

Where the Sea's Asleep and Rivers Dream

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Where the Sea's Asleep and Rivers Dream

by [DepressedBisexual97](#)

Summary

Most recent chapter: Amy and Rory's wedding night.

A series of One Shots set at night or in dreams and nightmares.

Notes

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

Nightmares: the Twelfth Doctor

Chapter Summary

River Song is in the Library and the Doctor goes to save her.

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Pairing: Twelve/River

Characters: Twelfth Doctor, River Song

Rating: G

Words: 633

The Doctor took in a deep, shaky breath as he pulled the dematerialization lever to land the TARDIS. His eyes snapped shut as he concentrated on his breathing, sweaty hands refusing to let go of the console. His hearts felt heavy in his chest. Tears rolled down his cheeks.

River's arms hugged him from behind and he felt her press her tear-streaked face into his shoulder.

The Doctor turned in his wife's arms to return her embrace. His head nestled into her hair as he took in her scent for what was possibly the last time.

She released him and headed to the doorway. He followed her and lent himself against the doorframe.

"Goodbye, sweetie," she smiled sadly before kissing him as if her life depended on it.

When she pulled away - far too soon - he was gasping for breath and his cheeks were flushed.

"Goodbye, dear," he didn't like it, it sounded too final, but he didn't know what else he could say.

She winked at him. It was an everything's-going-to-be-okay wink, a wink that was supposed to give him hope. He was very much in need of it.

The Doctor watched River walk out of the TARDIS and into Lux's spaceship.

Just before she disappeared from his sight, she turned and waved sadly. He waved back and she blew him a kiss.

Then she was gone.

The Doctor materialized the TARDIS at the centre of the the Library. He walked over to the doors and put his hand on the handle. He stopped, head resting against the wood of the doors. What he did now determined his future. If he got it right, River would be with him again. But if he got it wrong...

He opened the doors and stepped outside.

The Doctor's hands danced over the controls of the monitor station at the core of the Library.

The computer made a beeping noise as the Doctor put his wife's escape plan into action. The beep sounded hopeful and he managed a slight smile. Then he read the information readout on the computer screen.

His hearts shattered.

The Doctor had made a mistake. River Song was dead. Properly and entirely dead and she wasn't coming back.

The Doctor sank to the floor and cried. He had got it wrong. River was gone and it was his fault.

He'd never feel her curls curl around his fingers or trip over her heels in the TARDIS corridor again. And he'd never again have an argument with anyone and not mind losing. He couldn't believe it. It was all over.

His sobs grew louder as his fingers clawed at his hair, scrunched up in a ball on the TARDIS control room floor. He cried for so long he couldn't remember how long he'd been there. He wasn't sure he'd ever stop. He felt dead inside and he would never be whole again. The Doctor was lost.

The Doctor woke up to find River Song sleeping safely next to him. It was only a nightmare! River was safe and right there, in his arms. They were still on Darillium and the sun was an age away from rising.

A tear of relief escaped his eye and his whole world felt brighter.

He smiled happily to himself as he pulled her closer to him. He kissed the top of her head, taking in the scent of her.

That woke River up. She saw him and smiled. His breath caught. She was so beautiful and he knew how lucky he was.

"Morning, sweetie," she said as he ran his fingers through her curls.

"Morning, my love," he replied as he mentally promised himself he would save her.

He would never let it go wrong.

The Doctor would never let River Song down like that.

Dreams: River Song

Chapter Summary

River Song finds herself lost in the wilderness...

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Pairing: Eleven/River

Characters: River Song, Eleventh Doctor

Rating: T

Words: 723

River Song trudged through the snow. It went up to her ankles and soaked her socks.

The wind wasn't so bad in among the trees, but it was terrible out in the open. She couldn't see beyond the edge of the forest, the falling snow was far too thick.

There were lots of animals sheltering from the wind in the forest and River was careful not to disturb them. They were an odd mix, though. She identified creatures from seventeen different planets hiding in and around the trees, and there were probably more she couldn't see.

Some of the species were reportedly timid, but strangely didn't run away when the light from her sonic trowel hit them. Some of them were supposed to attack anything that moved, but seemed uncharacteristically docile when she walked past. They apparently didn't even notice her.

She didn't think any more about it and carried on through the forest.

Suddenly, she was in a field. River looked behind her and could see nothing but snow. She didn't question the logic.

River pulled her woolen coat tighter around her and turned her collar up against the biting wind which cut through her like a laser. Her hair was blown about every which way and if she stayed still any longer she would become indistinguishable from a snowman.

She squinted through the snow and spotted a drystone wall a few yards away. She headed for it, hoping there would be a road or something on the other side that could lead her to civilization.

The snow was deeper out of the forest. It went up to her knees and made walking almost impossible. The conditions were made worse by the fact that it was nighttime and everything was in total darkness. She was glad she had her sonic trowel to use as a torch, or else she would be more lost than she was already.

She reached the wall and climbed over it, finding foot holes through the snow. On the other side there was a track that went on forever, from what she could tell. She walked along the track in the opposite direction to the forest, which she somehow knew was behind her.

She carried on for so long she didn't know how long she'd been walking. It could've been quite a while, or it could've been no time at all.

She spotted a light turn on a little way down the track and when she squinted, she noticed there was a little cottage around it. She smiled.

River hurried up, not picking her feet up high enough. Her leg met the resistance of the snow and she fell flat on her face like a tree. She was so glad the Doctor wasn't there, she couldn't do with him laughing.

She got up - even more soaked than before, if that were possible - and continued walking towards the cottage.

When she reached it, River knocked on the door. It opened and River was about to ask the owner if she could shelter for a while when he stepped into view and she recognised him.

"Hi, honey," the Doctor smiled.

"Hello, sweetie. I'm home."

River had taken her shoes and socks off and was warming her feet by the log fire when the Doctor brought her her tea. She sipped it then put it on the table beside her.

The Doctor sat down by her side and snuggled up against her.

River hummed happily and shuffled further into his arms.

Then he turned and started undoing the buttons of her blouse. River groaned at the feeling of his warm hands against her cold breasts. She tugged his bowtie from around his neck and tied it to her wrist. Then he slowly moved his hands down her body to take off her trousers.

The Doctor had just got the clothing past her feet when everything stopped.

River was sad when she woke up. No, she was frustrated. How dare her dream stop there! It was so unfair!

The Doctor was still asleep beside her. She thought about waking him up so they could find out how her dream would've gone. But he looked adorable, dreaming with his shirt off and his arm around her waist. She couldn't bring herself to do it.

So she just watched him for a while.

Nightmares: Amy Pond

Chapter Summary

Amy Pond thinks she has been having bad dreams, but little does she know, the nightmares haven't even begun...

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Pairings: Amy/Rory, Eleven/River

Characters: Amy Pond, River Song, Eleventh Doctor, Rory Williams

Rating: T

Words: 787

Amy looked down at her tummy in terror. It was larger than it was the last time this happened.

The tube-like cell she was laying in hadn't changed. It was a whitish colour and had a hatch above her face. Her clothing was the same, shapeless, white, shirt she always seemed to be wearing in these nightmares. It was a little tighter around her bump than before.

And she was scared.

The hatch slid open and the woman she keeps seeing stared at her through it.

"It's happened again!" the woman called to someone Amy couldn't see. "Reestablish connection with the copy. It's had exposure to the Vortex, it should still be in one piece."

Amy flinched as the snarling woman in the eye patch slid the hatch shut.

And Amy was alone again.

Amy woke with a start to find herself in her room on the TARDIS. She checked her tummy and was relieved to find it flat.

Rory was still fast asleep, so Amy got up carefully and went to find the Doctor.

Amy reached the control room a couple of minutes later to find River Song sitting on one of the seats. Her hair was soaking wet and she was scribbling in her diary.

Amy sat in the other seat and stared at her feet.

"What's wrong, Amy?" River asked, not looking up.

"I had a nightmare. Where's the Doctor?" Amy wondered.

"Oh, never mind him," River replied evasively, putting her diary in her dressing gown pocket.

"What was your nightmare about?"

Amy told River everything that had happened in her dream, and all the similar dreams she'd had before. River listened to every word and Amy noticed an expression on River's face that she couldn't read. It was a bit like guilt or anger, but couldn't decide which. River's face was always hard to read.

"I don't really know what to say or do now," River began hesitantly. "But I'm sure it will stop soon enough."

"I'll stop getting nightmares?" Amy asked, not expecting River to go white.

"Well, I don't... I'm not... I doubt... I..." she fluffed, unable to hide the concoction of emotions behind her usually perfect mask.

"What does that mean?" Amy inquired, suddenly more worried than she was before.

"Nothing! It's okay. It's spoilers. Don't let it bother you."

"So it's nothing to worry about?"

"Not yet. It *will* be okay," River tried her best to look confident.

She hoped she had helped. She didn't like to think of her mother being upset about something that she didn't even know had happened yet. She was relieved when she saw her mother smile.

"Thank you, River."

Amy wasn't entirely reassured, but she supposed River was right. The woman did know her future, after all. And Amy trusted her completely.

Then the Doctor wandered cheerfully into the control room with a bottle of Gallifeyan wine and two glasses while whistling a strange tune Amy had never heard before. He noticed the ginger.

"Hello, Pond!" he exclaimed, big smile on his face.

"Doctor, why is your hair wet? And why are you wearing your dressing gown?" Amy asked.

"I just had a shower, if it's any of your business."

"With River?"

"No!!!"

"Yes," River told Amy at the same time as the Doctor's denial.

Amy giggled and River smirked at the Doctor's scandalized expression.

"Ahh, there you are," yawned Rory from the balcony.

"Come on, sleepyhead," Amy bounded up the stairs. "Back to bed."

The Doctor and River watched Amy drag Rory back to their room.

A few weeks later, Amy understood what River meant. And she understood River's emotions, too.

That didn't make it easier.

She was sat in her parents' front room, looking out longingly at the children playing across the road. She felt awful.

And no, she hadn't stopped having nightmares. But the nightmares she was having now were worse. She'd wake up crying for the baby she might never hold again.

Then she'd remind herself that that thought was ridiculous. If River was her daughter then she must get her back, mustn't she?

Then she'd sneak out of bed, leaving her husband to his own pain-filled sleep, and leave another message on the Doctor's answering machine. He never replied.

