

Mind Over Matter

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Mind Over Matter

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Summary

Aboard the Valiant, the Master decides to play with his favorite toy, the Doctor. But then something unexpected goes against the Master's plans... Will the last two Time Lords in existence be able to compromise their differences? Or will an outgoing Jack cause conflict between them? Doctor/Master, Doctor/Jack, Master/Jack, threesome. Spoilers for LoTL and the End of Time pt. 1 & 2

Chapter 1

He looked out the window of the Valiant gleefully, watching the destruction that was taking place before him, on the surface of planet Earth. Oh, how he loved this. He was the Master; Master of this stinking planet, and soon, the whole universe. He chuckled quietly to himself, spinning around and stopping to face the old man.

The wrinkled face, forever frozen in that meek expression, refusing to look at him as he sat in his wheelchair. Those brown eyes, filled with such—disappointment. Not contempt or hatred or undying resentment; only that look of regret which angered the Master. But no—not today. He wasn't about to let some old man shatter his joyous reign over the Earth. Actually, he was feeling rather proud of his little establishment, and wanted to celebrate.

The Doctor was still staring at the floor when he walked—well, more like frolicked—over to his old enemy. He grabbed the handles of the wheelchair and thrust it forward sharply, causing the Doctor to tumble out onto the cold floor. But still no retaliation. Well, he'd have to do something about that.

The Master kicked the Doctor, catching him under one hip as he tried to pull himself up. The Doctor rolled over, struggling to sit up straight, and gave the Master what he wanted. Tired brown eyes glared up at him warily, and the Master crouched down so that he was level with them.

"Ohh," crooned the Master in mock sympathy. "Is that old body a bit rough, Doctor?" He grinned. "I think we can do something about that."

The Doctor grunted as he was drug up painfully by the lapels of his tattered suit, standing wobbily as the Master held him up, then was pushed back into his wheelchair roughly. "You want to play?" he mocked. "Good dog." The Doctor glared again, to which the Master replied: "Ohh, no—bad doggy."

He pulled out the laser screwdriver from his pocket and aimed it at the Doctor, who eyed it despairingly. "Now," smirked the Master, "this might hurt."

The room was filled with the Doctor's screams as the screwdriver did its work. The old body de-aged itself—quite painfully—as skin was wound tight, muscles tore and then repaired, mercilessly reversing the Doctor's aged body and turning it into something much more satisfying. When the torturous beam finally receded, the Doctor was left panting on the floor, curled into a ball and shaking.

The Master laughed, winding his fingers into the soft hair and pulling back sharply so that the pain-filled eyes met his own. "Ah, Doctor," he murmured, "it's so nice to have you back, looking so amazingly erotic."

"What do you want?" rasped the Doctor, still adjusting to his tightened vocal cords. "Why are you doing this?"

The Master pulled the man up by his hair so that he was standing fully, and pretended to think. "Hmm, let's see..." he trailed off. "Master of the universe, ruler of the cosmos, bide to my every whim, et cetera, et cetera. You know the deal." He smirked. "Oh yeah, and this—"

He ripped open the Doctor's shirt, popping off buttons and exposing his chest. He stopped about halfway down, running his hands over the newly reformed skin. The Master leaned forward, as if to whisper something in the Doctor's ear, and bit that place where neck meets shoulder. The Doctor gasped and tried to push him away, but was too exhausted and weak from the torment which his body had just so recently endured.

"Oh, come on, Doctor," breathed the Master. "Don't tell me you've *forgotten*. How long's it been, hmm?" He released the Doctor, who stumbled backward and fell against the stairs.

The Doctor was confused and scared, but also filled with need and lust for the Master. He tried to push such thoughts away, reminding himself that the Master was a crazed lunatic who didn't give a fuck about anyone but himself. But he was right, it *had* been awhile. The Doctor could scarcely remember the last time he had gotten physical with someone else, and to be honest, he had been quite lonely since Gallifrey had been destroyed. No—he mentally slapped himself. He had to rid himself of such thoughts. He was interrupted from his dispute when he felt the Master slip into his mind through the Archangel network.

The Master chuckled wickedly, slipping into the Doctor's mind and listening to the war that was going on inside his head.

Come now, Doctor, he spoke telepathically into the other man's mind. *You can't fight it. You need me*. He could feel the Doctor's mind slipping at the Master's words, and continued to twist his thoughts. *Say my name*, he commanded.

The Doctor fought against the want, the need. *No*, he shot back at the Master. *Never!*

In response, the Doctor collapsed on the floor, convulsing as strong waves of pain were sent through their bond and into his mind. He cried out, babbling out words which held no meaning. After three minutes and twenty-six seconds, the Master ceased his assault on the Doctor's mind.

He crouched down in front of the shuddering body, watching with mild amusement as the Doctor tried to pick himself back up. *Say it*, he commanded, more forcefully this time. *Tell me I am your Master!*

The Doctor hesitated, still fighting to gain control when another blast of pain shot through him. "Master!" he screamed, and the pain lessened.

Again!

"Master!"

Again.

"Master, Master, Master..." poured out the Doctor. "You are my Master, I will obey you..."

The Master smirked. "Good." He crawled over the Doctor, pinning him up against the stairs. Hot breath caressed the Doctor's face as the Master whispered into his ear. "Would you like a treat, pet?" Without waiting for the other's response, the Master placed his hands on either side of the Doctor's face, connecting their minds even more intensely through the Archangel network, and sent powerful feelings of lust and pleasure coursing through their bond.

The Doctor inhaled sharply, trying to fight off the overwhelming lust he was now feeling for the Master, stronger than ever. The Master brought his head forward and pressed his lips to the other's, to which the Doctor resisted at first. He fought desperately to get ahold of himself, but to no extent. His only accomplishment was giving the Master more triumph at breaching the Doctor when he finally opened up and kissed back.

Oh, but it felt so bloody *good*. The taste of the Master was something the Doctor had been longing for ever since he first discovered that he was no longer alone in the universe. He pressed back with his tongue and body passionately, but the kiss was cut short when the Master pulled back with a sneer.

"I knew you couldn't resist," he jeered, standing up but keeping the Doctor on his knees. "Tell me, Doctor, with all those years of lack of physical relations, do you remember how to give head?" He laughed bawdily, unclasping his belt and unzipping the fly on his trousers.

The Doctor swallowed, backing up slightly only to be stopped by the stairs which he was pressed up against. He looked up to meet the other man's dark, crazed eyes, and suddenly feared his punishment for trying to resist his Master. His eyes flicked down, and there was the Master's hard cock, straining and twitching in front of him. He couldn't help thinking of how stunning it was, and arousal pooled in the pit of his stomach. Harsh fingers twined in his hair once again, and his head was pulled back sharply, forcing him to look up.

"Come on, Doctor, my little pet. Aren't you hungry?" The Master chuckled. He slapped his cock against the Doctor's face, then forced it into his mouth. The Master groaned as soft, warm lips wrapped around his shaft, remaining still as the Doctor's tongue explored the dips and crevices which now invaded his mouth. He grunted again, then wrapped both his hands in the tawny hair, forcing the Doctor to move his head as he fucked his mouth.

The Doctor's eyes watered as the Master's cock moved in and out of his throat, and he tried to adjust as quickly as he could. After a while, he began to move slightly with the Master's brutal thrusts, swirling his tongue over the head and along the thick shaft. The Master threw his head back and began panting softly with each thrust, fucking the Doctor's throat. Then, he felt teeth graze lightly against the sensitive flesh, and he moaned deeply.

Looking down, he could see that the Doctor's eyes were closed in concentration, and he was slightly amazed at the man's ability to hold himself together as the Master thrust so brutally and deeply into his throat. How fun it would be, he thought, to pinch the Doctor's pretty nostrils shut and see how long he could last when his respiratory bypass system kicked in, before finally blacking out from the lack of oxygen. But no; not today. Best save that for a more—disciplinary time.

Now he only ran his fingers through the soft, sweat spiked hair, laying off his intense thrusts and allowing the Doctor to work him—which, he must say, was going rather magnificently.

The Doctor had lost all opposing thoughts of why this was so wrong, why he shouldn't be doing this, why the Master was only using him for his own sick game; and that he needed to fight back, to overthrow the Master while he had the chance. But—he couldn't. Finding himself far too absorbed in the pure lust that drowned out all these thoughts, the sheer taste of the Master, why he needed him so badly. The Master snickered at the myriad of thoughts that were going through the Doctor's head.

I knew you wanted this, he taunted. *I knew you couldn't resist your Master.*

But to this, the Doctor paid no mind, still so overtaken with his task at hand. He bobbed his head faster, grazing his teeth and working his tongue with expert precision which made the Master roll his head back and let out a long, contented sigh. His hands wound through the Doctor's hair, almost unbelievably affectionately, as he enjoyed the overwhelming pleasure radiating through his body.

Finally though, the grip in his hair tightened, and the Doctor could feel the tension in the Master's muscles as he began to thrust once again into the Doctor's throat. He was so close, and the Doctor knew it. So he ceased moving his head and allowed the Master to move in and out of him, deep and hard and fast. Finally he let out a growl and spilled into the Doctor's throat, causing him to gag slightly, but still managed to hold out and swallow it all down. Pulsing bursts of pleasure and euphoria swam into the Doctor's mind through their bond, and he inhaled sharply through his nose as said feelings spread throughout his body. He sucked the Master dry and pulled off, looking up expectantly.

The Master chortled to himself, and then tucked his cock back into his trousers, zipping up the fly. The Doctor stood on his own, greeted by a hard backhand from the Master.

"Did I say you could get up?" he hissed manically.

The Doctor stumbled backward, but before he could go so far, the Master stepped forward and tightened his fist in the Doctor's hair, craning his neck back in a painful position. He sneered, turning the Doctor around and flinging him onto the conference table; who crashed into it with a painful thud, now bent over the sleek edge.

The Master laughed again, and the Doctor could hear footsteps echoing in the large room as the man came closer. He caught his breath and tried to push himself up, but then a hand was wound around the back of his neck, and the Master slammed his face down onto the table. Head throbbing, double heart beat pulsing through his body, the Doctor flailed beneath the Master, struggling to gain ahold of the situation.

The Master held the man down until he ceased fighting, then leaned down to whisper in his ear.

"Don't fight it, Doctor. We can do this the easy way or the hard way, but there is no escaping," he hissed.

He caressed the back of the Doctor's head, running his fingers through the soft hair. Then, with a laugh, he bent down and sucked at the Doctor's straining neck, biting at the bulging tendons and grazing his teeth just *there*. He could tell that the man below him was struggling against himself now. Slowly, he was breaking the Doctor into delightful submission. The Master sucked hard before lifting his head, grinning like the Cheshire Cat.

The Doctor's chances of keeping his self-control were rapidly decreasing, and did so more when the Master grazed his teeth against the sensitive spot right behind his ear. A small moan escaped his now parted lips, and he could *feel* the Master grinning as he raised his head. Then, the Doctor's upper body was lifted from the surface of the table and he was spun around, now face-to-face with his greatest enemy.

"Say it," demanded the Master, his voice deep and husky.

The Doctor couldn't stop himself from shuddering as the rich voice echoed around the room, encasing him. He averted his eyes, hesitating, but the grip on his jacket only tightened as he was given a rough shake. The Doctor made a mistake then, looking back up and meeting the Master's dark, lust-filled eyes with his own. He was immediately drawn in, forgetting all else except his overwhelming want.

"Master," he breathed, his own voice having gone down an octave. The Master flashed a cold grin, rewarding the Doctor by pulling him in and crashing their lips together.

The Doctor moaned into the kiss, for once letting all his worry disappear as he met the Master's tongue with his own. They explored each other's mouths for a while, and then broke apart as the Doctor was thrown roughly back onto the conference table. He held in a sob. Every time it seemed the Master was finally breaking past his crazed mind state, he snapped back into the cold heartless shell that the Doctor knew only too well. *If only there were some way to keep him sane*, the Doctor thought as the Master slammed his head into the table once more.

"You know what really makes this whole thing worthwhile, Doctor?" the Master tittered. "It's the fact that you're enjoying every bloody second of it!" He broke out in a crazed laugh that echoed around the ship's empty walled room. He laughed even harder when the Doctor struggled against his hold, throwing his head back and howling.

The Doctor took this opportunity to push back hard against the Master, making him stumble across the floor with a growl.

"You little shit," the Master sneered after regaining his balance. He tried to lunge for the Doctor again but found himself pinned against the wall, fiery brown eyes glaring down at him with newfound determination.

"You think this is all a game?" the Doctor yelled, clenching the Master's wrists in his hands and sending pulses of Artron energy through his body. He ground his teeth in rage. "Killing is not a *game*, Master. *Genocide* is not child's play!"

The Doctor's unexpected rebellion had shocked the Master for a minute, but not for long. He grinned wide at his nemesis, moving his face very close to the other's.

"Knew you had it in you, Theta," he whispered. "You can't let everyone walk on you. Stand up; take control. *Become the master.*"

He began to quietly chuckle as his words sunk in. He shook his head as the Doctor's mind swelled with images of Gallifrey. The loner and the rebel. Theta and Koschei; destined to be

in each other's lives until the end of Time.

The Master slipped into the Doctor's mind again, seeing countless memories of the old days spent on Gallifrey, as best friends. He almost scoffed at the Doctor's seemingly limitless nostalgia, but got caught up in the sheer power of it all. He'd forgotten how nice it was when they were so close. Two mishaps growing up in a society that demanded perfection.

And then one memory stuck out more than all the rest. Theta and Koschei lying together in that tall red grass, totally in love. And then their first kiss...

The Doctor was dumbfounded when he was suddenly snapped out of his old memories. He looked up to see the Master; his face crossed with utter fear, gazing at something very far away. Slowly, the Doctor released his grasp on the Master's wrists, placing them instead on either side of the other Time Lord's face. The Master's eyes, wide as a scared puppy, snapped up to the Doctor. He looked as if he were holding back tears.

"Theta," he choked out. "What has become of us?"

The Doctor smiled; but it was a sad smile. "We grew apart; went our separate ways."

The Master closed his eyes. "It's those bloody *Drums*," he spat the word. "They tell me things, Theta. Drive me crazy." He dropped his head against the Doctor's chest. "Rassilon, make them *stop*."

The Doctor pulled the Master into a hug, and they stood for a long time, unmoving, enjoying one another's caring embrace. Finally the Master pulled back, looking into the Doctor's eyes. "Make them stop, Theta. Please. *Help me*." His eyes were glazed and wet, still crazed, but with a strong determination.

"I can fix you, Koschei. Give me time and I *promise* you, I will find a way to stop whatever it is inside your head." The Doctor grasped the other firmly, bringing their mouths together in a gentle kiss.

"Well then," said the Master after pulling back. "I guess we'll have to find your TARDIS."

Chapter 2

"Just like old times, eh?"

"Shut up and run you insufferable idiot!"

A blast erupted behind the Doctor's shoulder, nearly missing as he sprinted forward. At least seven Toclafane were chasing after the two fleeing Time Lords, crooning in their choppy robotic voices.

"We want to play, Master! Why won't you let us kill again?"

"Yes, we don't want to die! Why would Master destroy us?"

"Any more bright ideas, Master?" panted the Doctor, still dodging blasts from the Toclafane.

The Master glared at his former nemesis. "Just get to the bloody TARDIS! I will deal with them there."

They rounded one last corner, finally entering the room which held the TARDIS. Upon entering, an alien light bathed both in a gruesome blood red, along with the rest of the control room.

The Doctor's expression immediately became solemn, as he petted the TARDIS to comfort her.

"Shh, it's okay, old girl. Everything is gonna be fine in a moment."

"Sorry to *intrude*, Doctor," interrupted the Master, "But I could use a bit of *help*, if you don't mind."

The other Time Lord lingered for a moment longer, and then twirled around to face the Master. Whipping out his sonic screwdriver, the Doctor worked as quickly as possible; helping the Master disassemble the paradox machine. When they were finally down to the last wire, the Doctor carefully disconnected it, and the room was once again covered in a welcoming warm light.

"There you are, girl. Good as new," grinned the Doctor. "Well—as new as you were before, anyways. Now! Let's get out of this place."

The Doctor punched in the coordinates and grasped a lever in one hand. "Allons-y!"

"What the hell was that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are we speaking French now? Really?"

"You got a problem with that?" squeaked the Doctor defensively.

"You are absolutely insane," sighed the Master. "I don't even know why I agreed to come with you. I had *estates*! Master of the Earth. And now I've destroyed it. And for *what*?"

"Well—," stated the Doctor, striding over. "You were just a little bit *sane* when we decided to run away together. That sound about right? And I think you *really* wanted me to try and fix that noisy head of yours." He knocked on the Master's head four times for effect, receiving a glare in return.

The Master whipped around suddenly, grabbing the Doctor by the shoulders and pushing him up against the console.

"No, Doctor; you forget. I think you're most persuasive argument was the one where you *weren't* talking. Why was that again?" The Master pretended to think. "Oh yes; I remember. It's because my cock was halfway down your throat." He flashed an evil grin.

The Doctor smirked coolly, wrapping his arms around the Master's neck and leaning in close.

"No; I think you'll find that my best argument was the one where *my* tongue was halfway down *your* throat."

The Master growled deep in his throat, grasping the Doctor's tawny hair and slamming their lips together. He forced his tongue past the Doctor's lips, to which the other Time Lord responded immediately. In a grueling battle for dominance, each tried to overpower the other with failing results. Finally the Master forced the Doctor's legs apart with his thigh and stepped between them, already feeling how hard he was.

"You like this, don't you, Doctor?" growled the Master. "You never could resist me."

"If I recall correctly," panted the Doctor, "It was you who always came looking to *me* for a quick shag."

"Yes, but you simply *melted* just from my *scent*," responded the Master. "It's a wonder you never passed out. Quite a shame, actually. I could've done some lovely things to your unconscious body." He grinned evilly.

"I'm a lot stronger than you think, Master."

The Doctor wrapped his legs around the Master's waist, pulling their bodies close. The sudden contact made the Master let out a rough groan, and he ground his hips against the Doctor. Their lips met once again in a rough kiss, each still fighting for the upper hand.

