

## Bound

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# **Bound**

by [grepppp](#)

## Summary

The Doctor and the Master are living together in the Doctor's TARDIS, and a little bondage war ensues.

## Notes

My first multi-chapter fic and experimentation with bondage between characters. Yeah...

# Chapter 1

“Uh– huh?” groaned the Doctor. He blinked open heavy eyes to find himself staring at a dull ceiling. When he tried to sit up, he found that his wrists were bound above his head, and that he was lying on what appeared to be the Master’s bed; not to mention that his clothes were nowhere to be seen. With a sudden realization, the Doctor let out an exasperated sigh and let his head fall back, resting on the headboard. He knew he should have expected this.

“Master!”

The Master had been sitting silently in the far corner of his room, watching the Doctor as he awoke. A grin spread across his face when he heard the Doctor yell out his name. Oh, it was just too easy. He got up off the chair and walked over to the bed, leaning over the Doctor from the side. “Hello, Doctah.” He empathized the last syllable of the Doctor’s name, almost mockingly as he stared into those brown eyes.

The Doctor narrowed his eyes at the Time Lord standing over him. “What’s the meaning of this?” he demanded, though he knew exactly what the Master was planning.

The Master didn’t answer. Instead he walked around to the bottom of the bed, trailing his fingers lightly along the Doctor’s still body. He smirked at the sudden intake of breath from the Time Lord, then came back up on the other side of the bed and sat down.

The Doctor looked at the Master, following his every move with watchful eyes. Despite his efforts, he could feel his cock stirring, followed closely by the Master’s amused chuckle.

“Oh, Doctor,” crooned the Master, touching the side of the Time Lord’s face lightly. “You never could get enough, could you?” He leaned in close to the Doctor, who in turn shrunk away, trying not to give in so easily. The Master smiled again and pulled back, but he could tell the Doctor wouldn’t be able to resist for much longer. He stood up and began to take his clothes off, pulling the black hoodie over his bleached blonde head.

The Doctor licked his lips and watched as the Master undressed, next taking off his red shirt and unzipping the black denims, flinging them carelessly across the room.

The Master went back to the base of the bed, stroking his own hardening length. He crawled up between the Doctor’s legs and took his cock in his mouth, causing the Doctor to groan with pleasure and lay his head back down. He couldn’t resist anymore, and bucked his hips involuntarily into the Master’s mouth, which was already working with expert sucks and licks. Having done this enough times, the Master already knew where to place his tongue, circling and hollowing his cheeks around the Doctor. He knew exactly what the Doctor liked, whether he admitted it or not.

The Doctor’s breathing was coming quicker, and the Master could tell that he was close, but he wouldn’t allow it. He held the Doctor’s hips down and pulled off, maintaining pressure from base to tip. The Doctor let out a whimper of protest as his heavy cock fell onto his stomach.

The Master let out another chuckle, crawling up over the Doctor to whisper in his ear. "I knew you couldn't last long." Then before he could reply, the Master pressed his mouth to the other Time Lord's, prying open his lips and forcing his tongue inside.

But the Doctor didn't resist. He opened his mouth willingly, welcoming the taste of the Master mixed with his own. Their tongues pressed together, encircling and twisting. The Master pulled back then, resting the Doctor's legs on his shoulders, and reached for something on the table beside the bed.

The Master's hand returned holding a bottle of lube and he sat back on his heels, spreading a glob onto his stiff cock and fingers. He prepared the Doctor quickly, then pushed inside with a satisfying gasp from the other Time Lord. He set the pace quickly, thrusting fast and hard and deep with each motion. The Master was grunting with his rhythm of four, temporarily taking away the relentless beating from within his head.

The sudden penetration took the Doctor by surprise, but he silently cursed himself for expecting any less. He briefly thought about seeing if he couldn't fix the Master's drumming later, but the pounding on his prostate brought him back to the present. He was letting out low grunts in time with the Master, slowly growing used to the hard thrusts as pleasure began to take over the pain. He opened his eyes, trying to find the other Time Lord's eyes. "Master..." he moaned. "Please."

The Master met the Doctor's pleading gaze and understood. He grasped the Doctor's throbbing cock and began pumping and stroking in time with the four-beat rhythm, not slowing a bit. He could see the other Time Lord's brown eyes roll back in his head as he was close to coming, and the Master increased his pace, getting close himself.

