

Captain Jack's Seduction by Xanthe



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Chapter 1 by Xanthe

The Doctor walked onto the main deck of the TARDIS, deeply engrossed in the gadget he was holding in one hand, while he tinkered with it using his sonic screwdriver. He was so absorbed in what he was doing that it took him several seconds to realize that something was wrong. Something was **very** wrong... He glanced up, and looked around, to find the entire room blushing a shade of very deep red. It wasn't just blushing either - it seemed to actually be pulsing. The Doctor's puzzled gaze fell on the deep, comfy sofa that had been set up in one corner of the deck, and then everything became much clearer.

Captain Jack was sitting on the sofa, or rather, sprawling suggestively was a more accurate description. There was a meaningful smile on his lips, and a distinct gleam in his eyes. The Doctor gulped, and looked around for a means of escape but at that moment Jack pressed a switch and the door swung shut behind them, giving a tiny clicking sound as it locked.

"I can easily undo that you know," the Doctor said, waving his sonic screwdriver in the air and depositing the gadget he'd been working on onto the console.

"Actually - no." Jack smiled apologetically. "I've de-sonicised it – nothing sonic will work on it."

"Hmm." The Doctor considered that for a moment, and then smiled brightly. "Nice sofa."

"It is, isn't it? Ikea. Xexnaa design. Circa 2085. At the press of a button it does...this." Jack pressed another button and the sofa transformed around him into a comfy double bed, complete with red satin sheets and artfully strewn rose petals.

"Well, that is handy," the Doctor said admiringly. "And I'm sure there's a very good reason why it's cluttering up my TARDIS."

"Oh yes," Jack purred. "A *very* good reason." He patted the bed hopefully. The Doctor hesitated. Jack sighed. "Always such hard work," he muttered, before obligingly transforming the bed back into a sofa. The Doctor looked reassured and stepped towards it, although there was something in his expression of the lamb going to the slaughter. He threw himself down on the sofa, long legs stretched out in front of him.

"So," he said conversationally. "I always knew it would come to this."

"That's right." Jack's hand wandered along the back of the sofa, came to rest on the Doctor's neck, and gently began stroking. "You can't expect a red blooded guy like me, cooped up day and night in a small box..."

"Well it's actually a really huge box," the Doctor interrupted. "With several floors and levels, too many rooms to count, and its own gym."

"A red blooded guy like me, cooped up in a really huge box with its own gym, at close quarters with a devastatingly attractive guy like you, not to eventually want more than the occasional hug and some suggestive banter," Jack finished, his fingers twining in the Doctor's hair.

"Ah. Well. As I said - gotta buy me a..."

"Drink first. I know," Jack said, with a nod. "So..." He pressed another button and a small drinks cabinet emerged from the side of the sofa. "I wasn't sure what you drank so I got 36 different types of alcoholic beverage from 12 different time zones," Jack said opening the cabinet to reveal a vast array of bottles, 3 tubes, and a chamber pot. "Zubian Empire," Jack explained apologetically about the pot. "They have weird tastes."

"I'll have a beer thanks," the Doctor said, nervously fingering the collar of his jacket.

"There you go." Jack handed him a beer and took one for himself. He clinked the Doctor's bottle with his own, and then wrapped his lips suggestively around the rim. The Doctor cleared his throat.

"Nice colours," he said of the deep crimson and black sofa. "Must have been hard choosing."

"It was. They have 16 different floors and they don't let you out of the building until you've walked every square inch of it and seen every single item of merchandise." Jack took a swig from his drink. "Now, let's get more comfy shall we? Why don't you take off that jacket? You

don't actually need it when we're on the TARDIS you know."

"It is a bit hot in here. Central heating must be on the blink again." The Doctor started to get up, but Jack pulled him down again.

"I might have adjusted it ever so slightly to make us more relaxed," he admitted, with a smile that showed an awful lot of teeth.

"Right. And the lights?" The Doctor glanced around the room, which had taken on a distinctly womb-like quality.

"Just a bit of mood lighting. To warm you up," Jack added helpfully.

"What about Rose?" The Doctor frowned. "She could walk in at any moment..."

"Nope. She's having her hair done. She's got a pile of magazines and a ton of chocolate. She'll be happy for hours."