After a minute of getting nowhere, the Doctor tried out a different approach. He unhooked his fingers from behind the Master's neck and ran his hands down the other's rapidly expanding chest. The Master took no notice, too absorbed at the task at hand, until he felt his fly being undone. He had almost no time to react before the Doctor thrust his hand into the Master's pants, wrapping his long fingers around the hardness there. The Master threw his head back, groaning as the Doctor stroked him teasingly.

"I know you like this, Master," murmured the Doctor, his voice deep and husky. "You won't admit it, but you know that *I'm* the only one who can make you like this."

To this the Master paid no mind, only bared his teeth in a sly smile, and pulled the Doctor up by his lapels. He chuckled, then pulled the other Time Lord close into an unusually gentle kiss. He looked back up and opened his mouth to say something.

Just then there was a loud crash, interrupting the Master's response. Smoke began pouring out of the TARDIS walls and emergency lights flashed red. The Doctor was out of the Master's grasp in a moment, rushing around the console and trying to diagnose his precious ship. Exasperated, he ran a hand through his now messy hair, a look of worry covering his features.

"She's hurt," whined the Doctor. "But I can't figure out how it happened. It seems we've hit an asteroid." After a moment he added in mumbled tone, "But how could this happen to you, girl?"

The Master, still upset from the Doctor's sudden dashing off, rolled his eyes and glared. "Did you remember to put up the shields, then?"

The Doctor paused, staring at the Master. "Of course I remembered to..." he trailed off, circling the room to glance at the monitor. "...shields."

The Master raised an eyebrow. "Problem?"

"Bollocks!"

Sighing, the Master rubbed his face in exasperation. "This is always a problem with you, isn't it?"

"Well if *you* hadn't been distracting me," the Doctor began.

"Don't you *dare* throw this shit on me. It's your bloody ship, for Rassilon's sake. Give her some respect!" he spat. "Or, if you'd rather *I* show her some love... Well. I'm just the man for the job." The Master grinned evilly.

"Just—shut up a minute, will you?"

The Master shut his mouth, as he was told. But he then decided to surprise the Doctor by going up behind him, and then slipping his hands under the other's clothing. This brought forth a satisfying yelp from the concentrated Time Lord, making the Master snigger.

"Bugger off," shot the Doctor. "I'm trying to—*oh*."

Seeing a look of frozen terror on the Doctor's face, the Master followed his gaze to the TARDIS's monitor. What he saw there made him equally terrified.

For the TARDIS hadn't run into just any old asteroid. It had bumped an ancient Time Lord prison ship, which could only be unlocked if it came into contact with Artron energy. And now it was opening...

Both Time Lords' eyes widened in disbelief as a single word echoed through the ship.

"Exterminate!"

Chapter 3

"The Doctor and the Master will be exterminated!"

"Fuck you, you filthy hunks of metal!" shouted the Master over his shoulder, as he continued running down the long corridor of the TARDIS.

"Hush!" scolded the Doctor. "You'll just make them angrier!"

Just as he spoke, an electrical blast flew toward the Master, barely missing his shoulder as it passed.

"Ha!" he sneered at the offending Dalek. "I think your aim is a bit off."

The two Time Lords made a sudden left into another hallway, running as fast as they could.

"We need to get to the emergency console," panted the Doctor. "There, I'll be able to create a temporary vortex to destroy the Daleks."

The Master nodded. But then he suddenly tripped over some plot, causing him to stumble a ways before slamming into the wall at the next turn. A robotic blast sound reached the Doctor, and he turned to see the Master's flesh turn a sickly blue, exposing his skeleton for a brief second. The Master slumped down against the wall, lying motionless.

The Doctor's eyes were ablaze with fury. He turned on the Daleks and aimed his sonic screwdriver, activating a trap door which closed off their pursuers.

That door won't hold for long, he thought, scooping up the Master's limp body. As he sprinted down the corridor, the Doctor's hearts panged with grief, anger, and disbelief that his friend and lover was *gone*. It was well known that a blast from a Dalek gun stopped both Time Lords' hearts simultaneously, also burning up any remaining lives left for regeneration. Nothing could survive it.

The Doctor was now running for his life, more desperate than ever to rid the Daleks of his ship. Nearly avoiding another puddle of leftover plot, he finally made his way into the emergency console room. It was a small dark room enclosed by four walls and a high overhead ceiling, in which the center console extended upward. The room was suddenly lit by red flashing lights as the TARDIS warned of approaching enemies. The Doctor laid the Master down gently, quickly making his way to the controls.

He stroked the TARDIS, receiving a warm hum from her in return. The Doctor closed his eyes briefly, remembering the emergency code, and opened them with newfound determination. Without missing a beat, he switched dozens of mechanics and spun a wheel three full rotations, before finally reaching down to grasp a lever, yanking it up harshly.

"Exterminate the Doctor!" came the robotic voice from just outside the room.

The Doctor grit his teeth and pounded down one last button, which made the TARDIS shake with an electrical buzz. Hurriedly, he scooped up the Master in his arms and secured them both in a sealed room where they would be protected from the Vortex.

In a flash of blue light and a flurry of electrical sparks, the Daleks ripped a hole in the console wall, still screaming for the Doctor to be exterminated. The Doctor narrowed his eyes, full of pure hatred, and flicked a switch inside the shelter. The TARDIS screeched as the center console disappeared, being replaced by an electrical swirling Vortex.

The first Dalek was sucked into the rift, still screaming profanities before it was silenced. The rest of the fleet soon followed, picked up by the Vortex's gravity field and swirled into its center. Robotic voices and blasts filled the room for about ten minutes, before silence took hold once more.

Chapter 4

The Doctor laid the Master down on a table in the TARDIS operating room. Quickly hooking up various monitors and scanners, he prepared for surgery.

He's dead, the Doctor's mind kept telling him. *You can't save him.*

"Then why can I still feel him?" he mumbled to himself. "If the Master was dead, then I would feel the emptiness. But he's not gone. How can that be?"

But he got shot, reminded the voice. *You saw it happen! Nothing can survive a Dalek gun, not even the Time Lords!*

"Shut-up," he commanded the voice. It didn't interrupt again.

The Doctor finished setting up the equipment, looking for any signs of life left in the Master. There was nothing he could tell from the outside. The Doctor listened to both hearts and checked every reflex, but there was still nothing. Finally he decided to check inside. The Master's brain was the only thing that couldn't be measured closely without direct contact. Grasping a scalpel, the Doctor slowly cut into the Master's head.

It took less than half an hour to cut through the Master's skull and safely reach his brain. The Doctor wasn't taking any risks. He inserted a probe into the pinkish tissue, looking for any sign of life. The Doctor's hearts almost stopped from what he found on the monitor.

Just there-a tiny electrical signal still holding onto life. At first the Doctor thought it was the heartbeat of a Time Lord; one, two, three, four. Four small charges, repeating over and over. But-that couldn't be right. The Master's heart was dead, along with the rest of his body. Was it just a blip in the machine?

Realization suddenly dawned on the Doctor, and he cautiously placed the bell of his stethoscope to the Master's head. His eyes widened. One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four. He had heard this pattern before...

It was the sound of the Drums.

The Doctor paced around the control room, clearly anxious. He was thinking hard. It just didn't seem possible for the Drums to remain in the Master's head even in death.

No wonder he never seemed able to die, thought the Doctor with dark humor. *The Drums always kept him alive long enough to recover.*

The Doctor ran long fingers through his hair. He needed to find a way to somehow boost the signal in the Master's head. Maybe, if he was very lucky, the amplified signal would produce enough energy to kick-start the Master's hearts. Hopefully that would be enough to bring him back.

The Doctor searched the TARDIS for an atomic tracking device, but found that his only one was broken, the screen having been shattered. *Bollocks*.

Making his way back to the control room, the Doctor entered a series of numbers into the console and flicked a switch. He smiled when the TARDIS engines began to whirr.

The Doctor stepped out of his blue box, shutting the door behind him with a rusty squeak. He grinned at the surprised face looking right at him.

"Hello, Jack."

Chapter 5

"You want me to do *what*?"

"I just need to borrow an atomic scanner from Torchwood. Can't be that hard-?"

"Well no," replied Jack. "But it's the actual *reason* you need the scanner that I'm opposed to."

The Doctor sighed. "Look, Jack. I know you hate the Master—for which you have every right to—but he's no longer any concern of yours. He is under my care, and he won't hurt anyone like that again."

"How can you be so certain? This is a psychopath we're talking about here. A deranged, evil, fucked-up Time Lord. And you want me to help you save him? No deal."

"He's all I have!" shouted the Doctor. "We're the only ones left. I can't just sit back and watch him *die*."

"What, just like you sat back and watched him destroy the Human race?" hissed Jack. "I am not going to let that happen again."

"I had no control over that, and neither did he," the Doctor nearly sobbed. "It's those Drums, Jack. They drive him mad, make him do things he can't control. But right now it's the only thing keeping him alive." His face turned stony. "Just give me this, please. After this, I'll find a way to fix him."

Jack slumped against his office desk and sighed. He felt bad for the Doctor; he honestly did. But after what had happened before, he just couldn't trust the Master. Time rewound itself once the paradox machine had been destroyed, yes. But Jack could still remember every torturous detail, locked up in that dungeon and made to suffer, while the Human race lived in constant fear below.

But he also knew that the Doctor wouldn't give up. There was only one thing he could do.

"Alright," said Jack after a moment. The Doctor's face brightened instantly. "But on one condition."

"Oh? And what might that be?"

"I'm coming with you."

"Okay, we've got one atomic scanner and a wave amplifier," said the Doctor, setting up the equipment and connecting it to the Master's brain.

"So, we just need to find where the signal is coming from and—what?" interrupted Jack. "How will this help to bring him back to life?"

"If I can manipulate the wavelengths from the source, I should be able to start up the Master's hearts using the energy as a sort of defibrillator."

"Okay, and then what? You can't honestly make me believe he actually *wants* to be locked up in the TARDIS." Jack's voice took on a more serious tone. "Doctor, this guy is insane. You can't cure insanity."

"You just watch me," retorted the Doctor, not taking his eyes off the Master. "I'm going to fix him, no matter what the cost."

"Fancy some tea?" called the Doctor from the TARDIS's kitchen. He and Jack had finished connecting all the equipment, and they were taking a break while it booted up.

"Uh, sure," replied Jack, not being much of a tea drinker. What he really needed was a nice, hot, caffeinated beverage to keep him focused. But he supposed tea would help him to relax, and he really needed to loosen his tense muscles.

The Doctor handed Jack a steaming cup, taking a seat in a cushioned armchair. The Captain looked around, sipping the drink tentatively. This was one room of the TARDIS he'd never seen before. It was very olden, and reminded him of the living room of an aristocrat during the Victorian Era. Jack snuggled back into the deep red sofa, holding his cup close.

"So what will that equipment do exactly?" he asked the Doctor.

The Time Lord looked up from his tea, gazing at the ceiling. "Well, the beating in the Master's head is actually being transmitted from somewhere. I always thought that he was just imagining it, but I've discovered that there's a definite signal." He sipped his drink. "That machinery is connected directly to the receiving end of the signal. What it does is refine the molecular structure of the radiation waves into a readable code, allowing us to pinpoint the general transmission area. That's where the atomic tracker comes in handy. I'll be able to read the atomic number of the particles and set it up to track the atomic waves."

"Damn," whistled Jack. "You really thought this through."

The Doctor tapped the side of his head. "It's all up here. Didn't take very long to piece together."

Jack shook his head, marveling at how advanced and complicated the Doctor's brain was compared to Humans.

It must be so lonely.

Chapter 6

Jack couldn't sleep. Three days staying on the TARDIS and they had gotten no closer to finding the source of the signal. He was beginning to lose hope that they'd ever be able to help the Master—but he just couldn't say it to the Doctor's face.

He wandered out of the guest bedroom into one of the many long corridors in the TARDIS. He passed dozens of doors, having no idea where any of them led to, and found his way to the kitchen. Jack rubbed his eyes with one hand, grabbing a glass and filling it from the tap. How they had a tap on a spaceship, he had no idea, but didn't have the energy to care.

Jack started back to his room but found that, after ten minutes of wandering, he had absolutely no idea where he was. Fearful of getting lost in the massive ship, he tried to backtrack. Another five minutes passed, and the ex- Time Agent finally found his way back to the bedroom.

Opening the door tiredly, he stumbled into the room without looking around, and came face-to-face with the Doctor. The Time Lord wore only his TARDIS-blue boxers, in the middle of unbuttoning his shirt.

Jack stared in surprise. He had never seen the Doctor so—clothes less.
He's even sexier without that suit.

Shaking his head in shame, Jack stumbled backward with a muttered apology, turning around to reach for the doorknob. He froze in his tracks when he felt a warm hand on his shoulder.

The Doctor had flung his shirt to the floor, now only dressed in loose underwear. He turned Jack around gently so they were facing. He opened his mouth to say something, but the Doctor shushed him by pressing their lips together.

Jack shuddered from the sensation of the Doctor's warm, soft lips against his. His eyes closed automatically when he felt the Time Lord's tongue push past his parted lips. There was no thought in his head other than *Doctor*.

When they separated, Jack whispered, "I want you, Doctor."

The Doctor said nothing, only smiled as he unbuttoned the Human's shirt, and let it drop to the floor. Jack was dumbfounded as to why this was happening, but hey, he wasn't complaining. He was pushed back against the wall, and the Doctor slowly lowered himself to his knees. He looked up as if asking permission.

"Oh, god, yes," murmured Jack, and the spell was broken.

The Doctor's hands shot out, deftly undoing Jack's fly and releasing his straining erection. The Time Lord leaned forward and licked the tip, gathering the bead of precum there. Jack let out a soft whimper, and then his cock was engulfed in the Doctor's mouth.

Jack's head flung back against the wall. This was like nothing he'd ever experienced. Sure, he'd gotten blowjobs before, but this was the *Doctor*. He'd wished for this to happen, ever since he first met the gorgeous man between his legs. His fingers wound in the Doctor's soft, tawny hair. He groaned, loud.

Then, when the Doctor reached out to massage his balls, Jack almost came then and there. He needed more.

"Doctor," he moaned, voice heavy with lust. "God, I'm so close..."

The Doctor picked up the pace, and Jack's entire body shuddered violently. *More, more, more, more, more...*

Jack opened his eyes with a gasp. He couldn't see anything, and it took a moment to register that he was lying in a bed. Mind still clouded, it took him even longer to realize that he'd been dreaming; with his own hand on his straining cock.

Disappointment and longing passed over Jack, along with confusion. He hadn't dreamt about the Doctor that way for a long time, but he liked it. God, how he wished the Doctor was his...

With a sigh, Jack closed his eyes and finished what he started.

Chapter 7

Jack came out of his room that morning, still a bit skeptical from his dream the night before. He nearly jumped out of his skin when the Doctor rushed past him as he entered the control room. The Doctor paid no mind to Jack's obvious discomfort, for he was buzzing with excitement.

"What's the occasion?" asked Jack, brushing off his previous jolt. This was the happiest he'd seen the Doctor in a long time.

The Time Lord turned away from the monitor on the console, breaking out in a wide grin. "I've found the signal!" he exclaimed. "Now we'll be able to track it to the source and save the Master."

Jack tried to match the Doctor's joy, but in all honesty, he was hoping that the signal would disappear before they found it. *It's nothing against the Doctor*, he told himself. *I just don't trust the Master...*

"That's great," he said. "What do we do now?"

"Well," replied the Doctor, "We can start by using the temporal vortex manipulator to create a positioning system. I can feed the signal through the vortex, and it'll tell us relatively where the feed is coming from."

"So, kinda like a GPS?"

"More like a UPS. Universal positioning system," said the Doctor. "Also including time and... well, yeah. It's basically just a positioning system."

Jack nodded absently. His mind kept distracting him back to the hazy atmosphere of last night's dream. It was several moments before he noticed the Doctor looking at him expectantly, as if he'd asked a question.

"Sorry – what?"

"I asked if you wanted to help me refine the signal, but—You don't look too well," said the Doctor skeptically. "Maybe you should go lay down-."

"No," interrupted Jack, "I'm fine." The Time Lord looked unconvinced. "Really. I just didn't sleep very well last night. Just a bit tired." He stretched his arms above his head to express this.

"Alright," the Doctor replied eventually. He suddenly snapped out of his suspicious trance and circled the console excitedly, just hitting random buttons, in Jack's opinion. He practically skipped up to the bewildered Human and pushed him through the corridor. "This way," he said.

They walked through the long winding hallways until they reached a door, no different from the hundreds of others all through the TARDIS. How the Doctor could tell one from another, he had absolutely no idea. Following the bouncy Time Lord into the room, he could see the Master lying on a cot in the center of the room. IVs and sustenance were now being fed into his body, no doubt to ensure that his body would remain intact while they tried to restore his life.

Jack stood a moment, looking at the man who'd tortured and killed him countless times, created a massive paradox, and nearly destroyed the Human race. He hated the Master since the day he met him. He hated how he cared about no one but himself, and couldn't even begin to understand exactly why the Doctor wanted him alive. Yes, he understood that they were the last two Time Lords in the whole of Time and Space, but still—this was the *Master*. He was insane, deranged, evil, and no doubt felt superior to every other living thing in the universe. Why would the Doctor want him alive if all he does is create terror and wreak havoc?

But looking at the Master's still form now, it was difficult for him to imagine the same man who had terrorized him. What he saw was simply a being, just existing—if you could call it that. His dark hair looked soft, with a smooth face and thin stature. Maybe this was what the Doctor saw all the time. Jack knew that the two were childhood friends. Maybe the Doctor just couldn't allow himself to believe that his best friend was so evil...

'What am I talking about? Where did that last statement even come from?' he thought angrily. 'Of course he's evil! He's the fucking Master! Who else would have that name if not for him? The dirty, controlling bastard-'

Jack was suddenly shaken from his thoughts. "Jack! What the hell are you glaring at?"

He looked up into the Doctor's questionable gaze, feeling a slight blush light up his face. "Er... Sorry. Just a little—distracted," he stuttered.

"Yeah, I can see that," muttered the Doctor, turning back to the equipment. "*Anyway*, let's get started!" He pointed without looking up. "Get me my sonic, will you?"

Captain Jack followed the Doctor's direction, seeing the silver-and-blue device sitting on a counter. He quickly grabbed it and tossed it to the Doctor, who caught it—again, without even looking up.

