

Memories by Xanthe



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Story Notes:

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This is a sequel to **Two Hearts** but you don't have to have read that to follow this.

Chapter 1 by Xanthe

"Come in, Jack." Director Deveral beckoned him in, a broad smile creasing his handsome, craggy features. Jack grinned, and treated the Director to one of his most polished, time agent salutes, before entering the Director's office. "Nice to see you again, Jack." The Director gestured towards the two armchairs in front of his desk, taking up position in one of them, and Jack sank into the other.

"Nice to see you too, Director," Jack purred. Back when he'd been a raw young recruit to the agency, and the Director had merely been one of 3 Assistant Directors, Deveral had taken him under his wing, and at the time he'd pushed all Jack's authority figure buttons. They'd enjoyed a 6 month fling, once Jack had worked his way around all Deveral's issues about getting involved with someone under his command. Jack just wasn't taking 'no' for an answer, and Deveral had given in - eventually. Jack grinned to himself – they all gave in eventually. He'd never met anyone who could resist a full Jack Harkness charm offensive, whatever race, gender or sexual orientation.

"We have a mission for you, Jack," the Director said. "It's something important. Something only you can do."

"Bring it on." Jack grinned brightly, leaning forward eagerly. The Director considered him for a moment, and then got up and walked over to the side door leading out of his office to his personal quarters.

"I'll need to give you a private briefing for this, Jack," he said. Jack gave a little laugh, feeling sure that he knew where this was going. Their fling might have been over several years ago, but the Director was still a handsome man, and Jack had fond memories of their time together, so he was certainly up for whatever 'private briefings' the Director had in mind. He got up, and followed the Director over to the door. The Director stood to one side, and activated the door panel with his private pass code. The door whooshed open and Jack went to walk through...and then stopped, frozen, hanging in midair; beyond the door lay only dense white cloud, swirling wet and cold around his face.

"What's the matter, Jack?" the Director asked, his voice low and his breath warm against the back of Jack's neck. His arms slid around Jack's waist and he pressed his body against Jack's back.

"I..." Jack gestured at the cloud, and then looked back over his shoulder at the Director. Couldn't the man see it? "It's..."

"It's time," the Director whispered.

"Time?" Jack looked back at the swirling mass in front of him. There was no solidity to it - he knew that if stepped out into that dense white cloud he would plummet through the air and be lost forever.

"Yes," the Director replied, his tone suddenly becoming hard and cold. "Time for you to leave." He stepped back, and as he did so he released his grip around Jack's waist, and planted a kiss on the back of Jack's neck. Then he shoved Jack hard in the small of his back, and Jack toppled forward into nothingness, his cry strangling in his throat as he...

....woke up. The bed sheets were soaked with his own sweat, and Jack could still feel the clammy sensation of that white cloud as it had swallowed him whole. He lay there for a long time, blinking up at the TARDIS' ceiling.

"Just a dream," he told himself. "Just a dumb dream." Only it had seemed so real. And how could he tell the difference between dreams and reality, when he was missing 2 years of his memories? Or had the dream been metaphorical – had Deveral betrayed him in some way? Was it Deveral who had stolen his memories? Was that what the dream had been trying to tell him? Jack got up, exasperated. These types of thoughts went nowhere except around and around in his own skull, driving him insane. Usually when he had this kind of dream he got up, took himself out, and visited the nearest bar. It was much easier to forget when you were charming someone into bed – and it was nicer to associate the bedroom with pleasure than with these kinds of unsettling dreams. However, he was on the TARDIS, and he wasn't sure he'd be able to explain to the Doctor why he'd diverted them from whatever course the Time Lord currently had them on, to go off in search of mindless, but entirely pleasurable, sex.

All the same, he could do with some company. The Doctor kept strange hours – to be honest Jack wasn't entirely sure the Time Lord slept at all – maybe he'd still be up, and willing to while away a few hours until Rose awoke, and they went off adventuring together again. Jack stepped into the sonic shower – happily the Doctor seemed to agree with Jack that the shower was something that could definitely do with being a little more sonic – and then stepped out again, no longer wafting the rank smell of sweat behind him. He got dressed in black chinos and a black silk shirt that he'd picked up on his travels. He felt like dressing in black tonight – it suited his mood. Then he pulled on his boots, glanced at himself in the mirror, decided he looked so handsome he'd definitely get laid tonight if the Doctor wasn't some weird asexual alien and Rose tucked up in bed already sound asleep, and then set off.

