

## Never Say Never Again

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# **Never Say Never Again**

by [Dzuljeta](#)

## Summary

The Doctor meets and befriends a beautiful young woman. The only thing Donna doesn't understand is why he does not want to invite her to travel with them.

# Chapter 1

## Never Say Never Again

1.

Donna Noble has only caught a glimpse of her here and there. The woman capable of making the Doctor grin without a reason whenever he saw her.

The young fair-haired woman did not seem to be against answering a lot of Donna's questions without looking terribly bothered, as long as those had nothing to do with disclosing her identity. The fiery companion was happy about that, imagining it has only been a matter of time until the Doctor has decided to invite her along.

No such thing happened.

After another day of the Spaceman behaving like someone with troubled teenager-like psychological issues, the only question left for her to ask was why the Spaceman hasn't invited the lovely girl to travel with them by now.

“Why do you ask?” has been his surprised response.

“You two look close,” Donna managed, surprised she hasn't given him the question sooner. “Like a couple of best friends, actually.”

The Doctor exhaled, as if unable to believe in her words.

It has been way too long for him, Donna could say. The way in which he has greeted the girl has felt casual for approximately half a minute.

“I'd expect so,” the Doctor eyed her quizzically, not willing to pretend any longer.

“Is it love? Or family? Or friendship?”

“All of these,” the Doctor spoke evenly, hating to be attacked like this, yet his eyes were sparkling. “Or perhaps none of these,” he has hurried to correct himself, just in case Rose has still had doubts in his never truly expressed intentions towards her.

“I am delighted to see you excited like this about someone,” the redhead spoke honestly.

“As am I,” he smiled, relieved.

“Why don't you invite her to travel with us?” Donna was surprised he hasn't. “It seems to me she makes you happy!”

The Doctor looked away. “I don't deserve her.”

“Don’t be an idiot,” the ginger chastised him. “This girl makes me think of how you and your Rose might have been. Am I right?”

The Time Lord stared at her, unable to hide his surprise. “What do you mean by *that*?”

“I didn’t mean-” Donna grew defensive. “Besides, you have said this girl was your-”

He looked at her pleadingly.

“No, I’m not stopping!” She warned him seriously. “If this girl is someone who makes you so excited, you *must* find her again and invite her along!” *Or I will.*

“I don’t need to,” he said. “Let’s return to the TARDIS,” his sharp voice has allowed no objections.

“The hell, Doctor? Are you running away from your happiness?”

“Not this time,” he said, opening the TARDIS door hurriedly.

The said woman was grinning at them both.

“It’s just like you said,” the Doctor smiled at her softly. “Living apart doesn’t work well for the two of us,” he spoke assuringly.

“We have tried,” the blonde woman whispered, looking uncomfortable. She hadn’t expected she would need to be the one giving explanations.

Donna was puzzled. “How-”

“The galaxy thinks we have failed,” the Time Lord finished.

“But?”

“We’re here and we’re together. Does this look like we have failed?”

Donna beamed at them. “Absolutely not. Now, how about you finally introduce yourself?”

“Some might call me Marion-”

The Doctor looked at his pink and yellow companion fearfully, her excitement sometimes bringing about curious ideas.

“Nice to meet you-”

“No, only Mum used to call me that, Rose beamed at the fiery companion.

“The name’s Rose,” she spoke, her excitement only increasing with every passing moment.

Donna eyed them both dubiously. “You don’t mean-”

“She does,” the Doctor shrugged, surprised about Donna remaining relatively unmoved.

“Yeah,” Rose smiled, not looking at the redhead. She has met enough mistrust inside the parallel universe. “I think it’s best for me to take a bath or at least a shower to wash off every trace of Pete’s World, m?” She addressed the Time Lord fondly, half-expecting for what has followed.

“You can’t do this to me, Rose! I have been craving to finally see you again, every passing moment since... since the bloody Norway, and you think now is the best time to lock yourself up inside your bathroom?”

Donna Noble looked at Rose worriedly, ready to accept the fact the Doctor’s long lost lover has returned, just like that.