At least she had Rory. He'd been a saint for her since they'd lost the baby, despite his own pain. And Mels had been wonderful too, if a little different to her usual, carefree self.

But now she was at her parents' house. Ignoring their questions about why she was always crying and their inquiries about the state of her marriage.

And her mother's not-so-subtle hints about her starting a family.

Amy just hoped the Doctor would bring her baby back soon.

Under the Sheets

Chapter Summary

The Doctor liked it when his wife paid these unexpected visits.

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Pairing: Eleven/River

Characters: Eleventh Doctor, River Song, Clara Oswald

Rating: G

Words: 324

The TARDIS was colder and emptier when *he* wasn't there. That's not to say she wasn't warm. She was very kind and inviting. But it always seemed as if something vital was missing when the Doctor was out.

River wandered slowly along the deserted corridors. She didn't quite know what she was doing there, or which room she was going to stop at, she just wanted to be home. And the TARDIS was home more than anywhere else she had been or ever will be.

Because home always meant being with *him*.

River passed the door of the bedroom she shared with the Doctor and it opened all by itself. She shrugged and went inside. Then the TARDIS shut the door behind her.

River dumped the few personal possessions she'd brought with her on the dresser and got undressed. She went through her husband's clothes, looking for one of his shirts to wear. Once she'd found one, she put it on and climbed into bed.

A couple of hours later, the Doctor and Clara stumbled into the TARDIS, completely

exhausted and just a bit singed around the edges. Clara trudged up the stairs to her room, humming to herself while the Doctor piloted the TARDIS into the Vortex. Then he too went off to bed.

The Doctor opened his bedroom door and walked in sleepily. He smiled when he noticed the bump on his side of the bed. He liked it when his wife paid these unexpected visits.

The Doctor changed into his pyjamas and brushed his teeth in the en-suite, before going back into the bedroom and admiring her again. He could see her curls poking out from under the sheets from that angle. This was the most domestic he could imagine either of them being.

The Doctor slipped under the covers and put his arm around River, who turned and nestled against him.

And together, they drifted off into a comfortable sleep.

Nightmares: Professor River Song

Chapter Summary

"You have strange dreams when you're dying. So strange..."

Chapter Notes

Fandoms: The Diary of River Song (Big Finish Audio), Doctor Who

Pairing: The Doctor/River Song

Characters: River Song, Mr. Song

Rating: G

Words: 1427

SPOILER WARNING: This chapter contains major spoilers for the Diary of River Song 1.3 ('Signs', by James Goss).

All quotes belong to Big Finish Productions.

Professor River Song was alone. She wasn't as good at sensing the passing of time as *some* people, so she didn't know how long she'd been stuck with only herself for company. But however long it was, it certainly felt like forever.

River was sitting uncomfortably on the floor of a cloning chamber aboard an impossibly old spaceship. She couldn't get out. Well, she could, but it was taking an awfully long time to work out how. If she wasn't so hindered by the drugs that evil man had been pumping into her, she'd probably have gotten out ages ago.

But that wasn't all she had to hate that creature for.

The experiences of her clones were being fed directly into her brain. And the things he was doing to them turned River's blood cold.

"It is never the red or the blue wire, is it?" River thought aloud. "This thing doesn't even have wires."

She was up to her elbows in a squidgy, alien bomb, on a planet that wouldn't be inhabited by anyone or anything if said bomb wasn't defused quickly. And that daft man sitting next to her was trying his best to be as teasingly unhelpful as possible.

Honestly, who else would insist on having a bloody conversation with a woman who was trying to defuse a weapon of mass destruction?

River felt her way through the slimy, squelchy bomb, trying to find something to yank on. The Doctor, and thoughts of the Doctor, were being just a little too distracting in that moment. Did the man ever shut up?

River pulled something - she wasn't sure what - out from inside the bomb. It came away easier than she thought, which surprised her.

"Was that good?" She asked.

"I'm afraid I can't say."

"I mean, it sounded hopeful. I've traced a ganglion back to the... cluster node?"

"I prefer gooey bit," he paused. "It's gone quiet."

As soon as he said that, the bomb emitted a low, pulsing noise. River didn't like the sound of it.

"Ah," he murmured.

"Right. Not good?" she asked her surprisingly quiet companion.

"Not good," he confirmed.

She'd done something wrong. The bomb was about to go off and wipe out all life on that planet and it was her fault.

She had to do something, so she tried pulling out the nerve cluster and hoped. She found it to be like picking a giant's nose, and the Doctor wondered how she knew that. The image that gave him left him screwing up his face in disgust.

It seemed to work. The infernal thing stopped making the pulsing noise, and appeared to be, for all intents and purposes, actually quite dead.

"I... I did it," River said, hesitantly surprised. *"Urgh..."*

Then she collapsed onto the ground, body spilling into a white puddle of goo.

"Ahh, must've been the radiation," the man, who was most definitely not the Doctor, muttered to himself conversationally. "I'll just have to make a new one."

He whistled cheerfully to himself as he strolled idly back to his shuttle.

River kept dreaming. She often dreamt of a door. A door the Doctor always insisted didn't exist. But River wasn't sure she believed him.

When she was awake, she would look for the door.

She kept walking around and around the ancient ship, wondering where it came from and how the Doctor got hold of it. And in her wanderings she always found new rooms she wasn't expecting to be there.

But never the room she was trying to find.

That ship was huge with long, twisting corridors, a bit like the TARDIS. River was annoyed that the Doctor wouldn't tell her what happened to that beautiful, blue box. She began to worry that she'd never find out the truth. Yes, the *Sarah Jane* was like the TARDIS in many ways, but it wasn't her mother. It wasn't even home.

She kept walking. She walked so much her legs ached. And as River walked, she became faintly aware of something watching her from the shadows.

The hands were grabbing at her. They weren't attached to anything, they were just hands. River wasn't quite sure how that worked.

She was lying on her back, twisting her head every which way, struggling against the creatures. They were crawling all over her and, whenever their joints moved, she could hear sticky, squelchy noises.

There were hundreds of them, crawling all over the interior of the *Sarah Jane*. How did they get on board? Does *he* know they're there? Where have they been hiding all this time? Where had she and that daft man landed that could've evolved something like this? River didn't have time to think of answers. She was scared but daren't call out in case one of the things got it's fingers in her mouth. It was strange to suddenly feel helpless. She didn't like it, but she didn't know what she could do.

Then *he* appeared.

The Doctor burst through the doors like a hero. He pulled his sonic from his pocket with a flourish, scaring the hands off with a blast of pure sound waves. Then he turned to River and helped her up off the floor.

He watched her intensely the whole time. His gaze was almost calculating, as if he were planing to attack her. River laughed the thought off.

Although, there was something wrong with the Doctor. She could sense it but she couldn't tell what it was. The way he was behaving, he just seemed sort of... off. There was a coldness behind his eyes where there should've been a brilliant warmth and a grate intelligence. Their absence sent a shiver down her spine.

And another thing, he held himself stiffly, like he had been carved from wood, his face set firmly in a stern expression. He was a far cry from his usual, silly, loving self.

Then she realized he hadn't even asked her if she was okay. That was distinctly odd. The Doctor did so love to fuss over her. And secretly, she loved it too.

"Doctor?" River took a step forward, her confusion painted all over her face.

But still the Doctor offered her no hug, no comfort, nothing. Not a single sign that she'd just been in danger, no sign that he cared.

"Doctor, are you alright?" River took another step towards him.

The Doctor glared at her, handsome face screwing up into a scowl.

"Doctor?" he chided. "I'm not the Doctor."

Then he ripped his face off.

River woke up in her room on the *Sarah Jane*. She must've been dreaming again.

She stretched and yawned, before pulling the duvet up to her chin. The warmth of her bed was very comforting after such a horrid nightmare.

The Doctor - he *must* be the Doctor - was looking at her with grate concern from his place by her bedside. He was usually there beside her when she woke. He didn't leave her on her own much any more. He said he couldn't bare the thought of not being there when she goes.

And then it all came flooding back.

"I'm dying," River coughed.

The Doctor nodded sadly and got up to get her some water.

"Still dying," she muttered to herself.

River heard someone shouting again. As she explored the ship, she heard someone shouting for help. Maybe she wasn't dreaming before, maybe there was someone trapped on this ship - someone the Doctor didn't know about.

So River went looking for the door again, and she found it. It really existed. The Doctor had been wrong the whole time. And the poor person had been trapped there for so long, it scarcely bared thinking about. River would hate to be in that situation, locked up and forgotten.

She went up to the door and knocked, just as she did in her dreams.

River knew her clone was on the other side of the door, all she had to do was ask her to look for a way to open it. But before she could even shout out, River heard a click and a splat. The images that were relayed into her mind from her clone stopped.

He had done it again.

River sank to the floor and felt a sick feeling in her stomach. She let out quiet sobs. She hated it when she cried, but she couldn't help it. For once in her life she just felt hopeless. A helpless prisoner, alone and forgotten.

She really, *really* hated that man.

And she was going to kill him.

A Visitor in the Night

Chapter Summary

I'm sorry.

Chapter Notes

Fandoms: Doctor Who, Class (TV 2016)

Paring: Twelve/River

Characters: Twelfth Doctor, Surprise Character, Nardole

Rating: G

Words: 3873

The Doctor was alone in the TARDIS control room. He was sitting in his favourite chair, on the balcony overlooking the console, with a glass of scotch in his hand. His eyes were shut, and his head rolled back to rest against the chair.

It had been a long day for him. He and Nardole had saved three planets from imminent destruction before the other man had finally insisted upon going to sleep.

The Doctor had wanted to retire to bed himself. However, those plans were changed somewhat when he received a call for help from a friend at Coal Hill Academy. The Shadow Kin were trying to find a weapon at the school, but the Doctor and his friends had managed to temporarily defeat them and send them back to the Underneath. He had left his friends behind, with a time fissure and a whole Universe of monsters to protect against. They would be okay, he hoped. He was planning to go back and check, eventually.

The Doctor placed his glass of scotch on his little table, and pushed himself out of the chair. He was sleepy, and there was a bed somewhere fairly near with his name on it.

But, as he began to trudge back into the depths of his ship, he heard a knock on the door.

