

## Against the Wall

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# Against the Wall

by Silencingthedrums [archived by [theprydonian\\_archivist](#)]

## Summary

An accidental crossing of timelines finds the 11th Doctor witnessing the events of The End of Time once more - with a twist. Gratuitous 11/Master/10/dress!Master/crazy!Master PWP clipping from Silencing the Drums

## Notes

This bit will eventually fit into the overall story from <http://www.prydonian.net/viewstory.php?sid=375>. For now, have some kinky PWP! Ugh, dear myself, stop writing offshoots from your own fanfic cannon.

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](#).

He shouldn't have been here. This was wrong, entirely, the *worst possible* place for a miniature paradox. Within hours, the drums in the Master's head would punch a hole through the Time Lock holding Gallifrey in stasis; in a matter of hours he would begin to die.

He most especially should not have been here, trapped up against a wall, a bulky motorcycle helmet and leather bodysuit the only things keeping the Master – all six-billion of him – from noticing that something was amiss.

"I want you to watch every second of this," the Master purred against his neck, his voice only slightly muffled by the helmet. He himself had donned the same sort of black bodysuit, sans helmet, for he more than fit in here. "Make sure you've got a good view."

The Master had made certain of that. They huddled in a small alcove, all but hidden in shadow, facing directly into the main foyer. The corridor behind them was a dead-end, leaving the highest concentration of guards at the other end of the room. With his back pressed to the wall, the Doctor had a direct line of sight to what it was the Master wanted him to see – himself, bound hands and feet to an upright gurney. This would've been surreal enough if not for what he knew came next.

The Master – not *his* Master, he reminded himself – strolled out into the center of the room, hungry and predatory. He circled the gurney, tugging here and there at the tight straps and cuffs that bound the Doctor (his tenth incarnation – what a *mind-fuck* this was), lingering a little longer at those that encircled his thighs.

"Cat got your tongue?" the mad Master asked, jerking hard on the gag pinned tight over the Doctor's lips and laughing. "No, wait, sorry – that's me. Let me help you out with that." He unclipped the gag and let it drop, and the Doctor was off and running immediately at his full nine-thousand-words-a-minute speed.

"You don't want to do this," he gasped, nearly before he'd had time to draw a decent breath. "I promise you, this is a terrible idea, whatever it is you've got planned. Let me out of here- let me help-"

The Master yanked the gag back across his mouth with a scoff. "Nevermind, that was a terrible idea. What a mouth on him!" He glanced around the room at the gathered copies of himself and wagged a brow. "The chair's not quite at the right angle to make much use of it."

He laughed, a dozen identical voices raised at once, and trapped in his corner the Doctor – the *current* Doctor, the right one – shuddered violently.

"Shh, don't give us away," the Master whispered. He'd laid his cheek against the Doctor's chest, eyes closed in blissful anticipation. "You're in enough trouble as it is."

The Doctor bit back a response and willed his body to stillness, resigned to wait this out until the Master had had his sick little fix. They could *not* be caught here, and it was such a trial to pull the TARDIS out of the time vacuum's hold.

In the center of the room, the Master – the mad one – had stepped back a few paces, leaving the bound Doctor alone within the circle of leering faces. "What do you say, boys?" he called, raising his arms theatrically. "Do you want a show?"

His copies cheered, made lewd gestures, closed the circle in a little tighter around their victim. The Doctor struggled as well as he could, his eyes wide and bulging with panic, throat bobbing with unuttered pleas.

The Doctor trapped against the wall felt a stab of sympathy and a heady wave of déjà vu, and it was all he could do to keep from throwing the Master off and rushing to his own rescue. At least this would be less devastating than his tenth incarnation was expecting. At least he had a victory to look forward to. *He* knew that this would all turn out alright – the proof was pressed rather close to him at this very moment – but his younger self did not. Poor sod.

A third variant of the Master sauntered into the center of the room, blowing kisses to his whistling, hooting cohorts.