“Is the Spaceman always like this with you? Rose?” The older companion was greatly surprised. The alien has never given away his feelings quite so openly before!

“In a way,” the girl exhaled, not wanting to tell the woman that no, neither of them has ever *dared* to be the way they might have wanted to be.

Rose smiled at the Doctor challengingly instead. “Have I ever stopped you from joining me, Doctor? Why should I do so now?” She was clearly enjoying herself.

*What?* The Time Lord has had no choice but to join her in the risky game. “What?” He mouthed the word to her, getting an apologetic look in return from her. “Sorry.”

“So, as I see it, you two are going to share a bathroom now,” Donna has cleared her throat. “Forgive me if I ask of you to never, ever share this uncomfortable bit of information with me in the future!” The woman has realised she would likely need to get used to a lot of things changing aboard with the Doctor’s Rose finally here.

The Time Lord sent the ginger companion a knowing look. “According to one Captain we know, it all depends on just how rotten one’s mind is,” he shrugged, meeting an appreciative look on Rose’s face. “We can’t promise anything, right, darling?”

“Don’t listen to him,” the girl grinned. “He has told me we were never going to meet again. Had told me he was never going to leave me behind, in the first place-”

“Rose-” The Doctor was only gaping at her now. How could she look and sound so unaffected by all the mistakes *he* has made! “I-”

*Be sorry all you like, Doctor. But not now. Now, I am going to take a long bath. If we want to keep Donna on edge, you must keep me company.*

The Doctor looked at her, startled. “I thought... believed we have removed every trace of your nature threatening to change, every time!”

“Remember, there have been times when we have been too exhausted to-”

He nodded, chuckling at the changed situation between them.



# Chapter 2

## Previously...

*The Doctor looked at her, startled. "I thought... believed we have removed every trace of your nature threatening to change, every time!"*

*"Remember, there have been times when we have been too exhausted to-"*

*He nodded, chuckling at the changed situation between them.*

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## Never Say Never Again

### 2.

“Does this amuse you?” Rose asked him softly.

“Shouldn’t it?”

*I wasn’t kidding, you know. I am going to take a bath right now. Are you sure you want to be there?* Rose looked at him dubiously.

“Only if you want me to,” the Doctor breathed, understanding he has always been ready to do whatever it was she wanted.

Rose exhaled. “We need to.”

The Time Lord nodded, his disillusion seen on his face. “I understand,” he said out loud instead.

The girl shrugged at him. “I don’t think you do. *Allons-y*, Rose grabbed the stunned Doctor by the hand and pulled him into the nearest bathroom, hoping it would be hers.

The Time Lord exhaled. “I don’t feel you want for me to join you for reasons other than showing Donna how close we are to each other,” he admitted.

“Don’t be a fool, Doctor. I have only agreed to your efforts to stop my transformation from progressing every time because I could see how relieved it was making you,” Rose said, her words quiet.

“Rose-”

*Don’t you understand? I love you. Need you. If you’re suddenly unsure, it’s all right-*

“Rose.”

“What?”

*I have just realised - we have no clothes to change into, after-*

Rose beamed at him, hit with a realisation. He intended to stay.

“I have my dressing-gown. You have your almighty sonic screwdriver.”

“Funny. I thought you might still have the dressing-gown meant for me somewhere nearby?”

The girl blushed, remembering something only known to them both. One of the countless occasions when they were about to cross the invisible border between them... Yet never did.

“Of course,” Rose opened the cupboard which held several dressing-gowns in it and closed it again, smiling knowingly at the Doctor.

“I thought I’d never see you again,” the Time Lord spoke quietly.

“Yet here I am,” Rose sent him a deep passionate look. *And here we are, having willingly locked ourselves inside a bathroom*, she said, allowing the water from the tap to begin running.

The Doctor looked at her curiously. “Is the running water just for show?”

Rose shook her head. *Is your love just for show?*

The Doctor sighed, knowing the Londoner was always going to succeed in proving her point, as usual.

*I have made countless mistakes in my life. Losing you again because of my foolishness won't be one of these*, he sent her.

