

Promise

Author: CK

Rating: P18

Pairing: Ten/Rose

Contents: It was a promise, and she would never consider not keeping it.

Disclaimer: BBC, Russell T. Davies and Julie Gardner. But the good times end this year...

A/N: A different take on the goodbye scene between Rose and the Doctor in "The Impossible Planet"; story, however, is set after "The Satan Pit".

There was a light knock on the door. A *knock*. She never knocked. Well, she did, but only when she asked permission to enter his private rooms. But this wasn't his 'private rooms'. This was the reading room.

"Come in," the Doctor called, and sat up. He had been lying on a thick blanket in front of the fireplace, head propped up on some pillows, book in one hand, cup of tea in the other. He had even taken off his jacket, shoes and socks, as it had been more relaxing this way - and more comfortable, while lying so close to the fire. Rose had been tired after the black-hole-incident, and he had sent her to bed, allowing himself a few quiet hours for reading and also calming down the part of him that had been filled with fear - mostly fear for his companion, and that he would never see her again.

"Hey," Rose greeted him when she stepped in and closed the door carefully behind her. The comparably small room was soothingly warm and cozy, the crackling of the fire almost calming. A complete contrast to the nightmares that had denied her sleep in the previous hours. Although that hadn't been the reason for coming here; there was something else that occupied her mind.

"Hello," he smiled, but instantly sensed that something was wrong with her. Asking if she was alright, he slid aside, made some space for her on the blanket, between him and the fireplace, and put his book and empty cup aside. Yet she didn't move, but remained standing at the door.

"I... think I... I owe you something," she began shyly after additional few minutes of staring, and finally moved, slowly approaching him. She hesitated only for a moment, but then took place beside him and sighed when she felt the warmth of the fire hugging her body.

"You never owe me anything, Rose," the Doctor said with a gentle smile - and Rose knew that he didn't remember her earlier promise.

"You really could have done this before I put on my helmet," the Doctor complained playfully when she kissed the front of his helmet, and grinned.

"When this is all over, you get another one - without the helmet. Promise," Rose replied jokingly and gave his chest a gentle pad. "Good luck," she then whispered and watched him entering the lift capsule. She heard Zack counting down, and she waved one last time before the capsule slowly went down the mine shaft...

"I thought you wanted to sleep?" his voice brought her back from her memory.

"Couldn't. Keep seeing Toby and the black hole."

"I'm sorry. Really, I'm sorry." The Gallifreyan pulled her into an embrace and she followed willingly when he leaned back and lay down against the pillows.

"Don't be," she murmured. With her head resting on his chest, the beating of his left heart sounded in her ear, and she even thought she could here the faint echo of his other heartbeat. For a moment she just savored the feeling and the sound, assuring her that he, that they both were still alive and hadn't lost each other.

"I was thinking about where to go next and I know this small..."

"Doctor?" she interrupted him. His voice had been so low that she had had trouble hearing it over the crackling sounds from the fireplace, but the slight vibration in his chest that had accompanied his words had remembered her why she had come here originally. "You don't remember, do you?"

"What do you mean?"

"The promise I've made." She could tell by the silence that followed that his mind was working.

"To not be mad at me when I forget to put my teacup into the sink again?" he tried, completely clueless. She giggled lightly.

"I never promised that, Doctor." Her voice was serious, but another giggle that followed right after betrayed her sternness.

"I'm sorry, Rose, I really have no idea." Almost unwillingly the blond-haired woman raised her head from the comfortable position it had, and looked into his eyes.

"Just before you and Ida went down to the cavern I promised you something."

"Oh. Oh!" he exclaimed when realization suddenly hit him. Then he smiled. "I thought that was only a joke?"

"I never joke about things that are so important." While she spoke, she mimicked what she had done before, her hands framing his face, and when she had finished her sentence she kissed him on the forehead.

The Doctor smiled gently up at her when she pulled back and looked at him again. He opened his mouth, but the words lying on his tongue never made it across his lips when she leaned forwards again, and every possible sentence was caught in his throat when Rose's lips met his skin a second time, now on his cheek. She repeated the motion and kissed his other cheek and his eyes widened because she didn't make any move to pull back, but instead kissed her way to his mouth.

"Rose," he breathed, barely audible - right before her lips captured his. His arms that were still wrapped around her body tightened their embrace, pulling the young woman even closer. His mind was racing, debating whether he should give in or push her away gently, but his hearts had already made a decision.

Her touch was merely a question, like she was waiting for a reaction, an answer; but this time, the man who knew nearly everything lacked of an answer. The feeling of Rose's lips was overwhelming, and the sweet scent of her skin and hair like a caress for his senses.