The Doctor sucked in a quick gasp and felt a slow heat creep up his nerves. His Master laughed under his breath, throaty and knowing, and thrust a knee between the Doctor's thighs.

The Master in the center of the room wore a short pink dress and black heels. It suited him, in an odd way: he rocked the heels like they were all he'd ever worn, nearly *strutting*. Both Doctors found it impossible to tear their gaze away – Ten, in his chair, followed the Master's every movement with his eyes.

The Master approached, hiked his dress up to show off the tops of sheer thigh-highs, and set one foot between the Doctor's legs, the tip of his shoe pressing lightly against his groin. The Doctor surged against his bonds, but it was no use – they'd been done up so tightly he could hardly move an inch.

"What a naughty man," the Master clucked, grinding the toe of his shoe a little more firmly into the Doctor's crotch. "I'd think you'd appreciate the way I dress up for you." He leaned in, now slipping his leg around the Doctor's knee, rubbing himself against him as his hand took the place of his shoe. He kneaded expert fingers into the slick suit fabric, and the Doctor groaned deep in his chest, eyes falling half-shut.

"Ohoh, I see I was wrong!" the Master laughed, triumphant. "He's *wild* for me, boys!" He gripped the growing hardness of the Doctor's cock through his slacks and stroked him, rocking his hips against his thigh in time. This close, Ten was sure to see the white silk of his panties, pulled taut over his erection – in his corner, the Doctor knew this was so.

The mad Master was clearly enjoying the spectacle. He'd unzipped his jeans and slowly stroked himself, watching with hungry eyes, waiting patiently for his turn. Around him his copies were doing much the same, some of them turning to their doppelganger counterparts to test the limits of the word, 'masturbation'.

The Doctor felt the sudden pressure of the Master's hand between his legs and rocked his hips immediately to meet him, biting his tongue to stifle a noise of dismay. Now that his attention had been drawn to it, he realized how incredibly tight the bodysuit had become, and how very

much he'd like to be rid of it. Instead he got the Master's fingers mimicking his dress-clad counterpart's, pulling and pressing and stroking the thick leather, coaxing the Doctor to even greater arousal. The Doctor was keenly aware of the Master's own erection pinned to his leg, quite noticeable even through two layers of padding.

Ten was in a worse way. He couldn't even move to relieve a little of the pressure and heat building in him, couldn't arch towards the Master's gentle ministrations. Indeed, the Master was teasing him now, running his fingers lightly along the outline of his erection, rubbing thumb and forefinger along either side of the head. Ten couldn't even moan properly through the gag, though it didn't stop him trying. The Master's cock had wept a patch of translucent wetness through the silk panties and left sticky strings of pre-come all along Ten's slacks, nearly in line with the pinstripes.

"God, look how much he wants it," the mad Master laughed, gesturing grandly towards Ten with his free hand. He'd circled his fingers tight around the base of his cock, holding back. "I could have him killed at any moment, and all he wants to do is to *fuck* me. Well – give a man his last request, I say!"

The Doctor took his lip between his teeth and squeezed his eyes shut for a moment, nearly broken by the exquisite pleasure and horror those words evoked. He could nearly feel both bodies at once – this one, cradled in the Master's palm, full of such recent memories of him; and the other, bound and *needing*, deprived of his Master's touch for far too long. He gripped the Master's hair in gloved hands and rutted against his fingers, wishing he could get his teeth in his ear, *demand* more of him. The Master laughed quietly and shook his head, and made him wait a moment longer.

The Doctor in the chair was not made to wait any longer. The Master unzipped his slacks and bunched them down, fishing cock and balls from the entrapping cloth, laughing greedily at the sight of his prize. He stepped back, turned away from the Doctor and pulled the panties down, bending neatly at the waist to offer Ten an eyeful. When he stood back up the front of the dress caught on his erection, and the Doctor in the corner gave another jerking thrust into his Master's hands.

