “Yet, you didn’t answer my question. What are you plotting?”

He didn’t answer and instead stalked towards his wife. She tried to hide her smile but failed. Shaking her head, Rose turned back to the controls and adjusted the instruments again, having the TARDIS record some of the composition of the nebula around them.
“I was considering paying a visit to your old flat,” the Doctor said. Placing his hands on Rose’s hips, he pressed his torso to her back.

“The Cambridge flat?” Rose asked, sounding very surprised. “That’s not a good idea.”

“Your past self won’t notice.” The Doctor’s breath ticked Rose’s ear in that very dangerous way that made her knees quiver. “We could land the TARDIS during the summer and… reminisce.”

“Why the flat?” Rose sighed. “It has nice memories, but really-” She moaned as he kissed her neck and leaned against the Doctor.

“It the first place you said you loved me.”

“Not to you,” Rose managed to say. She turned around in his arms and looked up at him with a soft smile. “In your timeline, that would have been India during the Silver Lord problem.”

“It was to you,” the Doctor replied, his voice deepening. “I still remember it vividly. I had come to see you for your birthday with plans to take you to the Hanging Gardens and you nearly drove all that out of my head with a glorious snog.” He caught her lips in a long deep kiss, leaning Rose against the console. Her fingers twisted in salt and pepper hair. “Then,” he whispered when he released her mouth to let Rose breath. “You said those gorgeous words to me. I’d been so angry with myself, relying on you in your past for support and then you told me that you loved me.”

“I did,” Rose said. She turned her face and kissed the corner of his mouth. “I do.” She kissed his eyelids, one at a time. Then she drew back and he opened his eyes to look at her. “And I always well. Forever.” The Doctor grinned widely. “But we don’t need to go to the flat, Doctor.”

“Come on,” the Doctor said. “Your younger self will never know!”

“She might,” Rose protested.

The Doctor looked at her, giving her one of those familiar looks. “Really? And if she does, what will she really think?” He leaned closer to her, wiggling his eyebrows slightly. “I have trouble believing you’d be offended by your future-self coming back there for a shag.”
“No,” Rose admitted with a smile. “No, I wouldn’t be offended. I’d just be wondering how we ran out of rooms in the TARDIS.”

“Well,” the Doctor grinned at her. “We did do a spectacular job of that in my last body. Took our old exploring days to the next level rather brilliantly if I do say so myself.”

“And you do.”

“I’m smug this time around,” the Doctor said.

“You’ve always been smug, my love,” Rose laughed.

“Then please tell me that you aren’t really only now noticing.”

“I’m not,” Rose assured him. Shaking her head, she nibbled on her lower lip and then sighed. “Alright, alright. I suppose one visit wouldn’t hurt.”

Grinning, the Doctor reached around her to enter the destination before Rose could change her mind.
AN: I’m so happy with all the Thirteenth/Rose stuff I’ve been seeing. Jodie saying that she’d like Rose as a companion made me so happy so I wanted to write a bit more fluff for our favorite space wives.

The Doctor had largely stayed away from worrying about traditional gender clothing in her new body. While the TARDIS was happy to provide clothing of different sizes to match her current form, the Doctor was still curious. It was odd to look in the mirror and see herself, but the new body was certainly a good one. Rose liked it.

The strangest thing thus far was being able to borrow Rose’s clothing. Rose had borrowed hers a lot in the past. It hadn’t been at all unusual to find Rose in one of her old jumpers or using one of her button downs. In fact, the Doctor had always rather liked it. Yes, they knew that it was a bit territorial, but Rose had never discouraged them.

Heels, however, had been a mistake. It was odd because the Doctor had worn them before in France when it had been a mostly male thing. (The Sun King had hated being short). Apparently, she was severely out of practice because after the first hour at the gala, the Doctor’s legs and back had started to ache despite her superior physiology.

Stumbling out of the room, the Doctor leaned against the wall. Thankfully no one was around to witness her pain. Grumbling to herself, the Doctor walked slowly towards the exit.

“There you are,” Rose said behind her.

Turning around, the Doctor couldn’t even appreciate the vision her wife made in her short blue dress with golden accents. Rose’s hair was swept up in a fancy do. Her smile was soft, and Rose started digging through her small blue clutch.
“Are you okay?” Rose asked.

“Why do people wear heels?” the Doctor groaned. Then she sighed dramatically and answered her own question, “They do make your legs look amazing.” Dropping her eyes, she scanned Rose’s exposed legs with a growing smile. “Not that your legs aren’t gorgeous, they are.”

“We do have an excellent exercise routine,” Rose agreed. She smiled a little and kept digging in her clutch. Then she grinned and pulled out a small bundle. “Found them.”

“What?” the Doctor asked. She kept leaning against the fence.

“Flats,” Rose answered. She unwrapped the cloth to reveal a pair of basic canvas flats. “Packed a pair for you.”

Rose bent down carefully with the grace of a woman who was used to heels. While the Doctor kept a grip on the wall, Rose gently unbuckled the terrible footwear and slipped the canvas shoes on the Doctor’s feet.

“Kind of a reverse Cinderella,” Rose said.

“If those glass slippers hurt half as much then the prince should have done this to get her to marry him.”

Rose laughed, the melodic sound cheering the Doctor up. Of course, Rose getting the second shoe off helped a lot too. A moment later, Rose stood up, the discarded heels dangling from one hand and a satisfied smile on her face.

“I love you,” the Doctor said. Wiggling her toes in the flats, she leaned forward and kissed Rose soundly on the lips. “You are wonderful, darling.”

“You’re welcome,” Rose laughed.

The Doctor didn’t release Rose. Instead, she kept her hand against Rose’s cheek, her smile softenings into a warm and gentle expression. Smiling, Rose leaned her face into the Doctor’s cool hand and met her spouse’s eyes.
“We’ve been together for years,” the Doctor said. “Lifetimes and yet, you still manage to surprise me.”

“Trust me, packing flats the first time you decide to wear heels isn’t a stroke of genius, just experience. Even 25th-century heels still take getting used to.”

“Still,” the Doctor said. “It was sweet. You didn’t try to talk me out of it or say I couldn’t do it. You were just ready to make things easier when the time came.” She kissed Rose again. “So glad I married you.”

“I’m glad I married you too,” Rose agreed. Then she reached into her clutch again and found another pair of flats. “Your turn.”

Grinning, the Doctor took the flats and bent down. She gently helped Rose change into the sturdy canvas flats. Then she stood up, kissed Rose again, and linked their arms. Rose smiled at her and the pair without needing any words headed for the TARDIS.

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