

Newton's Law

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Newton's Law

by [Tarlan](#)

Summary

Leaving Newton was the hardest decision.

Notes

For Leesa_perrie, who wanted something with Rodney and his cat!

He was heading to Atlantis, the fabled lost city, and anyone else might have been excited at the prospect but as he sank down onto his ugly but oh-so-comfortable couch, looking around his messy apartment, Rodney was scared. A tiny meow had him glancing down and his heart felt heavy in his chest. The one personal item he desperately wanted to take with him was Newton, and he had petitioned long and hard but unsuccessfully once they knew it would be a one way trip.

Newton jumped up onto the couch beside him, purring and rubbing against him, demanding strokes. He was so warm and soft and Rodney buried his face into the fur, wondering how he was going to survive without Newton's companionship and constant source of love and affection. He'd missed him so much when he was sent to work in Siberia, and more recently while working in Antarctica, making do with almost daily Skype calls, courtesy of his neighbor who happily looked after Newton in his absence.

There would be no Skype between Atlantis and Earth.

Newton settled on his lap and Rodney felt himself relax, falling motionless, knowing he'd packed everything he could carry in his backpack and would have to leave soon.

"Just a few more minutes," he murmured, stroking Newton's fur in smooth, even caresses from head to tail, over and over, his hand in constant motion.

He felt Newton push back against his hand with his head when the stroke reached between his ears, and Rodney lost himself in the soft purrs vibrating through the small body, wishing there could have been a way to take him along, and almost pulling out at one point.

The small beep of an alarm brought him back, his hand stopping, fingers still buried in soft fur. It was time to leave, and he gave Newton one last hug, burying his nose in the warm fur before standing with Newton still in his arms. Newton's kibble and favorite bowl were already on the table by the door and he scooped them up in his other hand, walking a few feet along the corridor to his neighbor's door.

Rodney looked back, catching one last sight of Newton before the door closed. Leaving Newton behind was the hardest decision he'd ever made, and he quietly wondered if he would ever see his small companion again.

Time to leave.

END

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