

## Just a Little Problem

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# Just a Little Problem

by [grepppp](#)

## Summary

After dropping Amy and Rory off in Rome, the Doctor ends up visiting an old hotel which seems oddly familiar...

Includes Eleven/Master!Simm/Ten, and mild Ten!abuse

## Notes

My first fic featuring a threesome XD. Let me know what you think of it.

The Doctor had a problem—Amy and Rory had gone out for the night. But that wasn't the problem, exactly.

No, the problem was that, evidently, he had gotten quite bored—which really shouldn't come as much of a surprise, knowing him.

But even that really wasn't his main problem. That was only a little problem, which led to a bigger problem—one that put him right in the middle of something he'd long forgotten about.

Well, let's just start from the beginning...

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The Ponds had wanted a night out—without him. So, he'd dropped them off in Rome, promising to be back in the morning to pick them up. With a sarcastic remark about always being late by Amy, he strode back into the TARDIS and brought the Old Girl back into the Vortex.

It was alright for a while—being alone and all. But really, he was doing some pretty marvelous things and no one was there to see it. So he decided to get out somewhere without the Ponds for once. He set the TARDIS coordinates at random, letting her take him somewhere of her choosing—which had turned out to be a not so very good idea. Well—at first.

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The TARDIS whirled into existence, and the Doctor stepped out without checking where he was—or when, for that matter. He seemed to be in some sort of hotel corridor, with rows of doors lining either side of the long hallway. By the looks of the architecture, he concluded that it was sometime during the twenty-first century.

The Doctor quickly racked his brain for any major, terrific/catastrophic event that took place in a hotel in the early twenty-first century, but came across nothing. But then why did this place seem so oddly familiar? Straightening his bowtie, the Doctor gave a shrug and began to walk down the hall, glancing occasionally to the sides of him to read the door numbers. All were in the nine-hundreds—he must be on the ninth floor of the hotel.

Continuing along, the Doctor came across a door which was slightly open—and Rassilon knows he can't resist a looming door which must have something on the other side. And, since most doors had something on the other side, he didn't see why this should be any different from most doors.

Quietly, the Doctor walked up to the door and slid up against it lightly, peeking through the crack that allowed a faint lighting on the other side. Giving his eyes a moment to adjust to the dimly-lit room, he observed for a moment—before freezing completely.

Oh, this had been a very bad idea indeed. He thought this place had seemed familiar—he'd been here before. Stupid! he thought, and would've hit himself if not for the temporary

paralysis that had taken over his body at the moment. Still glued to the spot, he watched as two figures lay on the bed, one on top of the other, kissing passionately. Both were men—and both seemed to have lost their clothes somewhere on their trip to the bed.

Suddenly, the one holding himself over the other stopped completely, as if he were listening for something. The Doctor took a step backward, and the man turned his head sharply to look directly at him. “Doctor!” he hissed, glaring down at the man below him. “I thought I told you to close the door, dammit!”

The man underneath looked up in alarm, locking eyes with the Doctor still standing in the doorway. He had a tight, skinny body, and his dark hair was mussed and spiked with sweat. Seeing the two men together, the Doctor felt his body shudder with arousal despite himself. “I did,” replied his tenth regeneration, which was obviously not true.

The Master pushed himself off the other man and stomped over to the door, not bothering to cover his arousal. “We don’t want any,” he growled, slamming the door in the Doctor’s face.

Completely shaken, the Doctor took another couple of steps back to lean against the far wall opposite the door. He ran one hand through his hair nervously, his mouth dry. It was all rushing back to him, this point in time when he was still in his tenth regeneration—when the Master was still around. The one night they’d shared in an old hotel room before going back their separate ways. The thoughts began to make him stir, arousal pooling in the pit of his stomach as he longed to have the Master with him again.

Soon, he could hear a rustle and the sound of voices coming from inside the room. The door opened, and the other Doctor’s head popped out, brown eyes looking at him suspiciously. He took a deep breath through his nose, and a look of astonishment crossed his face. “You’re a Time Lord,” he said, wide-eyed.

The Doctor stared at his past body for a moment before replying, “Er—no! Of course I’m not a Time Lord. You must have me confused with—someone else.”