"Yes...but...she might be upset. You and me..." The Doctor waved his hand at the sofa, and the dimly lit surroundings. "Here - alone." The Doctor shook his head. "I wouldn't want to hurt her."

"I thought of that." Jack smiled obligingly, and pulled out a scrap of paper from his pocket. "Dear Doctor," he read. "Just to let you know that it's fine by me if you sleep with Captain Jack. I have, and he's a really good lie - uh, I think she means lay there," Jack said hastily. "So go for it, Doctor and have a blast. Lots of love, Rose."

The Doctor frowned suspiciously and grabbed the scrap of paper from Jack's hand, to find the message scrawled in Rose's distinctive round lettering, complete with little hearts over the i's.

"Okay." The Doctor looked around helplessly.

"Okay?" Jack asked with a suggestive leer, scooting up the sofa so that his body was pressed closer to the Doctor's. The Doctor blushed. "You have done this before, right?" Jack said, one hand reaching out to gently caress the Doctor's chest.

"Uh..."

Jack's fingers found a nipple under the sweater and he stroked it expertly.

"Yes..." The Doctor nodded weakly.

"But not recently?" Jack asked.

"Not for awhile," the Doctor agreed with one of his big grins.

"That's okay...we can take things nice and slow..." Jack oozed over onto the Doctor's lap, and then, with a quick and well practiced move, straddled his victim, so that he was sitting facing the Doctor, his groin pressed up very close to the Doctor's. "Now, I've been wondering," Jack said, his fingers exploring the Doctor's nether regions through the Time Lord's jeans. "You've got two hearts...have you got two of anything else?"

"I've got two kidneys," the Doctor said brightly.

"Yeah, well, I was thinking of something else..." Jack waggled his eyebrows suggestively as their fingers continued their exploration.

"Oh. No. Just the one." The Doctor leaned back as Jack leaned in, and captured his lips in a long, slow kiss. Afterwards the Doctor lay there, his eyes half-lidded, his lips still wet from the kiss, looking rather dumbfounded.

"Been a long time since someone really kissed you, huh?" Jack said, with a grin.

"Mmm," sighed the Doctor.

"I've got more moves where that came from." Jack reached up and stripped off his white tee shirt. He threw it over his shoulder where it came to land, incongruously, half way up the TARDIS's main console.

"The problem is," the Doctor said regretfully. "That there might be some kind of spatial or temporal emergency, so I can't allow myself to be – um - otherwise distracted." He pushed Jack off his lap and lunged for the console as if he expected a Dalek to manifest itself right there and then in front of them.

"No need to worry about that," Jack assured him. "I've parked us in a quiet spot. There are no temporal or spatial anomalies for 3000 light years. I checked."

The Doctor turned back to answer that, only to find that the sofa had once again been transformed into a bed, and Captain Jack was lying on it completely naked.

"Come and get cosy," Jack cooed, patting the bed.

"Did it ever occur to you that I just might not find you attractive?" The Doctor asked, standing with his hands on his hips.

Jack stared at him, dumbfounded for a moment, and then burst out laughing. "Nope!" he said confidently. "Now c'mere or I'll come and get ya."

The Doctor sighed, every last vestige of resistance crumbling, and ambled back to the bed.

"Bet you never had a companion who made this much effort to get into your pants before," Jack said, pulling the Doctor down on the bed and swiftly divesting him of his leather jacket.

"Not really," the Doctor admitted. "On the other hand, I haven't always been as handsome as I am now." He gave a satisfied grin and his ears waggled ever so slightly as if very pleased with themselves.

"You really are a cutie," Jack agreed happily, pulling the Doctor down on top of him and giving him another long kiss. The Doctor responded clumsily, his hands fumbling to find an area of Jack's naked body that was safe to caress. "Hmm...it really has been a long time for you hasn't it?" Jack said as he drew back.

"About..." The Doctor paused and glanced into the air, doing some quick math. "693 years," he said brightly. "Give or take the odd kiss here or there."

"And I'll just bet that some of those kisses were very odd indeed," Jack grinned. "But 693 years? What the hell is wrong with you, Doctor?"

"I'm very picky." The Doctor gave another of his bright smiles.

"Well 693 years – that makes you practically a virgin." Jack paused to consider that for a moment and then gave a very lascivious smile. "I'm very good at first times," he purred.