The Doctor frowned over his shoulder. He was in deep space, it wasn't very likely that someone was just passing and thought they'd drop by. So he turned, wandered down the stairs, and walked cautiously to the doors. When he reached them, he flung them open and found that there was nobody waiting for him there.

Curious, the Doctor stuck his head out through the doorway and looked around the space beyond. He still couldn't see anyone. His frown deepened.

"Maybe I've gone *completely* mad and have started hearing things," he muttered to himself. "Well, better safe than sorry."

He gave the doors a push as he turned away, not realising they didn't shut properly. They came to an abrupt halt when they were stopped by a green-brownish root-thing growing into the ship.

The Doctor hurried back to the console to check the scanner for whatever had knocked on his doors. He turned the screen on and was surprised to discover that a large, branch-like structure was wrapping itself around the other three sides of his ship's outer shell. The thing appeared to be brown-green in colour and the main parts of it were much thicker than a humanoid leg. It looked like the fingers of a giant hand, except there were lots of smaller branches wrapped around and leading off the larger ones. As the branches grew and climbed around the ship, they scraped and scratched his paintwork. He'd have to have words.

He didn't notice tendrils of the branch push the police box doors all the way open and begin forming into a person. But then, he wasn't supposed to.

The Doctor operated the controls, moving the image on the scanner, and discovered a time fissure in the space beneath the TARDIS. It was a lot smother than the crack in Amy's wall, but bore quite a resemblance to the slit in time he'd just discovered at Coal Hill. The branches were shooting right through from the other side of the fissure, and the Doctor began to worry.

He tried to dematerialize, but something was wrong with the console. None of the controls were responding properly and it felt like the engines were interfering with themselves again. But that was impossible, there wasn't anything near that could cause that, this time. Unless it was the branch... But no, he couldn't see how that was possible.

Something was very wrong, and it needed to be fixed. The Doctor tried to remember where he'd last had his tool kit. He felt sure it was beneath the control platform somewhere, or it could've been left on one of the pool tables after that incident...

That's the problem with having infinite space: you never run out of places to lose things in.

The Doctor was moving away to check under the control platform, when he caught sight of something out of the corner of his eye. He quickly darted his eyes to his threshold and suddenly stilled, like a rabbit caught in headlights.

It was like time had stopped. Everything within him froze. Breath forced its way out of his lungs, but he felt no compulsion to let any air back in. He could feel his hearts heavy and burning, and hear them beating double time in his chest. His eyes stung with unshed tears, vision blurred and hazy. But he just stood very still and stared.

Because *his* River Song was standing in the doorway.

He took in the sight of her hungrily. Oh, how he'd missed the woman, and there she was, standing right on his doorstep and he couldn't believe it. And she was *smiling* at him. He had always delighted in her smile.

He drifted slowly towards her, it felt like he was dreaming. But he wasn't. He *couldn't* be. She reached out her hands to him and he felt himself doing the same to her, tears leaking from his unblinking eyes.

"Hello, sweetie," River smiled comfortingly.

He felt his hearts jump.

She looked at him like he was an oasis in a desert, and she was a dehydrated camel. Love poured from her eyes as she continued to reach out to him.

She was just as he remembered her. Her unrivalled beauty remained undimmed and lit up the dark, ghost-filled control room. Her hair was loose around her shoulders, curls begging for his fingers to be run through them.

He wanted her so badly it hurt.

"River...?" he breathed, so quietly he wondered if he'd even said it at all.

Then he remembered.

Then he snapped himself out of it.

His TARDIS had been ensnared and his late wife had just appeared in his doorway, he'd be damned if the two weren't connected. He suddenly felt very sick indeed.

The Doctor lent over the railings to see behind the woman, wondering what had become of the branches. He found the largest one was attached to her back, gooey slime staining her elegant, white dress.

He straightened up and faced the possible imposter, anger beginning to make itself known to him.

"How do I know you're her?" he asked, even though it broke his hearts. "How do I know you're my River?"

She dropped her arm back to her side and frowned.

"Because I am, my love. You do know that, don't you?" the light faded from behind her eyes, to be replaced with the same old hurt she had often tried to hide.

A part of him died again, when he saw it. He swallowed the guilt, but felt terrible.

"River Song is de... River Song is *dead*," the Doctor forced out painfully. "She died in the Library, years, centuries, millennia ago. I saw it. I was there. I have been trying to fix it ever since. You *can't* be her."

"Oh, sweetie. I'm sorry," tears fell freely down the woman's cheeks and it took everything in him to not brake and give in to her.

"Don't *sweetie* me," he bit out.

"I *am* River Song, I promise you! I've come back," she reached out her hand again but he still wouldn't take it.

"River is in the Library. I saved her consciousness to the Data Core. She has haunted me before, but never like this. Why would she be here like this?"

River played with the sleeves of her dress, trying to avoid making eye contact with him. She looked pained, and he suddenly feared for the answer to his question.

"Tell me," he pressed on regardless.

"I *was* in the Library, that's true," she began, but stopped, obviously feeling uncomfortable.

"What do you mean '*was*'?" his voice broke.

"There wasn't really much point to me being..."

"Just *tell* me!"

"I deleted myself from the mainframe," she said apologetically.

"You did *what*?" he whispered, distraught.

"I couldn't keep living like that, Doctor. Day in, day out, boringness. And without *you*! That's the worst part. I never wanted to live without you and you were forcing an eternity of it on me. I'm sorry, but I just couldn't..."

"You're not her! You are *not*! River would never give up on me! She just *wouldn't*!"

"All I've done is accept that you can't save me. I've accepted that holding on to that last hope will bring me nothing but hurt, because you will never come back. You have never let me down. But some things can't be fixed, even by you. I'm sorry, but I couldn't go on waiting for you to fulfil an impossible wish."

"I can't do this," the Doctor muttered under his breath, turning his back to her.

His left hand shot out to steady him by grabbing hold of the railing as a dizzy spell washed over him. Tears ran down his face and he wiped them away with the sleeve of his black jacket. He shut his eyes and concentrated on slowing his breathing. Yet more tears fell from his eyes and he considered making his escape via the nearest staircase.

"Darling?" he heard her concerned voice. "Are you alright?"

"Don't call me by my pet names, I won't be very friendly," he managed to force out, but she could hear the tears more than the words.

"I'm sorry. I realise this must be quite a shock for you..."

"Shut up!" the Doctor growled. "Just... *just shut up.*"

After a few more seconds of trying to pull himself together in silence, he turned back to face her once more.

"How can you be here?" he asked, gut twisting in ways he wished it didn't. "If you've done what you say you've done, you shouldn't be here. You should be... you should be *gone.*"

"I was..." she paused, searching for the appropriate word, "*harvested.* They took me to what the rest of the Universe would think of as Heaven. But it's a place, like any other place. Save you can only get there if you're dead. Mum and dad are here. Everyone's here, except you."

"Everyone?" he repeated, she nodded.

"Except *you.* I wanted to stop living without you, and all that happened was I was taken to another place where you are not. It's not fair."

"Annoyed?"

"A little," River admitted, an exhausted, sad smile playing briefly at her lips.

"I'm still having a hard time believing that River would just give up like that."

"Well, I did."

"So you'll have River's memories, yeah?" he sniffed.

"Naturally."

"So prove it. For our first honeymoon, tell me where I took River," the Doctor's fingernails bit into his palms as he emotionally prepared himself.

"First place? Calderon Beta," the River-creature smiled fondly at the memory. "The sky was so full of stars it was like daylight. It was beautiful, we could see for miles. I remember turning to you, *oh*, you looked stunning. The light shone around you like a golden halo. I told you so, and you smiled. You said it was nothing compared to me. I laughed it off, I didn't believe you. But you meant it. When the stars moved out of alignment, you led me back down the mountain, to the seafront. We had fish and chips, and went for a walk along the beach. Oh, it was such a warm, clear night, it was lovely. The sand was so soft between my toes. You spotted a shop selling ices at the end of the pier, and you got excited. You were adorable when you did that. Still are. But when we reached the shop, we discovered it was shut. You tried to sulk until you felt my hand sneaking into yours. Then you gave in and you smiled. I led you back to the TARDIS and..."

"Yes, I think that's enough," the Doctor hastily interrupted, cheeks a wee bit wetter. "So, you *are* telepathic, then."

"Not any more than you are, sweet... *Doctor*," she corrected herself, but he didn't seem to be listening.

He looked lost in thought, before his whole face brightened for a few seconds. An idea had struck him.

"Ooh, that's a thing! Let's try it," stated the Time Lord. "There are many things in my head, knowledge that I have fortified so well, even you will never be able to discover it. But River knew, because I told her everything. And she'd never forget. So, tell me one of those things, will you? Tell me my name."

"Doctor," River shook her head.

"My *real* name," he insisted.

"Doctor, I understand you're upset, I really do," she began, tears streaming down her face again. "And I know you've had a shock, and I know you mean well. And I'm trying very hard, but I really, *really* can't cope with this much longer..."

"No. No changing the subject. What are you," the Doctor steeled his fractured resolve.

"I am River Song. Archaeologist, thief, murderer, adventurer, and *your* late wife! Returned from the grave to give us a few more stolen moments together, is that so unbelievable?" she was irritated, in that sexy way River often was, but with added tears.

"Then what's all that behind you?" he gestured over her shoulder. "Why trap my TARDIS?"

"That's how I'm here."

"That's not an answer."

"I don't really understand it that well myself."

"How very un-River of you," he muttered and she ignored him.

"So, how have you been?" she asked.

"We are not doing small talk now!" growled the furious Time Lord. "I don't do small talk, and I'm not about to start with a weird plant-thing that's impersonating my wife!"

"That's not what it's like, I assure you," the creature tried to take a step forward again, but was frustrated in her efforts by the branch attached to her back.

At that, the Doctor took a step away, and the River-plant sobbed in frustration.

"Come here, my Doctor. Take my hand. Please, *I want to help you*," she implored.

"Why do you want me to hold your hand? What will it do to me?" he asked sceptically.

"I can see your finding no comfort in this. Some things should never be easy, but I can help with that. I can take away your grief. I can make you feel better. Just hold my hand and everything will be alright."

"No."