In the end it was Rose who made a decision, when her tongue almost hesitantly wandered over his lower lip, asking for entrance; a request he wasn't able to deny her. Willingly he let her tongue slip into his mouth, let her explore him, until his tongue sought for her touch and met her. They greeted and caressed each other, the exploration of a new terrain, getting to know each other in a completely different way.

Her hands still rested at the sides of his head, her fingers buried in his hair, her palms covering his ears, letting him hear the rush of his blood pumping through his head, his veins, his body with increased speed.

She deepened the kiss, longing to get more of him, and he knew that he, shouldn't they stop now, would react soon in a way that maybe was too soon. He already felt the tingling that slowly spread into every cell of his body, consuming every inch of him - and his mind. Never should a Time Lord allow such an intense reaction if he wasn't willing to finish what he had begun. And yet he couldn't stop, especially because something in him wanted to finish it, had wanted it for such a long time now.

She felt right there, his Rose, against him, her fingertips caressing him while her lips melted against his and he could taste her, smell her, feel her.

But in the end, he knew he had to let his rationality win. Carefully he detached himself, tried his best to end the kiss and free his lips, although he was in a much worse position, not able to pull back because behind - under - him were only the pillows and the floor.

When her lungs longed for air, he used the opportunity to try and talk to her.

"Rose," he began, his voice loving, though more a rasped whisper than anything else, affected by the arousal claiming his body.

"Don't make me stop, Doctor. Please," the woman pleaded before he could go on, and her hands left his head to free him from his tie and slowly open the buttons of his shirt. Only one of his hands covering hers, but more so his eyes looking into hers with unknown intensity made her stop for the moment.

"My kind doesn't do that for fun or pleasure. Not... at all. And especially not the first time. Because the first time is... for bonding." He had spoken the words fast, afraid that he wouldn't be able to continue should he pause or explain.

"And what does bonding entail?"

"Rose... you... no, Rose. No, I can't do that," he shook his head and his arms loosened around her body. But the terribly hurt look on her face made him instantly regret his words. "Please... I'm sorry, it's just... it's complicated. You have to..."

"It's okay, Doctor. Really. We're from different worlds, I knew that from the beginning," she interrupted him, feigning understanding and changed from her position lying half on top of him to one beside him.

"Don't think you're not worth it, or that I... that I... wouldn't... I don't want you," the Doctor read her thoughts, trying to dispel her doubts.

"Then what is it, Doctor? Tell me, what is it that keeps us at distance, that lets us only hug and hold hands, but nothing else? We nearly lost each other today. We're always so close to death. I don't complain, no, but I... if we ever..." She paused, searching for the right words. It took her an eternity of mind-wrecking silence to continue. "I don't want to die one day, to one day face a true hopeless situation, knowing that I never... felt... that I've never felt you. That we never got the chance, no, never used the chance to..." She then stopped herself shortly, took a deep breath and finally managed to say the words that had been echoing through her mind for so long, waiting to be said. "I want you. I want to feel you. I want to feel what you express with these hugs and the handholding with every fiber of my body."

The Doctor's eyes widened at her words. He opened his mouth to answer, but closed it shortly after because no sentence, no word, not even a sound came out.

Lying beside him and still not looking at him, Rose was about to interpret his silence as ignoring her, considering her not being worth an answer, but then suddenly, she felt his hand grabbing hers, holding it tight, and entwining their fingers.

"It is not that I don't want you. I shouldn't - but I do. I do want you. But if we do this, then it also means that we have to form a mental bond. And... this mental bond allows no stepping back, no parting, no leaving the other.

We are bonded for life. You are so young, Rose. You have still so many years to live. I can't... enchain you to me like this."

His words repeated over and over in her head, the meaning sinking in. And although she took her time to really think about it, in her heart she already knew what she wanted. And what her answer was.

Turning towards him again, and leaning over him, her face too close for his eyes to focus on it so that he simply closed them, she whispered: "Make love to me. Bond with me. Make me yours. Because I never want to leave you. I want to stay with you. Forever." And then her lips touched his again. He responded, but eventually pulled back again, making her look at him.

"Is it truly what you want? Because even if you leave me and the TARDIS, you will never be able to be together with any other man."

"I know nothing is perfect, but... if I believe in one thing, then I believe that this can work. And that neither of us will ever want to leave. And that I never want to be with another man." His hand came up to cup her face, and Rose leaned into the soft caress when she lowered her eyes and whispered, "I love you."