"Well then, I'm in safe hands then aren't I?" the Doctor said, lying back on the bed expectantly.

Jack climbed on top of him, and the Doctor just lay there, stretched out, unmoving. Jack sighed, and then, exasperated, grabbed the Doctor's hands and placed them on his ass. "I can see I'm gonna have to show you everything," he grumbled.

"Yes please!" The Doctor continued to just lie there, his hands resting comfortably on Jack's butt. Jack leaned in for another kiss, and then sighed, and pulled back.

"You need to kind of move your hands around down there – do some stroking," he ordered.

"Right." The Doctor moved his hands in stiff, uncoordinated sweeps.

Jack sighed again but leaned in further anyway. They made out for a few minutes and then Jack moved the Doctor's hands again. "Just in there...that's nice...you can stroke even further...oooooh, that's good," he moaned.

"Ow." The Doctor paused what he was doing, a puzzled look on his face. "Was that meant to happen?" He said.

"What? Oh shit." Jack gave a grimace of annoyance as the Doctor pulled a compact laser deluxe gun from his rear end.

"I stubbed my finger on it," the Doctor said reproachfully.

"Well, I'll kiss it all better."

"You keep a gun up...there?" The Doctor looked intrigued. "Is that anatomically possible?"

"I'm very flexible," Jack grinned. "Now, where were we?" He settled himself down on the Doctor's chest again and directed the Time Lord's fingers back to where they'd been.

"Uh..." the Doctor said a few seconds later, drawing out a pair of laser cuffs from their hiding place.

"Damnit – I knew I'd put those somewhere!" Jack grabbed the cuffs and grinned suggestively at the Doctor. "Want to play slaves and masters?" He said.

"Didn't you say those would zap someone into oblivion if they moved out of range?" The Doctor frowned. Jack rolled his eyes.

"There IS more than one setting, Doctor. These double up as serious restraints *and* sex toys y'know. Put them on the right setting..." Jack fiddled with a switch on the side of them cuffs for a second, "And what happens is a nicely pleasurable erotic zing – mmm..." He gave a contented shiver, "Which your master can hand out if you're being good, or there's a setting that's more of a little slapping sensation, if you're being very naughty." Jack's eyebrows rose mischievously. "And I can be *really* naughty."

"I'll bet," the Doctor replied placidly.

"So, I think you'd make a really sexy top... how about it, Master?"

The Doctor shuddered, and Jack drew back, surprised. "It's the name," the Doctor explained apologetically. "It really doesn't work for me."

"Forget the cuffs then." Jack tossed them over his shoulder where they ended up on top of his tee shirt on the console. "We can have a lot of fun without them."

"Is it safe to go back in or are you storing anything else there?" the Doctor asked, putting his hands tentatively back on Jack's butt again.

"Nope – all yours now," Jack grinned. "I'm having a lot of fun...but how about you?" His fingers scrabbled at the Doctor's fly, and succeeded in opening it.

"Uh...there's something I should probably tell you," the Doctor said, as Jack began investigating the contents of his briefs.

"Mmmm....I'm just looking forward to finally finding out what we have..." Jack stopped short. "...here," he finished, finding what he was looking for, only to discover that it wasn't quite in the condition he wanted it to be in. "Damnit, you really *are* hard work," he sighed despondently.

"That was what I was going to tell you," the Doctor said apologetically. "It's a Time Lord

thing. Gallifreyans can only have sex if we're in love. It's an anatomical thing. Sorry. Just can't get it to work otherwise."

"Once every 693 years huh? I'm surprised it's that often," Jack said mournfully. "You're absolutely sure?"

"Oh yes." The Doctor smiled brightly. "Absolutely. Have to be in madly, crazily, totally and completely in love or...nothing. Nada. Zilch."

"Okay, okay, don't rub it in." Jack rolled off the Doctor and lay on his back beside him. "Finally meet a guy who really interests me, someone who I can really talk to, someone drop dead sexy – in a nerdy kind of way, no offence -"

"None taken."

"And it turns out he's the ultimate in unobtainable." Jack's entire body language was dejected.