Rose smiled at him. “You should turn away right now, Doctor. I need to undress and plunge into the water, hopefully already frothy enough to cover my, well, bits, yeah?”

The Doctor was surprised. Every single thing in her behaviour suggested she was encouraging him to make a move.

Rose looked at him apologetically. “I’m sorry. We have barely ever *kissed.*” *It’s always the endless flirting, innuendos and unfinished sentences with you, I just-*

The Doctor was struck with the truth of her words. *You just-?*

Rose shrugged at him. “I just can’t allow for the water to cool down, even if I know the old girl’s eager to keep the temperature just as I like it,” she waved her hand for the Doctor to turn away. Rose inhaled and took her time in undressing, one piece of clothing at a time.

“Rose?” His impatience was amusing, yet the girl didn’t quicken her unhurried undressing in the slightest.

“I am to take a bath with you present, Doctor. Trust me, allowing people to see me doing something so personal is not a habit of mine.”

The Time Lord understood his reaction was unjustified. “I understand, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have-”

At that moment, the sound of a splash has made him to turn back to facing the bath with Rose in it. Much against her expectations, hardly anything was covered properly.

“Just my luck,” the Time Lady smiled wryly. *Or yours.*

“Would you like me to look away?”

Rose shook her head. “There’s no point. Not now, not any more.”

The Doctor looked at her incredulously.

*Why do you say so?*

The Time Lady blinked at him, her look giving away mischievous sparkles. *I am waiting for you to join me. If you dare!*

The Doctor was stunned. No matter how much time has passed, Rose Tyler has always kept something up her sleeve. *What?*

Rose exhaled. Maybe she has misunderstood. *I thought I saw something familiar burning in your eyes, I-*

The Doctor cleared his throat. “Love, Rose. That’s what it is. Curiosity. Delight. Surprise. Admiration.”

Rose wasn’t looking at him, suddenly doubting in herself. *Forgive me, Doctor. I don’t know what has come over me, I thought-*

“Close your eyes, Rose,” the Doctor asked her.

“Hm?”

*Trust me.*

For several minutes, nothing happened. *Try to make use of your comfortable situation, while you still can, Rose*, the Doctor’s low voice has reminded her she needed to take care of the primary function of a bath full of water.

Two minutes later, she understood what the Time Lord was having in mind, when his hands were suddenly all over her.

Rose exhaled in relief, giggling, not once allowing herself to focus her attention on the fact the Doctor was wearing nothing. *This isn't a very good idea, you must know that. We're still not-*

*Not a couple? Not in love? Not married?* The Gallifreyan teased her lightly. *I beg to differ.*

The Time Lady was afraid to take a breath all of a sudden. “Yes?”

“I still don’t understand you, Rose,” the Doctor looked at her curiously. “We both know who we are to each other. Know we can’t waste another minute on trying to fix something which doesn’t need fixing!”

Rose breathed out, trying to calm herself down. *I have never thought you would actually dare to-*

“Are you upset?” The Doctor asked her worriedly. “Has this been too straightforward?”

Rose wasn’t sure what to say to it.

# Chapter 3

## Previously...

*Rose breathed out, trying to calm herself down. I have never thought you would actually dare to-*

*"Are you upset?" The Doctor asked Rose worriedly. "Has this been too straightforward?"*

*Rose wasn't sure what to say to it.*

## Never Say Never Again

3.

Surely, she couldn't disclose her excitement and anticipation about having him, well... forced to break every single rule of keeping a safe distance from her to the Doctor. Not this soon, anyway.

She inhaled meaningfully instead. "Why are you giving me these questions now, Doctor?"

"Er. Well." He blushed. "I think we should have had this talk much sooner."

"Not when we're sharing a bath, you mean," Rose giggled.

"Completely naked, with no way out from accidentally touching each other in ways not considered acceptable?"

*What are you implying, Doctor?* The girl beamed at him, sensing any feelings of discomfort disappearing, with the old girl's support enveloping them both.

"Whatever you want," the Time Lord's low voice made Rose tremble with excitement.