"Why not! I can still see you, you know. I've damn well watched you do all those stupid things, and take all those pointless risks because you are *heartsbroken*! Because you lost *me*! I sat there and watched as you nearly died, over and over again!" she exclaimed, before growing calmer. "It hurts me to see you hurt like that. Now I have this chance to fix things. One last chance to do something good for you. Please, let me help you."

"No," he forced out, still shaking. "Because you were right. There are some things that should never be easy. And this is one of them. I'm not excepting an easy way out, River means more to me than that. I will grieve and mourn her painfully for as long as it takes, because that is what my love deserves. I will go to hell and back, and I probably already am doing. But I will not cheapen my loss in any way. I will hurt, and no-one will take that from me. My loss is mine."

"But, sweetie..."

"I've already told you, don't call me *that*! Only River calls me that, and you are not her! I should rip your roots out for doing this to me!"

"Doctor..."

"Is it worth it?"

"What?"

"Trapping my TARDIS and impersonating my wife, is it *really* worth it? Is my grief so tasty, it's *worth* going to all this trouble! This is not *fair*!"

"Doctor, it's me, I swear. What do I have to do to prove it to you?"

"There's nothing you can do. I know this is a trap. Now get off my TARDIS!"

"Doctor..."

"You still think I'm going to play along, don't you? You still believe you can trick me. You can't. I don't know who you are, but you can read my mind, so you know who *I* am. Which means you should really know better than to try this with me. But I'll be kind and put it in words for you before I get too angry to even care. Get out of my way or I swear to the memory of my wife, I'll make you wish you had!"

River didn't move. She just stood there with hurt written all over her wet face, bottom lip quivering in despair.

"You want final proof that I'll never be taken in by you? I'll give you that. If you're telepathic, all I have to do is concentrate," the Doctor put his fingers to his temples and formed a

telepathic link with the creature.

"What are you doing?" she frowned, hand rising up to her head with confusion painted all over her face.

The Doctor didn't answer, searching her mind for the truth. He suddenly severed the telepathic connection, pure anger irradiating from his every pore.

"I know everything. You're the Lankin. You feed on grief. As the TARDIS passed that time fissure, you sensed my grief and thought it would be worth your while trapping me and consuming it. Leaving me content, but dead. I'm not a very happy man. If you have any sense, you will leave before I... No, wait! I'm going to do it anyway."

The Doctor lunged forwards, hands slamming against the inside of the doors. He tried to push them closed on the Lankin, to expel it from his precious ship. He pushed with all his strength, and shut his eyes to block it's face from his mind.

It looked too much like River. He couldn't do that to his River.

But the creature protested. It tried to force the doors to remain open and it was very strong. In fact, it was hardly straining at all.

"If I can't take you of your own free will, then I shall do so by force," the Lankin promised coldly, pulling an evil smile with River's lips.

"You can see into my mind," the Doctor growled through gritted teeth. "You know people have tried. *Yet I always win!*"

He cleverly concentrated on re-creating the strong telepathic link, probably frowning new lines into his forehead in the process.

Whatever he was doing in its head appeared to be working. The creature withered in pain, hands surging up to cradle it's head as it cried out, sobbing. Outside, the branch-structure contracted around the TARDIS, and the ship groaned in protest.

With it unable to keep pushing the doors, the Doctor managed to shove them shut with a loud bang.

The Lankin was flung into space.

He collapsed against the wood, sliding down to the floor. He was physically and emotionally exhausted, his legs no longer wanted to support him, and he just wanted to go to sleep. But he couldn't stop. He had things to do.

The Doctor pushed himself back up onto his feet and hurried down to the console. He grabbed the dematerialization lever with his left hand and set the ship in motion. The controls responded perfectly, now that the Lankin wasn't on both the inside and outside of the TARDIS simultaneously. The Doctor smiled weakly, finding a bit of comfort in the vworping noise his ship made.

He piloted her to another part of wide-open space, where there were no time distortions or fissures or what-have-yous. Somewhere in the Acteon Galaxy, where he could sit still and sulk without interruption.

The Doctor sank back to the floor by the console and shut his eyes tightly.

There was nothing left in him. He felt like a husk, with no tears left to cry. He thought he ought to be having emotions, but in the calm after the fight, he felt nothing. Every bit of energy he had had been worked out of him and he just wanted to go to sleep and never wake up. Subject to 'mum's' approval, of course.

"Alright?" asked a sleepy voice from the balcony.

The Doctor looked up to find Nardole leaning on a railing in his orange dressing gown, and clutching a teddy bear.

'Think of the Devil,' the Doctor internally muttered to himself.

"Fine. Everything's fine. Tickety-boo, in fact. If you'll excuse me," he said as he pulled himself up.

He rushed up the stairs, taking two steps at a time, and attempted to push passed his concerned friend.

Nardole wouldn't let him go. He could see the Time Lord's wet face, and read the distress on his features. The Doctor's lies weren't going to work on him this time.

"So what was all that racket? Woke me up, it did. Sounded like something being tortured," Nardole fixed the Time Lord with a penetrating gaze, letting him know he knew everything was far from alright. "I mean, I thought, since that incident with your wife and... er... parents-in-law, all the TARDIS walls were soundproofed."

"They are," the Doctor glared down at the console, blaming the Old Girl for his friend hearing. "But there's no need to worry now. Get back to bed Nardole."

Nardole watched as the grey-haired, stick insect of a man passed him and strode off down the corridor.

Yes, Nardole would go to bed, but he wouldn't let the subject drop so easily next time. He'd be bringing it up again very, very soon.

He yawned as he wandered back to his room.

The Lankin hastily dissolved the humanoid part of itself, as it weaved it's way back through the time fissure.

When it was in the form of an oxygen-breather, the Lankin needed air. Which meant being in space was painful. The lack of oxygen stung the non-Lankin part of it, and caused it more pain than the Doctor ever would. So it wasn't very happy. And unable, as it was, to feed on the Doctor, it was still hungry.

But all was not lost. In the Doctor's recent memory, it had discovered another place these time fissures led to. A small world where there was a lot of grief to consume.

The Lankin decided to search the fissures for a little planet known as 'Earth'.

The Doctor was tired. He was tired of fighting and he was tired of feeling helplessly lost all the time.

He trudged along the corridors of his old ship, heading for his bedroom, lost in his thoughts.

He reached it without really remembering how he got there, numb to the world. The TARDIS wooshed the doors open for him and he went inside, dropping onto the bed strengthlessly.

He looked around the room, eyes roaming over the mixture of River's things and his. His world just felt so empty when he turned to find her side of the bed Riverless.

The Doctor got up and left the room. He wouldn't be sleeping there that night.

Nightmares: Vastra and Jenny

Chapter Summary

I'm still sorry.

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Paring: Vastra/Jenny

Characters: Madame Vastra, Jenny Flint, Strax

Rating: T

Words: 1045

Warning: Contains Homophobia! Also feels.

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

Vastra

The animal specimens had been herded inside the day before. Now all that remained were the people.

The great lump of rock that was headed for them was already playing havoc with the environment. Freak weather conditions made it hard to move through the lands. But no-one had a choice. They didn't have long left.

Those that could move unassisted helped those that couldn't. The Earth's surface was a mess of running Homoreptilia, machinery, and luggage as everyone dashed madly for their tribes' bunker.

Vastra was behind everyone else except one, so saw the rest of her gene-chain get inside safely. She allowed herself to feel the relief that fact brought her.

It was another few minutes before she herself was crossing the threshold to safety, and the bulkhead immediately started closing behind her.

Panic coursed through Vastra's body as she realised what was happening.

Through the gap under the bulkhead door, she saw her beautiful, young, Silurian woman running towards the bunker as though her life depended on it. Which, of course, it did.

Vastra searched the small air lock she was in for the opening mechanism, but couldn't find a single button or switch. There was nothing but smooth walls and dread.

"Jenny!" Vastra shouted as loud as she could. "Jenny, run faster!"

The bulkhead continued to slide down ominously, but Vastra still couldn't give up. She put her hands beneath it and tried to push it up, but all her effort mattered naught. As she pushed up, she shouted for help, but no-one came.

Vastra heard footsteps running to a halt outside, and hope hurt in her chest.

"Jenny, can you get underneath?" Vastra asked hysterically.

She could see her wife trying to force her way through the ever-decreasing gap, but it was all to no avail. She couldn't possibly fit. There was no hope left.

The Silurian's heart ached when Jenny pulled back away.

"I love you!" came her London accented cry as the bulkhead shut out the outside for a small eternity.

"I love you, too," Vastra wept, mind in shock, and eyes fixed on the bulkhead that separated them.

She could hear Jenny knocking from the other side, and sat there with her until the knocking stopped.

Jenny

Jenny trudged up the stairs in her parents' house. Her room was waiting for her and it had never seemed so inviting.

Her hand reached for her door handle and twisted it, pushing the door open with the creaking of hinges.

The match girl stopped in her tracks as she saw a woman sitting on her bed.

Somehow she knew it was Vastra, even though she was vaguely aware that the idea was absurd. Vastra now had long, dark Brown hair, and pale, human skin instead of her usual scales. And still she was utterly beautiful.

"Vastra?" Jenny stepped into the room wearily.

"There you are, my dear. I was wondering where you'd got to," came her delightful, Scottish accent.

The woman got up from the bed and walked over to her wife, pulling her into her arms. Jenny shivered at the feeling of hot breath on her skin, her hands going in search of the opening to the woman's dress.

Vastra's lips found hers, and it was just like the first time. Heat pooled between Jenny's legs, and she wanted her companion right that second.

Which was a shame. Because it was right that second that her parents burst in.

They looked furious, their angry faces growing redder with each second that passed. Soon they were storming across the room towards the two women.

They tried to pull them apart. Jenny struggled to keep hold of Vastra, but her parents strength was too great. She could do nothing but watch as Vastra was dragged down the stairs by her father, herself fighting to brake free from the arms of her mother.

Jenny was brought down to the living room, where she found Vastra crying on the floor. She tried to lash out at her father, but her mother's iron grip was too strong for her, even when angry.

Vastra was made to watch as Jenny was beaten. Her father showed her no mercy as he hit her repeatedly with his thick, wooden walking cane.

Jenny cried out in agony every time the stick struck her, her dress turning into a blooded rag. Tears fell from her eyes and onto the bare floorboards. Only Vastra cared.

