

Dinner Date

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/720812) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/720812>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Doctor Who
Relationship:	Tenth Doctor/The Master (Simm)
Characters:	Tenth Doctor , The Master (Simm)
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , Established Relationship , Alternate Universe
Language:	English
Collections:	The Prydonian
Stats:	Published: 2011-10-02 Words: 1,394 Chapters: 1/1

Dinner Date

by [grepppp](#)

Summary

The Doctor and the Master go out to dinner, but the Doctor has some other ideas.

Notes

One of my earlier fics. Writing isn't that great, but it's a story :p

“Stop looking at me like that.”

“Why? I like looking at you.”

“It’s uncomfortable. Stop it.”

The Doctor sat back with a grumble, crossing his arms. “We’re out to dinner! Who else am I supposed to look at?”

The Master let out an exasperated sigh and slumped against the seat. “I didn’t mean that,” he said. “Just– don’t look at me like that.”

The Doctor was doing it again. Resting his head on one hand, as he stared at the master with lovey eyes. With that stupid grin on his face. The Master just scowled.

When the Doctor moved his hand under the table, the Master had had enough. He got up and looked at the Doctor. “I’m going to the bathroom.” He just had enough time to notice the Doctor’s smirk as a thought seemed to have crossed his mind. But he paid no attention, and stalked off toward the restroom.

The Doctor stayed in his chair for a moment or two, then got up and followed the path that the Master had taken. He opened the door to see his fellow Time Lord looking at himself in the mirror. The Master’s eyes flicked to the Doctor, and a look of surprise was followed shortly by that of irritation.

“Really, Doctor,” he said. “I just can’t have one moment of privacy, can I?”

The Doctor responded by stepping forward and locking the bathroom door behind him, meeting the Master’s golden gaze with his hungry brown one. He watched as the Time Lord’s face changed again, this time to one of arousal. He gave a sly grin and raised his left eyebrow.

The Master licked his lips, waiting for the Doctor to make the next move. He was sure the Doctor could hear his hearts beating more rapidly now, and he watched the Time Lord move closer, loosening his tie.

The Doctor stepped into the Master and brought their lips together. He could feel fingers running through his tawny hair, messing up the gelled strands. But the Doctor didn’t mind in the least, he was already beginning to slide his hands under the master’s dress shirt, popping the buttons apart eagerly.

The Master broke off to pull the Doctor’s shirt over his arched back, as he bent down to undo the Master’s belt and fly. He was breathing heavily now, and could feel the Doctor’s own warm breath coming fast against his stirring cock.

The Doctor dragged his tongue under from the base to tip, and then back to the base and up the Master’s stomach to his chest and neck. As the Doctor rose back up to meet the other Time Lord’s tongue with his own, the Master reached down to work the Doctor’s pants off him.

Succeeding in this task, the Master ran his nails teasingly up the Doctor's inner thighs, over his hardening cock, and up his chest. He grinned into the still lingering kiss at the Doctor's sudden intake of breath as his nails scratched over the Time Lord's nipples. His arms then came to wrap around the Doctor's neck, fingers once again running through the soft hair.

The Doctor wrapped his own arms around the Master's waist, intensifying the kiss as he pulled their bodies closer together. Their teeth clicked against each other, and tongues fought over who got to be in the other's mouth.

Then the Master threw his head back as the Doctor started nipping along his collarbone, biting and sucking at the tendons that strained out of the Time Lord's neck. The Master's knees were threatening to come unhinged, and when they finally did, the Doctor lowered them slowly to the cold tiled floor, using his left hand to brace their bodies as his right stayed wrapped around the Master.

The Doctor shifted slightly, allowing one leg to slip in between the Master's as he aligned their cocks together. He started a slow pace, their lengths sliding up and down against one another, and they were both panting heavily. By now, slicked with pre-cum and sweat, they were rutting against each other easily and quickly.

The Master threw his head back, which gave the Doctor the opportunity to begin sucking at his neck again, up behind his ear, his throat. The Master lowered his head, catching the Doctor by surprise with the sudden contact of their mouths, and he smiled into it. He grabbed the Doctor's shoulders and flipped their bodies so that he was now on top, but kept with the pace.

The Doctors hips rolled and bucked in time with the Master's, and he groaned with pleasure. "Mmm, Master..." he whispered, closing his eyes and laying his head back on the hard floor. The Doctor opened his eyes for a second to see a recognizable look cross the other's face, and he smiled, knowing exactly where this was going.

The Master saw the Doctor's reaction to his thought, which only encouraged him more. He raised his body up to a sitting position, placing his hands on the Doctor's hips to stop him moving. The Doctor obeyed, but not without a slight whimper from the loss. The Master climbed over the other Time Lord, straddling him, and raised himself just out of reach of the Doctor's cock.

The Doctor groaned and bucked his hips, but the Master stayed out of reach, holding the Time Lord's wrists down with his hands. He released the grip with his right hand, reaching under himself and sliding a finger in. He added a second, then a third, while the Doctor watched maniacally, resisting the urge to thrust.

Pulling out his fingers, the Master slowly lowered himself onto the Doctor's throbbing cock. He was holding down the Time Lord's hips again so that he couldn't move, teasing him with slight movements. "Mm, Doctor..." he moaned almost mockingly, staring down through gleaming golden eyes.

Just as the Doctor lifted his head to glare at the Master, he had to lower it back down almost immediately, because that's when the Master decided to drop down into his entire length. His

eyes rolled back in his head, and his breathing was coming more rapidly as the Master moved on top of him. Then, with one swift motion, the Doctor grabbed the other Time Lord's hips and thrust upward, making the Master cry out as his cock found the other's prostate.

The Master nearly went limp then, taken by surprise at the Doctor's intentions. He began moving again, matching his pace with the Doctor's newly set rhythm. He was close, and the Doctor was too; he could tell by the Time Lord's increasing intensity of what was to happen.

The Doctor opened his eyes then, not wanting to come before the Master. "Touch yourself for me, Koschei," he whispered. "Come with me." He watched as a look of relief crossed the Master's face, and he grasped his throbbing length, pumping and stroking in time with their steadily increasing pace.

The Master threw back his head and cried out, not caring who heard him, and came in his hand and on the Doctor's chest. Shuddering from the aftershocks of his orgasm, he could feel the Doctor give one final upward thrust, coming inside him as he let out a loud moan.

The Doctor opened his eyes, pupils fully dilated, and looked at the Master as he pulled off, propping himself up against the wall and panting. The Doctor didn't move, his body limp as he lay on the floor, chest heaving. His eyes traveled to the Master, who was gazing back at him with a look of triumph in his glazed golden eyes.

After each of them had recovered, they cleaned up in the bathroom and put their wrinkled clothes back on, not bothering to straighten their ties and smooth down their ruffled hair. They strode out of the bathroom, knowing what to expect.

At least twenty pairs of eyes followed them as they walked toward the door, not even stopping to pay for their meal. No one tried to stop them though, and they didn't care in the least.

Once back in the TARDIS, the Doctor grinned at the Master. "We should go back sometime," he said. "The desert was brilliant."

"Yes, we certainly should," replied the Master, though he didn't think they would be allowed back for at least another decade or so.

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