But the Doctor came first, letting out a cry as cum flowed into the Master's hand and onto his own chest. He could still feel the Master thrusting inside him deep and hard, and he let out a moan as he came inside the Doctor.

The Master slumped down over the Doctor, panting. After a few moments, he rolled to the side, pulling out as he went. He closed his eyes, and each of them fell into sleep.

## Chapter 2

After the Doctor had been bound to the Master's bed, he had been planning for weeks on how to get back at his old friend-enemy. And the only solution was simple—bondage.

An eye for an eye... thought the Doctor as he circled around the console of the TARDIS, trying to devise just how to catch the Master off-guard so that he could tie him up. His first thought, of course, had been to simply wait for the Time Lord to fall asleep. But he knew that such a plan would almost positively backfire, as Time Lords were naturally light sleepers.

As the Doctor thought more and more, he finally came up with the idea of drugging the Master. Still very carnivorous in nature, he knew that the other Time Lord would barely notice the crushed-up sleeping pills as he devoured his precious meat. Perfect.

The Master strode into the console room, plopping down on the pilot's chair as he watched the Doctor with mild interest. There was something odd about the way he had been acting, and the Master was determined to find out. He'd been watching the Doctor closely, who had never been one to mask his feelings well. By the lustful glint in those big, brown eyes, the Master could pretty much guess what the other Time Lord was thinking, even without a psychic link.

After weeks of watching the Doctor though, the Master began to get bored, letting his attention slip as he allowed the matter to drop. Now hungry, he opened the fridge to find that they were all out of butchered meat. When he brought this problem to the Doctor, he seemed strangely overjoyed, grabbing his coat and promising to be back soon with some food.

The Master's eyes followed the Doctor suspiciously as he slipped out the front door, only to roll with mild disgust and amusement as he took to busying himself with a book.

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The Doctor landed the TARDIS on one of the butcher planets, where the entire array of species who lived there were completely carnivorous. Striding around one of the many large markets, pausing briefly to read the signs on every few stores and glance in the window, he finally came across what he was looking for.

The sign read, Meat, in big bold letters—just as all the other shops did—but he knew the man who ran this particular shop quite well. He knew what else the man sometimes sold, and knew just how to strike a bargain to get what he wanted.

Striding into the shop, hands in pockets, the Doctor pretended to look around at all the clear displays of the day's cuts until the other customers cleared out. Dax, the owner of the shop, walked up to the Doctor from behind, coming around to stand next to him.

“Something you needed, Doctor?” he inquired in a gruff voice. To which the Doctor spun around as if surprised, and gave a big grin.

“Ah, Dax,” he greeted cheerfully. “How’s the shop running?”

“The same.” Dax wasn’t much one for small talk. He just waited for the request that he knew was coming. After all, the Doctor had been his best customer for years.

The Time Lord sighed, cutting to the chase. “Actually, yes. There was something I needed,” he replied to Dax’s earlier question. “It’s for the Master. I need him knocked out cold for maybe twenty minutes. Think you can do that for me?”

Dax nodded once, disappearing behind the counter and returning shortly with the raw meat. He’d brought out the whole body of an animal somewhat resembling cattle, and chopped it quickly and skillfully into clean, even sections. He took a syringe and injected something into one of the cuts, and wrapped it in paper marked with a bright orange sticker. Wrapping up the rest of the pieces, Dax handed them to the Doctor, who accepted them while simultaneously flipping the butcher a gold coin.

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The Master was reading on the library, not bothering to look up when he felt the Doctor enter the TARDIS through their psychic bond. Knowing the other Time Lord would take care of the cooking, he sent a wave of welcome through their bond, and was shortly returned with one of acknowledgment and a strange sense of giddiness.

When the Master heard the Doctor call him to eat, he closed his book and pushed himself up from the armchair, hurrying to the dining room. The Doctor had made him a nice slab of meat, cooked just enough to kill off any bacteria, but little enough so that the juices flowed out of it when he ripped it apart with his hands.

