

Dragon's Claws

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Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandoms:	Doctor Who (2005) , The Paternoster Gang (Big Finish Audio)
Relationship:	Jenny Flint/Madame Vastra
Characters:	Jenny Flint , Madame Vastra (Doctor Who) , Vella (The Paternoster Gang)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-19 Completed: 2020-06-24 Words: 861 Chapters: 2/2

Dragon's Claws

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

For once, Jenny's the one being insensitive.

A comment about claws leads to a heartfelt conversation

Notes

Ok so its like HIGHLY unrealistic they would've had this conversation so late in their relationship but like just roll with it

I just like the idea of Vastra having claws

Vulnerable

Chapter Notes

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

Jenny liked Vastra's hands. She held them often, tracing small emerald scales with her thumb. They were so much like her own, the only difference, of course, was that they were green. But in all her time inspecting her wife's hands she had never seen claws. Just short, round, well-maintained nails. Once, when they had first met, a more naive Jenny had joked about Vastra having wicked dragon's claws. The lizard had stiffened and haughtily insisted she wasn't an animal. Now though, after meeting Vella, the question resurfaced.

Jenny didn't even think, the words slipped from her mouth one morning during breakfast.

"Do you cut your claws?"

The lizard stiffened, scaled brows inching towards concern

"Why do you ask?"

"The other day, when we met Vella, I saw she had claws. Long too, like a dragon. Figured, if she had claws you must too."

"I am not an animal"

"Implying Vella is?"

"Yes"

Not giving Jenny time to respond, Vastra stood quickly and stalked off to her study with the remainder of her breakfast. Raw liver, breakfast for someone who insists she isn't an animal.

Vastra sulked in her study for the rest of the day. Jenny nearly laughed to herself. For once it was her, the human, being the insensitive one. She made a mental note to apologize later and busied herself until the evening.

As the sun began to set, Jenny lit the fireplaces, hoping the warmth would draw her reptilian wife out of the cold study. At least if Vastra came out on her own Jenny wouldn't have to apologize through a door. Hours later, she heard the study door open and soft footsteps move into their room. She waited a few moments before hearing a sharp clipping noise, almost like a knife on a chopping block. Jenny decided to head upstairs. She padded into their shared room silently.

Vastra was sitting by the fire, a blanket draped over her shoulders. A steady clipping sound offset the rhythmic pops of the fire. Back still turned to the door, she spoke. "We were told that our species was above the need for claws. We had advanced weaponry and the skill to use it. Our claws were to be a last resort for when intellect and skill failed us. A final bastion, the choice of instinct or death."

She turned and held up one unclipped claw, but could not bring herself to look at Jenny

"They were designed, by millions of years of evolution, to tear through even the tough hides of most dinosaurs. Those men, those workers, never stood a chance."

Vastra took a deep breath, and continued.

"They thought I was an animal, and I only proved them right. I should've held back, shown some ounce of restraint." She searched the room as if looking for an escape from her own thoughts. "I had no right to take their lives. They might have had families Jenny." Vastra pleaded with wide, scared eyes. "So now, I clip my claws every day. I remove my last natural defense so I will never tear apart another human in such a grotesque fashion, but more importantly... so that I won't hurt you."

Jenny put a hand on her hip "well I'm not exactly fragile here love."

"I know that now. But the night we met I was so, angry. I nearly tore you apart."

Jenny took Vastra's scaly hands into her own

"But, you didn't. You made the choice, on your own, even when you still had claws." Jenny pulled her wife into a tight embrace. "You don't need to remove them Vastra, you've chosen to be better."

Words failed the old warrior, all she could do was hold on to the woman she loved as she tried not to think about what could have been.

It would be a while before the methodical clicking of a horse-grade nail trimmer ceased to fill the room at Paternoster Row, but eventually, the time came where Vastra only clipped her claws for more, intimate reasons.

Chapter End Notes

eeeeee yeah ok so I'm not a writer by any means, by trade I'm a visual artist but since I've convinced a few friends on discord (you know who yall are >:) to share their drawings with me I thought it would be only fair to try my hand at writing something. My lord this was difficult to resolve

Uhh this was kinda inspired by a fic by RachelsCoatButtons, or rather like, I thought of the idea while reading one of the chapters in her fics? and a conversation I had with my dear friend Space a while ago, thanks space

yet confident

Chapter Summary

Short, but to the point

Vella loves to tease Vastra about her attachment to humans

Chapter Notes

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

Vella stood face-to-face with Vastra. Eyeing her former lover with tangible disdain, she noticed a jarring oddity in the other Silurian's physiology.

"Cutting your claws now are you?" she scoffed "How soft this human world has made you. Removing your last defense, making yourself vulnerable to fit in with these apes. We could tear them to shreds."

Vella picked up one of Vastra's well-manicured hands, placing their palms together. "Or are you afraid you'll hurt your precious human? Give in to your instincts and lose control?" she sneered.

Smugly, Vastra removed her hand from Vella's and inspected her short nails. "Oh no, I usually keep them long." Vastra made intense eye contact with the taller silurian and continued, "But Jenny let me top last night." she said with a mischievous grin.

Vella stared in shock, puffing up in what could only be described as righteous indignation "you..what?" Vastra smiled and patted Vella's now slightly darker green cheek "good luck with being single my dear."

The Great Detective walked off and linked arms with her assistant and wife, who turned around to stick a tongue at the stunned lizard.

Chapter End Notes

Consider this a continuation, but also a light hearted joke that I removed from the previous chapter

also part of a running headcannon that Vastra and Vella are exes because it seems to be commonplace for all silurian warriors to call eachother 'sister'

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