"Okay, I'm gonna need you to hold these together while I bind them," directed the Doctor, handing Jack several pieces of wire. He helped the Doctor attach each piece with his sonic screwdriver to form one long piece about three feet long. He twisted it into a complicated coil-like shape, and connected it onto what Jack assumed to be the machine that refined and translated the signal.

"Come on Jack, we've still got a lot to get done."

About two hours later, the two stood back to look at their creation. First, the Master, with sensors and wires positioned along his body. A single thick, metal wire protruded from his

skull, transferring the signal to a machine, where it was separated by wavelength. A series of multicolored wires branched out from it, carrying the refined signal to an enclosed metal tub filled with some sort of liquid. "It contains a plasma-based residue," the Doctor had explained. "The signal will generate an electrical current which can be translated and read by the TARDIS." A large coil ran from the opposite end of the container, connecting to the ship's mainframe.

The Doctor ran off, and Jack was forced to follow in fear of getting lost in the endless maze of rooms. They ended up back in the console room. The Doctor hunched over the monitor, a smile breaking out on his face. "Come on, old girl," murmured the Doctor, stroking his beloved ship. "Not too complicated, yeah?"

"What've you got?" asked Jack.

"It'll take the TARDIS some time to completely translate and relay the signal, as it's quite complicated—even more so than I imagined."

"So what do we do in the meantime?"

The Doctor looked bewildered. "Oh," he murmured. "Hadn't thought of that."

Chapter 8

"Mmm... Doctor..." moaned Jack, his breath increasing. "Yes, more..."

The Doctor was kissing him, grinding him up against a wall, a thigh between his legs. The Doctor's tongue was down his throat, and his heartbeat picked up rapidly. The Doctor's hand was down his pants, touching him; stroking his rock-hard cock. "Oh, god... Doctor... right there..."

Suddenly everything was black. Jack was lying down, covered in a sheen of sweat, coiled in a damp bed sheet. His eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness, surveying his surroundings. Jack groaned in frustration, heat throbbing between his legs from the dream. "Goddammit," he muttered, grabbing ahold of the hardness there and quickly taking care of it. He came with the Doctor's name on his lips, and his eyes squeezed shut.

Jack blinked open his eyes to the dimly lit guest bedroom, and he sighed, remembering last night. He'd been having wet dreams about the Doctor for the past several days, not even knowing how long he'd been cooped up in the TARDIS. He had no mind to bother keeping track, but the increasing sexual frustration was going to kill him before he even got out. Grunting with the effort of his aching muscles, Jack pulled himself out of bed and got dressed, rubbing his neck with a wince. *Musta slept on it wrong.*

"Morning," said the Doctor, looking up as Jack entered the console room. "You look like hell."

"You're not so bad yourself."

The Doctor ignored the remark, going back to working on the console.

Jack snorted quietly, going into the kitchen to grab a cup of coffee. It often seemed the Doctor was from another planet. *Oh wait.* He laughed quietly to himself. He just didn't get the Time Lord at all sometimes. Nine-hundred years of traveling and he still didn't know how to hold a decent conversation. *Must not be any room in the big head of his. Too full of facts and knowledge.*

He shook his head, pouring the steaming hot liquid into a mug. He took a gulp. It scalded his mouth and throat but he didn't care. Jack leant against the counter, stretching. His back and neck hurt like hell. *Probably from all the tossing and turning I've been doing at night,* he thought grimly.

He stood there for awhile, enjoying the peace and quiet to finish his coffee. Swigging down the last bit, Jack arched his spine with a groan before heading back into the console room. When he got there, the Doctor was still working, muttering to himself. Wires were flowing out of a section in the console, and he was working furiously.

"What's up?" asked Jack casually, staring at the Doctor's sweat-slicked hair hanging over his geeky glasses.

"Something's happened to the TARDIS's translation software. The signal seems to have disrupted it," he grumbled. Suddenly, a shower of golden sparks shot from the console, raining down on the two men. "Oh, no,no,no,no,no, don't do that!" he yelled, stepping back to squint at the TARDIS exasperatedly.

"How could that have happened?"

"I don't know," he whined. "She was doing fine and then—BAM! Stupid technology got jumbled up." He ran his fingers through the tawny hair, and Jack tried to suppress a shudder at the sight. "I think it's something to do with the source of the signal. The Drums are too powerful for her to handle." Another shower of sparks erupted all around them. "Yes, alright! I'm working on it!" He launched himself back into the mass of multicolored wiring.

Jack was at a loss, afraid to touch anything as it might catch fire. "What do you need me to do?" he raised his voice over the white noise emitting from the TARDIS.

"Yes," shouted the Doctor. "Turn the vortex manipulator's power down to level 2, and hold down the temporary control activator."

He looked around the chaotic scene before him. "What?"

"Turn the blue knob five times and hold down that yellow lever!"

"Thank you!" he said matter-of-factly.

After about twenty minutes of this, they finally managed to stabilize the processor.

"What was that all about?" whined the Doctor, stroking the TARDIS. "Eh?"

The room glowed with a green-yellow light, making a small whirr. The Doctor seemed to understand her, walking around the console and pulling a lever, causing her to remain in the Vortex. The Time Lord sighed, letting out a relieved breath. He threw himself down on the pilot chair and remained silent, thinking. Jack joined him after a moment, sitting beside the Doctor.

He looked over at the man concentrating, eyes closed and arms crossed. Jack couldn't help but stare at him admiringly. The Doctor's features were beautiful, perfectly defined, with big eyes and thick, soft hair. The time on Satellite Five suddenly popped into his head, before Jack was made immortal. He'd said goodbye to Rose and the Doctor, kissing both of them. He remembered the Doctor's soft lips, and wondered if they felt different in this body. The Time Lord had kissed him back so eagerly, too. He wished it could've lasted longer. The way his entire body tingled with the kiss, the Doctor's face held between his hands.

Realization suddenly dawned on him. The Doctor had always shown interest in Jack, but he'd thought it only in a mocking manner. Maybe the Doctor was too afraid to act on his own, and was waiting for Jack to make the first move, like in Satellite Five. He looked back at the Doctor eagerly, but was surprised to find that he'd fallen asleep. Jack was convinced that the man hadn't slept in days, and a sad smile crept across his features. *Poor man works himself too hard.*

He turned his body toward the sleeping Doctor as much as he could from his sitting position, and cautiously brushed the tawny hair out of his eyes. Making certain that he was asleep, Jack leaned forward hesitantly until he was just inches from those perfect lips. Then, before he could change his mind, the Captain cleared the distance in one swift movement, placing a soft kiss against them. He pulled back and stood, quickly exiting the console room.

The Doctor blinked open his eyes, surprised at what Jack had done. He was a light sleeper in this body, normally quite aware, even while resting. He wasn't sure what to make of this. Of course he knew the Captain had an interest in him, but this was something he'd never expected. Normally Jack was very straightforward, and he'd expected him to make a move while the Doctor was aware of it. Kissing him in his sleep was very unlike the Human. It puzzled him.

The Doctor leant back in the seat, a small smile playing at his lips. He had to admit, kissing Jack had felt very good...

Chapter 9

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

He was surrounded in a thick darkness. He could see nothing, feel nothing, smell or taste nothing. The only working sense was his hearing.

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

Nonstop, never ending, full blast and pounding throughout his consciousness. The Drums were more relentless than ever, beating away at whatever was left of his mind. He needed to get out of this place, whatever it took. He couldn't bear to even *think* about the torture he would endure for the rest of his pitiful existence.

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

The Drums, the Drums, the Drums, the Drums... *Oh Rassilon please make them stop!*

For the next several days, the Doctor watched Jack closely. He didn't do much except eat and sleep, and even that didn't occupy the majority of his time on the TARDIS. Something was nagging at the Doctor. He often caught Jack looking at him, as if he didn't even realize that he was doing it. When their eyes met, the Human quickly – almost shamefully – lowered his gaze. This was very strange indeed. Jack was not acting like his usual outgoing self, instead behaving like a small child in the presence of many respected adults.

Something else was bothering the Doctor. That kiss. It happened two days ago, and nothing like it had come up since. Did it even happen? Or was I just dreaming? The Doctor shook his head. No, he could tell a dream from reality, and he was certain that it had happened. Not knowing how to approach Jack, the Doctor did what he does best – investigate.

Jack was sitting in the pilot chair while the Doctor tuned up the TARDIS's tracking system. He was fiddling with a spare sonic screwdriver he'd found in one of the old cluttered rooms. The Doctor had told him that it belonged to a past regeneration.

The Doctor finished what he was doing and stood leaning against the console, both arms stretched in front of him. He watched Jack for several moments, brown eyes staring over the rim of his glasses. Finally the Captain looked up at the Doctor, and his eyes widened in surprise when he met his gaze.

"Uh, what's up, Doc?" asked Jack, breaking the silence.

But the Doctor didn't answer. Instead he stood up straight and started toward Jack, never breaking eye contact. It seemed like an eternity before he reached the seat, and settled down beside the Captain. Jack was looking at him curiously, and he found that his mouth had suddenly gone dry. Without thinking, he licked his lips – to which the Doctor raised an eyebrow.

Jack didn't know what was going on, but he had a sudden urge to kiss the man in front of him. The Doctor could see his brain turning from the expression on his face. Deciding to tease, the Time Lord leant forward ever so slightly, mere inches from the Human's face, and exhaled slowly.

That was it – what little control Jack had simply vanished. He couldn't concentrate on anything except the Doctor – his face, his smell, his lips... Without another second's thought, he took the other man's face in his hands and brought their lips together.

The Doctor didn't know what to think. Part of him wanted to smirk because his suspicions were correct, and another part wanted to laugh because this was just so utterly like Jack. He fought himself over whether to pull away or kiss back. The Master's name flashed briefly through his head before he gave in and returned the kiss. It was pure bliss.

Their lips were moving together as Jack's fingers wound through the Doctor's hair. He felt the Doctor's tongue run along his bottom lip, and he parted them eagerly. He could feel the Doctor's tongue enter him, exploring his mouth and running over his perfect teeth. And then, it was over all too soon. Both sat looking at each other, panting slightly. The Doctor cleared his throat.

"Well," he said. "That was interesting." Jack shrugged. Then he looked at the Doctor purposefully.

"How did you know?"

"Jack, I know how your mind works," the Doctor laughed. "It wouldn't have taken a genius to figure out what you were thinking." Jack couldn't help but smile.

The Doctor opened his mouth to say something else, but the Captain took this opportunity to crush their lips together, and the whole thing started over again.

It wasn't long before Jack's hand found its way into the Doctor's pants. It took even less time for him to get onto his knees, kneeling between the Doctor's legs, cock straining in front of him. Meeting the Time Lord's lust-clouded eyes, he lowered his head and took the entire length into his mouth.

The Doctor let out a long, needy groan. His fingers tightened in Jack's hair as he flung his head back, panting hard. Jack hollowed his cheeks and sucked, head bobbing up and down as he massaged his balls. Soon, the Doctor began to thrust upward into Jack's mouth, and he sucked even harder. Finally, the Doctor shouted and came, shooting down the Captain's throat as he was milked of his orgasm.

Jack let go with a "pop", licking his lips. He looked up at the Doctor, who was still recovering from probably the first orgasm he'd had in a long time.

Finally, the Time Lord's breathing slowed, and his eyes met Jack's. He grinned tiredly as the man sat next to him once again. The Doctor reached over, unzipping his pants. "Why don't I help you with that?" he murmured, gripping Jack's shaft in his long hand.

"Your help would be much obliged." The Doctor chuckled.

Chapter 10

Jack's life was now complete, in his opinion. He didn't have to fight with his crew in Torchwood and didn't have to avert any world disasters, alien or government related. He also didn't have to deal with the people who terrorized, destroyed, and otherwise tried to take over anything on Earth. And best of all – he had the Doctor.

They hadn't done much aside from the first time, and it felt like the Doctor was always busy. Jack didn't really mind though, as he figured it was only because he was occupied in trying to follow the signal. They'd stopped at a few different planets as a result of a false lead. Of course, being with the Doctor, they'd saved a few civilizations from collapsing along the way. When they weren't on some kind of adventure, the Doctor often worked long hours in the control room, constantly updating and refining the tracking system.

"It's not exactly state-of-the-art technology," he explained to Jack. "This particular TARDIS is an older model; a type-40. She has a harder time keeping everything in place." The room brightened as the TARDIS buzzed in protest. "Aw, but she's a good old girl," he reassured, petting her affectionately. "Does a very good job considering how complex this signal is."

So Jack was often left to spend hours at a time wandering the TARDIS. He strolled through the long, mesmerizing corridors, peeking into doors and discovering many strange things; one happened to be a vast library with an Olympic-sized swimming pool in its center. Most of the rooms weren't anything very exciting though. They were piled with unknown treasures and ancient machinery. On one occasion, Jack stumbled upon a very odd room indeed. There were ten mannequins all lined up in a row. Each one was dressed in strange clothing, seeming to progress from oldest to newest. That is, except for the sixth figure. Jack didn't know what to think of that, except an extreme fear of clowns reawakening from his childhood.

After studying the items in the room, he eventually came to the realization that these were all the Doctor's past regenerations. He took time to marvel the Doctor's dramatic change in style, admiring his true age in retrospect. It became one of Jack's favorite rooms to pass time in.

Yes, life was great for the Captain. Simply wonderful...

The Doctor was buzzing about as usual, tuning up the TARDIS's machinery. He glanced up to see Jack, hovering around the control room. The Human seemed very – lost, he thought. Like he didn't know what to do with himself. But the Doctor was having conflicting emotions of his own about the Captain. He lacked his usual energetic aura, ever since they'd started getting – intimate.

This was way the Doctor never got involved with Humans. They could never understand his feelings, even if he loved them. He tried to tell himself that Jack was special, but he knew it wasn't true. Jack was simply a distraction. The Doctor let his head droop. He just couldn't cope like this. Looking up again, he saw that the Captain looked just as miserable as he did.

The Doctor shook his head. *Nah, this is just the stress talking*, he thought with false certainty. Then he felt arms snake their way around his waist.

Jack had had enough of this bullshit. What were they doing moping around the TARDIS anyway? They should be happy, not all depressed and gloomy. Finally, he decided to take matters into his own hands – literally. The Doctor yelped in surprise when he felt warm hands slip into his trousers, stimulating his now quickly growing erection. Ooh, Jack was eager today. The Doctor pushed back against the Human, tilting back his head to meet the Captain's eager mouth with his own.

"When will you be done with all this uncooperative equipment?" whispered Jack, licking the Doctor's ear. He smirked when a shiver ran through the other's body. "I'm becoming impatient. And very, very *bored*."

That said, Jack slipped his free hand under the Doctor's shirt, brushing his fingers lightly across the hard nipples there. The Doctor let out a soft moan, then quickly spun around to face Jack.

"You know what I think?" he whispered back. "I think you need to be taught a lesson in patience."

Jack suppressed a shudder at the Doctor's deep voice. He opened his mouth to reply, but he never got the chance. He found his lips being captured, his mouth devoured by the Time Lord. They explored each other's mouths passionately, their lightly skimming fingers just barely brushing hot flesh. The kiss was over all too soon.

"Should we take this to the bedroom?"

"Lead the way, Captain."

They stumbled to the Doctor's room, kissing and ripping off clothing at every available opportunity. Once in the room, the Doctor pushed Jack up against the closed door, kissing and sucking his neck. Jack groaned, looking up to the ceiling as his eyes rolled back in his head. The Doctor was relentless, attacking the delicate skin of Jack's throat, kissing and sucking and nipping. He bit hard at the junction of neck and shoulder, and Jack's whole body tensed as he wrapped his fingers tight in the Doctor's hair.

Finally the Captain pushed the Time Lord away, making him lie down on the king-sized bed. He leaned over the Doctor, slowly shifting off his pants as they kissed. Next he moved to the Doctor's shirt, sliding his hands under the striped fabric of his suit. He could feel the ribs protruding perfectly from the Doctor's skin, and his fingertips brushed delicately against his pert nipples. The Doctor shuddered, helping to unbutton his shirt along with Jack's, until they were both completely naked.

This time it was the Captain who leaned down to suck at the Doctor's long neck. He worked his way around and down, licking a trail to the Doctor's chest. The tip of his tongue flicked the pink nub there, and the Doctor sighed. He latched on, licking and sucking, gently grazing his teeth along the sensitive skin. He went to the other one, repeating the process until the Doctor was squirming beneath him.

The Time Lord pulled Jack in close, holding his ass with both hands and massaging gently. He then removed one, putting the long fingers to Jack's lips. "Suck," he commanded. The Captain took three long fingers into his mouth eagerly, sweeping his tongue over them sensually. When the Doctor thought them slick enough, he lifted Jack up and slowly pushed one finger into him. Jack threw his head back and groaned, pushing back down onto the intruding fingers.

The Doctor easily added another, scissoring until Jack was stretched enough to add a third. It felt like an eternity before the fingers were finally removed, and then he could feel the Doctor's hard tip at his entrance. He rocked slowly, wanting nothing more than for the Doctor to be inside him.

Placing his hands on either side of Jack's hips, the Time Lord held him and pushed upward. Jack didn't want to wait any longer, and he pushed down until the Doctor was fully penetrating him. He moaned, his hands bracing against the Doctor's chest. *Oh god, he's so big.*

The Doctor's cock was long and thick inside him, and Jack thought his head would explode just from the feeling alone. And then they began to move, the Doctor going slowly at first so as not to hurt Jack. But the Human had done this hundreds of times before, and he easily adjusted. He took the lead, setting a fast, hard pace. The Doctor followed suit, adjusting his angle and searching for that sweet spot.

Jack suddenly cried out as the Doctor found his prostate. "Yesss," he moaned, clenching his body. The Doctor thrust up more forcefully, pounding into the spot over and over until Jack was panting heavily, unraveling on top of him.

"D-doctor," he groaned. "I need—" He was cut off by another cry, clenching his hands into fists.

The Doctor was thrusting hard, and he knew what Jack wanted. Moving his hand from where it gripped the man's hip, he grasped Jack's dripping cock in his fingers. He pumped the Human in time with his thrusts, moving faster and faster until Jack's entire body shook with pleasure. With a cry, he came all over the Doctor's hand and chest. The sudden tightness and sound of Jack coming pushed the Doctor over the edge, and he groaned loudly, spilling inside of the other man.