The other wasn’t buying it. “Yes, you are,” he accused. “I can smell you—hear your double heartbeat. You’re a Time Lord!”

“He smells like you,” came a muffled voice from inside the room. Ten looked at him closer. “You’re not—me, are you?” he asked reluctantly.

The Doctor gave a crooked smile. “Spoilers.”

Ten raised an eyebrow, not quite grasping the meaning of the word. He opened his mouth to say something, when the Master pushed past him and knelt in front of the Doctor, still unclothed. “Only one way to find out,” he decided with a mad grin, grabbing the Doctor by his lapels and pulling him into a kiss.

The Doctor practically melted under the Master as they made contact, and he kissed back willingly, meaningfully, parting his lips for the tongue that now invaded his mouth. In spite of himself, the Doctor let out a whimper when the Master pulled away from him with a smirk.

“Oh yeah, you’re definitely the Doctor,” he confirmed, standing up and letting out a small chuckle. “Never could resist me.”

Ten looked a bit jealous, still standing in the doorway—though probably because he didn’t want to walk out into the hallway completely naked. “So, if you’re me—the Doctor,” he began, “Then, why did you come back here?”

The Doctor was taken aback a bit by the question, but replied truthfully, “It was the TARDIS. She, uh, brought me here.”

The Master actually threw back his head and laughed. “Your TARDIS, Doctor,” he sniggered, “is quite a girl for action, is she not?” He laughed again. “What a perv. And you didn’t remember!” he accused, looking down at the Doctor, who was still sitting against the wall.

“Well,” the Doctor said somewhat defensively, “it was a long time ago. How do you expect me to remember every time I was shagged in an old hotel room?” He ended the sentence with a small smile.

“Touché,” snickered the Master, reaching down to pull the Doctor up into a standing position. “But now that you’re here, we might as well make use of you.” He pulled the Doctor passed a surprised Ten, who stepped back. “And shut the door this time!” growled the Master.

Ten closed the door hurriedly, clicking it shut and turning the lock. The Doctor, meanwhile, was left standing in the middle of the dim room. And the worst—and possibly best—part about this whole thing was that he could remember every moment of it now.

Ever cautious, Ten murmured, “Won’t this be a paradox?”

In response, the Master grabbed Ten by the back of his neck and pushed him into the Doctor. When their skin made contact, the Doctor felt a small electric spark pass through them, but otherwise, nothing happened. The Master chuckled, though he would have been happy either way—paradox or otherwise. He stepped forward and tugged at the Doctor’s bowtie, dangling it in front of his face. “Not your best sense in fashion, Doctor,” he commented before throwing it to the floor.

“Hey,” protested the Doctor. “Bowties are cool.”

Ten raised an eyebrow, not exactly fond of bowties himself. He shrugged, then cautiously stepped forward once the Master had moved out of the way. He looked as if he wasn’t sure what to do, but then the Doctor tangled his hands in the tawny hair and pulled him forward, locking lips. He already knew how this would turn out, and remembered exactly what he had done when he was Ten.

Ten moaned into the kiss, letting the Doctor invade his mouth as he began working on his shirt, popping off buttons and pushing off his jacket. The Master chuckled, stroking himself as he watched the two different regenerations of the Doctor work on each other.

Soon the Doctor was completely unclothed from the waist up, and the Master stepped in to push Ten aside and take his place. He ran his hands over the Doctor’s exposed chest, licking

and sucking at his neck while steadily moving downward, one hand coming to grasp the Doctor's bulge through his pants.

The Doctor groaned, the encasing fabric already feeling like a prison around his crotch. He fought the urge to push the Master's hand away and remove the discomforting cloth as teasing fingers sized him up.

"That's quite a package you've got there, Doctor," he rumbled, voice low and husky. "Why not put it to the test, hm?" In one quick motion, the Master grabbed Ten's hair and pulled him downward, ripping off the Doctor's pants as he went. Ten was forced onto his knees, the Doctor's newly exposed erection straining in front of him.

"Come on, Doctor," hummed the Master, speaking to Ten. "Suck yourself off for me—make him come." He chuckled when Ten eagerly took the Doctor into his mouth, who groaned in response, tangling his fingers in the other's soft hair. He thrust into Ten's mouth, whose head bobbed back and forth as his tongue worked against the Doctor's sensitive flesh.