"Let's just-"

*Just what?* The Time Lord knew whichever move of his, however cautious, was going to make them both eager to go further with this. Funnily, he understood this has only been a release of their suppressed feelings, something they could have come to ages ago.

Rose was looking at him knowingly.

*This is sheer cheating, Rose beamed at the Doctor, not wanting him to stop touching her. The bath is only meant for one person!*

"You know you love it," he said lowly.

"I have invited you. Of course I do," she shot him a dirty look.

"Tell me you love me, first, Miss Tyler," the Doctor winked at her. "Knowing I haven't even been asked out for a drink yet."

"Are you sure? As far as I remember, we have had our first date very early on!"

"Not with this me, however!"

Rose rolled her eyes at him. "Are you sure? Or are you only looking for a reason to get me to play your plus one, again?"

He blushed, clearing his throat. "Let's not discuss this now."

She nodded. *If it's too hard for you, Doctor, you can leave. I, for one, feel as if I hadn't taken a decent bath for centuries.*

The Doctor looked at Rose curiously, chuckling. "Does a decent bath mean one with a man in it?"

The girl beamed at him. "Only if it's you we're talking about," she winked at him, the implication making the Doctor hold his breath.

"I'm flattered," he inhaled, knowing a couple of millimetres still separating their bodies could make all the difference, but he didn't dare to initiate anything.

"You should be. You're the only one ever getting to share a bath with me. Ever. Who knows, this could be a one-time occasion."

The Time Lord licked his lips. "But you'd rather it wasn't."

"Are you having fun in provoking me?" Rose asked, suddenly worried. Some of her unpleasant experiences with blokes not worth trusting have taught her it was better to stay on guard at all times, no matter the situation.

"Only if I'm allowed to. Say no, and I'll stop, Rose!"

"Could we stick to kisses, for the time being?" She asked him quietly.

"Of course," the Doctor smiled at her. When inside a bath as ordinary as that one, it was proving difficult to avoid their bodies touching, everywhere. He didn't think for a second kisses were going to be anywhere as complicated.

Soon enough, it has become obvious even kissing, even if nowhere as passionately as they were craving for, wasn't easy, if trying to keep away from accidentally touching each other

without making the other either uncomfortable or...burning in shame.

Rose inhaled, smiling wryly. *Are your thoughts so easy to read because you want me to, or is it a miscalculation on your part?*

The Doctor sent her a questioning look.

The girl giggled. *Either way, you have missed the most important option. Burning in shame, yes. Discomfort? Sometimes, but why?*

She beamed at him, seeing every of the mentioned states on his face. *Because we're a couple of amorous idiots not daring to make a move. Am I right?*

Rose couldn't control the colour of her face, now acquiring a shade of pink... But she could feel it. This didn't help.

"Absolutely. You're absolutely right, Miss Tyler," the Doctor spoke, his eyes darker than ever before. "Are we continuing like this, or are we moving... elsewhere?"

"Are you suggesting I should abandon my original intention to wash dirt off myself, slowly and thoroughly, and have some wild and passionate time with you, Time Lord?" Rose was challenging him, but both of them understood the direction to which they were heading.

"Oh. Miss Tyler. Are you trying to plant doubts inside my mind?"

*I could never. I think you are trying to plant doubts inside mine, Time Lord,* Rose teased, not having any intention to leave the bath without feeling utterly fresh and clean, with or without the Doctor keeping her company. She kept her eyes locked with his, imagining the sparkles in his were similar, if not identical, to those burning in hers.

"What are you suggesting, Rose? That I can't keep my hands to myself, so to speak?"

"I can't know for certain, Doctor."

"Are you sure you want to put my abilities under the test? I assure you, you are going to lose."

Rose thought for a moment and beamed at him. "All right. I challenge you. We have a bath full of water, a Time Lady wanting to wash herself and a Time Lord who claims he is able to keep his urges locked away. You, a proud Time Lord, should face no difficulties in helping me to become clean again," she giggled.

The Doctor nodded. "I agree. I believe this allows me to put you through an innocent test of my own making."