They milked each other's orgasms, until Jack collapsed on top of the Doctor, still breathing heavily. He rolled over to lie beside him on the large bed. They were both sticky with cum and sweat, but neither cared as they drifted off.

"That," said Jack though half-closed eyes. "Was amazing."

Chapter 11

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

He wanted to tear himself apart. They Drums were getting louder and louder and louder with every passing moment. He could at least deal with the noise when he had other things to occupy what was left of his shattered mind. But now, there was nothing. Pure, thick, pitch-black darkness. He could barely think with the drums pounding away with their relentless beat. The noise reverberated through his conciseness, shaking his existence until he was convinced that he would go absolutely insane.

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

'Doctor! Doctor please, Doctor, Doctor, Doctor, Doctor... Save me from this Hell!'

But would the Doctor save him? Come to his aid as always? He wasn't sure anymore. The Master was beginning to lose his grip on reality. Much longer, and he was sure there would be no going back.

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

'Doctor! Doctor please, Doctor, Doctor, Doctor, Doctor... Save me from this Hell!'

The Doctor sat up in bed, hearts beating madly. The Master's voice still echoed in his head, begging for his help. That voice... It was like nothing the Doctor had ever heard before. So filled with desperation and terror. He felt such pity for the Time Lord, trapped within his own corrupt mind and unable to escape.

The Doctor looked to his left, where Jack was sleeping beside him. Memories of last night's activities came rushing back to him, and he felt a pang of guilt. He had grown so used to the Human. The Doctor might even say that he loved him. But the Master, he was so much more. The Master was his enemy, but also the only thing he had left. Their history went way back; too much had happened between them to just forget. And when they had really expressed their feelings for each other, the Doctor was elated. They could travel together until the end of Time itself, and nothing could get in their way.

But Jack on the other hand... Jack actually cared for him. He was a pleasure to have around, and also very nice in bed. He wouldn't have to worry about the Human dying either; he came back every time. Time Lords could die for good, but Jack couldn't ever die. He could make it to the very end of the Universe – the end of Space and Time – and he would still be alive to witness it all. The thought scared him. Jack was wrong. So very, very wrong... But he had a good heart. That was more than he could say about the Master.

The Doctor shook his head. No time to ponder; he had work to do.

Opening the door to where the Master was being kept, the Doctor was surprised to see that his hair had become a bleached-blond color. He rushed forward, going through charts and information. Evidently, it seemed, the Drums were beginning to affect his body in a negative way. The pigment had drained from the Master's hair follicles. Soon, he would begin to deteriorate completely, and the Doctor couldn't allow that to happen.

Without missing a beat, he turned a dial to boost the signal from within the Master's head. He knew it would speed up the deterioration rate, but he had to take that chance. Grabbing an armful of tools, the Doctor rushed away into the console room. There, he began to work furiously on the TARDIS dashboard.

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

Searing pain shot through his mind. The Master screamed in agony; his head felt as if it were going to explode. His consciousness began to convulse violently, and the Drums became louder than he had ever heard them. It was like nails on a chalkboard, but a million times worse. His head throbbed and he wanted nothing more than to die right there.

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

'Doctor!' he screeched, twisting and shaking. 'Help me, Doctor!'

'Doctor! Help me, Doctor!'

The Doctor winced as the voice echoed in his head. Oh, this was not good at all. The Master was going through Hell right now, and the Doctor could only work faster. If he was lucky – if he was very, very lucky – he just might be able to use the Vortex to send a surge of energy through the TARDIS and into the Master's head, where they would almost definitely find the source.

Fingers crossed, he did just that. The TARDIS groaned as energy was shot through her system, and the lights flickered wildly.

"I'm so sorry, old girl," he murmured. "But it'll be over soon. Just please, please give me this. Oh just this once, let me have this one."

Suddenly – silence. The room became pitch black, and there wasn't a sound to be heard, except Jack shouting for the Doctor.

"Jack, shush!" yelled the Doctor. "Everything is fine." *I hope.*

Several more moments passed, and still nothing happened. Worried, the Doctor flicked out his sonic screwdriver and scanned the room, also effectively using it as a light source. He was shocked at what he found. The TARDIS had overloaded on power, blowing almost every fuse and gasket on the entire ship. She was dead.

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

The Master was worse off than ever. The Drums were getting louder still, steadily increasing in volume until he thought his brain would short-out altogether from the overwhelming noise. He screamed. It was just too much to bear. Louder, louder, louder, louder!

BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM...

His entire being was pulsing with the beat, like a mistreated stereo speaker with the volume cranked all the way up. The Master could almost feel his skull cracking under the unbearable weight of the Drums. He screamed again, reaching out, wanting – *needing* to destroy something. Slipping off the edge of sanity, he ripped apart his own mind, trying anything to rid himself of the relentless beating.

BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM...

BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM...

The Drums. The Doctor could hear them. Like the sound of an army going to war, and the racing heart of a Time Lord in the midst of battle. The sound reverberated through the TARDIS, bouncing off every wall and slipping into the mainframe. The Doctor heard the engines whirring. They were dematerializing.

The room shook violently, sending both men flying. The Doctor slammed into a wall, hitting his head hard. Jack was swept off his feet and thrown into the console. There was a definite *snap*, and the Doctor could already tell that Jack's spine had been severed from the impact. He was already dead.

Then everything became still, as if the ship had reached its destination. The Doctor stood shakily, making his way over to the doors. He threw them open, and marveled at what had appeared before him. They were in dead space, but imbedded in an asteroid in front of him – was a White Point Star.

Chapter 12

"A diamond?" questioned Jack, watching the Doctor. "How is that going to help?" He was still a little peeved from being killed.

"Oh, it's not just any old diamond," grinned the Time Lord. "This particular diamond is called a White Point Star. It's only found on Gallifrey."

"So what does it do?"

The Doctor walked up to Jack and placed his hands on each of his shoulders, looking him in the eye with excitement. "It's a connection," he explained with almost-glee. "Possibly the only remnant left of Gallifrey – and it can reach within the Time Lock." His eyes sparkled. "Now we have the ability to find the real source. It must have something to do with the Time Lords." He stepped away from Jack, staring down at the gemstone. "I could bring them back," he murmured, so quietly that Jack barely heard him. The Doctor seemed to be in a trance, his eyes locked on the diamond; unblinking.

Jack was worried. He stepped up to the Doctor cautiously, placing a hand on the side of his face. "Doctor," he murmured. The Time Lord looked up, gaze unfocused. Jack leant forward, his lips brushing the other's; and the Doctor snapped out of it as they kissed.

Shame burned inside of him, and the Doctor quickly broke away, rushing about with his sonic screwdriver. Jack cleared his throat and walked over to the Doctor, who was acting as if nothing had happened. He seemed to be rewiring something. Upon closer inspection, he could see that the Time Lord was hooking up sensors to the diamond, which led into the console.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Come on, old girl. Show me what you got." He pulled a lever and glanced up at the monitor, smiling. "Oh, yes. I knew you could do it." Before Jack could say anything, the Doctor rushed out of the room. The Human struggled to keep up, but he found that they had entered the sick bay.

"Doctor!" shouted Jack. "Will you please tell me what's going on?"

The Doctor looked over at him and grinned. "Oh, Jack. So oblivious," he said in reply. "This is what I've been waiting for. I can bring him back."

"But how?"

"The White Point Star," he explained, "Is connected to Gallifrey from within the Time War. I analyzed the material, and found that it resonated with the drumming inside the Master's head." He paused, but Jack was still oblivious. "Which means," continued the Doctor, "That the source is coming from within the Time Lock! All I need to do is increase the TARDIS's Artron energy level, and I can use the White Point Star to punch a hole in the fabric of reality!"

Jack was horrified. "Why the hell would you want to do that?" he countered. "It could tear apart the entire Universe!"

"Well – yes," said the Doctor after a moment. "But the odds of that happening are very slim. If I can focus the energy toward the Time Lock, the Universe shouldn't be in danger."

"Okay – so say you do get into the Time Lock," replied Jack, thinking. "Doctor – doesn't that mean we'll find the Time Lords? You can bring them back!" But to his surprise, the Doctor's expression hardened. "Isn't that what you want?"

The Doctor was silent, and then he met Jack's eyes. "I don't know," he said without expression. "My people, they – changed. In the last days of the Time War, they became desperate. They wanted to destroy the entire universe, and become beings of consciousness alone." His eyes sparked with anger. "They wanted to commit genocide on every living thing besides themselves. That is why I—" He seemed on the verge of tears, fighting to control his expression. He swallowed. "That's why I ended it." The Doctor turned quickly, bracing himself against a railing with his head down.

Jack was speechless. He'd thought the Time Lords were just like the Doctor – same purpose and beliefs. *I guess not.* He walked up to the Doctor slowly, placing his hand on the Time Lord's back. He could feel the sorrow and regret coming off from him in waves, and in that moment, felt pity for the man before him.

"I'm sorry," he murmured. "I had no idea." Jack cleared his throat. "But I can promise you, Doctor, I will do everything in my power to help you through this." He turned the Doctor around and held him close, wrapping his arms around his back and hooking them over his shoulders. He brought their lips together, and this time the Doctor gave in. Jack felt tense muscles release as the Time Lord relaxed into the kiss.

"Thank you."

BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM...

The Master was worse than ever. He clawed at his existence, trying desperately to escape his prison. The Drums were relentless, never subsiding in the least. He couldn't even think with the noise taking over his mind.

'Let me out!' he screamed.

BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM...

'Let me out!'

The Doctor was shaken from Jack's embrace when he heard the voice, more desperate and terrified than ever. He released the Human without explanation, circling the console and entering codes while seeming to activate almost every lever, button and dial available. The

TARDIS lurched violently, but this time both men held on until it stopped. The lights were dim from the power drain, and the TARDIS moaned in protest.

"Sorry, old girl," apologized the Doctor. "I'm so sorry. I'll get us out of here as soon as I can." He rushed away and opened the doors. "Stay he-" he began, but Jack was already beside him, gaping.

"It's beautiful," he breathed, gazing out at the landscape before him. Tall red grass, sloping hills, silver trees, and huge snow-capped mountains – all overlooked by a bright orange sky and twin suns. It was like nothing he'd ever seen before. "This is your home?"

"I haven't been here for a very, very long time," murmured the Doctor. "I can hardly call it a home." He paused. "But yes. This is Gallifrey." His voice was soft and quiet, and his eyes sparkled with life and long-forgotten memories. Jack had never seen the Doctor so genuine. And then it was gone, his expression hardening into an unreadable mask. Jack found himself being pushed back into the TARDIS. "You will stay here," commanded the Doctor. "It's bad enough that we're even here at all. You are not coming with me."

Jack's face fell. "Why not?" His voice took on an almost pouting tone.

"Because the Time Lords will recognize your scent. They will know you're not one of us."

Jack nodded, and he stood straight. "I understand. Good luck, Doctor." He saluted as the doors closed behind the Time Lord, blocking off the outside world.

Chapter 13

Jack waited for what seemed like hours, anticipating the Doctor's return. He wondered if the Time Lord had gotten into some sort of trouble. *He might need help. Maybe I'll just scan the area and make sure everything's okay.*

Picking up his sonic blaster, the Human cautiously opened the doors and stepped outside. Again, he marveled at the beautiful landscape. It was like a dream. A gentle breeze ruffled his hair, the smell of nature was overwhelming. Jack took a few steps forward, keeping his weapon close, and began to circle the perimeter. After a few minutes, he was convinced that no one would show up any time soon. Jack sat down by a nearby pond, relaxing. The water was crystal clear, and reflected the orange sky like liquid fire. He settled down and closed his eyes.

BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM, BADADADUM...

He screamed again and again, trying desperately to drown out the pounding in his head. The Drums were louder still, and he could actually *feel* his sanity being ripped to shreds. But his screams were no use. Nothing compared to this torturous noise.

'Fuck!' he cried. 'Let me go!'

The Master actually began to sob. But it wasn't a sorrowful, pain-filled sob. It was a cry of outrage and menace, and he slipped into hysterics. He screamed in frustration, tears flowing down his face as he fought and kicked and tore at his own mind. He ripped apart everything he could grasp, even his own consciousness. With a final growl, he unraveled his last strand of existence in this wretched place.

And then he was falling. Falling out of his Hell and into something else. The Drums were still there though, beating away with wave after wave of constant noise. But then they began to calm, the volume slowly decreasing.

The Master blinked open his eyes. He grinned, and began to laugh manically.

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

Jack sat up suddenly. Night had fallen. *Shit*, he thought, *How long was I asleep?*

There was a soft rustling behind him, and Jack froze, his neck prickling. It felt like he was being watched. Attempting to remain still, he listened in the dead of night. Maybe his mind was just playing tricks on him. He sat motionless for a good ten minutes, and there was no other sound, save the gentle buzz of insects. He looked up, and promptly forgot the possible danger lurking around outside. The sky was a deep purple, filled with stars and planets. Golden light reflected from three moons overhead, illuminating the red hills. It was breathtaking.

Suddenly, a loud noise rustle came from behind. Jack reached for his blaster and spun around – but it was too late. Something sharp knocked him in the side of the head, and he fell to the ground with a thud, feeling blood gush from the wound. The last thing he saw were a pair of black boots, before his vision faded completely.

When Jack finally came to, he found himself back in the TARDIS. The first thing he noticed was an aching in his head, and his whole body was tingling. He must have just come back to life. Attempting to reach up, Jack found his hands bound behind him, holding him to a railing. He struggled against the restraints, but found any attempt useless. Whoever had done this didn't want him going anywhere.

The Captain gave up on the ropes, and looked around tiredly. He was in the console room. Scanning the area, he could see no one. And then there was laughter. A deep, slow chuckle that spoke of torture and death. He knew that laugh. Jack's eyes grew wide, and he fought desperately against the bindings.

When he was finally exhausted from the struggle, Jack let his head drop in defeat. When he looked back up, the Master was leaning against the console, his now-golden eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Hello, Jack. Long time no see."

"What the fuck do you want?" spat Jack. "Let me go!"

The Master stooped down in front of the Human, grinning evilly. He was dressed completely in black. A ragged old hoodie, dark jeans and black boots. The Master noticed Jack's wandering eyes.

"Like it?" he said, as if they were having a completely normal conversation. "I've gotten so tired of suits. So uncomfortable. I thought this would be a little more appropriate, since I'm apparently no longer Prime Minister." His face darkened. The Master moved forward so that he was nearly nose-to-nose with the Human. "Where is the Doctor?" he hissed.

"How should I know?" growled Jack. "For all I know, you've already killed him." His words were met by a hard backhand across his face.

"Where is he?" repeated the Master, eyes crazed.

Jack narrowed his eyes. "The Doctor left," he said angrily. "I don't know how long ago, but he left before dark."

"Why are we on Gallifrey?"

"The Doctor," he said. "The Doctor brought us here so he could follow the signal. He wanted to boost the source and bring you back to life." Realization dawned on the Captain. "Then how can you be here?" he murmured. "He must have succeeded."

The Master narrowed his eyes, pointing his laser screwdriver at Jack. "Which way did he go?"

"O-over the hills, toward some sort of glass dome," he stuttered.

The Master stood slowly, then walked toward the doors, placing his hand against the wood. He looked over his shoulder at Jack, sneering. "You just stay there, like a good dog," he laughed. "Don't go anywhere."

The blonde Time Lord threw open the doors and stepped out, slamming them behind him. Jack was left tied up to the railing, staring at the doors in silence.

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Spoilers for 'The End of Time'

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Several hours earlier:

The Doctor snuck through long narrow corridors, careful not to make any sounds. The source of the signal was close, he could feel it. Suddenly, he heard footsteps coming from up the hall, and he dove into a storage closet just in time to see a robed figure pass by outside. The Doctor sighed. He couldn't risk being caught. He had infiltrated the Time Lord capital building in order to find the signal to the Drums. Of course, getting in had been easy. He knew all the codes, and his Time Lord DNA allowed him to slip past scanners without posing a threat. There was barely anyone in the hallways, as the High Council was most likely watching the War play out.

He grimaced, remembering. The War had been terrible. His older self was probably out there right now, trying to reason with the Council. But of course, to no avail. Soon he would end the Time War for good; saving the Universe but destroying his own people. Voices coming from the corridor shook him back to the present, and he listened closely.

"...must be stopped. There's no telling what could happen," said a voice.

"Have faith in our leader," replied another sternly. "Rassilon knows what he's doing. He *will* end the War. And we will triumph."

"Of course," agreed the other, no doubt admitting to his superior.

"Once the Calling is implanted into the Master, we can escape into the future and rule the Universe through consciousness alone. We will be unstoppable."

The first Time Lord remained silent, and their footsteps soon began to fade as they continued down the hall.

Meanwhile, the Doctor was frozen in place, his mind working furiously.

'Once the calling is implanted into the Master, we can escape into the future and rule the Universe through consciousness alone.'

Of course! That's why the Drums were in the Master's mind. The Time Lords were using him as an escape plan. They must know that both he and the Doctor survived into the future, and they're using him to rip a hole in Time and Space. The Drumming; it was a connection to Gallifrey from within the Time Lock. With the connection passing through the Master, he would become a gateway into the future.

Genius, thought the Doctor. *Absolutely brilliant*. He mentally slapped himself. As ingenious as their plan was, he had to stop it. He would save the Master; and destroy his people for the second time.

It was dark. The Doctor was hiding in the conference room, watching as the Council formed their plan. Rassilon was at the head of the long table, Time Lords along either side, and the Shaman at the opposite end. She was old and wrinkled, with matted grey hair and swirling tattoos all over her body. She was smiling, parchment scattered about the table around her, as she tapped on the wooden surface. The Doctor had seen that look before. It was a look of insanity; prolonged exposure to the Untempered Schism causing her mind to slip. Oh, but she was smart. She had looked into Time itself, and seen what is meant to be seen by no one. She had a plan. A plan that would save the Time Lords from destruction.

The Doctor's eyes widened in horror as he realized what the old woman was doing.

Tatatatap, tatatatap, tatatatap, tatatatap...

It was the Drums. The Shaman tapped on the table, four times, over and over again. She was grinning now, and her expression held insanity. That's it. She had the source. Grasped in her hand, was a dark stone with swirling purple lights encased within. The Doctor recognized it from old stories when he was a child. It was a solidified piece of the Untempered Schism. That was what he needed to boost the signal.