He was disappointed to find that the main deck of the TARDIS was completely deserted. Jack glanced around to be sure, but the Doctor definitely wasn't anywhere to be seen. He must have been there recently though, because one wall of the TARDIS was playing a holographic image of a whirling mass of stars and planets. Jack knew that the Doctor liked to watch the starfield, and often spent nights fiddling around on the main deck of the TARDIS with this backdrop to his work.

"Looks like it's just you and me then, old girl," Jack sighed, sitting down, putting his feet up, and losing himself in the rushing stars. The effect was almost enough to send him to sleep, and a few minutes later Jack came to with a start – the last thing he wanted was more sleep. Who knew what kinds of dreams he might have this time?

"Does this thing have any other setting?" he asked nobody in particular. He got up, went over to the central console, and played around for a few seconds. The starfield flickered for a moment, and then disappeared...to be replaced by a landscape of some beauty. A pale pink sea lapped on the shores of a deserted lavender beach, while above the sun was starting to rise in the sky, illuminating several startlingly beautiful moons.

"Now, that's what I call a view!" Jack announced cheerfully. "Could you do me a slideshow?" He played around again, and the view morphed into a bright, vibrant city, with elegant silver and blue spires, and ships in all shapes and sizes whizzing into dock against them. The ships offloaded several gaudily attired passengers, and then set off again. Jack sat back down, and put his feet up again, and the picture moved on, revealing a mountain rising up into a misty landscape, as rain poured down the grassy slopes.

"Nice." Jack put his hands behind his head, enjoying the show. More landscapes morphed into each other, each represented to holographic perfection, every single small detail captured. It looked and sounded so real that Jack could almost believe he was in each and every one of these different locations. There was even a sensory factor built into the hologram effect, and he could smell the sea air and feel the breeze on his face, hear the sound of the people talking and laughing in the city, and sense the dampness of rain on his hair.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" A hard, angry voice cut through his picture show,

and Jack jumped and turned, startled. The Doctor stood behind him, breathing hard, his nostrils flaring.

"I was just..." Jack gestured to the screen, mystified, but the Doctor pushed past him, stalked over to the console, and slammed his hand down on a button. The slideshow froze on the haunting beauty of those moons, illuminating a slumbering city far below. "You never said there was anything I couldn't touch," Jack bristled, feeling angry himself now. "Hell, you left me here for hours on my own making extensive modifications not so long ago, so..."

"The TARDIS is mine," the Doctor said unnecessarily. "I tell you where you can poke your nose, okay?" He reached the end of the sentence and then his face creased into a broad grin, the tone of his voice at odds with the expression on his face.

"Okay." Jack held up his hands in mock surrender, still unsure where he stood. The Doctor's moods were generally mercurial – fascinatingly so, to someone like Jack. He liked the Doctor's unpredictability – it lent an air of excitement to every adventure they had, but sometimes it wasn't easy trying to figure out where the Time Lord was coming from.

"What's the matter? Couldn't sleep?" The Doctor ignored the frozen image behind him, and bent over the TARDIS' console, sonic screwdriver in hand, seemingly distracted by some aspect of the TARDIS' cabling.

"Yeah." Jack shrugged, and sat back down.

"Again?" The Doctor raised an eyebrow.

"I told you – I don't sleep well on my own," Jack said, giving the Doctor his usual suggestive leer. It never worked, but Jack figured it was always worth a try. The Doctor ignored him.

"Damn it you've broken the damn thing!" he growled, still not looking at the frozen scene behind him.

"Uh, excuse me, but you were the one who came in here yelling and crashed your hand down on it," Jack flared back, shortage of sleep and a sense of grievance, making him angry. The Doctor didn't reply – instead he began jabbing at the mechanism with his screwdriver. Jack took a deep breath, and then tried again in a more conciliatory tone.

"It's a beautiful place," he said, gesturing at the darkened city, lit by the bright, variously-coloured moons. "Those moons..."