When her father was bored of hurting her, he shoved Jenny back to her mother, then turned back to the pale woman shaking on the floor.

He snatched up the fire poker from it's place by the hearth. He struck her hard, three times across the head.

Jenny shrieked with horror and grief as she heard her wife's skull crack under the force of the blows.

The slightly mangled corpse of her lover fell to the rug with a dull thud.

And Jenny's whole world shattered.

They both woke up shaken, in tears, and holding onto the other tightly. It took moments for them to realise where they were, and that they were together.

Relief was the sweetest thing, and it flooded through them like water cooling burning hot embers. Fresh tears fell as the couple clung to each other like the other was their lifeline, their breathing loud in the perfect dark.

They didn't fall back to sleep that night.

When morning came around, they got up early, not wanting to be lying around with not much else to do but think.

Strax noticed they were rather more short tempered then usual, but had enough survival instinct left in him to not ask about it. He'd learnt over the years that Madame and 'the Boy' were formidable opponents, and he really didn't want to be on the wrong side of them. This wasn't because he was scared, but because on his side they were a great tactical advantage.

So he paid more attention to his mopping than he did them, and kept his head down for the rest of the day.

Vastra and Jenny spoke little until evening, but were rarely apart, offering reassurances and comfort with brief glances and sweet caresses.

And maybe, just maybe, the next night wouldn't be so bad.

Chapter End Notes

Or, in other words, happy thirteenth anniversary, NuWho! ;)

Her First Night

Chapter Summary

A first for River Song.

Written for River's tenth anniversary.

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Pairing: Eleven/River

Characters: River Song, Eleventh Doctor

Rating: M

Words: 1328

Happy tenth birthday, River Song! :)

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

The Doctor and River had had an amazing day. They spent it investigating a pyramid containing a rampaging zombie mummy, that was really an alien making a corpse its host. They blew it up, then went somewhere else for dinner.

And now the Doctor was taking her back to university, despite the fact she knew how to fly the TARDIS better than him.

River watched him from one of the chairs in the control room as he pressed the wrong buttons and flicked the wrong switches. She was straining against herself to not correct him. Annoyingly, she'd begun to find his incompetence rather endearing.

River had been seeing the Doctor for a year, and she absolutely adored him. He gave her everything she could ever want or need. Except maybe one thing.

They hadn't yet made love.

It was beginning to get on River's nerves a little bit, that all her advances were just being ignored. On the occasions that he did notice, he'd just flail, or maybe, if she was lucky, give her a kiss. She never got more than that. It wasn't so much the lack of sex she found aggravating, but the lack of reason for them not having it. It would be okay if he just told her why, or let her know where they stood. She would be eternally grateful for anything he gave her. She just loved him.

But she now realised nothing would change unless she said something.

She heard the wheezing and groaning that signalled the TARDIS landing. It was now or never.

River pulled herself up from the seat and swayed over to him, wrapping her arms around him from behind. One of his hands went to cover hers, and she smiled nervously into his neck.

"Doctor..." she began, then trailed off as she realised she hadn't planned the rest of that sentence.

"What is it?" the Doctor asked, concerned.

He unwrapped himself from her arms and turned to face her, taking her hands in his.

"What's wrong? You *can* talk to me about anything, you know," he grinned encouragingly.

River took a deep breath. She was going to say something. She was going to tell him.

"*Well...*"

"Are you sure about this?" he asked as the bedroom doors slid themselves shut behind them.

"Oh, sweetie, I am," she told him before undoing his bowtie with her teeth.

"Good," he unbuttoned her black, denim jacket with quick but clumsy fingers. "It would've been awfully embarrassing for us both if you said no *now*."

She chuckled.

River brushed the Doctor's tweed jacket off his shoulders, allowing it to fall on the floor. He undid her shirt, unveiling her bra to his eyes. His own shirt was quick to follow his jacket, his braces dangling by his legs. His hands cupped her breasts, slipping beneath the fabric of her bra. She gasped at the feeling of his warm hands on her for the first time, and reached out to fumble with his trouser fly.

When they were free of their clothes, River took a moment to look at him. She had never seen him naked before, and she was liking what she saw.

He was blatantly ogling her back, and she blushed at the adoration in his eyes. Heat pooled between her legs, and she decided she wasn't waiting anymore. She'd had enough of admiring the view, now she just wanted to fuck him into the mattress.

River pushed the Doctor down onto the bed. Once she'd climbed on top of him, he rolled them over so he was kneeling astride her. She was about to argue, so he put a finger to her lips.

"My turn," he winked, before capturing said lips with his own.

He pulled back leaving her breathless, and started moving down her body, feeling his way with his mouth. He spent a few minutes kissing, nipping, and sucking at her skin, showing her all the things she didn't know she liked.

She moaned deeply when he sucked one of her nipples into his hot mouth, pinching the other between his determined fingers. The heat of him went straight to her cunt, and she moved her hand instinctively to sort herself out.

The Doctor released her breast with a pop and grasped her errant wrist tightly in his free hand, placing it firmly above her head. He shot her a quick look to say 'don't you dare', but fondly.

He then went back to gracing her body with his attentions. His hands gently caressed her, but his teeth marked her savagely. Her breathing was loud, her moans of pleasure were arousing, and it was beginning to affect his self restraint.

His hips rubbed against hers, his erection craving all the friction he could get. River's gasps and groans got louder and louder, her fingernails clawing at the flesh of his back as she almost begged for more. *Almost.*

River parted her legs wide so the Doctor could get between them, like it was an order, and he moved down her body to oblige her. His fringe tickled her as his tongue found her entrance. He licked between her folds, and she shivered in his grip.

River wrapped her legs around him and he smiled into her flesh. He pressed one more kiss to her vulva, then sat up straight, knocking her legs from him. His eyes were black with arousal and fixed on her, and she wondered what was coming next.

It turned out to be his fingers slipping into her. Just two to begin with, but as he worked them in and out of her, he added a third and then a fourth. And all the time he was doing this, his thumb pressed hard on her clit. His eyes were like sex, and they never left hers.

It wasn't long before he was removing his fingers, and River was left feeling strangely empty.

He slid his cock into her slowly, allowing her to get used to his girth.

The look on her face was one of pure bliss, a look that said '*finally*' in the most contented way possible.

Once he was all the way in, he paused for a long moment before pulling out again as he began to slowly fuck her. Every thrust left her wanting more, and nothing had ever felt so good.

"Faster!" she called, his speed frustrating her.

"I don't want to hurt you," he explained, quickening his pace a fraction.

"I'd let you know," she replied, before pushing her head back into the pillow and arching up into him. "Yes, *yes*, *YES!*"

He'd got a bit faster while she was talking, and it was exactly what she'd been waiting for. It stung a tiny bit, but she didn't care. She met him each time hungrily, and just the sight of her flushed, aroused face was enough to bring the Doctor closer.

The Doctor's teeth closed around the skin covering her collar bone, biting her hard and leaving a mark that would become beautiful and purple later on. The pain and pleasure shot through her as she cried out, growing to her loudest yet.

River pulled on his hair and gasped as he hit the right spot inside her, and she tightened her legs around him.

And then she was coming. It was the best feeling she'd ever experienced, and he kept up his pace until he came too.

When it was all over, he fell gently onto his soon-to-be-wife, leaving them a sweaty heap on the duvet.

Breathless and the happiest girl in the Universe, River wrapped her arm around her lover, holding him close to her.

A few minutes passed, and all that could be heard were their slowing, panting breaths. He smiled lazily into her breast when she planted a kiss on the top of his head.

"Well?" the Doctor asked. "What did you think?"

"I think..." she paused, "we should've started this a long time ago."

Chapter End Notes

And then they did it again... ;)

Dreams: Nardole

Chapter Summary

Nardole's dream.

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Pairing: Nardole/Twelve (one sided), Twelve/River (mentioned), Hazran/Nardole

Characters: Nardole, Twelfth Doctor, Hazran

Rating: M

Words: 1171

Nardole bid the Doctor goodnight before retiring to his room, leaving his friend and employer to guard the vault alone.

He trudged sleepily up the steps to the TARDIS that was parked in the Doctor's office. His thoughts lingered on his employer with every second that passed.

Entering his bedroom, the loyal manservant undid his red-orange duffle coat, throwing it on his armchair before changing into his pyjamas and heading to the bathroom.

Once his teeth were cleaned, Nardole climbed into bed. He was exhausted from his day of running after the Doctor and suffering losing at arm wrestling to Missy.

His eyelids slid shut with a magnetic force as he drifted off to much-needed sleep.

Nardole was awoken suddenly by the sound of his bedroom door whooshing open. He didn't look, but still somehow knew it was the Doctor. His lips pulled themselves into a sleepy smile.

The covers of his bed were pulled back behind him, and he felt the mattress dip with the weight of the other man. The Doctor's arms wrapped around him, and Nardole relaxed at the touch. Then the Doctor's hand travelled down his body to his cock, fingers lightly ghosting over his length. Nardole's hand went to join his friend's, pressing him to his hardening member.

The Time Lords teeth scraped along the back of his neck, sending a shiver down his spine.

Using his free hand, the Doctor yanked Nardole's trousers and underwear down, exposing the man's waiting arse. With his own erection freed, the Doctor ground his hips into Nardole's flesh, getting that much needed friction to get him harder still.

Nardole shut his eyes from the pleasure, losing himself in the feeling and the noises his nighttime visitor was making. The thing he'd wanted most for so long was now finally coming to pass, and he was elated.

After a bit, the Doctor stopped moving against him, and Nardole heard the sound of a bottle opening. The Doctor had gone for the lube.

Nardole felt a little quiver of excitement at the prospect of sex with the love of his life, something he never thought he'd have.

He gripped the sheets as he felt the Doctor push into him, inch by inch, slick and perfect. The Time Lord pulled out again, then pushed back in, and Nardole let out little gasps and groans.

The Doctor sped up his movements, hips pounding and rocking the bed.

Sweat formed on Nardole's skin as he grew nearer and nearer, his lover's hand never leaving his hard cock. The arm around his waist tightened as the Doctor pulled his body closer, breath hot and loud on his neck.

Nardole had never felt so full, so complete, so alive. His cries echoed into the night, along with his cursing and begging for more. Oh, how he'd wanted this.