Rose blinked at him. "By which you mean-"

"If, by any chance, some of my unintentional and unpremeditated touches make you feel aroused, you are not allowed to look affected in any way. Deal?"

She inhaled. “Deal!” This sounded simple enough.

# Chapter 4

## Previously...

*"If, by any chance, some of my unintentional and unpremeditated touches make you feel aroused, you are not allowed to look affected in any way. Deal?"*

*She inhaled. "Deal!" This sounded simple enough.*

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## Never Say Never Again

### 4.

Actually, it hasn't been simple at all. Rose was moving carefully, not facing the Doctor, but every move she made felt like it was going to make her explode with suppressed desire. With the Doctor so close, she was afraid she was going to give up to the burning need sooner or later, with *sooner* threatening to win the battle any moment now.

"Is everything all right?" The Doctor asked her.

"Yes," Rose managed.

"But it isn't," the Doctor breathed out, sensing her discomfort. "I can help you."

"How?"

"The casual way." *For Time Lords.*

Rose sighed. "I don't know what you mean."

"Breathe in and watch me," the Doctor winked at her. What happened next happened so incredibly fast Rose wondered how he could have thought of it. Without physically touching her, the Doctor allowed the blue light coming from the sonic screwdriver to envelop them both.

*There, love. We're both mostly clean and-*

Rose shook her head, laughing. "Mostly? Do you mean your almighty sonic screwdriver didn't consider touching upon some parts of me mostly in need of sudden help?"

The Time Lord blushed. “Are you provoking me? I have just saved you from surrendering to my unimaginably sexy self.”

“Tough! You have just missed the ability to see me bathe, taking care of the most sensual parts of my body, Doctor,” Rose finished seductively. It seemed the wild passion surrounding them both had only doubled itself.

“We’re still inside the bath, together,” the Doctor breathed. “Naked and aroused, if I’m allowed to say so,” he teased. “I can see it,” the Time Lord winked at her.

“You know I hate it when you do this. Force me to go through your Time Lord shenanigans,” Rose gulped. She understood there was no way she could hide her state any longer. *Take me to bed, Doctor*, she begged.

The alien could feel she was truly in need to get her needs taken care of as soon as possible.

*Or what?*

Rose glared at him. *Or I may explode, taking you with me.*

“I take it I really *am* sexy, then?”

She sighed, this one sentence reminding her she was better than this. She could practically sense he enjoyed having control of the situation. “Shut up.”

“Nah. I know we, as Time Lords, can take some things easier than others. Including our bare bodies touching, mostly by accident.”

Rose knew the Doctor was telling the truth and was determined to prove her abilities to resist him, however hard it may have been. Once, she had almost given up to his charms. But she was a Tyler and proud of it. The Doctor has just ignited her passionate determination to make use of the fact she, too, belonged to his species.

“Do you still want me to bring you to bed?” The Time Lord noticed the sudden change of mood and wasn’t sure he liked it.

Rose shook her head. “No. I need to bathe and no-one is going to take this simple pleasure from me. Not even you, the almighty Doctor with your almighty sonic screwdriver. Maybe *you* need to leave the bathroom altogether?”

The alien didn’t want to remind her she had just been ready to let go of her inhibitions.

“I’d rather not,” he sighed, knowing the chance to see Rose taking a bath, much less sharing it with her, could never happen again. “I’ll try to pretend I’m not here, yes?”

Rose beamed at him, saying nothing.

She understood she enjoyed having the Doctor so close to her. It’s been so simple to move things forwards from the position they were in and they both knew it, but this was out of the

question. Rose was better than this. She knew ignoring the Doctor's presence was the only way for her to continue with the simple act of bathing.

The Doctor was trying to pay no mind to the gorgeous sight before him. He closed his eyes, breathing slowly.

Rose's mind was going through so many mixed emotions. What can't have lasted for more than five minutes has felt like hours to her. Her Doctor, dutifully waiting for her to be done, not saying a word... This hasn't been right.

Rose's following question has come out quietly, almost like a breath. "Would you like to help me?"

The Time Lord smiled at her softly, feeling more determined than ever. "Are you ready to face the risk?"