Then, something in Rassilon's hand caught his attention. A White Point Star. He was about to throw it through a rift in Time and Space, no doubt to make the final connection with the Master. He had to stop it. As quietly as he could, he slipped out his sonic screwdriver and aimed it at the rift. Just as the diamond left Rassilon's fingers, the Doctor pressed the button, changing the target so that it would appear somewhere far away; hopefully in dead space. The TARDIS would find it, and lead his past self to Gallifrey.

Of course, as soon as the sonic went off, all eyes were on the Doctor. Rassilon stood, teeth bared.

"What have you done?" he snarled. "You have doomed Gallifrey!"

Before he knew it, the Doctor was secured by two guards and drug forward to the Lord of the Time Lords. Rassilon grabbed his jaw, angling his head sharply. "You will pay," he whispered menacingly, eyes ablaze with fury. "But this is only a minor setback. We will escape. And you will be forced to watch – Doctor."

The Doctor woke up hours later, to find himself contained in a cell. He had been stripped of his sonic screwdriver and tracking device, left with nothing but his suit. He grabbed the bars in a fit of desperation.

"Let me out!" he screamed as loud as he could. Then, out of the darkness, stepped a woman. She stood there outside of the Doctor's cell, watching him through big brown eyes.

The Doctor stared back, and his eyes stung with tears. He knew this woman; he was sure. He backed away from the bars and let out a choked sob. "Please," he whispered. "You have to help me. Rassilon means to destroy the Universe."

"I know," answered the woman with a soft voice. "I know of his plan, and it is wicked. I do not possess the strength, nor the skill to overcome him, but you do." She stepped forward, now just mere inches from the cell. In her hand was a silver key. She unlocked the bars, and opened the door slowly. Out of her pocket, she brought the Doctor's sonic screwdriver and held it out to him. He took it.

"Thank you," he whispered, eyes glazed with tears. The woman suddenly pushed him out of the cell, taking his place as prisoner and locking the door. The key evaporated.

"They will know you have escaped, but my presence here will delay them," she explained urgently. "Now go."

"Thank you," he murmured again. "I'm so sorry—"

"Go!" the woman cut him off. "Save the Universe, my son."

The Doctor nodded, and left without another word. A single tear streamed down his face, and he wiped it away quickly. This was no time for sentiment. He had to hurry.

The Doctor had made his way through the long, winding corridors. He continued on by memory, not stopping until he reached the Shaman's room. The door was chained shut, but the Doctor easily opened it with his screwdriver. He stepped into the dark room, closing the door with a click. Bright light suddenly filled the room, and the Doctor had to shield his eyes. When they finally adjusted, he looked up to see the old woman hunched over a desk, looking at him with mild interest.

"I know who you are," she rasped. "The Doctor. The outcast. The shunned Time Lord. You have come home at last." Her voice was high-pitched and sing-song. She cackled. "And such a long way you have come." Her hollow eyes scanned his body. "The last of your kind, and you have returned to destroy us for good; to save the one that you love."

"I'm sorry," murmured the Doctor, stepping closer to the woman. "I'm so sorry. But I have to do this."

"Then do it!" screeched the old woman, laughing madly. "If you can, Time Lord, do it. Kill me and all of Gallifrey in cold blood."

The Doctor clenched his jaw, tears welling in his eyes. "I have no other choice," he tried to defend himself. "You mean to destroy the Universe!" He dropped to his knees. "It's the only way to save him..." The last words were a whisper.

"Foolish child," murmured the old woman, her tone growing soft and filled with Wisdom. "There is always a choice. But you alone must decide what is right."

The Doctor stared at her, then dropped his head in defeat. "I can't..." he whispered. "I can't do it. Not again..."

"You possess a good soul, Doctor," she rasped. "And so I shall carry out your Fate. I will not burn with Gallifrey." She gave a final cackle of laughter, before plunging a long, twisted blade into her own chest. The Doctor stared, horror-stricken and unable to move. She was still laughing as the life faded from her wrinkled body. When the golden light began to swirl around her, the blade exploded, and she was dead.

The Doctor stayed frozen on the cold floor. She had killed herself. But why?

Then, with a face of stone, he knelt down beside the body and closed her eyes. "I'm so sorry..."

He stood and took the shiny, smooth stone and pocketed it. Then the door burst open suddenly, and guards rushed into the room, surrounding the Doctor.

"The Shaman is dead!" one of them shouted, and the entire room broke out into chaos. The Doctor found himself contained up and dragged away, plasmic handcuffs binding his arms behind his back. And now he understood.

'I will not burn with Gallifrey.' She destroyed herself before the Doctor could destroy her. And he being found with her dead body would only ensure that he would suffer alongside them. There was one last thing he could do. Twisting his body into a painful position, he managed to reach into his pocket and grasp the sonic screwdriver. He held it against the stone and pressed the button, boosting the signal. He hoped it would be enough to restart the Master's hearts.

Something hard and blunt hit him in the back of the skull, and he was knocked out cold.

Chapter End Notes

The woman who helped the Doctor out of the prison was in *The End of Time*. She was the one who spoke to Wilfred, and also appeared beside Rassilon once they escaped the Time Lock. She is presumed to have been the Doctor's mother, but I kind of left that part open for the reader to decide.

Chapter 15

The Master ran up the sloping red hills toward the Capitol. His mind kept telling him that this was a dream, that none of this was real. But he refused to listen. Even if this was a dream, and he was somehow back on Gallifrey, he had to save his Doctor. The red grass and silver trees were so tempting. He missed Gallifrey just as much as the Doctor. It took all his willpower not to just stop and stare, to smell the sweet air and run his hands through the thick grass.

But no; he was on a mission. He didn't know how or why they were here, or even why the Doctor had infiltrated the Time Lord government; but he would get him out.

His hands were sparking with blue electricity, and the Master stopped at the glass dome. He didn't even bother using the door, instead proceeding to shatter the entire glass case with a concentrated electrical beam. Cracks spread across the dome like spider web, and the entire structure moaned and creaked dramatically. The Master smirked, and tapped the glass gently. It groaned, and shards of glass began raining down on the buildings within.

People dressed in long, flowing red and gold robes began to pour outside. It didn't take long for them to look to the newcomer, who waved mockingly. With a cry of outrage, the guards charged toward him at full speed, spears in hand. But the Master only laughed, shooting them down one by one with his powerful Artron energy. Dozens of bodies began glowing as they regenerated, but the evil Time Lord had already killed at least half of them before a searing pain shot through his body, knocking him to the ground with a thud.

When the pain finally subsided, the Master sat up, holding his head in his hands. He raised his eyes to a silhouetted figure with the sun glaring behind him. Shadowing his eyes, he saw that the man was Rassilon himself, glaring down at the Master with pure hatred.

"You," hissed the Lord of the Time Lords. "What have you done?"

The Master looked up with a sneer. "I have done nothing yet, great Lord Rassilon," he said with heavy sarcasm. "But I'm about to lock you up in Hell where you belong." He raised his hands, rubbing them together and building up the blue energy. The beam shot out at the President, but Rassilon dispatched it with a silver glove. He was on the Master in an instant, binding his hands above his head and holding him to the ground with the silver glove at his throat.

"You will burn," spat Rassilon, tightening his hold on the Master's throat. The Master clawed desperately at the metal glove, which was already beginning to sear his flesh.

"Wait," he choked out. "I can help you."

"How?" growled the Lord. "You have done nothing but bring destruction to Gallifrey."

"I can get you out—" rasped the Master. "Out of the Time Lock... Into the future..." The hold on his throat lessened. Rassilon's eyes now gleamed with interest. "You can have the

Universe... I can bring you to s-safety." Rassilon finally let go of the Master, stepping back and regarding him with scorn.

"How can you ensure this?"

"I have a TARDIS, with a connection to a future Earth," he gasped out between breaths of air. "I can open the Time Lock and take you there."

"The Connection," said Rassilon. "You hear it?"

"Yes," the Master hissed. "The Drums."

Rassilon grinned evilly. "Perfect. Then my plan has been a success." He turned to the guards who were still alive. "Prepare Gallifrey. We will prevail, and rule all of Time and Space."

The Master was grinning too. Oh yes, *this* was much more his style. Why had he even wanted to go with the Doctor in the first place? Now he could bring back Gallifrey, and he would be the Master of all. *Once the Time Lords trust me, I will overthrow their rule - and they will become my subjects.*

Rassilon pulled the Master up roughly, and pushed him toward the hills. "Lead us there," he commanded, to which the Master eagerly obeyed. He walked over the hills, and the TARDIS soon appeared in the distance. He opened the door and gestured inside, allowing the Time Lords to see the truth in his promise. "Very well," rumbled Rassilon. "I will entrust you to bring us to safety."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out another White Point Star, handing it over to the Master. "This will make the final connection to the Earth. All you must do is open the Time Lock and let us through."

The Master smirked. "Of course, Mister President." He stepped into the TARDIS and shut the Door. Oh, this was just *too* good.

"What are you doing?" yelled Jack, still tied up to the railing. "Where's the Doctor?"

The Master sneered. "The Doctor is gone. I'm in charge now." He laughed manically, working his way around the console and piloting it back to twenty-first century Earth. "And I am *so hungry*."

Chapter 16

The Doctor started at the sound of panic. Screams and shouts of outrage and fear filled the Great Hall, where he was left tied up to a chair. The Time Lord Council was holding his trial before the sound of shattering glass sounded from outside, cutting the session to an abrupt halt. And of course, no one had bothered with him while the entire Council rushed outside.

The Doctor sighed dramatically, his head dropping down onto his chest. He twisted painfully, reaching around and pulling out his sonic screwdriver, which he had made sure to shove down into the deepest part of his pocket.

"Come on," he muttered, holding the screwdriver up against his bindings awkwardly, trying to find the right setting. "Ha! There we are." The Doctor jumped up triumphantly, pocketing his screwdriver and the Untempered Schism stone which he had recovered from a nearby table. He spun around quickly, heading up to ground level and peering out a window. His eyes widened in surprise.

The Master. The Master was alive. The Doctor grinned happily, beginning to turn toward the door. But then something caught his eye. A white-blue flash of light. *But... What?* It was coming from the Master. Artron energy, highly concentrated. Oh, this was not good. He went closer to the window, only to see the Master's flesh become transparent as he shot a bolt at Rassilon. This was not good at all. Something had gone wrong with his resurrection; there was too much energy coursing through his body. And it was burning up his life force.

In a flash, Rassilon dispatched the energy and was holding the Master by the throat. He watched as the events played out, and much to his horror, the Master was grinning. He was negotiating with the Time Lords, the crazed smile back on his face like on the Valiant. *No, no, no... Master, please.*

And then they were gone, the Master leading the Council away; toward the TARDIS, he realized. No, no, this couldn't be right. This was so very, very wrong. The Doctor barged out of the building, running, following the scent of the Time Lords.

Soon, they were in sight, red and gold robes waving in the wind. He stopped short, walking over to a boulder and crouching down behind it, peering over the top. Rassilon was pulling something out of his robe, handing it to the Master. *A White Point Star.* The Master grinned at the President almost mockingly, before spinning around into the TARDIS and slamming the door in Rassilon's face.

No! the Doctor wanted to scream. He wanted to run into the crowd of Time Lords and yell out, demanding that the TARDIS return so that he could fix the Master. But no; he stayed silent. Waiting. He waited for the Time Lords to return to the dome – or at least what was left of it – and carry on with their plan. He just hoped the Master would get his sense back soon...

And then he remembered. *Jack!*

The Master would torture the impossible human again, he was sure of it. Grinding his teeth, the Doctor stood up, just staring out into the red fields. He let out a long sigh, closing his eyes and allowing himself to think. When he opened them again, they were ablaze with newfound determination.

"You can't do this!" yelled Jack. "You can't just leave the Doctor; he saved your life!"

The Master spun around, stepping away from the TARDIS controls and coming to stand in front of Jack. He glared down at the human through unnatural golden eyes. "And he is also the reason I was *killed* in the first place!" he spat. "He allowed me to die; to be trapped in that *hell*." The Master crouched down in front of Jack, arms resting on his knees. "The Doctor," he said, sounding crazed. "He did something to me, something to my head," he tapped the side of his skull, eyes wild. "Made me *feel* for him, tried to make me *love* him," he spat the word. "It almost worked," he grinned manically. "Ooh, the Doctor tried to trick me; tried to reshape me and make me soft. And then he let me *die*. And then he forgot about me; he *fucked* you! And you will *both* regret it," he hissed, lunging forward and grabbing Jack's jaw with one hand.

The captain winced as the Master's nails dug into his flesh, craning his neck back into a painful position. The Time Lord's eyes burned into his, full of hatred and – something else. What was it? A flicker of emotion within the golden eyes. *Revenge*, Jack realized, as the Master leaned forward and kissed him.

It wasn't sweet or pleasant like the Doctor's kiss; but harsh, brutal, cruel, and demanding. And it made Jack's whole body tingle with want. *This* was how he liked it. Kinky, dominating, rough...

Stop it! thought Jack urgently. *He's the fucking Master, you can **not** be doing this.* He tried to fight with himself, tried to pull away, but the Master was on him in an instant. He was getting hard despite himself, and he couldn't fight... A warm tongue was in his mouth now, grinding against his own. Their teeth clashed with the brutality of the kiss, and Jack found himself losing more and more control. When he could bear it no longer, the human kissed back, pushing up against the Time Lord eagerly. A small moan escaped his throat.

And the Master pulled away. He threw back his head and laughed. He looked down at Jack, licking his lips with a grin. "Oh, this is going to be so much *fun*," he snickered. And before Jack knew it, there was a searing pain in his chest as the Master struck him with a bolt of energy. His vision faded, and he was surrounded in darkness.

The Doctor wiped his face on his sleeve, sweating from working in the hot sun. There was a pile of screws and bolts in the red grass in front of him, and he was working furiously on the device in his lap. Jack's vortex manipulator – he had taken it from the human before leaving the TARDIS, just to ensure he wouldn't do anything stupid.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, holding it up to the light. He strapped it onto his wrist and began punching in coordinates. "Now," he mumbled to himself, "Locking on to the TARDIS's matrix aand... Yes!" The Doctor hit a button and vanished into the Time Vortex.

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Warning: mention of rape

The Doctor was thrown face-first onto the street after appearing out of the Time Vortex. He picked himself up slowly, wincing as his head spun.

"Ahh, Vortex Manipulator. Best way to travel..." he muttered, looking around at his surroundings. He was on Earth, to say the least. The Doctor took a breath through his nose. *Earth; 21st Century; London...* No sign of the Master.

He had meant to appear directly in the TARDIS when he landed, but of course the stupid thing had glitched. *Must've thrown me at the TARDIS, but missed the landing.* The Doctor walked out onto the busy London street, trying to figure out where to go. Suddenly, he doubled over as a message shot through his head. *Come, Doctor. We wish to speak with you.*

He shook his head, peering around. The Doctor whipped out his sonic screwdriver and did a scan for alien tech. It bleeped twice, and he followed the signal into an old alleyway. Still continuing along, he finally came to a dead end. Then he felt a presence behind him, and the Doctor spun around to face an old friend.

"Greetings, Doctor."

"Ello," replied the Doctor cheerfully. "Haven't seen you for awhile, Ood Sigma. How did you end up on Earth?"

"I am simply a projection," said the Ood. "And now you must come with me, Doctor. We wish to speak with you." Without warning, Ood Sigma pressed a button on his translator, and both were zapped onto a snow-filled world.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor, spinning around. "A wonderland of snow." He grinned. "Any chance of reindeer? I flew in a sled pulled by a reindeer once. Had a funny sort of nose, that one."

"If you would follow me, Doctor," interrupted Ood Sigma. He began walking away.

"Try to make an Ood laugh," he muttered, following. Ood Sigma led the way to an underground sort of campsite. About a dozen Ood surrounded a small fire, with the Shaman inhaling incense.

"Come, Doctor," he said. "Join hands with us." The Doctor sat down slowly, looking at each being in turn.

"What's this about, then?"

"Every night, Doctor," said the Shaman. "Every night we have bad dreams. Let us show you." He closed his eyes and the Doctor was engulfed in an image of the Master. He was laughing manically, throwing his head back and chortling with insanity. The Doctor flinched as the image vanished.

"That's..." started the Doctor. "That's the Master. But it can't be; what's he done?"

"What does it mean, Doctor?"

"Something is returning..."

He got up suddenly and ran out, setting the Vortex Manipulator for Earth.

The Doctor appeared, standing on a pile of rubbish. He inhaled deeply. The Master was here. He walked a little ways, following the scent, when he heard it. The Drums echoed around the dump, emitting from somewhere close by.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

A metallic echo. He started running.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

It was getting louder. He was almost there.

BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!

He came to a halt at the edge of a mountain of trash. There was the Master below, grinning up at him though golden eyes. He ran, and the Doctor followed. The Master stopped on a hill, looking down at the Doctor.

The Doctor stopped running. "Please," he said. "Let me help."

The Master cocked his head to the side, mock disappointment masking his features. He frowned.

"The resurrection went wrong," he tried to explain. "You're burning up your life force!"

The Master began to laugh, his skeleton flashing under blue flesh before he jumped, cutting off the Doctor's sight. He was just about to follow, when a weak voice called from behind him. The Master was gone.

"Doctor..!" The man stumbled, and the Doctor ran over to catch him. He flipped the dirty, bruised man onto his back, and his eyes widened.

"Jack," he whispered. "What's he done to you?"

"The Master," he wheezed. "Tortured me."

The Doctor opened his mouth to say something, but was knocked speechless when he realized that Jack's pants were soaked with blood. His hearts panged with guilt and anger when he realized where the blood was coming from. "He... raped you?" the Doctor choked on his own words, disbelieving.

Jack hesitated, then nodded weakly. "How did you get here?" he said, changing the subject.

The Doctor was speechless for a moment longer before he replied. "Used your Vortex Manipulator. Hell of a way to travel." He paused. "How long?"

"We arrived here about a week ago," he said. "The Master kept me chained up in an old warehouse where he's been staying. He's been eating *people*."

The Doctor closed his eyes, letting his head drop. "Something went wrong when I boosted the signal," he explained. "He's burning up his life force; I need to find him."