Forgetting about his earlier suspicions against the Doctor, the Master devoured his meal quickly, tearing the meat and scarfing it down until he was licking the plate of the remaining flavor. He sat back in the chair, glancing over at the Doctor who seemed to be watching him with mild interest. Paying him no mind, the Master got up and brushed past the other Time Lord, almost in a gesture of thanks, and returned to his room, as he was feeling unusually tired.

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Feeling quite proud of himself, the Doctor opened the door to the Master’s room ten minutes later to find his former enemy fast asleep on his mattress. He was wearing only his red shirt and black boxers, having stripped himself halfway before falling asleep. Which made it that much easier for the Doctor to carefully spread the Master out on the bed, and attach a pair of handcuffs to each of his wrists, binding them above his head.

The Doctor had just enough time to kick off his shoes and remove his jacket and tie when the Master woke up suddenly. Not knowing where he was, the Time Lord thrashed around for a bit before lifting his head and locking eyes with the Doctor, who in turn smirked.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” growled the Master. He narrowed his eyes at the other Time Lord, though a part of him knew exactly what the Doctor was planning.

The Doctor said nothing, only slowly walked up to the side of the bed. He pulled out his sonic screwdriver, and laid it gently on the Master's chest. It buzzed to life, and the red fabric was pulled apart as the sonic was drug down to the end of his shirt.

Though the Master tried to appear irritated with the Doctor, he couldn't suppress the way his breath caught in his throat when the screwdriver was run down his left thigh. The warm pulse from the tip of the sonic stimulated wherever it touched, and the light vibrations didn't help his case any more.

The Doctor grinned when he saw the Master slowly losing his composure, and he bent down to kiss the other Time Lord's stomach, just above his crotch. The Doctor took the sharp intake of breath as his cue, laying out his tongue and dragging it lazily up the Master's chest.

Still fighting to gain control, the Master tried to ignore the pooling arousal at the base of his stomach. But despite his efforts, both his breathing and heartbeats quickened when the Doctor licked slowly up his abdomen, stopping briefly to suck at one of his nipples.

The Master's head rolled back as the Doctor continued to move up his body. Using his left hand to hold himself up, he used the other to unbutton his pants and slide them off his legs. Soon, the Doctor was laying over the Master, straddling him as he worked his way up to his old enemy's mouth.

The Master felt the Doctor's lips curve up into a smile against his jaw, but he was still not very fond of the idea of submitting so easily. So when the Doctor's head rose over his own, the Master thrust his head upward to press against the ghosting lips.

But the Doctor had suspected such a trick, and he pulled away before the Master could make contact. He smirked. "Oh, come on, Master," he breathed. "Relax. You're in no position of trying to take control now."

The Master glared back up at the Doctor. "Maybe I wouldn't have to," he retorted, "if you would just hurry up and get on with it."

"Gladly." Without warning, the Doctor's mouth was suddenly on his. The Master parted his lips and allowed the invading tongue entry as it curled and pressed against his own. He let his head fall back as he continued to kiss the Doctor, but became impatient once again. Hooking his leg around the Doctor's, the Master pulled him down while simultaneously thrusting his hips upward to meet the other Time Lord's. He felt a wave of satisfaction when the Doctor gasped into his mouth, pulling away and looking down with lust-filled eyes.

The Doctor rolled his hips experimentally before grinding up against the Master's hardness with his own. They rubbed against each other until the imprisoning cloth became too much to bear. The Doctor sat up and practically ripped the shirt from his shoulders, then moved down to remove his own boxers. He continued downward to the foot of the bed, pausing briefly to run his hands teasingly along the Master's inner thighs, being careful to ignore the straining bulge that so desperately needed his attention.

The Master hated himself for the whimper that escaped his throat as a result of the Doctor's teasing, and he bucked his hips involuntarily. With a soft chuckle, the Doctor pulled down the

black boxers and tossed them to the floor. He leaned in close, and smirked as the Master's cock jumped from contact with his warm breath.

The Master glared down at the Doctor, opening his mouth to protest, but was quickly cut off when the Doctor licked the underside of his cock from base to tip. His head fell back against the headboard when the Doctor's tongue circled around the head, before becoming engulfed completely within his mouth.

The Doctor stayed unmoving for a moment, when the Master thrust meaningfully into his throat. He reached up to hold down the Master's hips, then began to slide up and down the slick length. He heard a satisfied groan sound from above him, and bobbed his head faster, teeth grazing lightly against the sensitive flesh.