"I am a Time Lady. A single passionate... human-like fallacy doesn't count. I'm sure you know that?"

Rose's words felt like an unintended challenge to the Doctor. *As you wish, my dear. Relax. I shouldn't take long.*

Relax? Her entire body suddenly felt extremely sensitive to his expert, almost clinical-like touches.

A sigh escaped her lips.

*Remember, Rose, you don't actually need any of this. My sonic screwdriver has already-*

"No alien technology can replace the pleasure taking a bath gives me."

"If you say so," the Doctor sent her a knowing grin. If he was being completely honest with himself... Taking a bath filled with water was an incredibly pleasant, however plain, experience.

"I love it," the Doctor admitted. "Love bathing with you. Could do it every single day."

Rose exhaled. "Because you secretly imagine I would want to proceed with having our naked bodies, well, united afterwards?" She teased him.

"Don't. I *intend* to get you to bed first thing after we leave the bathroom, but not for anything your dirty mind keeps suggesting. You need to avoid draughts."

"What about you?"

"I'm a Time Lord. Such tiny things don't worry me."

Rose giggled. "Very well, Time Lord. I'm going into my room," she shrugged, leaving the bath carefully and catching the dressing gown thrown at her by the sentient vessel straight away.

The Doctor was stunned, watching Rose put it on with a knowing look in her eyes.

“But, but-”

Rose winked at him.

# Chapter 5

## Previously...

*Rose giggled. "Very well, Time Lord. I'm going into my room," she shrugged, leaving the bath carefully and catching the dressing gown thrown at her by the sentient vessel straight away.*

*The Doctor was stunned, watching Rose put it on with a knowing look in her eyes.*

*"But, but-"*

*Rose winked at him.*

## Never Say Never Again

### 5.

The Doctor couldn't simply leave it like this. "I- you can't do this to me!"

"Oh? Can't I?" Rose smiled and left the stunned Doctor in the bathroom.

He has followed her straight away, with the old girl having given him something... proper enough to cover himself with.

*I have promised, the Time Lord's hand was in hers the next second.*

Rose was pleasantly surprised by his persistence, barely bothering to look at him.

"To bed, yeah?"

"Oh, yes!" The Doctor couldn't help himself, looking at Rose with a knowing grin. No matter what she might say, she loved his body touching hers, accidentally and maybe intentionally, who knew?

“We should share a bath more often,” the alien breathed at her, earning a smack at once. “We haven’t done anything inappropriate and are not going to,” Rose said drily.

“Ha! Do you mean we are going to share a bath in the future?”

“I am barely dressed. You have warned me to avoid draughts. Let’s just go!”

“Craving for a warm bed, are you?”

“Stop pretending to be Jack Harkness. I have had enough of poor attempts at seduction with him present.”

“Jack? Unsuccessful in his main métier? How can this be?”

Rose glared at him. “Do you mean you approve of his *techniques*? ”

The Time Lord chuckled. “If it doesn’t affect the woman I love in any wrong way, who am I to judge?”

“Let’s just go,” Rose quickened her pace, already eager to lie down. She wanted to convince herself the Doctor’s actions didn’t matter. He could keep her company or could busy himself with other things.

*Are you already fantasising about what could happen between us, Rose?*

She looked away. *Don’t be silly.*

*You are! Let me tell you, so am I*, the alien said quietly. He could dismiss the desire building up within him easily - they have survived sharing a bath without giving in to the obvious *need*, after all - but the very idea felt wrong. Here they were, pretending nothing was happening. No shared feeling of suppressed desire, no wish to let go of all the decency and move forwards... The Doctor exhaled, trying to calm down. He couldn’t allow himself to show Rose that he, a Time Lord, could give in to these wild sensations just like anyone.

Rose has been the first to break. Whatever was she trying to reach? “I can’t do this any more,” she breathed, ashamed. “I have barely managed to keep from encouraging you to, I-”

The Doctor beamed at her. “You have almost fooled me. Had you not been the one to speak, I would have,” he admitted. “So, should it be the bed or perhaps the bath for our first time?”