The Doctor helped Jack up and they made their way to an overhang of garbage, which provided a bit of shelter from the sun.

"You need to kill me," murmured Jack. His voice was pained. "Put me out of my misery so my body can repair itself."

"I can't do that..." said the Doctor, meeting Jack's eyes. "I couldn't..."

"Do it!" yelled Jack. "Please, Doctor, I'm begging you."

The Doctor sighed and stood. He pulled out his sonic and aimed it at the human. "I'm sorry," he whispered, before activating it. The sonic waves resonated through Jack's body, making his heartbeat increase to a nearly inhuman speed. Jack screamed in pain, clenching his hands into fist. Finally, his heart gave out, and his body went limp. The Doctor lowered his arm, face a mask of stone. Several minutes passed before Jack shuttered and inhaled. His eyes opened and he sat up, panting.

"Thanks, Doc," he said with a wink. "Much better."

The Doctor sat down, not happy in the least. "Don't mention it," he muttered.

Night had fallen, and the Doctor and Jack were sitting in a café. The human was holding a steaming cup of coffee in his hands, and the Doctor looked out the window. Suddenly he turned his head and met Jack's eyes.

"I want you to stay here," he said in a gruff voice.

"No way," interrupted Jack. "I'm not letting you go looking for him alone!"

"It's not up for debate," he insisted. "I have to face him, and you cannot be there."

"Why not? Who knows what he'll do to you?" Jack took a drink. "Besides, it's not like I'll die or anything."

"That's not the point," sighed the Doctor. "If he sees you with me, it'll make him angry. There will be no reasoning with him at that point." He looked at Jack intently. "I'm the only one who can make him see sense. You can't come."

Jack sat back with a sigh, folding his arms. "Fine," he muttered in defeat. "But I'm coming after you if you're gone for more than a couple hours." Jack suddenly leaned forward and kissed him. "And don't you dare get yourself killed."

The Doctor smiled weakly. "Not a problem."

Chapter 18

So close...

He could smell it. The scent of another Time Lord, not far from where he sat in the warehouse. So good, it was almost intoxicating. The Master smiled to himself. *Oh, this is going to be fun.*

He picked himself up slowly, tossing aside a bone stripped bare from his raving hunger, and faced his enemy with a look of menacing insanity. He watched the Doctor; and the Doctor watched him. The skinny man moved forward at a pace that seemed to stretch on forever. His face was a steel mask of determination. *How cute.*

Taking a step forward, the Master sneered, sending a bolt of Artron energy streaming from his outstretched hands. The Doctor's features lit up from the explosion, nearly missing him as he continued walking. He shot out another blast, causing a pile of rubbish to burst into flames; but still the Doctor was unfazed. The Master narrowed his eyes with a dark grin. He pressed his hands together, the blue energy sparking madly as he charged it up. Faster, faster; he poured everything he had into the charge. He could feel the heat of it - the sheer power radiating between his palms, playing on his fingertips. He licked his lips, and then everything was a sheen of electricity as he shot at the Doctor. The entire room lit up as the Master hit him square in the chest, highlighting his now pained features with the unnatural light.

The Doctor held out as long as he could as the energy surged through his body. His hearts beat wildly, and it felt as if every nerve ending were on fire. He grit his teeth in agony, fear now showing in his eyes. Would the Master really kill him? His chest pounded with the myriad of his heartbeat, and the pain was unbearable. Just as he felt his head would burst from the pressure, the Master ceased the brutal attack. The Doctor stumbled and sank to his knees. His head swam and his vision was black at the edges.

Just as he was about to hit the dusty floor, the Master rushed forward and caught his limp body. He held the Doctor in a tight embrace, becoming lost in his scent and heat. Then, as if disgusted with himself, the Master stepped back, letting the Doctor fall with a muted thud. He plopped down onto the ground, looking at the Doctor distractedly.

"I had *estates*," he growled, ignoring the Doctor's grunts of pain. He looked up, and his face changed. "Do you remember my father's land back home?" He met the Doctor's gaze. "Pastures of red grass... Stretching far across the slopes of Mount Petition." He sighed, caught up in the memory. "We used to run across those fields all day; calling up at the sky." The Master's face hardened, and he glared up at the black overhang. "Look at us now."

The Doctor was looking at him, still out of breath. "All that etiquette," he rasped. "But how many people have you *killed*?"

The Master's eyes widened mockingly; distractedly. "I am *so* hungry."

"Your resurrection went wrong," explained the Doctor. "That energy... Your body is ripped open. Now you're killing yourself."

"That's human Christmas, out there," said the Master, ignoring the Doctor's words. "They eat so much! All that *roasted meat*, cakes and red wine... And hot, fat, blood *food*..." He rambled on, his voice growing more crazed with every word. His eyes were wild and glazed, shifting rapidly around the room.

"Stop it," the Doctor whispered. He couldn't bear to see the Master like this. "*Stop it.*" But he still didn't stop, obsessing over the food and fat and grease. He didn't even acknowledge the Doctor's presence in the room.

"It's *mine, mine!* Eat it, eat it, *eat it, eat it, eat it!*"

"Stop it!"

The Master finally quieted, dropping his head in his hands and pulling at his own hair. He gasped, breaking out of the trance.

"What if I ask you for help?" said the Doctor, meeting the Master's eyes.

The Master scoffed.

"There's more coming than you and me."

"Oh yeah?"

"I've been told," he explained, "that something is returning."

"And here I am."

"No, something more."

"But it hurts!" whined the Master, clutching his head in his hands.

"I was told the end of time—"

"It hurts," the Master moaned, cutting the Doctor off. "Doctor, the noise. The noise in my head." He crawled toward the other Time Lord. "Doctor. Onetwothreefouronetwothreefouronetwothreefour... Stronger than ever before. Can't you hear it?"

The Doctor shook his head. "I'm sorry."

"Listen, listen, listen," he murmured. "Every minute; every second. Every beat of my *hearts*. There it is. Calling to me." He leaned in. "Please, listen."

"I can't hear it."

The Master leaned in. "*Listen.*" He took the Doctor's face in his hands, pressing their lips together firmly.

And there it was. He could hear it.

Badadadum, badadadum, badadadum, badadadum...

The Doctor's eyes widened and he backed away from the Master suddenly, breaking the contact. "But that's..."

"*What?*"

"I heard it," he whispered. "But that's no noise. It never has been, it's just your insanity that's..." he trailed off. Then his face twisted in horror. "That's the Connection." He looked up at the Master. "The Time Lords put the noise in your head to connect you; so they could use you to bring back Gallifrey." He paused. "Master, you can't listen to it!"

"Oh, but Doctor," the Master grinned. "They tell me things. The Drums speak of a new era of Gallifrey. One where I rule the Universe!" He threw his head back and howled with laughter. Artron energy shot from his hands and carried him away. The Doctor shuffled in the dirt, picking himself up and racing after the Master.

He made his way out of the warehouse to find the blonde Time Lord standing on a hill of rubbish, grinning madly. Suddenly, a white light sounded the Master, and the sound of helicopters could be heard from above. Wind gushed all around him, and the Master raised his arms skyward, as if the light was his savior.

"No!" shouted the Doctor. Men were strung from the helicopters, surrounding the Master and containing him. The Doctor ran forward, still yelling at the men to let him go, when someone shot at him with a machine gun. He skidded to a halt, narrowly avoiding the flying bullets. Then, before he knew it, they injected some sort of narcotic into the Master's neck, and he was being carried away with the helicopters.

Chapter 19

The Doctor blinked open his eyes, immediately noticing that he was completely immobile. His arms and legs were both bound before him, and his head craned back into an awkward position. There was a gag strapped over his mouth, and both his hands clutched tightly at the armrests of a chair.

"Ah," crooned the Master, voice deep. "So nice of you to join us, Doctor."

Across the room, in his line of vision, the Doctor could see Jack strapped into a chair also, but not nearly as restrained as himself. The Master was crouched beside the human, his golden eyes agleam with mischief. He stood slowly, mockingly caressing the side of Jack's face as he went. The Doctor could see that the human was clearly in a state of discomfort. His face was covered in a light sheen of sweat, and his eyes were wild and unfocused. His lips were red and swollen, and upon scanning downward, the Doctor could see a slight bulge in his pants. But worst of all, was that Jack's clothes were stained with blood, most noticeably around his shirt collar. The Master chuckled.

"Oh, yes," he purred. "Jack and I had quite a bit of fun while you were out. Isn't that right, love?" The Master looked over at the human mockingly, before breaking out in a fit of laughter. "This one is rich," he said to the Doctor. "Gets off on being killed, apparently. Or maybe it's just my utter charm that keeps him oh so willing." He flashed a toothy grin.

The Doctor did not respond. He sat there calmly, brown eyes trained on the Master's face. Inside, he was bubbling with a flurry of emotion, but kept his appearance calm and collected. The Master noticed this, tilting his head in mock confusion.

"Nothing to say?" he teased. "Doctor? What's that?" The Master stepped in a little closer, putting an ear to his enemy mockingly. "Pardon – sorry?"

"Leave him alone," piped up Jack, narrowing his eyes.

"Lover Boy's still kicking up a fuss," he noted. "Hush now, darling. I'll get to you shortly."

Still the Doctor did not react. And this infuriated the Master. How dare he sit there as if nothing was wrong? He put forth so much effort toward the Doctor, hoping for him to crack beneath it all. *I suppose I'll have to go a step further.*

The Doctor started when he saw the Master's face take on a more menacing appearance. He watched the blonde Time Lord crouch down in front of Jack, whose eyes widened nervously. He swallowed, and the Master chuckled softly.

"Hush now, Jack," he whispered. "Don't tell me you're *embarrassed*?" He leaned in, pressing his face against the bulge in the human's pants. The tendons in Jack's neck strained as he tried to pull away, but he was too firmly tied up to do much good. His eyes met the Doctor's pleadingly, who stared back blankly. He knew how hard this must be for him, as he'd had the

[mis]fortune of being in the same position that Jack was in now; such a long time ago... He looked at the human intently, before giving a slight nod, as if to say it was alright.

Jack's head rolled back as the Master pulled down his pants, just enough to allow his cock to spring free. He leaned forward slightly, *breathing* against the hard flesh. It was enough to drive Jack mad; having been in a steady state of arousal for the past hour while the Doctor had been unconscious. The Master knew exactly how to break him, and he did this quite well. The week or so he had spent with the Time Lord allowed most of his secrets to be revealed. It had been quite an interesting week, if he did say so himself – even by *his* standards.

But right now, Captain Jack wasn't having the best of times. Not wanting to betray the Doctor, he tried his hardest to resist the Master. But to no avail, as his arousal was already obviously clear, and the man between his legs knew he was beginning to break. He could see the glint of victory in the Master's golden eyes as his breathing became harsher, and a soft moan escaped unwillingly from his lips.

"*Stop it...*" Jack's voice echoed softly around the room, full of both misery and intense arousal. Both Time Lords' eyes widened in surprise, and the Master stood up slowly with a smirk. "Just stop..." he whispered, pain clear in his voice. The Master laughed.

"As you wish, *pet*." He stepped away from the human, leaving his straining cock still visible. He strode over to the Doctor, whose eyes were crinkled with a smile. "*What?*" he sighed, unstrapping it; which turned out to be a big mistake.

"That's better, hello!" said the Doctor cheerily, smiling up at the Master. "But really – you think *that's* gonna make me jealous? Do you have any *idea* how many people that man has slept with?"

The Master narrowed his eyes. "Tell me," he murmured, leaning in close. "Just how many times did you fuck him?"

"You could be so wonderful."

His lips pulled up at the corners. "Really; how many?"

"You're a genius," the Doctor murmured. "You're stone-cold brilliant; you are, I swear, you really are." The Master shrugged. "But you could be so much more. You could be *beautiful*." He paused. "With a mind like that *we* could travel the stars; it would be my honor. Because you don't need to own the Universe; just see it. Just have the privilege of *seeing* the whole of Time and Space. That's ownership enough."

"Would it stop then?" the Master whispered. "The noise in my head?"

"I can help."

"I don't know what I'd be without that noise."

"Wonder what I'd be – without you."

The Master's eyes were glazed with tears. "Yeah..."

"But – that noise," said Jack, interrupting the moment. "How did it even get there?"

The Master sighed and turned. "It began on Gallifrey," he explained, "as children. Not that you'd call it childhood. More a life of – duty." He sat, halfway between the two men. "Eight years old. I was taken for initiation, to stare into the Untempered Schism."

"It's a gap, in the fabric of reality," the Doctor cut in, eyes staring far away. "You can see into the Time Vortex itself – and it hurts."

"They took me there," continued the other Time Lord. "In the dark. I looked into Time, and I heard it; calling to me." He looked up, eyes as distant as the Doctor's. "Drums. The never-ending Drums." He closed his eyes. "Listen to it. *Listen*."

"We can stop it," said the Doctor. "You and me."

"Except..." the Master's eyes widened in realization. "Oh! Oh, wait a minute." He grinned. "Oh, yes; because that is my purpose! I can bring back Gallifrey, and with it, the Time Lord Empire. I can rule all, as Master of the Universe!" He laughed manically, and his flesh turned transparent once more, revealing his skull within the sickly blue. The room echoed with insanity. Then suddenly, the Master collapsed, holding his head tightly in his hands.

"The signal wasn't enough; you're still dying."

"This body was born out of death; all it can do is die." He stood once again, just as suddenly. "What did you say to me, back in the wasteland? You said, 'the end of time'."

"I said something is returning; I was shown a prophecy. That's why I need your help."

"What if I'm part of it?" He paused. "Don't you see? The Drumbeat is calling from so far away; from the end of Time itself! And now it's been amplified six billion times! Combine all that sheer power, and I can bring them back!" He smiled. "Look, Doctor, that's what your prophecy was. *Me*!" His smile turned into a crazed frown, and the Master slapped the Doctor across his face.

"Listen to me; just listen."

"Oh, no, Doctor," he said. "I'm tired of listening. All that ever comes out of your mouth is that human-moral bullshit. So right now, you're going to listen to me. Or better yet, no one even has to say anything!"

"Wait," pleaded the Doctor, but he was cut off when the Master's warm lips pressed against his own, also effectively stopping most of the Doctor's thought process along with it. He was engulfed in the warmth and softness pressed against his lips. He'd missed this. They kissed for several moments, lost in each other. Then, all too soon, the Master broke away. The Doctor let out a small whimper, to which the blonde smirked.

"Awe," he crooned, stroking along the Doctor's jawline. "Did you miss me, Doctor?"

The Doctor stared back through narrowed eyes. *Yes*, he wanted to say. *Yes, Master; I missed you so much*. He wanted to plead the Time Lord to come back to the TARDIS with him; to

travel the stars together. But he knew he couldn't say this. There was no telling how the Master might react. As he looked at his nemesis, he saw a glint within the golden eyes. It was mischievous; filled with hunger and want. And the Doctor knew that look all too well. Mouth suddenly dry, he ran his tongue over his lips slowly.

The Master saw this and chuckled. He turned, gesturing to the men surrounding them. "Guards; leave us. I have some matters to attend to." The men obeyed, filing out of the room quickly, leaving the three men alone in the room. The Master walked over to his communication device and informed himself all over the world that he would be going offline. And with that, shut the computer down with the click of a button.

The room was dead silent as the two bound men cast nervous glances at each other from across the room. Both had some idea of what the Master was planning, yet neither knew exactly what to expect. The Master spun around to face them, an evil grin playing at his lips.

"Now, now," he purred, circling the room slowly; much like a cat would its prey. "No need to look so scared. I have quite an evening planned for the three of us." He caught Jack's eye teasingly. "And if you behave, you might just get a reward." He stopped in the center of the room, glancing at each man in turn. "Now, where shall I begin?" he mused. "The Doctor is indeed my favorite toy; but maybe I'll save the best for last. Jack." He smiled at the human, striding over. "Perhaps I'll punish you first, for coming between me and my Doctor?"

Jack flinched when the Master's hand caressed his jawline. "What do you want?" he asked warily, looking up at the Time Lord.

"What do I want?" he repeated. "I want *everything*, Jack. But concerning our current situation..." The Master tilted the human's head, leaning in close to whisper in his ear so the Doctor couldn't hear. "I want to make you *suffer*. I want make you regret the very first time you even *looked* at him. And most of all, Jack; I want him to see you come for me. I want to *feel* his jealousy when you *scream* my name." He chuckled evilly, the sound reverberating from deep within his chest. The Master turned Jack's head to face him, and pressed their lips together hungrily.

Captain Jack fought against the Master's hold, but it was little use with his arms and legs rendered immobile. His neck ached from the strain of resistance, and the painful angle at which the Master held his head wasn't helping in the least. But finally, the Master pulled away, gripping Jack's hair tightly in his fist.

"You disappoint me," he murmured, his bottom lip sticking out in a pout. "I was going to try this the easy way; but since you're being so resistant, it looks like I'm going to have to force you to cooperate." He chuckled deeply, stepping back to reach into the pocket of his black hoodie. After rummaging around in his "bigger on the inside" pouch, the Master revealed a knife, dangling it menacingly in front of Jack. The human's eyes widened in fear, and his heart beat maddeningly. The Time Lord smiled as he leaned in close, eyes gleaming. "Now," he murmured. "Let's try this again, shall we?"

The blade was pressed against Jack's cheek, and he closed his eyes in concentration, willing his mind to travel far away from this place. He felt the knife move slowly, digging into his skin and smoothly slicing into the flesh. A small, sharp pain shot through his body, and he

inhaled sharply through his nostrils. Then, breath on his face; the feel of lips ghosting against his own. He jerked back, but the blade only dug in deeper. Jack tried to force himself to relax, but before he could, the Master pulled the knife down sharply, eliciting a clean slice with blood welling from the wound. Jack ground his teeth, glaring up at the Time Lord who smirked in response.

"Come on, Jack," he whined. "Have a little fun, eh?" The blade was at Jack's throat suddenly, pressed sharply against his windpipe. "Or do I just have to try a little harder to persuade you?"

With the last word, the knife began to drag slowly across the tight skin of Jack's throat. His breathing was shallow as he tried to remain as still as possible. Slight pressure, and it sliced into the flesh. Jack's entire body jerked suddenly, trying to escape the pain, but the Master only pressed harder, leaning in close once more.