Nardole couldn't hold on any longer. With one last flick of a thumb over his cocks head, the Doctor brought him off and he came all over his friends hand.

Still the old man kept pumping his large length in and out of Nardole's arse so hard he wouldn't be able to sit down for a week. The energy of the man was extraordinary. And it wasn't long before the Doctor himself was coming.

The Doctor shot his seed up inside his friend, servant, and general irritant, teeth biting into said irritant's shoulder savagely.

They were both left breathless in a sweaty heap, Nardole lying still in the Doctor's arms.

Nardole was just beginning to drop off when the Doctor retrieved his arms and climbed out of the bed. Nardole sagged into the mattress out of disappointment.

Nardole glared at the back of the old man's head as he left.

Nardole woke with a start early that morning, with a stiffy and a lonely bed.

He couldn't believe what had happened the night before. The Doctor was still mourning his late wife, and rightly so, so why would he bless him with his presence? It was so like the dreams he'd had over the past few decades, he daren't believe it were true, but he hoped.

Then he realised. It was exactly like his dreams.

Nardole looked behind him to find the other half of his bed undisturbed and not smelling of his nighttime visitor.

His erection flopped with his heart.

No, of course it never happened. It never would.

"Every time," Nardole sighed.

Later, the Doctor popped out as he often did on a Sunday. God knows what he did while he was away, or where he went for that matter, but he was insistent he got out of that stuffy study as much as possible.

All this meant Nardole was now alone.

The Doctor had noticed something was off with him at breakfast, but rather graciously said nothing. The old man had stopped asking what was wrong the third time it happened, Nardole leaving him none the wiser each time before. How could he have told his friend about that anyway? He got sacked often enough as it was.

Nardole sighed and dropped himself into the Doctor's chair in defeat. His eyes scanned the top of the desk, taking in the mug of sonic screwdrivers, the pile of unmarked essays, and the photograph of the late Professor River Song. It was on that that his gaze lingered. His wistful expression morphed into a frown as his gaze became less casual and more like a stare.

"You were a lucky sod, weren't you?" Nardole said to his former employers likeness. "... I'm sorry."

Nardole sat in the stifling silence of the study until the Doctor got back.

The dreams continued over the years and years that Nardole remained in the Doctor's service, and beyond.

When those dreams reached Nardole, he was always back on the TARDIS, in his room, enjoying the attentions of his best friend. And when he awoke he found it harder and harder to feel guilty, because the man wasn't there anymore for it to impact on his life.

Nardole missed him terribly.

He was dreaming he was with the Doctor again. He could feel himself about to come, his friend's hand tightening around his shaft, when it all stopped.

Nardole sat up abruptly, back in his room on the Mondasian spaceship, having been rudely shaken awake. Hazran was the culprit. She was smiling at him in the way she had that sent alarm bells ringing in his head. He knew she was into him. What he didn't know was why. Not that he was complaining. He was still considering what to do about it.

"What is it?" asked the startled Nardole. "Have they found us?"

"No," Hazran's smile faded a little. "It's breakfast. Usually you're up by now."

"Yeah. Had a bit of a late one last night," Nardole sighed as he thought back to all that restless twisting and turning.

Hazran left the room so he could get changed into his clothes for breakfast.

Nardole wondered how long this could go on for.

The Nightmare Room

Chapter Summary

River looked down at the old blood stains on the floor, and the memories swamped her yet again.

Chapter Notes

Fandom: The Diary of River Song (Big Finish Audio), Doctor Who

Pairing: Doctor/River (mentioned)

Characters: River Song, Brooke, Melody Pond, Madame Kovarian

Rating: a strong T

Words: 1628

WARNING: Contains child abuse

SPOILER WARNING: Contains spoilers for the Diary of River Song series three

River Song stared sightlessly at her surroundings. She wanted to escape. Every cell in her body was screaming at her to get out of this hell-pit and run to anywhere else away from here. But that wasn't the plan. She couldn't leave, no matter how much the atmosphere made her skin crawl, or how much the memories of this place tried to choke her.

The Nightmare Room - the room in which she'd spent the first few years of her life. And the scene of most of the nightmares she had endured over the past couple of centuries. She had survived horrors in this room. She thought she'd left it behind for good, but now they had brought her back. She wasn't planning on staying long.

Madame Kovarian had already been to visit, and River had been able to sow the seeds in her mind. She just hoped the plan worked.

The sight of the woman had turned her stomach, it always did. Her presence had made her feel like crying, but she refused to. Over the years she had become far too good at holding back the tears. But that didn't stop them leaking into her voice. And River couldn't get over the feeling that Kovarian had been inwardly laughing at her.

It appeared the woman had only visited to make her feel like shit, it must've become a habit for her. Everything she had said was to belittle and bully her, but River had long since stopped letting that effect her.

But what really got to River was the fact that Kovarian had forgotten Amy and Rory's names, or at least affected too have. The parents whose child she stole, and the guilt of that hadn't hounded her for a second. River would not let that pass.

Thankfully, it wasn't long before the kidnapper had been called away from River's room, so now she was left in her own company. And she now had time to think.

River concentrated on holding on to the memories of the Doctor, hoping to keep hold of him as all their days together were being pulled away from her by the timelines. She would not lose him too. She could *never* forget her husband.

As she ran their weddings and honeymoons through her mind, she swore she would make Kovarian pay. And she wouldn't stop there. She was going to find a way to put things right and save the Doctor from his fate at the Bumptious Gastropod if it killed her. And right now, with the image of his cold, dead body fresh in her mind, she was passed caring if it did.

River heard footsteps approaching her room from down the corridor, the sound pulling her from her thoughts. They were almost silent, but not silent enough. For a moment she worried Kovarian had come back.

"Hello?" River called. "Is that you, Kovarian?"

"No," came the simple reply.

The person stopped in the doorway and River recognised her instantly. She remembered once wearing a body like that, a long time ago, when her parents were still with her. It hadn't been the easiest of times for River, being Mels. To look at her parents and them not know her, to have all that anger and hatred Kovarian had beaten into her barely contained in a box in her mind. No wonder she'd gone off the rails.

But when she looked at her visitor now, when she looked at Brooke, she could see something very different. She could see all that anger and hatred she'd had back then, but in her sister it was out of it's box, running free. She could see the Doctor's murderer. A psychopath, and quite a mentally unstable one at that. River was not pleased to see her, but she knew she had to. She couldn't build up the psychic link between them to send Kovarian mad at a distance, could she?

"Good to see you playing with your toys, River," Brooke said unkindly.

"Huh. I wondered when you'd face me with that new *face of yours*," River said, voice laced with menace. "I thought you'd be too scared. After all, I've killed you once."

Brooke laughed.

"What's to fear?" she asked rhetorically. "I know what you are. *Exactly* what you are."

"Oh, I doubt anyone will ever know that," the archaeologist muttered under her breath.

"Mother told me about the Great Melody Pond. About how you disappointed her."

Brooke said it like it was supposed to be an insult, like she should be ashamed, but River laughed. Really, after everything, that could only be a compliment.

"Not as much as she disappointed me."

"You're just a tissue sample, the river we all drink from. The gene pool, the prototype, we are the improvements."

She was just being downright mean now. Well, she was never going to win that way.

"Well, what can I say? Some people prefer the classics," River bit back.

"Now you're here. Locked up."

"I'm no stranger to prisons."

"This is different," Brook smiled in the way that only someone enjoying someone else's suffering could. "This is the prison you were raised in."

River looked down at the old blood stains on the floor, and the memories swamped her yet again.

Madame Kovarian would always sit by her bed at night and tell her stories. The young Melody would listen carefully, terrified of what would happen if her attention wavered.

Sometimes, the stories would be about the Furies, or some distant war, or some sort of myth. But most often the stories were about the Doctor. Or, more accurately, his victims doomed struggle to survive him. But somehow, no matter how much more of the stories his victims were in, the Doctor always seemed like the main character in Melody's head. She always wanted her kidnapper to hurry up and get to his bits quicker.

Madame Kovarian didn't like him being called 'Doctor', Melody learnt. She'd always claimed 'Demon' suited him better. Melody hated it. She liked 'Doctor', however much she hated him for taking her family away from her. She told Kovarian that once, and she was punished for it.

But Melody always enjoyed story time.

The Demon was such a vicious, heartless, tyrannical madman, who left the weak and the helpless to die so easily. The Universe would have much to thank her for when she finally killed him. And if life was hard until then, well that was just Madame Kovarian being kind. It was so Melody would be strong and the Demon couldn't kill her. At least, that was what she was told.

Yes, story time was the best.

Melody felt pain.

Her eyes shot open as she snapped awake. Her feet were burning, and it hurt terribly. She tried to pull her feet away, but someone had hold of her ankles.

Melody didn't notice the hot tears cascading down her face as she sat up in bed to see one of the soldiers holding a lit match to the soles of her feet.

Then she remembered... this had happened before.

She knew they would only let go if she didn't panic, so she just sat there, in tears, letting them cause her agony.

When the soldier realised she wasn't going to make a fuss, he stopped, and two others dragged her out of bed, forcing her away from her room and down the stairs.

The pain she was in wouldn't let her off training, she knew.

She was two years old.

Melody curled up under the blankets in Kovarian's Nightmare Room. She was crying. She often did that. She hated it, but she couldn't stop. How could she be expected to complete her mission if she was so weak? And yet the tears kept falling.

Why was she always crying?

She was being punished.

One of the soldiers beat her in a fencing match and Kovarian had been furious. If Melody was to defeat the Demon, she'd have to do better than that.

Today's punishment was the one she hated most.

She automatically tried to take an in breath. But water forced it's way into her nostrils and made her want to sneeze.

It was quite a small bucket of water for her three-year-old head to be shoved into, but it did the trick. She was being held upside-down by a couple of soldiers, and she knew struggling would only make things worse for her.

They only brought her out when she was close to drowning.

She was beaten regularly. The butts of their guns would connect painfully with her too-skinny, three year old body, and all she wanted was for it to stop.

By the end they'd just leave her there, bruised and bleeding, to crumble to the floor out of pain and exhaustion.

Her eyes scanned the room and fell upon the teddy bears, with their sickeningly happy smiles, and their bright, shiney eyes. She suddenly hated them.