The Master was stroking himself keenly now, circling around the two, but holding back so as not to make himself come too early. The Doctor's panting and groaning sparked arousal through his body, as he admired Ten's ability to restrain himself as the Doctor thrust deeper into his throat, his head falling back as he looked close to coming.

With a cry, the Doctor spilled out into Ten's throat, who swallowed everything as it came to him. The Master pushed the Doctor down onto the bed, and he fell onto it willingly, overcome with exhaustion and ecstasy. He pulled Ten up by the hair, pressing his lips to the other's, and tasting the Doctor through the kiss. Their tongues pressed up against each other, sliding past and fighting their way into the other's mouth.

The Master wrapped his fingers in Ten's hair, his head falling back as the other sucked and nipped at his neck and collarbone. The Master shoved him down onto the bed beside the now recovered Doctor, and ground up against him roughly. Ten was panting, now so close to coming from the combined contact and arousal from both the Master and the Doctor. He whimpered when the Master stopped short, crawling up to straddle Ten's chest. Ten put his hands on the Master's hips, moving him forward, and devoured his cock. The Master groaned, holding himself up on the headboard and thrusting into Ten's throat.

The Doctor had been watching the scene before him, and felt his cock harden once more. He moved around to the bottom of the bed and positioned himself between Ten's legs. Hands on either side of those bony hips, the Doctor lowered himself and took Ten's cock into his mouth. With a satisfying gasp from his past regeneration, the Doctor ran his tongue along the length, bobbing his head and grazing his teeth slightly against the sensitive flesh.

The entire bed was shaking and creaking, and the Doctor reached down to grasp his own straining erection. He stroked himself roughly, but not quite enough to come. Finally, the Master's body became tense, and he thrust deeper and faster into Ten, who was holding out quite remarkably.

"Unh—Doctor," he hissed breathlessly, throwing his head back as he came into Ten's mouth. Not long after, the Doctor was swallowing around Ten, cum shooting down his throat until

both he and the Master were spent.

Only the Doctor remained unfulfilled as the other two lay panting above him, the Master having rolled off Ten to now lie beside his past regeneration. He laid sideways at the base of the bed and continued to stroke himself gingerly, not able to ignore the straining need to come.

Seeing this, the Master moved down the bed lazily, propping his arm on the opposite side of the Doctor's head. He leaned in and captured the other's open mouth with his own, kissing him deeply. The Master's hand skimmed slowly down the side of his body, finally coming down to push the Doctor's hand away and grip the hardness with his own.

Time Lords have a great amount of endurance, possessing the ability to go for several rounds. So it did not surprise the Doctor when he felt the Master's cock begin to stir once again against his body. He ground up against the other's hardness, causing the Master to groan loudly. Without thinking, he placed both hands on the other Time Lord's hips and pulled him overtop of himself. The Master shot him a questioning glare, not usually the one to be fucked.

"What are you doing?" growled the Master, stilling his hands and feeling his body grow rigid and tense.

"Why not?" sighed the Doctor, slightly taken aback and embarrassed by his own stupidity along with the surprise of the other's reluctance.

The Master paused, clearly contemplating the Doctor's intriguing question. Well, why not? He searched for a real, reasonable answer, but could find none. Instead of voicing this though, he forced his body to relax and allowed the Doctor to move him.

Letting out a breath he wasn't aware he had been holding, the Doctor grinned slightly and pulled the Master over him. Reluctant but willing, the other positioned himself over the Doctor's upright cock. He stayed there for a moment, smirking at the Doctor's whimper, then slowly lowered himself onto the slicked-up cock with a hiss.

The Doctor let out a moan of pleasure, whilst resisting the urge to thrust upward and take him then and there. The Master continued lowering himself, slowly becoming impaled on the other's cock. Finally he stopped, having taken in the Doctor fully, and shifted slightly to be in a more comfortable position. He looked into the Doctor's glazed dark green eyes, and licked his lips hungrily.

The Doctor took that as his cue, taking hold of the Master's hips tightly and lifting him slightly, and began thrusting in and out of the man above him. The Master's hands were running along his chest, and his eyes were squeezed shut blissfully. He rode the Doctor's cock and moved with him, letting out short grunts with every thrust.