"This is your last chance," he murmured, still continuing to trace the line of Jack's throat. "What'll it be, hmm? Pride or death?" The human opened his mouth to respond, but all that came out was a sharp gasp, followed by a sickly choking. "Whoops, sorry," derided the Master. "My hand must've slipped." He watched Jack through gleaming golden eyes, teeth bared in silent laughter as the human's life slipped away, blood pouring from his throat and mouth. His eyes were raised skyward in a silent plea, and his entire body spasmed and jerked against the bonds.

Jack's mind was on fire. He could feel heat in his mouth and throat, sticky warm redness pouring down the front of his shirt. Somewhere in the back of his pain-clouded mind, he knew he was dying. It was the only coherent thought he could muster. Yes, Jack had gone through this process on countless occasions, but it still hurt every single time. His chest and lungs burned, his eyeballs felt as if they were bursting. He couldn't breathe. The color red flashed behind his eyes, blinding him from the real world. Black pinpricks played at the edges of his vision. His head swam with red and black and white, blotches of color and no real thought. Flash. Red. Flash. Black. Flash. White. He was getting more and more dizzy with each passing moment, and his chest was jerking with the effort to breath. His body was in flames. Red. He couldn't think. White. His eyes rolled back into his head. Black. Nothingness.

"Stop it!" shouted the Doctor, voice alight with rage. He kept yelling, trying to break free of his bonds when he saw the Master produce a knife. "Master! Stop it!" But it seemed that neither he nor Jack could hear his desperate screams. The knife was at Jack's throat now, and before he knew it, the Master had stepped back and he was watching the human die. The Doctor gripped the armrests so hard that his knuckles turned white, but for now he kept his mouth clamped shut as he watched Jack die. He glared at the Master, who was now walking toward him with a triumphant smirk on his face. "Whatever this is about, it needs to stop," he growled.

"Ooh," taunted the Master. "I'm so scared, Doctor. I've never heard *those* words come out of your mouth before." He snickered, crouching down in front of the other Time Lord. "And as

for 'what this is about'; the answer to that is simple. Fun."

The Doctor grit his teeth angrily. "You're insane."

"Am I? I never realized."

"But that still doesn't deny the fact, Master, that you are still the most brilliant person I know," he murmured. "Please; just stop this. We could go back to the TARDIS and forget about all this nonsense."

The Master narrowed his eyes. "And why would I want to do that? You're a liability, Doctor. All you ever do is ruin my *fun*."

"But what about when we were in the TARDIS?" he pressed. "You agreed to come with me because I showed you something. I calmed the beating in your head, and I can still fix it! Give me a chance!"

For a moment, the Master's eyes softened as he gazed off. What reflected there was such hopelessness, it panged the Doctor's hearts. *What's happened to you, Kosechi?* He wanted nothing more in that moment than to reach out and hold his old friend in his arms. He spoke softly in a whisper. "Please Kosechi..."

But as soon as he spoke those last words, the Master's eyes snapped up to his, as cold and hard as stone. "You had your chance," he spat. "What am I to you, Doctor? A *toy*? A little obedient *pet* who follows orders and keeps you company?" He leaned in close, teeth bared. "You've fooled me too many times. You use old names to get inside my head; to make me soft. Well no more!" He stood fully in a flurry of blonde and black, and the Doctor's airway was cut off in a choking grasp. "And now you've upset my plans," the Master snarled. His eyes were no long hard and distant, but wild and grazed, gleaming with manic energy and a mix of emotions.

The Doctor tried to say something to calm the Master, but all that came out of his mouth were choking gasps as the grip around his throat tightened.

"Now," hissed the blonde Time Lord. "Are you going to cooperate?"

The Doctor nodded weakly, already seeing blackness at the edge of his vision. The pressure lessened.

"Good. Now the fun begins." The Master chuckled menacingly. He tangled his fingers harshly in the Doctor's hair, pressing their lips together.

The Doctor didn't know what to do. He knew that the best way out of this situation was to just obey the Master. Or maybe he was just telling himself that to make an excuse to snog the Master... Well, whatever the reason, he responded immediately. Their lips moved together in a rough but steady rhythm, and the Doctor was enveloped in utter bliss. Oh how he'd missed this. He'd missed the Master more than he cared to admit over the past few months, and kissing him now was an instantaneous relief. Even if the Master was insane, he knew that somewhere deep down, under the barricade of Drums, his Koschei was still there. As they

kissed, the harsh pace slowed gradually, so that the Master fingers were running through his hair, and their lips moved against each other gently. Both were so lost in the sensation of each other that they lost track of time, and before they knew it, Jack's shuddering intake of breath signaled the return of life to his body, and cold hard reality came crashing back down.

The Master's gentle state snapped back into its shell, and the Doctor's eyes watered when his hair was pulled hard. The blonde pulled back, and slapped the Doctor across the face with a manic laugh. He turned to Jack, whose eyes were scanning the room urgently.

"Ah, Captain Jack Harkness," purred the Master, striding over. "Did you have a nice little nap?"

"Go fuck yourself," growled Jack weakly.

"Now, is that any way to treat your Master?" He grabbed Jack's jaw, twisting his head sharply upward. "Shall we try this again?"

Before Jack could answer, the Time Lord's lips were on his, and he didn't have the strength to resist this time. Before he knew it, his lips were forced apart and the Master's tongue pushed past his teeth, invading his mouth. It was rough and harsh and not at all gentle - and Jack was more turned on than he wanted to admit. For in truth, this was how he liked it. Rough and dirty; harsh foreplay; whips and chains – not like the Doctor who wanted it sweet and gentle and caring. Not that he minded, but what he really liked was forceful. *God*, he thought. *What the fuck is wrong with me?* But his thoughts were interrupted by a loud groan. Jack realized that the Master had latched onto his neck, sucking and licking and biting. He heard another groan, and it took him a moment to realize that the noises were coming from his own mouth. He let out a sharp yelp when he felt teeth digging into his shoulder, and the Master pulled back to look at him with a triumphant grin.

The human was panting heavily, his forehead shiny with sweat, and an already half-hard cock making a tent in his jeans. Oh, yes. This was going to be *fun*. The Master leant in close to Jack as if to whisper in his ear, and Jack let out a gasp when he bit the lobe instead. His tongue traced around the shell of his ear, and Jack couldn't suppress a shudder at the feeling. When he felt warm lips ghost over his, the captain couldn't resist leaning in to capture them in his own once more. He let out a whimper when the Master moved out of his reach, and he longed to taste the Time Lord's mouth.

Stop it, Jack scolded himself. *You can't give in to this sick game!*

But I want it so bad! another voice argued. *What harm can it do? Just cooperate! If you don't then he'll only kill you again!*

He was shaken from his thoughts once again when he felt heat between his legs. His feet were tied together, but his knees were parted, allowing access to his groin. The Master's hand was palming his erection roughly through the denim of his jeans, and his head rolled to the side as another moan escaped his lips. He felt his pants being unzipped, and now the only thing between he and the Master was the thin cloth of his boxers. Jack was getting harder as blood rushed downward, and he was being stroked through the fabric. Not enough, his hips pressed upward, to which the Master chuckled.

"Ah, eager now, are we?" He slipped his hand under Jack's underwear and gathered the bit of precum there, holing it up to Jack's lips. The human parted his lips, and he sucked the Master's finger into his mouth, tasting himself. Meeting the golden gaze, he could see his own hunger reflected there, sparked with madness. The finger slipped out of his mouth, and Jack followed it with his eyes. But he was sidetracked into looking at the Master's crotch, where his own hardness pressed against his clothes. He looked back up quickly, where we saw the Master following his gaze. When their eyes met once again, the Time Lord gave a little wink, which sent shivers up Jack's spine. Before he could react, the Master stood up straight, swirling around to face the Doctor.

The other Time Lord's face was blank, and he only looked at the Master with mild interest. He had expected this to infuriate the Master, but instead his face crossed with a look of slyness. He walked over to the Doctor, leaning in close as if for a kiss, but instead reached around the side of the chair where he pressed a button. The Doctor was surprised to find his legs being separated by the machine as the foot stands split apart, leaving him feeling vulnerable but slightly aroused. Now the Master turned his head so that he was mere centimeters from the Doctor's mouth. He could feel the other Time Lord's breath coming in short gasps, and the Master relished in the Doctor's complete *want* for him. Clearing the distance, their lips met eagerly, moving against each other with a newfound passion. Any regret the Doctor had about this had completely vanished. He'd been separated from this man for far too long to just give up on him. He just hoped he could get the Master to come back to the TARDIS with him.

The Master could almost *feel* the Doctor's resistance slipping. Perfect. Soon he'd be able to bring back Gallifrey, and a new age of Time Lords could take place in the universe. And he would be lord and Master of it all. The thought made him giddy and all the more aroused, and he pressed his lips against the Doctor's even more forcefully. He heard the other Time Lord moan as he pried his mouth apart with his tongue, slipping inside and exploring inside. His hands were braced on each of the Doctor's shoulders, and they slowly slid down his body, unlatching buttons as he went and spreading away the clothing from under the straps.

The Doctor gasped as cold air hit his damp flesh, and his whole body shuddered with the sensation. The Master's warm hands were wandering over his chest, releasing waves of heat and want and need. He felt lips move down his jawline, and the Doctor's head rolled back instinctively to allow access. He groaned when he felt lips and teeth at his neck, nipping and sending waves of pleasure radiating through his body. He felt the Master's vocal cords vibrate as he hummed in satisfaction, working his way lower on the Doctor's neck, across his collar bone and down his chest. His body shuddered when the Time Lord latched onto his right nipple, sucking and nipping in just the right way to send blood flowing straight down. The Maser moved onto his other nipple, while his hands traveled painstakingly slowly down the Doctor's ribs and torso. Delicate fingers lingered at his navel, then went slowly down the length of his cock through his pants. He tried to buck up into the Master's hand, but a strap was holding his hips firmly in place. He whimpered, and the Master bit hard on his nipple, causing his entire body to spasm with delicious pain. He was being stroked through his pants, his erection getting harder with every passing moment. It seemed like forever of just that not enough delicate palming. It was driving him mad.

The Doctor almost sighed with relief when he finally felt the Master's hands move slightly upward to unbutton his pants. With deft fingers the Master stroked him delicately, before taking him by surprise with several hard fast pumps. The Doctor's body tensed, and his mouth hung open as tendons bulged in his neck. "Masterr.." he gasped out breathlessly.

The Master closed his eyes in concentrated bliss. "I like it when you say my name," he murmured, voice deep and husky. "But—" He leaned in close, eyes glinting with menace. "Who else's name have you been chanting, Doctor? I know you've fallen for dear handsome Captain Jack. Perhaps you should show me what the two of you have been up to during my absence?" He flashed a toothy grin. "What d'ya think?"

The Doctor kept his face expressionless, staring at the Master blankly. This wasn't good. Not at all. Whatever the Master intended to happen, he was sure that it wouldn't end well. Before he could get in another thought though, the Master leaned forward suddenly, close enough so that their lips just barely brushed against each other. His eyes flicked between the Master's eyes and his mouth, not sure which to focus on, or which he *wanted* to focus on. All he could concentrate on was the hot breath against his face, and how much he wished he could move forward; just that fraction of a centimeter. The Master gave a small, deep chuckle.

"Very eager, aren't we, Doctor?" he murmured, low and sensual. "I'll tell you what – if you be a good pet and obey my orders, I might just consider giving you a reward. How about one you've been silently begging for since we stopped the Paradox machine? A fantasy, if you will. I've been inside your head, Doctor. I know what it is you desire." He shook his head slowly from side to side, brushing his lips teasingly against the Doctor's. "You *need* to be dominated." His voice grew husky on the last word. "You crave that feeling of helplessness when someone holds you down and fucks you *senseless*. You're so busy dominating the universe that there's never anyone to dominate *you*. And don't even expect me to believe you let the Freak top." The corners of his mouth pulled up in a sharp smile. "I know it was you who fucked *him*. And *ohh*, it gives me a hard-on just *thinking* about it." He cocked his head slightly to the side. "So what do you think? Are you willing to obey your Master?"

"Yes," sighed the Doctor, his voice cracking; mouth dry from the Master's words. "God, Master; yes..." he moaned, without knowing what he was saying. "Please..."

The Master smiled, his lips pulling up and the corners of his eyes crinkling with delight. "Very well, pet." He placed one hand against the chair, just to the right of the Doctor's head, as he leant down almost teasingly to undo the strap around his ankles. Then he stood straight, reaching behind the Doctor's head to free the clasp holding him in place. Next came his shins, his thighs, and his wrists. Only the strap holding his hips remained, but the Doctor didn't dare try to unclasp it himself. "Just one thing before I set you loose," purred the Master, caressing the side of the Doctor's jaw. "So you remember who your Master is."

The Doctor's head rolled back, and he let out a sharp groan as the Master climbed into his lap, straddling him. His cock was half hard already, and his hearts beat wildly. He opened his eyes lazily to look at the man on his lap, who was grinning happily. He watched the Master bite his bottom lip, rolling his hips firmly against the Doctor. His eyes slid shut again as he let out another strangled groan, completely at the Master's mercy. Oh, he wanted this so bad. The Master had been right, he did crave this. He loved how the Master completely took control

and dominated him, allowing him to let go into beautiful pleasure. Another thrust, and he felt all his blood rush south. He whimpered, trying to grind against the Master but finding himself restrained by the remaining strap. A small chuckle, and another thrust. The Doctor was almost fully hard by now, so happy to just have the Master. Just have him and be able to touch, to feel. He could feel the rock-hard cock pressing so sweetly against his own, and he knew the Master had missed him as much as he's missed the man in front of him. The man grinding against him, panting, thrusting; head rolling back and eyes sliding shut. He let out another whimper when the Master stopped moving altogether, snickering when the Doctor couldn't grind against him.

I've still got my hands, thought the Doctor slyly, sliding them up from where they had been resting on the Master's thighs. He brought them around his back, under the black hoodie and red t-shirt until his hands rested flat against the Master's back. The Doctor looked up to see golden eyes staring back into his own, glazed and questioning. He smiled through narrowed, playful eyes, smoothing his hands along the soft skin and working his way around to the front. He wanted to feel every inch of the body he'd so longed for, and that was exactly what he was planning to do. Finally getting to the Master's front, he smoothed his hands over the Master's stomach and chest, brushing lightly over pert nipples. A sharp intake of breath, and his hands were suddenly moving downward. He found the edge of the black denims, and, playfully trailing his fingers along the waistline, thrust his hand into the Master's pants.

It was the Master's turn to groan as expert fingers worked their way around his cock. His hands came up to unbutton his jeans, allowing the Doctor better access. He let out another long groan as his cock sprung free, and the Doctor smoothed his thumb over the precum at the tip. He grasped the length fully, pumping his fist over the Master's cock. His hands were in the Doctor's hair now, twining and pulling as pleasure radiated through his body. The Doctor's hand moved faster, using the precum as a lube to work smoothly. He leant his head against the Master's chest, concentrating on the task at hand.

Before long, the Master's body began to stiffen, his legs twitching as he neared his climax. His breath was coming in short gasps, almost as fast as his heartbeat. *Faster, harder, more...* He was so close – just a little more pressure... He began thrusting up into the Doctor's hand, matching the pace and rhythm perfectly. His muscles were twitching, tensing and relaxing, and his eyes slid closed. Finally, his body jerked and shuddered, his head rolling back and mouth wide open as he came. Everything was white hot pleasure, and his grip on the Doctor's hair tightened with delicious pain. Panting hard, he rode through his climax, allowing it to completely overtake his body. When he began to relax, he pressed his face in the Doctor's tawny hair, breathing in deeply. *I love you*, he almost said, and mentally scolded himself. Now was not the time to become the Doctor. Instead, he fisted the hair tightly, tugging so that the Doctor looked at him.

"Very good, pet," he murmured. He made a point of looking downward then, at the Doctor's unfulfilled arousal. He licked his lips subconsciously, wanting nothing more than to taste that throbbing cock. The Doctor whimpered, and he grinned, finally unclasping the remaining strap. The Master slowly crawled off of the Doctor, tucking in his cock and fixing his clothing with a smug look. "But it looks like you could use a hand there, Doctor. Or a mouth." He looked over his shoulder at Jack, who despite himself was also quite aroused from the display. His cock was clearly visible, straining through his pants and twitching

desperately. The Master approached him. "Why don't you help out, Freak?" he inquired, already untying the human matter-of-factly. "Go on," he whispered. "Just look at him – sweaty, hard, panting; just begging to be fucked." He lifted Jack up by his hair, pushing him in the direction of the Doctor. "Suck him off."

Jack stumbled forward, halting in front of the Doctor, who hadn't moved from the chair. He was panting heavily, brown eyes glazed over and cock erecting out of his trousers deliciously. Jack's heart began to beat faster at the sight, and his tongue swiped over suddenly dry lips. He didn't think he'd ever seen something so *beautiful*. He met the Doctor's eyes, asking what to do.

The Doctor suddenly felt embarrassed. He hadn't wanted Jack to know how utterly helpless he was under the Master's control. He felt terrible. He liked the human a lot, but the Master was just so much more. He mentally slapped himself. Everyone is important in the universe. God, but to him, the Master was *his*, and he was his Master's Doctor. He helped him, made him better – or tried to, at least. He didn't want to meet Jack's eyes, didn't want to see the hurt and disappointment he knew would be reflected there. He tried to will his erection away, awkwardly trying to cover his arousal and failing. Finally, he let out a sigh and looked up, meeting Jack's eyes... And what he found there surprised him. Those eyes weren't filled with agony, as he had expected, but pure hunger and lust. Lust for him, and also the Master. The Doctor couldn't help but grin when the human's eyes flicked back and forth between his face and cock. "Well go on, then," he said, voice deep. "Do as your Master commands."

Jack's eyes suddenly darkened with lust, and he lunged forward without hesitation, kneeling between the Doctor's spread thighs. He looked up for a split second, almost smirking, then engulfed the entire ten inches in one quick motion.

The Doctor groaned as the sensation spread through his body, not really having been touched in the past twenty minutes. Jack hummed around his cock, the vibrations radiating up his body. Finally, the human began to bob his head, slowly at first, but getting faster with each passing moment. The Doctor's hand wound around Jack's hair, moving with his head and pushing down with gentle force. Jack got the message, and went even faster, hollowing his cheeks and maintaining wonderful suction which made the Doctor's body tense and shudder.

