

## Happy

Author: CK

Rating: P6 / K

Pairing: Ten/Rose

Contents: They have each other. Even the TARDIS knows that's a good thing.

Disclaimer: As usual, I really would love to own what I love... but the show unfortunately isn't mine and will never be, but belongs to BBC, Russell T. Davies... and... well, all those wonderful people who do such a great job making this show.

A/N: It's my first attempt on Doctor Who, and while I think easy of thinking into American TV shows characters, it seems to be completely different with a British show... but since the idea wouldn't leave me alone... Well, you can say I'm a slave to my mind, muse and ideas ;)

Warning: Um... fluffy and kitschy. Just was in the mood for it.

Before she had come aboard the TARDIS, the room had been barely used. Who needed a living room anyways? But then she had come to his ship, the place where he was living, and had actually made it his *home*.

And now it was kind of a ritual, sitting together on the couch. The one with the oversized seat - big enough to let only Rose's feet hang in the air at the end - and the high back; the one made of wonderful soft material. They sat there, next to each other, and read or talked whenever they were floating through the space because they didn't want to land anywhere, but just have some time to relax.

The Doctor loved it. Rose loved it. And when her passengers were happy, the TARDIS was happy, too. Humming contentedly, she dimmed the light when they were again lounging in the seating area of this 'living room' and talked about their latest adventures, joking and giggling and laughing about silly and crazy aliens they had encountered.

"What's happening?" Rose asked, a bit confused by the sudden dimness.

"Don't know. Guess the TARDIS is happy. Good old girl always dims the light when she's happy and relaxed."

Rose giggled. "A relaxed ship? Come on. You just forget to repair something!" she joked and poked the Doctor in the side. He jumped - and suddenly backed away when he saw the devilish grin on Rose's face. "You're ticklish!"

"Am not!"

"Oh yes..." Poke. "...you..." Poke. "...are." Poke. And some very unmanly squealing filled the room.

"Stop it! Rose, that's not fair!" he whined and tried to escape, but she was faster and suddenly sitting in his lap with her legs straddling him, to poke him mercilessly. He squirmed and wound but it didn't help. She was just in the much better position. Until he realized that his position wasn't that bad either. And so he poked back. And she squealed, too.

"No, please, no!" she managed to bring out between her squealing and laughing and chuckling. First she held onto him, but then she tried to catch his wrists - unsuccessfully, that's needless to say. He was quicker and all she could do was going back to also tickling and poking him.

At some point, the Doctor tried out a new strategy - or maybe he was just too exhausted to still sit upright - and let himself fall to the side. She fell with him, coming to lie half atop him and still her hands wandered in a teasing manner over his stomach and sides and he desperately tried to hold her fast, but just like her, he didn't succeed. So he again did the only thing he could think of being useful in this moment - he teased back.

Through struggling and squirming and winding away, they were soon also too exhausted to go on, so their hands came to a stop, hers resting on his chest, his, with his arms around her, on her waist.

"Doctor?"

"Hmm?"

She lifted her head that had been resting on his chest, and looked him into the eyes. "I'm lucky to be here."

He kissed her gently, a kiss on the mouth, short and sweet and unusual, but it felt good and made her stomach flip. As made it his. "And I'm lucky to have you here."

Having her around was something neither the Doctor nor the TARDIS ever wanted to miss. Her being here and bringing life onto the ship made named ship happy, and seeing her laugh made his day.

And the TARDIS hummed happily her agreement.

END