"Or so you'd think...but...I can't believe it!" The Doctor turned to face Jack, a huge, beaming smile on his face. "It's been 693 years but I remember this sensation!" He grabbed Jack's hand and pulled it over to rest on his open fly. Jack gave an exclamation of pure joy, and then rolled back over on top of the Doctor again. He was busy examining the Doctor's newly aroused state, when suddenly he paused.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute..." He said, sitting up. "Are you saying...?"

"I must be in love with you! Yes! How brilliant is that!" the Doctor exclaimed.

"Now hang on," Jack said hurriedly. "Who said anything about love? I mean...I never said anything about love. Not that I don't like you, Doctor, because I do – a lot – but love...well, that's something else completely."

"I know! It's wonderful! Gallifreyans bond for life you see," the Doctor said cheerfully. "Once we're mated, we get to spend the rest of our lives together. It's kind of like those cuffs of yours – we have to be within an arm's length of each other or it's physically painful. Just think, you and me, together until the end of time – which could be quite awhile in my case. Not that I'll always look like this – sometimes when I'm regenerated I'm quite a bit older, and sometimes I'm quite a bit uglier, but that won't matter because you're in love with the inner me, and that's all you'll see when we have frequent sex, day in day out, entirely monogamously for the rest of our lives!"

"You *are* kidding, right?" Jack said nervously, backing off the bed, and landing unceremoniously on the floor. "I mean, who said anything about monogamy?"

"It's our way," the Doctor said excitedly, pursuing Jack over the side of the bed. He grabbed Jack's face in his hands and planted a big kiss on the other man's mouth. "Once we've completed our pair bond you won't even *want* to have sex with anyone else. Trust me,"

he said, his grin wide with anticipation.

"So I'd be like...your husband?" Jack's face screwed up in dread at the thought.

"Yes! And I'll be yours. We can shop for rings next time we land." The Doctor looked very pleased with himself. "It'll be a beautiful ceremony. Rose can be our flower girl."

"And if we don't complete the pair bond?" Jack asked, shuffling away across the room on his bare bottom.

"Well - of course then you'll be free to sleep with other people," the Doctor told him.

"It's kind of a big step isn't it?" Jack asked, grabbing his tee shirt as he passed the console. "Pair bonding? I mean...I'm not sure we're ready for that yet. We need to get to know each other a bit more first...don'tcha think?"

"Well, if you're having doubts." The Doctor shook his head gloomily. "I suppose we'll just have to take things slowly."

"Yes. Slowly," Jack agreed, reaching the door only to find it was locked. "He looked back helplessly at the Doctor, who was sitting beside the remote which Jack had used to lock the door in the first place.

"Did you want this?" the Doctor asked with one of his big, beaming smiles, holding up the remote control.

"Yes...please," Jack croaked helplessly.

"I'm really not sure I want to let you go that easily. Not now I've found the love of my life," the Doctor told him. Jack gazed at him in supplication, like a baby rabbit caught in a trap.

"Oh, go on then." The Doctor threw the remote to Jack, who caught it, unlocked the door and exited the room all in one very hasty motion, his firm white derriere disappearing swiftly into the interior.

The Doctor gave a pleased smile, sat back down on the bed, and opened up the drinks' cabinet. He quaffed two tubes of Xendorjuice in one go, then leaned back and grabbed his beer again. The TARDIS lights flickered on and off in a pleasing little display. "Stop laughing," the Doctor ordered, still grinning. "It was good though, wasn't it?" He considered it for a moment, and then burst out laughing. He laughed for several long minutes, wiping away the tears, before finally exhausting himself. "That, my dear TARDIS, was the sound of the tables being turned." He gave a little bow, and a peculiar sound, almost like a snort, emanated from the heart of the TARDIS.

The Doctor sighed, still chuckling to himself, and picked up Captain Jack's leather trousers from where they'd been lying on the bed. "I'll relent one day I expect, dear Captain," he murmured softly, caressing the trousers with long fingers. "But I think I'll make you work a

little harder for it first. You're too used to having things all your own way, you handsome devil. Besides, if I give in too easily, you'll lose interest and I prefer a very long, very slow seduction anyway. And of course..." The Doctor glanced over at the central console of the TARDIS, from where a faint, reassuring glow emanated. "It wasn't Rose he had to worry about being jealous, was it? He'll have to woo you first before he gets me."

The TARDIS's lights flickered again and the Doctor lay back on the bed, as always perfectly content with his most faithful and constant companion.

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