Jack could feel the muscles twitching under his hands; the familiar hitch in the Doctor's breathing. The Time Lord began to shallowly rock his hips, thrusting deeply into Jack's throat. He was so close, the human could *feel* it. He reached over with one hand and began to gently massage the Doctor's balls, already feeling how they were tight and drawn up. So close. He moved his head that much faster, applying just a bit more suction, and he heard the Doctor's throaty moans from above.

"Oh god!" panted the Doctor, arching his back and coming in Jack's mouth. The human swallowed around him, graciously lapping at the tip when the Doctor had finished. He pulled off slowly and deliberately, eliciting a weak moan from the Time Lord when he pulled off with a definitive *pop*. Jack was more than aroused now, his cock throbbing almost painfully from the lack of contact. He started stroking himself subconsciously as the Doctor lay slumped against the chair, still recovering.

By this time, the Master was hard too; just from watching his pets' little presentation. "Stop," he ordered the human, who reluctantly took his hand away from his erection, looking up with wide eyes. The Master grinned, flashing his canine-like teeth as he stepped closer to Jack. He reached down, petting the human's hair before grasping it harshly, pulling until Jack stood up with a wince.

"Now," he murmured, stepping closer to Jack and pressing their bodies together. "I think *you* deserve a treat." The Master ran one hand down Jack's body until his fingers brushed the human's exposed erection. Grasping the hardness slowly and firmly, he flicked his thumb over the tip, gathering the trickle of precum which already ran down the length of Jack's cock. He stroked his hand over the flesh deliberately, enjoying the way Jack's entire body stiffened then relaxed, submitting to his Master's control.

After a couple minutes, the Master suddenly felt a tug at his pants, and the small sharp sound of a zipper being pulled. He opened his eyes to focus on Jack's face, which was smirking with something of the captain's usual sexual air. His own eyes darkened as he smiled back, raising one eyebrow suggestively. Jack almost laughed, somehow finding it funny that things should work out this way between himself and the Master. He continued his action, shimmying the black denims down just enough to free the Time Lord's cock. Jack thrust his hips forward sharply, tearing away the Master's grasp and pressing their lengths together firmly. He relished the look of surprise within the Master's lust-filled expression, before wrapping one fist around both of their cocks, stroking harshly. Both their mouths opened slightly as their breathing picked up, and the Time Lord gave a small hum of appreciation. They came within moments of one another, and Jack raised his hand slowly, licking the cum that was ran off his fingers. The Master gave a little smile.

"Go ahead and sit down," he rumbled, darkly caressing Jack's jawline. "I have one more matter to attend." Jack obeyed, shakily making his way over to the other chair and sitting down with a sigh. Meanwhile, the Master stepped closer to the Doctor, who had been watching the two through lust-darkened eyes. The blonde leaned down, bracing his hands on the armrests on either side of the Doctor. "So what do you think, love?" he murmured. "One more for old time's sake?"

Before the Master could even clarify, the Doctor's arms were wrapped around his neck, pulling him in and pressing their lips together. Both Time Lord's moaned in delight, mouths moving against each other sweetly. After several moments of languid kissing they pulled back, looking into one another's eyes.

"I've missed you."

Chapter 20

"I've missed you."

Jack suddenly felt very alone. He could see how much the two Time Lords cared for one another; but it just wasn't fair. The Doctor deserved to be with *him*, not the psychopath currently wrapped up in the Doctor's arms. Yeah, Jack had to admit to himself, that whole threesome was fun and all, but it was just a lapse in the Master's insanity. He felt himself growing angry at the Doctor's insistence to keep the Master, when he knew that Jack was better for him. What other purpose did his immortality serve than to be with the Doctor?

He was suddenly shaken from his thoughts when a loud bang shook the building. The two Time Lords looked up, stepping away from each other at the realization of what they were doing.

"What the hell was that?" Jack asked, looking around manically. He focused his gaze on the Master, whose eyes had lit up with realization, and, was that shame? No; he was seeing things. But whatever this was, it definitely had something to do with the Time Lord.

"Sounded something like a sonic boom," mused the Doctor, excitement lighting up his features. He swiveled his head around to look at the Master, also sensing that something was wrong. Seeing both pairs of eyes trained on him, the blonde narrowed his eyes, a slow deranged smile slowly forming on his lips.

"That, my friends," he replied, "Was the sound of the Time Lock being broken."

"Master," the Doctor pleaded, "I thought—"

The Master laughed. "You thought what? That I'd *changed* for the sake of my beloved Doctor? How cute."

"No," he declared. "I know you, Master. We have a telepathic connection; I've been inside your head. And I saw all the wonderful things that you are when you're with me. Don't hide from those feelings, Koschei, please. Come back to the TARDIS with me so that we can repair the Time Lock for good."

The Master stared at the Doctor, his eyes softening slightly as the words reached him. Could he really abandon his project and live together with the Doctor? All his life he spent as the enemy, he didn't quite know how to handle the want to be a hero. He met the Doctor's eyes, seeing those same feelings reflected there. His mind was fighting with itself, arguing over what it knew and what it wanted, trying to reach a decision. The Drums had returned since his resurrection, and when he woke up they were louder than ever. But when he was with the Doctor, held up in the warm embrace of a lover, they quieted, and he could think clearly. But now they were back, beating louder and louder, disrupting his sense of judgment as they clouded his thoughts and whispered to him. "Will they ever stop?"

Before the Doctor could answer, Jack stepped up next to the tall Time Lord, almost glaring at the Master. "Are you stupid?" he demanded. "You can't just change sides so quickly. You're insane, Master. You need to be locked up before you can do any more damage to the universe."

The Doctor was dumbfounded by Jack's sudden outburst against the Master. He grabbed the human by his shoulders and pushed him aside, taking his place in front of the Master. "Listen to me," he said, shaking the other Time Lord slightly and trying to get him to focus. He could see a crazed look returning to his golden eyes, and he tried desperately to snap him out of the trance.

But the Master wasn't listening. The Drums were getting louder, jumbling his mind and making him forget what he felt for the Doctor. He met the brown eyes in front of him, narrowing his own and pushing the Doctor away from him. "Shut up," he hissed. "You pretend to care about me, but all you care about is your precious human race, and your little human pet." He glared at Jack over the Doctor's shoulder, then refocused his gaze on the Time Lord. "Oh, but what am I getting all worked up about?" he crooned, stepping forward and grinning in the Doctor's face. "I've already destroyed the humans, creating the Master race in their place. And, now that the Time Lock had been breached, I'll take control of the Council and create a whole new breed of Time Lords." The Master laughed.

"No," pleaded the Doctor, still trying to make the Master see sense. "Stop this, Koschei—"

"That's not my *name*!" screamed the Master, launching himself at the Doctor, wrapping his fist in the front of his shirt as he hissed madly. He pulled one arm back, fingers curled into a fist, and punched the Doctor in the face. The taller Time Lord stumbled backward, eventually finding his footing and wiping his mouth on his wrist, seeing the blood that stained his flesh.

The Master turned at the sound of footsteps, and the Doctor saw that one of the security guards had walked back into the room, gun poised and aiming at Jack.

"Lock them up," ordered the Master, stepping back and rotating his wrist. "And kill the human—as many times as it takes." But he was interrupted suddenly when the Doctor began to chuckle. "*What?*"

"You're so brilliant, Master," replied the Doctor. "But sometimes you're just bone-dead stupid."

"What are you talking about?"

"That guard," he explained slowly, "is one inch too tall."

The Master hit the floor with a thud when the guard cracked his skull with the barrel of the gun.

Chapter 21

"Gallifrey rises!"

The shouts echoed throughout the hall as the Great Council of the Time Lords appeared in a brilliant white light. The Master grinned. This was perfect. He began to laugh, squinting at the blurred figures came into focus.

"Sir!" Came the interrupting voice of one of his clones. "I think I should warn you..."

"Not now!" came the Master's sharp reply. Couldn't the stupid fool see that he was busy?

His clone opened his mouth to reply, but dropped any warning and ducked, shielding his body from some invisible enemy. Almost immediately, the glass ceiling shattered above the Master, throwing down the limp form of the Doctor, who hit the marble floor with a sickening thud. He looked down at his enemy in disbelief, then peered up through the broken dome to see a spaceship soaring off in the other direction. The fool must have leapt off the ship to land in the building. The Master watched as the Doctor curled his fingers around a gun, wincing in agony, and raised his arm to aim at the Lord President. Too weak from his fall though, the gun dropped and the broken man closed his eyes, gasping for breath.

The President smirked, walking forward to address the two Time Lords. "My Lord Doctor," he rumbled. "My Lord Master. We are gathered for the end."

The Doctor struggled to pick himself up then, winding up kneeling on the hard floor, looking up at Rassilon desperately. "Listen to me! You can't!" But his words were ignored, and instead the Lord President turned to the Master.

"It is a fitting paradox that our salvation comes at the hand of our most infamous child!" said Rassilon with something resembling praise. The Master grinned evilly.

"Oh, he's not saving you!" hissed the Doctor. "Don't you realize what he's doing?"

"Hey, no, hey!" interrupted the Master, pointing accusingly at the Doctor. "That's mine! Hush!" He turned away from the Doctor, grinning up at Rassilon. "Look around you." he began, spreading his arms and gesturing to the clones surrounding them. "I've transplanted myself into every single human being. Who wants a mongrel little species like them?" The Master paused, narrowing his eyes menacingly. "Because now I can transplant myself into every single Time Lord." Rassilon returned the Master's look, narrowing his eyes and curling his lip distastefully. "Oh, yes, Mr. President, sir!" he mocked. "Standing there all noble and resplendent and decrepit. Think how much better you're gonna look – as me!" But Rassilon said nothing, and instead rose his right hand to the Master. The metal glove he wore clicked loudly, and began to glow and spark with blue Artron energy.

The Master's smile vanished, and his eyes began to flick wildly around the room when Rassilon opened his hand, casting the energy from the glove. All of the Master's clones began to shake, their heads spinning back and forth as they changed back to their original human

forms. "No, don't!" shouted the Master, bringing his hands up to grasp his hair in disbelief. "No, no, no, stop it, no! No! No, no, no, don't!"

He turned around to glare at the President, and the Doctor looked around in disbelief. Rassilon ignored the two Time Lords, stepping forward and raising his arms. "On your knees, mankind!" The humans obeyed, falling to their knees and staring around the room in confusion.

"That-that's fine, that's good, because you said salvation," argued the Master desperately. "I still saved you! Don't forget that!"

"The approach begins!" bellowed Rassilon.

The Master spun around in confusion, his face showing how scared he really was, like a small boy in the face of a monster. "The approach of what?" he questioned the Doctor urgently.

"Something is returning," hissed the Doctor through clenched teeth. "Don't you ever listen? That was the prophecy – not *someone*, *something*!"

"What is it?"

"They're not just bringing back the species," he explained angrily. "It's Gallifrey! Right here, right now." The Master's eyes widened in fear, but he just as soon turned back to Rassilon, falling to his knees, his face alight with victory.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "I did this! I get the credit! I'm on your side!" By now the entire room shook with the force of the returning Gallifrey.

Just then, Jack sprinted into the room, making his way over to the Doctor and helping him to his feet. "Damned cactuses," he panted. "Kicked me off their ship and flew away." Before the Time lord could respond, Jack was distracted by the sound of tapping on glass, accompanied by someone pleading for help. He turned sharply, seeing one of the scientists trapped inside the glass radiation booth. Leaving the Doctor, he stepped into the opposite side of the container, pressing the button to let the man escape. "Don't worry; I've got ya."

The Doctor turned his attention back to the Master, who was desperately attempting to find a positive side. "But this is fantastic, isn't it?" The Doctor glared at him. "The Time Lords restored!"

"You weren't there in the final days of the War!" he shouted. "You never saw what was born. But if the Time Lock's broken then everything's coming through, not just the Daleks, but the Star of Degradations, the Horde of Travesties, the Nightmare Child, the Could-Have-Been-King with his Army of Meanwhiles and Never-Weres – the war turning to Hell!" The Master stared at him, not sure what to think. "And that's what you've opened. Right above Earth. Hell is descending."

"My kind of world!" retorted the Master gleefully.

"Just listen! 'Cause even the Time Lords can't survive that!"

"We will initiate the final sanction!" came Rassilon's booming voice. The Doctor dropped his head, sobbing in despair. "The end of time will come at my hand! The rupture will continue until it rips the time vortex apart! "

"That's suicide!" objected the Master.

"We will ascend!" explained the President. "To become creatures of consciousness alone. Free of these bodies. Free of time and cause and effect. And where creation itself ceases to be!"

"You see now?" hissed the Doctor. "That's what they were planning in the final days of the war. I had to stop them!"

The Master ignored the Doctor, stepping forward and spreading his arms wide. "Then – take me with you!" he pleaded. "Lord President, let me ascend into glory!"

Rassilon sneered. "You are diseased!" he spat. "Albeit a disease of our own making. No more!" He raised his gloved hand, aiming at the Master. Suddenly, a loud click broke the tension. The Doctor stepped between the two Time Lords, releasing the safety on the gun in his hand and aiming at Rassilon. He clenched his jaw, tightening his hold on the trigger as Jack took in the scene before him, his face a mask of horror.

"Choose your enemy well," threatened Rassilon. "We are many. The Master is but one."

"But he's the President!" interrupted the Master. "Kill him and Gallifrey could be yours!" But the Doctor suddenly turned, aiming instead at the Master. "He's to blame, not me!" he pleaded, but then realization struck him. "Oh! The link is inside my head! Kill me, the link gets broken, they go back." The Doctor's face tensed as if in agreement, about to pull the trigger as the Master shifted, meeting the other's gaze. "You never would, you coward!"

Their eyes stayed locked together, and the Master's certainty began to dwindle. The Doctor's face softened momentarily, and he wondered if he could actually carry through. Could he really kill the man he loved?

"Go on then," taunted the Master. "Do it!" He swallowed hard when he saw the Doctor's finger tightening on the trigger. His golden eyes went round with fear, and he gave a small subconscious shake of his head, silently pleading. But, much to his relief, the Doctor swirled around again, aiming at Rassilon. "Exactly!" goaded the Master, so easily switching back to confidence. "It's not just me, it's him! He's the link! Kill him!"

Rassilon sneered. "The final act of your life is murder! But of which one of us?" The Doctor stared blindly, indecisive. Which one? His mind set back to the Master. Where others saw a murderous madman, he saw Koschei; his best friend with an innocent heart. He could never hurt him. He glanced to the side of Rassilon, to one of the figures covering their faces in shame for having dissented. The woman slowly revealed her face, and the Doctor's breath hitched. It was the woman who had helped him escape the High Council.

Finally making a decision, the Doctor spun around again, the gun pointing at the Master, who shook his head pleadingly. "Get out of the way." The Master's face twisted in confusion, and then his eyes lit up with understanding. In a split second, he dove to the side just as the Doctor shot the pistol, hitting instead the machine that held the connection to Gallifrey. It exploded in a brilliant ball of fire.

"The link is broken," shouted the Doctor triumphantly, turning around to face the President. "Back into the Time War, Rassilon! Back into Hell!"

"You die with me, Doctor!" screamed Rassilon, raising his hand and aiming at the Time lord.

"I know."

"Get out of the way," commanded the Master, beginning to rub his hands together. The Doctor looked sharply over his shoulder, then dove out of the way just as a bolt of energy shot from the Master's hands, hitting Rassilon in the chest and causing him to stagger backwards.

"You did this to me!" the Master screeched. "All of my life! You made me!" His flesh turned transparent once again in a sickly blue, revealing his skeleton as blast after blast of energy struck Rassilon. "One! Two! Three! Four!"

The Doctor watched in horror as the same bright light returned from before, engulfing the mass of people in front of him. After what seemed like an eternity of noise, the room quieted, and Earth returned to normal. Sitting back, the Doctor began to sob in disbelief. "I'm still alive..." He looked around the room, desperately searching for the Master, but couldn't see him anywhere.

Tatatatap...

The Doctor pricked his ears, trying to find the source of the all-too-familiar noise.

Tatatatap...

There! Sitting hunched over, curled into a ball in the corner was the Master. Tears stung the Doctor's eyes as he made his way over to the other Time Lord, placing a tentative hand on his shoulder. The blonde flinched at the contact, scuttling backward against the wall. It took him a moment to recognize the face staring back at him with relief and concern. He shook his head, hunching back over and wrapping his arms around himself loosely. "What happened?"

The Doctor opened his mouth to respond.

Tatatatap...

Both Time Lords' heads shot up, as neither of them had produced the sound. Both looking around wildly for a moment, the Master finally snorted, groaning loudly and dropping his head into his hands.

"What?" demanded the Doctor. He followed the Master's pointing finger to the radiation booth. Inside was Captain Jack, knocking on the glass and giving a tentative wave. His face

went blank as he stared at the human. Finally, "God dammit, Jack!"

Jack chuckled. "What's up, Doc? Forget about me so soon?"

The Doctor stood up, exasperatedly running his hands through his hair. He stopped outside the booth, pointing an accusing finger at the human. "What the bloody hell are you doing?"

"Tryin' to get your attention, actually. How do I get out?"

The Doctor sighed dramatically. "Well, you're gonna be stuck in there for a minute. All the excess radiation from the machine is about to flood that case."

"And that'll kill me?"

"Yep," he confirmed, almost a little too cheerfully. "Just hit that green button and you can come out when it's over." The Doctor walked away, making a point of leaning back over the Master, checking that he was okay.

"Bastard," muttered the Master, pushing the Doctor away lightly as relief washed over his face. "Why would do that to me? Dragging that shit out so long – I thought you were going to shoot me, dammit!"

"Good," replied the Doctor. "You needed some time to think. Better to have fun while I'm at it."

"Bastard," he repeated, softer this time, crossing his arms and looking away.

A soft electric crackle suddenly filled the room, and the Doctor looked over his shoulder to see Jack curled up on the floor of the booth, twitching violently as his body absorbed the radiation.

"You'd better go comfort him," said the Master bitterly, referring to Jack.

"Nah, he deserves it." The Doctor smiled. "Especially after how he treated you."

The Master grinned. "I love you."

They both leaned forward, meeting halfway and wrapping their arms around each other. "I love you, too."

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