Melody forced herself up off the floor, and crossed the room to where the bears sat. In a rage, she ripped them apart at the seems, pulling out the stuffing from their middles angrily.

She didn't understand why this life was hers, all she knew was that she hated it.

"This is different," Brooke smiled in that way only someone enjoying someone else's suffering could. "This is the a prison you were raised in."

Yes it was. The prison in which she was brutally raised to be an unstoppable, violent assassin.

River looked up from the old blood stains on the floor and into Brooke's eyes, determination written all over her face, and coursing through her veins. And if her sister really did know anything about her, then right now she should be very scared.

"Exactly."

A Night in Stormcage

Chapter Summary

There were a few things that went on in isolation that Charlie didn't understand.

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Pairing: Eleven/River

Characters: Original Character, River Song, Eleventh Doctor

Rating: M

Words: 1089

The isolation row of Stormcage was never uneventful, and seldom quiet. The new inmate, Charlie Benson, learnt that quite quickly.

He had been moved into isolation three days ago because he set fire to his mattress and threw it at his cell mate. The imbecile had asked for it though. Nobody called him '*Charles*' and got away with it. When he got out he'd change it to Zean, or something like that. Much more criminal.

Apparently, he was the first new inmate this floor of isolation had had in quite some time. But the cells on the other level were all full so they'd had no choice but to put him in here. This part of Stormcage was reserved for a very important prisoner, and she had no idea he was there. He'd asked the guards about her, but they only told him her name: Doctor River Song.

But he couldn't ask them anything further now because of the noise cancelling mask over his mouth. He'd bitten several of the guards on the way to his new cell and they all got cross with him. The only time they took it - and the handcuffs - off was at mealtimes. It was awfully annoying.

There were a few things that went on in isolation that Charlie didn't understand. Like why they kept this wing for Doctor Song alone, and how said doctor got pizza delivered to her cell. The second of those things was infinitely more important to him. The smell had drifted

down the corridors to his nostrils making him salivate, and proved to be more of a punishment than the prison itself. He'd have done anything for just one slice.

There were another couple of things that hadn't been explained.

How she got out, and why she always came back.

But tonight was the first time Charlie had known anything of *him*.

Charlie hadn't seen him, but he'd heard. He wasn't a guard, he'd never heard the man's voice before, and he'd certainly never heard a guard talk to a prisoner like that. The flirting was master class.

Charlie was surprised when he heard the cell door open and shut again. He strained to hear what was going on, pressing his ear through between the bars. Isolation was far more interesting than the rest of the prison.

There was a soft, muffled moan reverberating down the corridor, like someone was being thoroughly kissed. Charlie thought the pizza was bad, but he'd never been more jealous of Doctor Song than in that moment.

He heard a zip being pulled down, things being unclipped, clothes falling to the floor. He smiled, thinking about what was going on, what he was about to hear. He wished he was getting it too, but he had been brought up to always count his blessings.

His dear grandma, she'd turn in her grave if she knew he'd ended up in prison.

A loud snap of elastic against skin brought him back to reality as he remembered, someone was putting on a show for him.

There was a loud creak of protesting mattress springs as someone was pushed down onto the bed. Sharp intakes of breath and sensual gasps followed, as the other crawled on top.

Sounds of kissing and groaning floated on the air for a few minutes, almost drowned out by the creaking springs, growing louder and more urgent as time passed.

"Oh, *yes!*" she shouted without any indication as to why, much to Charlie's annoyance.

He'd never seen her, but he could imagine her face. Flushed red, eyes blown wide, hair splayed elegantly over the pillow. What he struggled imagine properly was the guy. Charlie decided he probably had broad shoulders, large muscles, dark skin, and long, black hair. In Charlie's imagination, he was all sweaty and masculine. He decided he daren't ask Song later if he got the chance, in case he was wrong. He liked the image too much.

He wanted to touch himself, and bring himself off to the sounds of them, but the prison put chemicals in the drinking water. There was no way any of the inmates would be getting a hard on until they were outside the prison walls. It was just another thing on to the list of unfair things in Charlie's life.

From the sounds of things, the couple were getting ready for the main performance. Charlie pressed his ear even harder through the bars, as if that would award him better sound.

With a sudden, deep moan from her, Charlie guessed the mystery man had entered her. Gasps, cries, heavy breaths, and shouts echoed off the walls as the man thrust in and out of her. Charlie could hear the moans, the springs, the bed creaking as it was vigorously rocked, and once again he wished it was him. He'd always hated that doctor, right from the very first pizza.

Minutes later, she screamed loudly. Charlie basked in the noise she produced, deep and sexual. Moments later, the fella followed her to his climax, screaming her name to the whole wing.

Charlie wondered if they were in a relationship, or if the man would do him next. He liked to live in hope. His grandma taught him that, too.

It felt like ages before he heard them move again. They creaked off the bed, and slipped their clothes back on. The sounds were slow and quiet, as if they were doing it lazily, with no rush. But surely the guards would arrive any minute?

"Coming, my love?" the man asked.

So they *were* in a relationship, then. Damn.

"Don't I always?" the smile in her voice was sickening.

There was the sound of kissing once more, before they both left the cell.

"So," Doctor Song continued, "where are you taking me tonight?"

"Somewhere spectacular." Charlie imagined he said that with a wink.

There was the sound of a key in a lock, then the creaking of hinges as if old fashioned doors were being opened. With a thud, the doors closed, and a wheezing and groaning filled the air. It didn't sound like a person, more like an engine. Charlie had heard it just before he first noticed the man, and was confused by it.

Once it stopped, silence fell on the corridor, like no-one was there.

Doctor Song had escaped again.

Some people get all the luck.

Dejected, Charlie returned to his lonely, uncomfortable bed and tried to get some sleep.

After all, that's what you're *supposed* to do at night, isn't it?

Dreams: the Twelfth Doctor

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Pairing: Twelve/River

Characters: Twelve, River

Rating: G

Words: 611

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

River Song's face glowed under the light of the moon. The way the light shone on her was surreal, like a daydream, the sparkle in her eyes like stars. She looked so angelic, standing on their balcony, staring out at the landscape of Darillium with a glass of champagne in her dainty hand.

The Doctor's hearts burnt for her. He'd never realised before how much it was possible to love another random person, but now he knew. And the feeling fluttered inside him whenever he looked at her.

The best part was that they still had twenty-four years left to live together, plus however long he could get her to travel with him before the sun came up.

He could already tell this was going to be the best time of his lives.

The Doctor found himself drifting towards her, her eyes gleaming in anticipation. His hands were on her as soon as he reached her. She was soft and warm and alive, and he so wanted to bury himself in her hair for an eternity.

River let the Doctor lead her to the bed.

A moment later, he was running from something. It was dark, but he could see cut grass beneath his feet, and smoke in the air. But he couldn't see his wife.

"RIVER?!" he called, beginning to panic.

He turned his head, relieved to see River running just behind him. He could also see what they were running from.

There was a massive wreck of an old, burning building in the distance, and loads of angry people chasing them. Then he remembered, it was River who had blown the building up.

Her face spoke of how proud of herself she was. He lived for that smile. He lived for how happy and alive she looked when she was high on adrenalin. He wanted to see that look on her face every day.

And suddenly he was back in his office at the university. There was an overly decorated tree standing by the TARDIS, snow was falling outside, and he was holding an un-pulled cracker for some reason. He deduced it must be Christmas.

He could hear Bill and Nardole debating on the other side of the door, but couldn't understand what they were saying. Amy and Rory were over by one of his bookcases, Rory listening to Amy complaining about how he didn't have any of her books there.

And there was an indistinct shape looking out of the far window. It was obviously a woman, and short, but he couldn't quite make her out.

"Clara?" he hoped, squinting at her as if that would make her look any clearer.

But his attention was drawn from her by the voice coming from behind him.

"Well, sweetie," River purred in that way he'd always loved, "we are getting sentimental in our old age, aren't we?"

He turned to see her sat on the corner of his desk with some blue tinsel around her neck.

The Doctor reached out a hand to stroke her cheek lovingly. Her hand covered his and she smiled into his palm.

He groaned annoyedly as he woke up. He didn't want the real world, he wanted that dream. Any part of it would be far better than his life right now. He huffed into his pillow.

It was worse now he couldn't see, he couldn't gaze at her photograph until he lost track of time, or read her loving words written in an age old diary. He was lost to the darkness, with his vivid memories being the only things left that he could see.

He wished he never had to wake up again.

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas! :)

His First Night

Chapter Summary

"It's okay," the Doctor told her. "Tonight isn't your last night, and I'll prove it to you."

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Pairing: Eleven/River

Characters: Eleventh Doctor, River Song

Rating: M

Words: 1898

So, it's ten years since the Eleventh Doctor's first full episode! Happy Birthday, Eleven!

I posted 'Her First Night' for River's tenth, so I thought I'd post this now. Hope you like it! ;)

River dragged the Doctor into the TARDIS. It was hard to tell that, though, as every inch of her was pressed to every inch of him. The impression given was of mutual, mindless staggering. But she was definitely leading, all the same.

She'd pulled him to her as soon as they'd reached the old police box. Her lips on his once again had felt just as wonderful as the first time outside her cell, and he just wanted more.

The stumbling ended with the Doctor being forced against the wall of his own control room, neither he nor River noticing the doors to the outside swing shut behind them.

His hand ran down her back of its own accord. He didn't have the mind to be cross with it. She hummed into his mouth when his hand reached her arse, so he felt it had done the right thing.

River released his lips and looked him in the eyes, hand stroking the side of his head.

"Take me to bed, my love," she said.

His hearts did somersaults, and his knees turned to jelly. He could hear his blood pounding through him, but it seemed so far away. And, through his fuzzy eyesight, he noticed he was nodding.

Pulling himself together yet again, he grabbed her hand and lead her away, up the stairs to his room.

The Doctor tried not to notice how River knew where everything was. How she knew which door lead to the dressing room, and which one lead to the en-suite. How she knew what he kept in his bedside draws. How she knew the TARDIS would've put her towel next to his on the rail. The foreshadowing wasn't doing the Doctor's panicking heart rates any good.

"It must be very early for you," she said with a hint of sadness.