For a moment, he forgot to breath. He didn't dare to believe his ears, and yet he knew she had said what he had just heard. His hand nudged her to meet his eyes again, and shyly she raised her gaze.

"My Rose," he said gently, "and I love you." And finally, he allowed himself to initiate a kiss, showing her exactly how much he meant his words.

The kiss lasted for the longest time possible; Rose took care of that. She didn't let go of him before her lungs practically screamed for air, but used the time to explore the depths of his mouth, finding out what he liked and sharing sweet conversations with his tongue, dancing and dueling with it. This time the Doctor didn't stop her when she pulled his tie loose and away, and then continued her earlier work of opening his buttons. Soon his shirt was gone, and so was the top of her pajamas. She hadn't felt the need to change into normal clothes before she had come to him, and she now was glad about it.

He moaned quietly at her naked breasts pressing against his chest, and claimed her lips again. Letting his hands wander over her bare back and to her butt, he pushed down the shorts of her pajamas together with her knickers as far as possible, before she tried to struggle out of them - which turned out to be impossible. Unwillingly, she ended the kiss and sat up to pull off the pieces of clothes and was faster back in his arms than he could take off his own trousers. Luckily, he was more successful in struggling the clothes off.

When she wanted to pull back to take in the sight of his naked form she had so often fantasized about, but he didn't let go of her and her lips, she instead let one of her hands creep downwards his body and to his middle; but she stopped when she found him still soft and limp. He could almost feel her confusion and rolled around with her, coming to lie against her side, and looked at her.

"I can't physically react to you without the mental bond. Not fully. While I feel arousal, it doesn't affect... everything of me," he explained and Rose blushed slightly. "If you are ready, then I'd like to form the bond now. Is that okay?" She nodded, and he continued, "I will try and increase your mental abilities, so you will hopefully be able to communicate with me mentally as long as the bond is active. It will only be when we both want it, and during... love-making."

Rose didn't trust her voice for a verbal answer, so she simply nodded again and pulled him down for another short kiss, and then pushed him back a bit to tell him through her eyes to begin.

He rested his fingertips against her temples and her jaw and closed his eyes, and she mimicked the motion, her eyelids falling shut.

At first, it was like a soft tickle against her mind, and she was momentarily shocked that she actually *felt* it, since her mind was nothing physical. The tickling was a request, she realized; he asked for entrance. Willingly she gave him the permission to enter, and a silvery fog began to fill her mind, gently and carefully moving onwards. And then she half saw, half felt another fog - a golden one, with a soft shimmer of pink. The mental image of a hand from the silver fog reaching towards the golden-pink one formed before her inner eye, and she knew she was the latter one, and that she needed to take the "hand" of the first.

The moment she took this imaginary hand, her mind was filled with a bright light. She tried to close her eyes, but realized she couldn't, and panic took hold of her, but was gone as fast as it had come when the light decreased and she didn't feel any pain that would have been normally caused by such blinding light. Left was only a soothing warmth coating her that competed with the heat from the fireplace.

Somewhere through the clouds and lights her mind was filled with, she felt his growing hardness against her leg. And she felt her heartbeat quicken, like her body knew instinctively that the bond was now fully formed, as she now had this effect on him.

"Keep your eyes closed and see with your mind," his soft voice echoed through her head.

"Okay," she answered, though she didn't know exactly how she did it, since her lips hadn't moved.

She felt him move above her; and then he began kissing her. He kissed every millimeter he could reach, covered her body with the caresses of his lips. He sucked lightly at her neck, the massage of her pulse point by his tongue making her feel dizzy, and then moved further down, over her clavicles, his mouth closing over the bones sending a shiver down her back. His hands left her head, now that the connection was stable, and joined his mouth that had reached her left breast, and while he kneaded her firm mounds, his tongue altered between teasing her left and right nipple.

Rose jerked into his hands and touch, and he smiled when she failed to move her arms; instead, they remained lying weak beside her, her hands only able to grab the blanket beneath them, her fingers curling into it when another jolt of arousal went through her.

When her pink nubs stood hard, he left them to turn his attention to her belly. Tongue and lips and teeth went over smooth skin and curves, and Rose wound under him, waiting and wanting, asking and longing. And then his touch wandered lower, and she willingly opened her legs for him when their joined minds showed her in well-painted pictures what was happening.

His fingertips were the first to touch and test her. He had smelled her readiness before, but to actually feel it made his body react in a completely new way. His erection was almost painful and begged for release, but he wanted and needed to hold back for her. He entered her with one finger first, but let a second follow soon. His thumb came up to her clitoris, drew little circles around it, massaged it, and her hips bucked uncontrolled. She spread her legs even wider and he added a third finger to the first two ones, stretching her a bit, preparing her for him, before his tongue replaced his thumb and she lost it and came around his fingers, panting and shouting his name. He continued to caress her little pleasure nub and her over-sensitive folds till her orgasm subsided, and curiously licked up a bit of her juice, wanting to remember the taste.

