

What Everything Is

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/7198736) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/7198736>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Doctor Who
Characters:	Eleventh Doctor , The Master (Simm)
Additional Tags:	Character Study , Drabble , Fluff , Introspection , Romance , Episode: s03e12 The Sound of Drums , Episode: s03e13 Last of the Time Lords , Episode: s04e17 The End of Time (1) , Episode: s04e18 The End of Time (2)
Language:	English
Collections:	The Prydonian
Stats:	Published: 2011-01-27 Words: 428 Chapters: 1/1

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by Gigabits [archived by [theprydonian_archivist](#)]

Summary

The Doctor, in his Eleventh incarnation, and the Master take just a single moment together. Admittances and deep thought ensues. But the Master's ambitious convictions and the Doctor's grounded ones just don't line up.

Notes

I wanted to explore the idea of the Doctor (unspecific incarnation at first) and the Master being together, without breaking off from their actual personalities as, no offense, most slash-fics do. But a physical relationship just seemed silly... I went into a more philosophical/emotional ground in order to stay in-character. 'Cause honestly, people.

Note from Versaphile, the archivist: this story was originally archived at [The Prydonian](#). Deciding that it needed to have a more long-term home, I began importing its works to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in June 2016. I e-mailed all creators about the move and posted announcements, but may not have reached everyone. If you are (or know) this creator, please contact the e-mail address on [The Prydonian collection profile](#).

"I like this one more..." he whispers. His voice is coarse with age, madness, and plain old rough tension-- and yet that blankets his amusement. *If I am like fire and ice, and the on-coming storm, I think, he is like cruelty and passion, like greatness and cowardice, and a whole heaven weighing on one's back like old Atlas. Yes, that's it...*

My thoughts are cut off. Well, that's not true. The universe still runs through my head, it's more like it speeds up, so fast I'm not reading it like usual. A Timelord's heartbeat usually sounds off at four beats, four very even beats, but I may have been experiencing 8 or 12 consecutively. It was excitement too, but predominantly it was... ease. I've never felt so at ease around the Master. It's because I know there is no plot, no danger. There definitely *will* be, given a parting and a short amount of time (I will think up counter-measures to that, of course, given time), but right now we're tangled intimately and absorbing each other's presence in a way other than adversaries. It's almost like a sappy dream-- the last of our species wallowing together and trying to forget our loneliness.

And apparently, my new form was to the Master's liking. Less a stream of longing, frailty, and lingering regret, I'm now more like a mixture of aloofness and cheerfulness, hiding all that rage and disappointment and angst as much as I can. I'm... more like *him*, showing all that boast and glee while the pain bubbles just barely under the surface. It must be why he likes this form. That, and that I'm more... submissive? No... budding. I make allowance. I'm not as stubborn. Not as stubborn as *any* other "me".

We are lent into each-other, shoulders pressed, foreheads angled together too. He doesn't even blink he's so fixated, glimmering white in his smile, a little bit of madness always showing through.

I can hear his drum. Not the ones in his head, no... those have apparently been fading with time, he said. This drum is the template of his drums, that heartbeat of a Timelord. In the quiet, the silence of a shut-down TARDIS, we can attune to each-other's sounds. Breaths, heartbeats, the clenching and unclenching of fists...

"Oh, Doctor..." The Master cooed with that signature slight of mock, "I can see how you'd want me to stay with you in this serenity forever. But anything less than everything isn't enough for me."

A flinch crosses my face. "To me, this could *be* everything."

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