When the Doctor felt the muscles under his palms tighten, he removed his hands and pulled off the Master's cock. Twisting his head to the side, he ran his lips lightly along the shaft before encircling his fingers around the base. He took the Master's cock once more into his mouth, tongue brushing firmly against the head, and set up an even faster pace than before.

This time the Master couldn't stop himself from moaning aloud as he came close once more, overcome with pleasure and discomfort as the Doctor's encircling fingers prevented him from coming too soon. Just when the Master thought he'd go mad with need, he felt the grip around his cock loosen then disappear. With a grunt, he began to thrust fully into the Doctor's mouth, and his cock filled the other's throat.

The Doctor choked when the Master's cum shot down his throat, then regained enough composure to swallow down the last of it. He felt the Master go limp, and pulled off to crawl back on top of the recovering body.

The Master's breathing was heavy, and he shifted his head to look up at the Doctor who was now positioned over him once again. He knew what the Doctor wanted, and pressed back as lips collided with his own. Time Lords had great stamina, and were often quick to recover when needed.

The Master pushed through the parted lips, tasting himself as he swirled his tongue on the roof of the Doctor's mouth. He was vaguely aware of the Doctor reaching upward, and assumed it was to release the catch on his handcuffs. But instead, the other Time Lord pulled back waving a tube of lubricant in front of his face and raising an eyebrow suggestively.

Panic flared up inside the Master, and it must have shown on his face because the Doctor sighed. The last time he'd let the Doctor top was back in their academy days, and he could barely remember, let alone appreciate, the sensation.

"Why not?" inquired the Doctor. "Come on, Master. It'll be a nice change for once."

The Master was about to refuse, but he could see the desperate want in the Doctor's eyes, and he was feeling unusually generous today. Not wanting to say it aloud, he gave a slight nod, which was met by the Doctor's mixed joy and relief.



The Doctor moved down so that he was positioned between the Master's legs, squeezing a generous glob of lube into his hand. He spread the Master, sliding in one long finger. By the look of discomfort on the Master's face, he took his time in preparing him. He slid a second finger in slowly, scissoring the two until he felt the Master relax some and grow accustomed to the invasion. Moving slowly, the Doctor managed to add in a third and final finger, and he moved his hand in and out until the Master finally loosened up as much as could be managed. He slickened up his own length and prepared to enter the other Time Lord, raising his legs to rest on the Doctor's shoulders.

The Master felt the Doctor's cock rest momentarily against his entrance, and gave a whimper when the Doctor pushed in. He could scarcely hear the words of comfort sounding from the other, his face a mask of concentration as he tried to grow used to the pain. Once the Doctor was buried to the hilt, he began to thrust slowly and gently into the Master.

Soon, the pain turned to pleasure as the Master finally accustomed to the Doctor's cock, and he felt himself get hard again as the Doctor began to move faster. He pressed back in time with the thrusts, and began panting heavily, angling his hips upward to allow for deeper penetration. The Doctor's cock found his prostate, and he grunted with every thrust as they became faster and deeper.

The Doctor was getting close, and he grasped the Master's hard length in his hand, stroking in time with their thrusts. Faster and harder, he grunted as the Master groaned with pleasure, feeling the muscles tighten in his partner's thighs.

The Master strained against the Doctor. "Theta," he moaned. "I-I'm so...close. Don't...stop." The Doctor intensified the pace as much as he could, working the Master's cock until he gave a cry, cum flowing through the Doctor's fingers and spilling onto his stomach.

Seeing the Master come sent the Doctor over the edge. "Uhhh, Koschei!" he cried, thrusting in to the hilt and spilling into the Master. His head rolled back as he came, then he slumped down, unclasping the Master's handcuffs as he went.

The Master lowered his arms almost painfully from being in their position for so long, and his fingers came to tangle in the Doctor's mussed up hair. The Doctor leaned in and pressed his mouth to the Master's, their tongues moving lazily against one another. The Doctor finally fell back beside the Master, laying his head on his partner's chest and falling asleep.

The Master stayed awake a moment longer, his fingers running through the Doctor's hair. He should let the Doctor top more often...

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