

## **Droplets**

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Pairing: Ten/Rose

Contents: Tell me again - why did you have to park the TARDIS half a trip around the world from the town?

Disclaimer: The usual - love to BBC, Russell T. Davies and Julie Gardener for giving us such a great show... and the possibility to write such stories, because they don't those ideas in their episodes \*g\*

A/N: They might be slightly out of character, but... I just couldn't help myself, I needed to write this down ;)

It was like the clouds wanted to drown the planet. At least that was the impression Rose got when she and the Doctor jogged through woods and over fields - accompanied by heavy rain. If one could still call it rain, because the amount of water coming down onto them was more like someone was following them and pouring water from buckets over them. They were soaked through to the skin, no, to the bones and maybe even into their bones. Their clothes were, due to the water, terribly heavy and Rose felt the exhaustion in every single cell of her body. Even the Doctor had his problems with the rain, although it hadn't much effect on him as it had on Rose.

At first, it had been a good day. The Doctor had brought them to a planet with rather medieval people; therefore they had chosen fitting clothes and they had parked the TARDIS far away from the town they wanted to visit, to make sure no one would get suspicious - the Doctor had already made certain experiences on similar planets.

When they had left the TARDIS, the new world had greeted them with warm sunshine and singing birds; with a blue sky and trees of rich green whispering in the light breeze. Rose and the Doctor had walked hand in hand, never noticing the distance then; it must have been a few miles, but they were too lost in their conversation, the sweet nonsense and gentle flirting, and their laughter and giggling, to notice.

Eventually, they arrived in the town, barely feeling their feet hurt - or at least Rose's feet hurt, but she didn't pay much attention to it either, she just wasn't used to walking in those shoes she told herself - and were greeted warmly. They spent some rather nice hours until... well, until something for the townspeople probably very usual happened, but the Doctor couldn't resist playing the hero.

And using his sonic.

Using his sonic in the presence of people who thought "electricity" was some faraway magical land on the other side of the planet or between the stars; a place they would never see.

Unfortunately, the townspeople didn't think of the Doctor and Rose as travelers from mentioned faraway land. A whirring, glowing, silver stick that could repair their tools, improve and sharpen them, *and* help them lift the remains of a hut that was razed to the ground by a construction error raised suspicions. Additionally, the Doctor had of course to mention the part with the construction error - and insult the townspeople.

In the end, their peaceful visit resulted - naturally - in running for their lives.

"Tell me again - why did you have to park the TARDIS half a trip around the world from the town?" Rose yelled over the rushing rain.

The Doctor cringed - as far as it was possible in his running state and while he had to concentrate to not get the droplets into his eyes or slide on the muddy ground. Rose sounded anything, just not pleased. And a "not pleased" Rose was a very bad thing. It meant a lot of work to make up for it. As for her question, he simply pretended that he hadn't heard it; it wasn't a question to really answer it anyways.

The rest of their way back to the TARDIS was spent in relative silence; only broken by the rain and Rose's labored breathing. It still took them about fifteen minutes to reach the ship, but luckily their persecutors had either lost track or given up by this time.

The Doctor sent the TARDIS into the Vortex as soon as they had stumbled into the ship. Releasing a relieved sigh, he turned to Rose, who was still standing on the ramp, and beamed widely.

The beam vanished very quickly when he saw the look on her face and that, contrary to him, the arrival at their ship hadn't done anything good for her mood.

"They would have been very well able to rescue the boy themselves," she began anew, her voice deadly calm. They had had a similar conversation shortly after they had started running away.

"But not in time - he would have been crushed before they had been able to free him," he argued - again -, repeating his earlier words, with just the tiniest hint of hope that she would accept them this time.

Needless to say that she didn't.

"Why don't you trust people to solve their problems? They do it all the time, when you're not around!"

"Why can't I help when I'm there?"

"You always have to play the hero!"

"Do not!"

"Yes, do!"

"Do not!" Rose snorted angrily.

"Yes do. Just because you think you and your sonic screwdriver are so great-"

"Oi, we are!"

"-and that you can mend everything! And as a result we're accused of witchcraft!"

"I only wanted to help!" he tried for the umpteenth time, still convinced that he had done nothing wrong. Rose thought he had to know better; at least he was the alien who had traveled time and space for hundreds of years. But then, he didn't do all this running for nothing, and surely not voluntarily.

"Next time you have the desire to *help*, tell me, so I can kick you *before* we get chased over half the planet!" She paused shortly, and gave him a stern look. "I don't feel well. Guess I get a cold," were her words when she stomped out of the console room, walking into the direction of her room. The Doctor felt a pang of guilt and followed her instantly.

"Rose, let me take you to the infirmary. A cold is nothing the TARDIS and I can't cure."

"Playing the hero again?" she bit out, although she felt not as angry anymore; she felt rather amused.

"Rose...", he sighed, but didn't get any further when the blond-haired woman interrupted him.

"No, I'll take a nice hot shower and then I will go to bed; that's all I need right now. So if you excuse me." And with that, she slipped through her door, and closed it firmly behind her.

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She wasn't surprised to hear him outside her door about an hour later. She had showered for quite a while, just letting the hot water flow over her body. Then she had snuggled into her sheets, the warmth pure heaven after the rain and her soaked clothes had made her feel terribly cold.

Now she lay in her bed, her body temperature returned to normal thanks to the shower and the heavy duvet that was covering her, leaving only her head and her arms free, so she could read a bit.

It took him another five minutes to finally say something. She didn't know what he had done the whole time; but probably he had needed it to find some courage, since he knew her mother and more than once had showed fear that Rose could have similar fits of rage. And slapping.

"Rose? Rose, can I talk to you for a moment?"

"Sure," she answered, not moving, "you already do." There was a short pause.