The Doctor stiffened and the realization hit Jack full on, and he gave a visible wince. "Oh hell. I'm sorry. I didn't think...it's Gallifrey, isn't it? These are hologram images of Gallifrey, aren't they?"

The Doctor didn't reply, but redoubled his efforts to mend the button that activated the frozen screen.

"I wouldn't have looked if I'd known... I just assumed it was a random collection of places you'd taken holos of, that's all!" Jack said, crouching down beside the Doctor.

"Well you assumed wrong!" the Doctor snapped. "You'll have to learn to keep your nose out of things that don't damn well concern you in future."

Jack felt his anger flare up again. He didn't care how upset the Doctor was – he didn't deserve this.

"Oh, screw you," he snapped. "Yes, your planet's gone, but at least you have these." He waved his hand at the screen. "At least you have something to remember it by – up there and in here." He flicked his fingers against the Doctor's head.

"Oh I see." The Doctor paused what he was doing for a moment and glanced up. "You're comparing me losing an entire planet, a place that now, thanks to the Daleks, not only doesn't exist but never did, to you losing 2 years of your memories. What's untold countless trillions of people over thousands of years, all wiped out of history, against your missing 2 years after all?"

Jack felt his anger fade again in the face not of the Doctor's argument, but the look in those dark eyes. Jack knew he had many flaws, but nobody had ever accused him of lacking compassion, and there was an entire world of sadness reflected in the Time Lord's eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said softly. "I didn't mean to compare the two. I'm just saying..." He leaned forward and placed a hand on the Doctor's arm. "At least, while you're alive, Gallifrey is too, in a way. The Daleks might have wiped it out of history, but you still remember it – and for as long as you're here, then Gallifrey existed because you're living proof of that."

The Doctor gazed at him for a moment, and Jack was aware that the other man's anger had gone too – and he caught a glimpse of that same desperate loneliness that he'd seen in the Doctor's eyes once before. The Doctor nodded, and then, quick as a flash, was his old, jaunty self once more.

"So what was it about this time?" he asked.

"What?" Jack frowned.

"The dream? The one that made you get all dressed up and sent you out here to pester me." The Doctor grinned at him broadly, his eyes travelling up and down over Jack's black-clad body with something that Jack wished was sexual interest but was, however, merely curiosity. In fact, Jack was coming to the conclusion that the Doctor found his own curiosity more fulfilling than any kind of sexual orgasm. He'd never known a man get off on an unsolved mystery more than the Time Lord.

"Oh. That. I was pushed out of a door by someone I trusted." Jack shrugged.

"Doesn't sound too bad." The Doctor raised an eyebrow.

"Pushed out of a door into a big, swirly, white cloud of nothingness, doomed to float through time for all eternity," Jack finished.

"Hmmm." The Doctor grinned. "Well, I can think of worse things...but I can see how that'd unsettle you."

"Thank you." Jack inclined his head.

"Who was the someone?" the Doctor asked. Jack hesitated. "Not me?" The Doctor looked up anxiously.

"No!" Jack laughed. "Not you – someone I used to know, my boss back at the Time Agency in fact. He and I had a fling for awhile back when I was a cadet and..."

"Why am I not surprised?" the Doctor grinned, returning to his work, waving his sonic screwdriver over the button he had decimated earlier.

"What can I say? He was an attractive guy. It was during my older man phase; he had dark hair, going gray at the temples, and a macho dimple in his chin. His face looked like a map of the moon, all craggy, but he exuded the kind of charisma you don't often see. I worshipped him for awhile."

"But he betrayed you," the Doctor paused what he was doing and looked up at Jack where he was leaning against the console.

"Well, that's just it isn't it? I have no idea." Jack ran a hand through his dark hair. "He ended up being in charge of the Time Agency, so it's possible he authorized the removal of my memories...but I don't know that for sure. That's the point really, isn't it? It's the not knowing that's driving me crazy. I think I could even forgive whatever it is he's done to me, if only I knew for sure what it was."

"Hmm. Did you never try and go back to find out?" the Doctor asked.