Rose sighed, disillusioned. How little it took for him to take it all for granted...

“Could you think of something else? Something *you* like?”

“I like... well,” the Doctor blushed. “I want to give you my everything, Rose. The place doesn’t matter!”

“No? What if I told you I wanted to have our first time at Mum’s?”

The Doctor sighed, understanding Rose was only teasing him.

“Say a word and we'll go there,” he winked at her.

She shrugged. “I don't think going to Jackie's is a good idea, actually.”

“I don't think you understand the amount of things I'm willing to do for you is infinite,” he chuckled.

“The path to the bedroom doesn't seem to have an end, either.”

The Doctor took a quick turn and opened the door to Rose's wonderfully pink chamber. The girl wasn't expecting it, but entered the room with him anyway.

*The TARDIS is getting curious and trust me, you don't want to know what it means, dear!  
Your room is the room meant exclusively for sleeping. Alone.*

Rose smirked at him. The room may have been used for something less innocent a couple of times, when the Time Lord has been looking so unimaginably sexy she couldn't help it but needed to take a hot or cold shower to help her ease the need. She gulped. “Are you suggesting my room is the one place aboard safest for us to, well, discover each other all over again?”

The Doctor was thankful for her choice of words. “Assuming you don't think we have seen enough of each other already,” he chuckled. One thing has been obvious for both of them - their suppressed, barely controlled passion was eventually going to win and neither of them has been against the outcome.

“So. Shouldn't you be teasing me about the pink colour everywhere in my room?”

The Time Lord shook his head. “You are my pink and yellow Rose. I wouldn't dare,” he exhaled, eyeing her with a knowing look which didn't need any explanations.

“Make me yours, Doctor. Prove to me your self-proclaimed sexiness means more than just empty words,” she knew her words were having an effect on him.

*Just you wait, Rose Tyler. No ordinary person dares to question my-*

*Your what, Doctor?* Rose knew she was allowed to tease him endlessly.

*I'll show you.*

The alien understood what was coming. His beloved Time Lady understood what was coming. Their shared time in the bathroom has only opened so many new paths to perfection only Time Lords and Ladies in love could make use of.

*Yes!* Without another thought, the couple have found themselves inside the en-suite bathroom of Rose's chamber and it seemed the bath scenario has been about to repeat itself all over again.

*This is your time and place, Rose Marion Tyler. Amaze me,* the Doctor beamed at her, appreciating her letting go of her dressing-down all over again. This time, the ever-present *need* has made the Doctor look at Rose's bare figure, her neck, her shoulders, her breasts... and more, so much more-

*Don't be afraid, Time Lord.* The girl could have sworn the bath has become even tinier than she could remember. But somehow, this has only made everything better. So, so much better.

# Chapter 6

**Previously...**

Don't be afraid, Time Lord. *The girl could have sworn the bath has become even tinier than she could remember. But somehow, this has only made everything better. So, so much better.*

## **Never Say Never Again**

**6.**

Rose inhaled, watching the Doctor and gaping in amazement anew. He was gorgeous and it was clear he knew it. *Are you sure all you do is run? No secret visiting gyms, or anything?*

“Nope. Me, a Time Lord, bothering with-” He rolled his eyes at her playfully. He could see the reaction of her body to his, now even more visible than before. Heck, *he* could feel and *see* his own body reacting to hers!

“Turn on the water, please, o Doctor,” she entered the still waterless bath with an inviting gesture.

The Doctor couldn't take his eyes away from her. “I don't deserve you, Miss Tyler. You have joined my life and everything has changed for the better right away,” he spoke lovingly, at the same time turning on the water.

This time, he didn't think twice and entered the bath, one absolutely only meant for one person.

*I don't think the bath has become any larger;* he chuckled, breathing into her.

*That was the plan, Doctor.* No chance to avoid touching each other, comfort be damned. So what, if her breasts had become slightly bigger and much more sensitive when in need to be touched, so what, if his dick-

Rose froze. That hasn't been happening, right?