When he slowly came back up, leaving little open-mouthed kisses on her skin, she finally found the strength to raise her arms in an intent to explore him. But her actions were blocked by his hands that pressed her arms back down onto the blanket.

"No, leave them there," he sent her a mental message and held her arms for a moment longer, before he released her carefully, making sure that she left them where they were.

"But I want to touch and taste you, too" she thought back, protest evident in her mental voice. He didn't stop his motions and continued kissing up her body when he answered.

"You will. Just not..." Through the silver fog, familiar warm, brown eyes looked intensely at her. "This time." And then the eyes smiled, a promising smile that set free butterflies in her stomach. Drawing a shaky breath, she let her head she hadn't realized she had lifted fall back into the pillows, and returned her attention to the sensation of his touch. When his lips reached her face, his penis pressed against her opening, and she moved her hips desperately, the need of having him inside her stronger than ever.

"Please, make love to me," she sighed towards his mind when she felt that he waited for her final permission.

And he entered her, slowly and inch by inch, and she couldn't decide between screaming, gasping and groaning. She felt the pleasurable sensations of his penetration in her mind and body at the same time, and it increased her arousal to unknown heights. He pulled out and pushed in again as slowly as the first time, withholding the urge to move faster, although his body longed so desperately for it. He knew that each of his movements would be felt by her in body and mind, and her mind still needed to adjust to the new sensations, although he could see and feel that she was quickly getting used to it.

Completely concentrated on the connection and still a bit weak from her first orgasm, Rose needed a few tries to bring her legs up and around the Doctor's hips, allowing him a better angle and to thrust deeper. Whenever he pulled back and nearly out, the pressure of her legs brought him back, asking him for a faster movement. Every time he was buried completely in her, she saw these little explosions or stars - she couldn't quite identify it -, something her mind translated into indescribable sensations she felt from her head to her toes. And she definitely wanted more of it.

The Doctor knew they were both heading straight for new heights, and carefully as possible for him in his aroused state, he plunged deeper and faster, his hips meeting hers harder and with increasing force and her body began to shudder when his pelvis brushed against her clit.

Her arms came around his body and hugged him tightly to her, closing the little distance that was still between their chests. Thus gaining more strength, she met him for another, and another, and another thrust, feeling the tell-tale signs of the pinnacle of her lust...

And then she fell.

Every possible muscle in her lower body seemed to contract and clench, and she screamed wildly when an orgasm, more powerful than each she had experienced before, took hold of her body. And mind. The fogs that had been barely touching now began to mix up, melting into each other. The harder the Doctor thrust into her, seeking his own release, the more they began to sparkle, until finally, he spilled his semen in her and the fogs sparkling brightly at the same time.

With her slowly calming down, the fogs also settled to the ground and vanished, as did the image in her mind.

"Open your eyes, Rose," the Doctor suddenly whispered, his voice full of love and affection. She was surprised to hear his actual voice this time, and not his thoughts in her head. She did as she was asked and was met by his warm brown eyes, filled with the same emotions as his voice, looking into hers. "Hello," he then continued quietly.

"Hello," she replied, her voice as low as his, and leaned up to kiss him.

She hissed when he pulled his softening member out of her, her sex hypersensitive to every touch. He lay down beside her and pulled her into his arms, her head coming to rest on his chest. Warmed by the fireplace, they just rested for a while, before Rose lifted her head, and her eyes met his.

"That was... that... was..." she tried to find proper words, but had to realize that there weren't any.

"Yes. It was," he smiled gently and dropped another kiss to her lips.

"Will it be like this every time? I mean... if we repeat this... if... um..."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll repeat this," he grinned at her, and she answered with a giggle. "And yes, it will be like this every time, if we want to. But now that the connection is established, we can also do... this... without the whole mental part, this very intense form. Might be easier... sometimes." He did his best to look innocent and solemn, but failed completely. Rose laughed shortly, but became serious when another thought occurred to her.

"We're bonded now? I'm yours?"

"Yes. And I'm yours, too. I love you, Rose. You have no idea how good it feels to say this."

"Could have said it earlier." The hand lying on his stomach slapped him playfully. "I love you, Doctor. But yes, I know how good it feels, trust me. I know it."

"You're not regretting *forever*?"

"Forever never sounded better."

FIN