The Doctor hated himself for that sadness. She'd worn it the first time she'd kissed him and he hadn't thought about it at the time. He'd since realised what it meant, and he knew it was something he had to put right. But not yet, he was hardly the right him for that. Now was about *this* her.

He pulled himself back to her, cupping her face in his hands and kissed her himself this time. If she was going to believe this was her last time with him, then he was going to put his back into it. She deserved everything he could give her.

She pushed him back onto the mattress with a gentle force, and he bobbed a couple of times as it gave under his weight. He smiled as she climbed onto his lap, rotating her hips over his as she pulled his bowtie from his collar with her teeth.

Seeing her do that, he knew he was in love.

The Doctor's hands gripped at River's shoulders and he moaned, feeling himself harden in his trousers.

"I haven't got all your clothes off yet," she admonished him.

"So?" He shrugged, burying his face in her curl-covered neck.

"So I'd like to see all of you. Get them off." It was an order he was quick to obey.

She helped him off with his jacket, braces and shirt, each thing ending up being thrown carelessly over his shoulder. He was just left in his trousers.

River pushed him back down onto the mattress and pressed her lips to his. It was deep and searching and he groaned into her mouth. She let him go, despite the keening noise he made, and began leaving a trail of chaste kisses down his body. She started with his impressive chin,

then carried on down, pausing at his Adams Apple to give it a luxurious lick. She nipped at his collar bones and sucked at his nipples in slow order, taking her time over him.

The Doctor was growing impatient. Rivers fingers ghosted over his stomach as she pressed her face into his sternum. She gasped as he pressed his hips up into hers, making her feel him, making him feel a fraction of the warmth he craved.

"Ooh, steady on, darling," she said.

River got back to work, trailing kisses down his stomach and up to the waistband of his trousers.

With one kiss on his soft flesh, she undid the button, then pulled the zip down with her teeth. His breath hitched in his throat.

She peeled his tight trousers off his legs, then flinged them onto the pile with the rest of his clothes.

"What about you?" asked his arousal-deepened voice.

He indicated her dress at her questioning eyebrows and she smirked.

"Just pull it off me?"

He didn't need telling twice. He grabbed the hem of her dress and pulled it up over her head, revealing her black knickers and naked breasts. His eyes raked over her bare body, revealed to him for the first time and he couldn't take them off her.

"You're acting like you've never seen me before," she said with concern.

His sudden panic was confirmation to her.

"Don't worry about it, dear," he answered her. "I'm sure it won't be your last, I have it on good authority."

She didn't look convinced. She looked like she was going to cry, but fighting it well.

"Shh, shh, shhh." He pulled her into his arms and held her tightly to him. "Don't worry about it, it's going to be okay."

"You can't know," she said.

"I can. And I promise." He kissed her forehead gently. "Do you want to get a drink of something or are you alright? I have some brandy left in the control room."

"No, no, no, no. I'm okay, trust me. Rather killed the mood, though."

"That's okay, we'll get it back." He pulled her head to his, lips connecting in a frantic and pleasurable kiss, the kind you hum or gasp into.

River did both of these things, especially when the Doctor's hand slipped into her underwear.

"I thought you'd be more nervous, first time," she said when he finally let her go. "You're being very forward."

"I am more nervous," he told her. "I'm not inexperienced. I was married, a long time ago."

"True. Well, then," she started trying to pull herself back together, "are we doing something to get that mood back?"

"Yeah." He guided her to lie back on the mattress and clambered to straddle her hips.

With a hand buried in her mane of curls, he pressed his lips to hers. His free hand stroked down her leg, which she pulled out from under him and bent at the knee. River then did the same with the other, leaving him pressed gloriously into her warmth. He gasped and gyrated his hips against hers.

The Doctor's lips released River's, and he pressed his face into her neck. His teeth bit into her delicate flesh and yanked on her hair at the feeling of her hips bucking against his length.

The hand he'd been using to caress her leg found itself pulled abruptly from River's knee to the soft dip of flesh between her hips. It tracked down south to her vulva, which was slick wet and waiting for him.

He lifted his eyes to ask her permission and, of course, he got it.

His finger slipped into her, quickly followed by a second then a third.

She was writhing about on the bed by the time he added the fourth, her face was flushed and her sweat-dampened hair was plastered to her face. With her lust-blown eyes she was quite a sight.

He removed his fingers from within her, deciding it was time. She hissed at the absence.

With a breath to calm his nerves, he pushed his aching cock into her.

The groan he pulled from her was like chocolate, and the feeling of her around him was like coming home.

He pulled in and out of her at a slow and steady pace to begin with. The sensation in his skin was electric, and soon his mind could think of nothing but her. She was where his universe started and ended. Where time began and faded into nothing. He was lost. Lost to *her*, and he never wanted to be found again.

Her legs wrapped around his hips, pulling him tighter to her, and her nails were leaving nasty scratches down his back. He would look at all the marks she was giving him in the mirror in the morning, and he'd be proud of every single one of them. He'd be rather sad when the memory of this night faded from his skin and he no longer carried her with him everywhere he went.

He supposed he'd just have to go back and get her to make him some more.

The Doctor groaned at the thought that there'd be a next time, and sped up his thrusts. River liked it. He could tell by the way her teeth closed around his shoulder, leaving another mark for him to cherish.

His climax didn't quite take him by surprise, he'd been expecting one at some point in the proceedings after all. But it was rather stronger than he'd imagined, and with his teeth gripping the base of her neck, he brought River with him. Thank goodness, he'd have felt bad about leaving her behind.

They collapsed into a sweaty, entangled pile amongst the sheets, sated for the moment and glowing with happiness.

The Doctor eventually lifted his head from where it rested on River's chest to take in her face, and maybe get her verdict. Her eyes were shut and a single tear had escaped them. He could tell by her face - she was thinking about *it* again.

He climbed up her so his head was hanging over hers. At the shift of his weight, she opened her eyes and saw him smiling reassuringly at her with his sex-ruffled hair and flushed cheeks. She smiled fondly in return and fought the urge to cry harder.

"It's okay," he told her. "Tonight isn't your last night, and I'll prove it to you."

Her face told him she didn't quite believe him, and he was - one day - going to make sure she knew she was wrong. And he knew exactly which day he was going to choose for that.

River watched the TARDIS disappear from her prison, clutching the bars tightly in white-knuckled fingers. The tears began to fall freshly from her eyes.

It was only a couple of weeks since his first night with her, and now - from her point of view - they'd had their last kiss. She wallowed in the unfairness of it all.

She was about to go and crawl into her bed when she heard the door to her wardrobe ominously creek open.

"Hello, dear," a voice from inside it said.

River turned to see the Doctor's head poking out of her wardrobe, a smug, proud-of-himself smile tugging at his lips.

When she didn't say anything, he stepped out of the wardrobe and crossed the cell to stand with her. He took her hands gently in his.

"I'm here to prove you wrong," he grinned.

"About what?" She finally managed to speak.

She was stunned, struggling to process what was happening. It didn't help all that much when he leaned in and kissed her.

He pulled back and rested his forehead against hers.

"About everything."

Amy and Rory: the Wedding Night

Chapter Summary

Amy and Rory's wedding night.

Chapter Notes

Fandom: Doctor Who

Paring: Amy/Rory

Characters: Amy Pond, Rory Williams

Rating: M

Words: 601

Happy tenth wedding anniversary to Amy and Rory Pond.

Inspired by a Twitter conversation between Steven Moffat, Neil Gaiman and a fan.

Rory shut their bedroom door behind him. Alone at last.

Well, alone save for the stunningly beautiful Amy Williams standing in front of him.

Amelia Williams. He never believed he'd live to see the day. But she did marry him and he was the happiest man alive.

A smile pulled at his lips as he gazed adoringly at the woman in front of him. His heart pounded in his chest as his eyes raked over her face, her hair, her curves. She was the woman he loved more than anything.

"What are you looking at me like that for, mister Pond?" she asked with gleaming eyes and he sighed.

"That's not how it works." He sounded just as defeated as already knew he was.

He half expected the Doctor to burst in to correct him, so it was a relief when his only opposition was his new wife shaking her head.

Rory looked over at the bunkbeds, which were fancy enough, but weren't exactly what he had in mind for their wedding night.

"Do you think we should ask the Doctor if we can change that?" he asked, pointing at the offending furniture.

"The Doctor would probably claim we were hurting its feelings," Amy reasoned.

Rory chuckled with how true that statement was.

"Perhaps if we made friends with it first?"

She laughed. "Come on, silly, it's not that bad."

Rory's heart pounded when she winked at him, and his arms wrapped themselves around her without his permission. Amy grabbed hold of his jacket lapels and pulled him to her for a kiss. He leant into her warmth, holding her tighter.

She hummed into his mouth, hands moving to his hair, clutching his sandy locks in her strong fingers.

She let him go, arms resting gently on his shoulders, and looked into his beautiful eyes.

"Get me out of this dress, husband," she ordered gently.

He smiled with anticipation, hands tugging at her dress. The garment fell away, pooling at her feet, her pale skin and gorgeous curves were unveiled before his eyes.

Her eyes raked unreservedly over his suit with a frown.

"Having said that, this isn't exactly fair," she considered.

"No," Rory agreed, hands reaching for his collar to undo his tie.

Rory felt the rungs of the ladder digging into his back, but he didn't care. Amy leant her weight into him, her naked pelvis pounding into his. His hands gripped the safety rails of the bunk above him tightly, not wishing the reprimand Amy would give him if he let go.

She was moving around him with great energy and speed, eliciting cries from his throat. Not very loud cries, but then Rory had never been very loud. Amy was though.

His body was already covered in marks. Bite marks and bruises blossomed on his bare skin, purple, angry and very, very, pleased with themselves. Amy had marks too, but not as many.

He was rather happy with the way his bite marks on her collar and the bruises of his fingerprints on other thigh turned out, though.

He kept his eyes on her flushed, red face, trying to commit every freckle to memory so he could have this night forever.

Rory pulled the covers over Amy as they laid beside each other on the bottom bunk.

She was smiling and happy and that was all Rory needed.

He pulled her closer to him in his arms, hoping she didn't mind his head resting on her shoulder like that.

And in the warmth and comfort of their little bed, they both drifted off into a deep sleep.

End Notes

Thank you for reading. :)

(This work will go on regular, long hiatuses.)

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