"Can I come in? I... have something for you. Well, not here, couldn't have brought it with me, not without the TARDIS' help at least, and even then it would have..."

"Doctor! Stop rambling and come in," Rose groaned and rolled her eyes at him when he opened the door.

"I want to show you something. Come with me?" he asked and gave her one of his boyish-charm-smiles - the ones she could never resist; and he knew it. Sighing, she pushed back the covers, revealing her flimsy, pink nightwear that was barely covering her body. The Doctor swallowed at the sight and the tips of his ears copied the color of Rose's nightwear. He had never seen her with so less clothes.

Barefoot, she padded over to him, gesturing at her feet.

"Do I need...?"

"No, I don't think so." He did his best to pretend that he wasn't looking - or interested in looking, for that matter -, but his eyes were far too busy altering between looking into hers or somewhere behind her and not below her neckline that she knew there was more than interest. Suddenly, he turned away and went silently first. She followed him as silent.

A few twists and turns and moments later they arrived in front of a door made of dark wood and embellished with golden ornaments. Rose felt reminded of old fairytale movies, where doors like this one led into magical forests or cities. What was lying behind however was far more beautiful. Gravity was giving Rose's jaw a hard time when the Doctor opened the door. This simply couldn't be real. But it was.

A bath tub as big as at least four normal ones together stood in the middle of the room that was held completely in a mixture of dark blue - like the TARDIS, Rose noticed - and something bright she couldn't quite identify. Maybe due to the countless candles that illuminated the room, their warm light making it glow with a golden shimmer.

There was the sweet scent of vanilla and roses in the air, and Rose breathed in deeply, closing her eyes momentarily. Certainly the TARDIS knew all too well what she liked, and what she used when showering or bathing; the ship must have reproduced it as bath salts.

Rose let loose a little content sigh at the thought of gliding into the tub, filled with steaming water and topped by mountains of foam.

"You like it?" the Doctor asked carefully and in a voice that was almost a whisper.

"I'm still angry," she informed him, her lips forming a small pout when she tried to look as mad at him as she pretended to be, but her body language betrayed her when she leaned slightly into him, as did her voice that was gentle and warm.

And as soon as he had left the room, her mouth turned into a bright, happy smile.

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A light knock on the door made her crack open one eye, only to see the Doctor coming in and holding a huge mug with hot chocolate.

"Though you might like that; it's your favorite," he mumbled, looking like quite crestfallen, and Rose suppressed a smile.

"Yes, thank you. Just put it on the rim here," she answered and tried to sound indifferently. The Doctor did as he was told, but then sat down at the rim himself and looked down at Rose lounging contentedly in the huge tub.

"Come on, Rose, please stop this, alright?" The blond-haired woman raised her eyebrows at his words.

"Huh?" she simply answered, since she felt too lazy for more words.

"I know you're not really angry with me and I've been playing along because I felt guilty. But I think you can tell I've learned my lesson. So could you please return to your happy, lovely self?"

This time Rose couldn't help but grin. Had he really just said what she thought she had heard? She smiled widely at him, poking her tongue out between her teeth.

"How could I resist such sweet words?" she teased in a flirty manner and raised a foam clad hand out of the tub to let it rest on his that was lying on the rim. Instantly, he enclosed her smaller hand with his and squeezed it slightly.

"Thank you." He raised her hand a bit more and kissed it gently; and when she brought her second hand up to put it over their entangled ones, he only smiled lovingly. But only until suddenly she tugged rather hard at his arm and he lost his balance on the small rim of the tub and fell into the same.

He came up coughing, having swallowed a bit of the water; even his respiratory bypass didn't help in situations like this.

"Oi, what was that for!?"

"I don't think you've really learned your lesson. And knowing you, you probably never will," Rose answered cheekily, and grabbed his hand again when he tried to stand up and get out of the tub. "No, please, stay."

"But I'm fully clothed," he told her with a frown, like it wasn't obvious.

"Then put your clothes off," she shrugged and smiled innocently. The Doctor growled quietly, but followed what was something between a request and an order, and began to strip off his wet clothes, which turned out to be not so easy, since the cloth of his suit he had changed into after their return clung to his body. But in the end, he managed to get rid of everything save for his briefs, and when Rose giggled and said something about him being shy, he simply gave back that it wouldn't be appropriate to be completely naked in her presence. And then he murmured something about modesty. Which only was answered by more giggling from Rose.

They sat in the tub for a while, just talking. The TARDIS was warming the water so it held a constant temperature; they didn't realize how long they'd already been in there. Sometime, Rose half crawled, half swam over to the Doctor and leaned against him. He stopped mid-sentence, not really sure how to react. But soon, it seemed to be the most normal thing in the universe.

Rose was leaning with her back against his chest; her head rested on his shoulder and her soft hair tickled his face. One of his arms hung loosely around her body, his hand grazing hers or her arm from time to time.

And then, accidentally, his fingertips brushed her belly - and Rose flinched at the sudden light touch that sent a tingling sensation through her whole body.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..."

"It's okay, Doctor. No need to apologize. Nothing happened," Rose interrupted him, but stopped herself before a "It never does." that would have sounded very frustrated came out. Silence stretched between them; for a good five minutes no one said anything. And then his hand grazed her belly again. And she flinched again. But he didn't apologize this time. Rose frowned. Could it be...?

"You did that on purpose this time, didn't you?" she asked, not looking at him.

"Guess so," was all he said - and her eyes widened at the tone. Slowly she turned her head and almost gasped. His eyes were dark, the usual brown turned to black, and there was a sparkle she had never seen before. She didn't need his touch this time to have the tingling consuming her body. "Rose...", his voice was husky when he spoke, "may I kiss you?"

"You really think you have to ask?"

And his hand landed fully on her belly when his lips claimed hers.

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