

Good Morning

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Rating: P6

Contents: Unusual things are not always bad.

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A/N: When I watched Voyage Of The Damned yesterday, there was this one sentence from the Doctor that just wouldn't leave me alone - he said to Astrid "You should see me in the morning." - and... well, I don't need to tell the rest.

Why is it that I seem to can only write fluff for Doctor Who? Anyway - major fluff with the tiniest bit angst.

He woke up to a very unusual sound. Something was strange. Something was definitely not normal.

Something...

Him, waking up.

Since when did he sleep at all? Sure, he was capable of sleeping, and out of boredom he did it sometimes. Well, had done it a few times when he was alone and had no companions to keep him busy.

But at the moment, he wasn't alone. He had a wonderful companion who kept him more than... oh.

That sound.

That familiar sound, with that familiar voice.

The sound of someone giggling happily - and not very quietly, he needed to have a word about that with the giggling person - with this voice he was so used to that in some moments of his existence, he thought his life depended on hearing it.

Because it was the voice of his wonderful Rose.

Frowning just a little bit - he still didn't know why he was lying in a bed, why he had been sleeping and why Rose obviously was with him - he cracked one eye open and checked his surroundings.

The giggling became louder.

So he was in his room, in his bed, on his ship. Somehow calming to know that he was at least in this still-strange situation *on* his TARDIS.

Yet, it still didn't explain why Rose was... Rose was... was... lying beside him *in* his bed?

Closing the eye again, he frowned even more now, and with the typical 'I am deep in thought'-expression appearing on his face, he also had a new sound in his ears.

A golden, happy-Rose -Tyler-laughter.

Think, he told himself, think about what's just happening here. There had to be a reason why she was lying in his bed. It wasn't that it was actually shocking him. They were close, and besides it wasn't the first time they shared a bed. Not that anything ever had happened, no. He could never do that. Honorable promise of the Time Lords. Never seduce a companion.

Although...

Don't you dare! an inner voice interrupted that line of thought before he could even think about *thinking about* it.

Well, however. They had often spent the night together, sleeping in each other's arms... not exactly, mostly it had been her sleeping with him holding her when she again had a nightmare. How often had he felt guilty since it was more or less his fault she was having these nightmares - he was showing her the wonders of the universe, yes, but he was also often enough showing her the horror, too.

So he held her in nights when her human heart and soul suffered from the horror and pain she had to see and live through.

But he didn't sleep in those nights. And she hadn't had a single nightmare in the past weeks, he knew that.

What still left the question - what was she doing in his bed? In her pajamas, as far as he had been able to recognize it in the short moment he had his eye open, and under his blanket - she must have been there for some time. Even if he didn't mind, and he really didn't, he wanted to know it!

He never got to ask the question, though. Well, he didn't need to. Because before he could say anything, she already had. And then he didn't need to ask questions anymore.

"You do look absolutely cute in the morning, do you know that, Doctor?" her voice sounded softly in his ear, still containing a hint of the giggle. "With your hair completely messed up." The giggle wasn't only a hint anymore now.

Ah, right. The seducing-rule didn't go for companions. And the Doctor... was also *only human*, as earthlings liked to say. How could he have resisted his wonderful, beautiful, beloved Rose?

He couldn't. As well as he couldn't resist her small hands over his hearts, on his face, or *messing his hair up*. Or those lips of hers on his that felt so right there.

If it was for that, he would like to *wake up* every morning. Or more often.

He was a Time Lord, after all.

Mornings didn't need to happen only once a day.

END