The Doctor was uncomfortable, but he wasn't going to show it. He wasn't going to ruin their experience of a lifetime-”

“I give up, Rose Tyler. The bath is way too tiny. Let's move elsewhere!”

*Are you giving up so soon, Doctor?*

“I am! Every time our bodies touch, I-”

“Your room’s too far,” she whispered. *My room’s too far,*” she breathed, knowing merely leaving the en-suite could ruin their upcoming blissful experience.

“True,” he began kissing her breasts and she couldn’t back a moan. “Doctor-”

The Doctor understood keeping his real name from her was no longer a possibility. *I see no point in hiding it from you, Rose. My real name is-*

Rose nodded, not surprised. His incessant kisses were becoming braver and she loved it. If only he could-

“I don’t think I can take it any more,” he breathed. “Rose Tyler. Marry me and we’ll cherish each other for all eternity.”

“Okay.”

The Doctor beamed at her. “It’s all settled, then.”

”Okay!”

The Doctor giggled, but the situation was soon going to get out of control, unless-

Rose wasn’t blind. “I refuse to admit I’m about to save your decency by having you entering me, but so be it,” she breathed, welcoming his cock inside her. The sudden delight of completion has overtaken her immediately.

*Thank you,* the Doctor sent her, ashamed.

Rose was waiting for him to come inside of her and kept smiling, not knowing the real orgasmic bliss was going to come to her almost at the same time as it reached the Doctor.

*And there I was, thinking nothing was going to happen inside this tinyish bath of yours,* the Doctor sent her after he could see Rose’s blissful experience could no longer block her reasoning.

*Silly you. I wouldn’t mind another round,* Rose giggled. They have missed the fact the water had already begun flooding the bathroom floor - but the TARDIS had been too happy about their union to warn them.

*Your wish is my command, Rose, but we may have flooded the bathroom a little.* “Your bed? Or, if we’re lucky enough, my bathroom?”

Rose understood him immediately. He meant the ever-present threat of them meeting Donna Noble. But that didn’t concern Rose half as much. “Do you mean *your* bed is out of the question?”

“Our bed, of course. But the old girl needs to fix it up properly. For now-”

“I’ll make you pay for this,” she giggled, ready to welcome the Doctor inside her amazingly big and wonderfully pink bed.

The alien inhaled. “I thought of a better alternative! My en-suite with a considerably bigger bath, for one thing!”

“Should I be insulted?”

“Why would you be?”

“You’d rather risk us meeting Donna than continue here. Let me tell you, this bath is not usually as crowded,” Rose giggled, remembering their naked bodies barely having any space inside it.

“I am officially naming my room as ours from now on, hence, so is the en-suite bathroom and everything inside it!”

*Everything?* Her seductive voice made him blush.

*What are you expecting to find there? Some items of a questionable nature? Some porn, borrowed from Jack’s collection?*

Rose burst out laughing. “With you being the extremely sexy one, I wouldn’t be extremely surprised!”

“Tough! Having the most wonderful person in the universe right here, I wouldn’t-”

She smacked him playfully. “Do you want me to die of shame?”

“Nope! But it’s likely I’d be the one suffering this fate, if you keep looking at me like this!”

Rose grabbed him by the hand. “Let’s just go, before Donna appears!”

He beamed at her. *Allons-y!*

Rose giggled, quickening her pace. Sadly, the ever-present desire has been making her puzzled and very soon, she kept asking the Doctor to lead her.

*I don’t know what’s up with me. I can barely identify the familiar surroundings.*

The Doctor smiled at her softly, knowing just how hard desire could hit. “Remember, we are trying to escape Donna Noble and that’s our priority. The second we’re inside the promised chamber-”

The redhead, curious, didn’t show herself. Promised chambers? What did he mean? A church?

She shook her head the next second. Some things have been way too personal, even for her. No matter if she could try to hear them making love and be happy about her success, Donna understood their shared life has been their own, and even if they ended up using extremely dirty words when shagging, she has promised herself to keep it all to herself.

“Hi, Donna!” He startled both the redhead and his beloved.

*What? Why? Are we no longer hiding from her in your en-suite?*

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