The mad Master crossed the room and undid Ten's gag once more, thrusting three fingers into his waiting mouth before he could say a word. Ten sucked reflexively, pulling him in deeper, practically begging to be filled with something besides those three invading digits. The Master laughed and fucked Ten's mouth with his fingers, twisting his other hand into his hair, teeth bared in a feral grin. His copy hitched his legs up between Ten's hips and the chair, kneeling over him with his erection pressed to his stomach. Ten strained for him again, leaving angry red welts in his own flesh from the tension on the bands.

The mad Master withdrew his fingers, wet with spit, and circled around behind his kneeling copy, re-attaching Ten's gag as he did. After taking a moment to be sure Ten was watching him, *knew* what he was about to do, he thrust one slick digit inside of his dress-clad counterpart. His copy groaned aloud and rocked backwards, his cock brushing against the very tip of the trapped Doctor's.

"You'd better enjoy this," the Master breathed, "Because it's the closest you're going to come to having my ass. Hah!" He thrust another finger in, harder, and then a third; his copy rode

him with abandon, eyes fixed to Ten's.

The Doctor in the corner was having a hard time silencing himself. His breaths came in ragged gasps, and he thought he might explode if he didn't get out of his restrictive bodysuit *now*. The Master had a good grip of him through the leather, but each stroke was a painful tease, ratcheting him up in fractions. This would be a long, slow, maddening way to come, and he didn't expect the Master would make it any easier on him.

At last the mad Master withdrew, leaving Ten at his copy's mercy. He rejoined the leering, panting circle of his fellows and returned attention to his own throbbing arousal, though he was careful to tease only, not wanting to come before his prey.

The Master in the chair gripped Ten's shoulders and lowered himself, allowing Ten's cock to slip against him once, twice, three times and then – he reached between them and guided him in. Ten dug his teeth into the gag and twitched his hips frantically, near-mad for the hot, tight embrace slowly engulfing him. The Master gave it to him in slow, patient gestures until at last he had the full, heavy length of him inside of him, buried to the hilt.

The Doctor in the corner nearly wept with relief as the Master began to stroke him in time with their counterparts' movements. He didn't need to see them to know what was going on – he held a fresh memory, having not gone through a regeneration since this moment. Besides, the pace of the Doctor's thrusts told him everything he needed to know – not to mention the creak and strain of the gurney at the center of the room.

The Master rode Ten hard, gripping at him with each withdraw and sinking against him fully with each downstroke. There were a dozen of them in the room – they'd each need a turn, and it was best not to keep them waiting. The mad Master at last let loose his own desires and pumped his cock into his own closed fist, lips parted in ragged panting. Ten's strangled voice filled the room, hands gripping the arms of the chair so tight his knuckles looked as though they might burst from his skin.

They came nearly in unison – first, Ten, spattering the underside of the Master's dress as he pulled away completely. Second, the Master's copy, spilling himself out over Ten's battered blazer, come trickling obscenely down the inside of his thighs. Third, the mad Master into his own hand, a cry of furious pleasure and triumph tearing from him.

Fourth came the Doctor in the corner, thrusting wildly into his Master's palm, making a complete mess of the inside of the body suit.

Only the Master – *his* Master, the real one – remained unfulfilled. He didn't seem terribly unhappy about this, though. The Doctor wouldn't leave him wanting, not now when they'd so recently and successfully rediscovered one another's company. He'd had his fun and was ready to let the Doctor limp back to his TARDIS, out of the paradox. Besides, he didn't much want to see what came next, either. All this time the moment had been lurking at the back of his mind - himself, victorious and defeated all at once, stepping voluntarily from this very room into purgatory.

"Let's get out of here before someone notices," he murmured, straightening up and letting the Doctor off the wall.

The Doctor only just managed to tear his eyes from the sight of himself receiving a clean-up blowjob from another of the Master's copies. This little scene went on for quite some time – he couldn't decide whether to be disappointed or relieved that his Master wanted to go before the grand finale.

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