The Master adjusted to the Doctor, and gripped his own cock whilst continuing to move on top of the other. He pumped himself in time with the thrusts, letting his head fall back as he felt a wave of pleasure wash over him when the Doctor's cock found his prostate. His mouth

fell open and he closed his eyes, one hand splayed over the Doctor's chest while the other was busy working his own cock.

The Doctor thrust upward, hands still holding the Master's hips, and let out little grunts and moans with each movement. His gaze fell upon the other Time Lord, building his pleasure even more at seeing the Master's look of utter bliss as he rode him. He brought his knees forward against the Master, using the bed as leverage to penetrate deeper, and the Master let out a gasp.

He moved harder and faster against the Doctor, urging the other man on as he clenched around him. The Doctor let out a long groan, digging his nails into the Master's hips hard enough to bruise. He was faintly aware of his own voice, low and needy, moaning out the Doctor's name. He sounded absolutely pathetic, thought the Master, before crying out in spite of himself as the Doctor's cock pressed against his prostate just right. He clenched again, now hearing both their voices ringing out around the hotel room, and noticed right away how the muscles beneath him bunched up, as he was thrust into faster and harder than before. The Master cried out breathlessly, stroking his rock-hard cock as he moved to match the Doctor's pace. He was close—so close.

“Unh, Doctor,” he managed to gasp out. “I’m...I’m gonna—” he broke off mid-sentence as another groan escaped his parted, swollen lips.

“I...know,” breathed the Doctor. “Just..unh...oh, god, Master...!” He tightened his grip even more on the Master's hips, thrusting deep into him and letting out a cry as he came.

Feeling the Doctor come inside him, the Master was not far behind. Still letting out small grunts as he pushed against the man below him, working him deeper inside until—there! The Master's own orgasm ripped through him as he growled the Doctor's name, cum covering the other's chest. His back arched as he came, milking himself out until he was spent. He raised himself up slightly and pulled out of the Doctor, moving to the side to lie next to him. He wrapped his fingers in the Doctor's long hair and pulled him in, pressing his tongue lazily against the other's. Finally he collapsed, panting as he stared up at the dark ceiling. His eyes slid shut.

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The Doctor tightened his bowtie, and finally pulled on his jacket. Now fully dressed, he walked quietly to the door that let out into the hallway. He knew he couldn't stay with the Master and his past regeneration—it would create a major paradox, ripping a hole in time and space. The door creaked open, and he heard someone stir from behind. Turning around, he could see the Master looking at him through half-closed eyes.

“Tell me Doctor,” he said quietly. “Have I come up with any more ingenious plans to take over the universe?”

The Doctor hesitated. “Oh, you never stop,” he murmured. “Just one after another—but of course I always manage to stop you; somehow.”

The Master narrowed his eyes slightly. “Don’t lie to me, Doctor,” he growled. “I’m not as imprudent as your human companions. I know when you’re lying.” When the Doctor didn’t respond, he said, “Will you see me again?”

The Doctor sighed. “I hope so, Master,” he breathed. Then he perked up quickly, in that way the Doctor does. “But I’m sure you’ll find a way to wreak havoc on the universe again, and you know I’ll be there to stop you.”

The Master nodded, understanding what the Doctor couldn’t say—in one way or another. “Until then, Doctor.”

The Doctor gave a little smile, then disappeared out the door, clicking it shut behind him. A few moments later, the Master could just make out the distinctive whirring of the TARDIS as it dematerialized into the Time Vortex.

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The Doctor plopped down in one of the pilot chairs in the TARDIS, relaxing and thinking while the ship made its way through the Vortex, coming to materialize in Rome. He pushed himself up and strode over to the doors, flinging them open and greeting an irritated Amy and Rory.

“Two days,” accused Amy, pushing past the Doctor and into the TARDIS. Rory hesitated a moment, then followed after Amy with a quick nod to the Time Lord.

“Two days,” repeated the Doctor, shutting the doors and whirling around to face the Ponds. “Come on, it could’ve been worse.”

“You’re lucky then,” threatened Amy.

“Did you have fun then, Doctor?” interrupted Rory, before Amy could bring out an argument.

The Doctor grinned. “Oh, yes,” he replied cheekily. “More than you can imagine.”

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