"Back in time to when it happened you mean? Well duh." Jack made a face. "Of course – not just once, but several times, but they've done something to me – every time I get close to the time zone in which it happened, the ship I'm in just gets thrown out again, taking me with it. Of course..." he hesitated. This was something he'd been thinking of for some time, but he almost didn't want to ask, because he didn't want to start hoping again.

"Go on." The Doctor glanced up again.

"I've never tried in a ship like the TARDIS before," Jack said softly, holding his breath.

"No," the Doctor said flatly.

"Why not? The TARDIS is far superior to anything the Time Agency has – I mean, it's a Time

Lord's ship, isn't it? There's no way they'd be able to..."

"I said no." The Doctor leaped to his feet. "There – that's fixed it!" he exclaimed, pressing the button again. The screen behind him sprang into life, and the night-time city gave way to a hologram of a field containing a mass of yellow and blue flowers, their petals furling and unfurling restlessly in the gentle breeze.

"Why?" Jack asked, feeling that brief, flaring sense of hope fade in his heart.

"Because I did that once before. With Rose. 'Let's go back and see my dad'," she said. "'Just before he died. It'll be nice – a cosy little family reunion and I'll get to hold his hand.' Then before I knew it, we were changing history left and right, and we let in the reapers and the whole world started closing in on itself."

"Reapers?" Jack frowned. "You've seen reapers?" They'd been taught all about reapers at the Time Agency Academy, but he'd been lucky enough not to actually come across any of them in person.

"Yeah – and I don't want to see them again thank you very much. So the answer's no," the Doctor said firmly. He must have seen the disappointment on Jack's face, because he sighed, and put his hands on Jack's shoulders. "It never works – going back in time to try and help yourself. It just doesn't. I know. Trust me. It always ends up being more messy and more painful than you can ever predict."

"Wouldn't you go back – if you could?" Jack asked quietly. "If it still existed." He nodded his head at the serene landscape behind them, where the sun was setting over a desert full of ancient ruins. "If you could go back and save Gallifrey wouldn't you do it? I think you would," he said.

"No," the Doctor told him firmly, still gazing into his eyes.

"Please," Jack said. "Help me remember, Doctor." He saw a look of pain in the other man's eyes, and the Doctor's gaze flickered briefly at the holoscreen and then back to Jack.

"Remembering is very over-rated," he said softly, and Jack sighed, knowing the answer had been an irrevocable 'no'.

The Doctor released him, and moved swiftly away, back towards the console and went to snap the holoscreen off.

"Don't," Jack said softly. The Doctor's hand hovered over the button. "Leave it on. How often do you watch it? Have you ever watched it since you lost Gallifrey, Doctor?"

"No." The Doctor's back was as frozen as the holoscreen had been earlier.

"I thought so. I'd like to know about Gallifrey – watch them with me," Jack said. "Tell me about your world."

"What's the point?" the Doctor asked quietly.

Jack shrugged. "No point. Just...I'd do anything to have my memories back, and you'd do anything to run away from yours. I think we should surrender ourselves to the irony of our respective situations."

The Doctor snorted, but his hand didn't fall on the button. "This place looks nice." Jack gestured to the holimage of a bustling town that had replaced the desert.

"It was a dump," the Doctor said sourly. "They used to process squelchfruit there. You could smell the place for miles around."

"Squelchfruit?" Jack laughed.

"Yeah." The Doctor turned, and faced the screen for the first time, like a man going to his death. "It was poisonous when it wasn't ripe and you could only tell it was ripe if it squelched into a mess in your hands. Made lovely juice though."

Jack sat down, and gestured to the empty seat on the bench beside him. With a resigned sigh, the Doctor came and sat down next to him, his body tense.

"Tell me about this place." Jack pointed at the seascape, the same one he had seen earlier, as it replaced the town.

"Are you sure about this?" the Doctor asked. "I mean, other people's holiday snaps are hardly riveting are they?"

"This is Gallifrey we're talking about," Jack replied. "It's a legend. The fabled home of the equally fabled Time Lords – those mythical beings we've heard about but have never managed to find a trace of. If someone sat you down and offered to show you some pictures of Atlantis I think you'd be interested wouldn't you?"

"Not really. I went there once – nice views but a bit dull," the Doctor replied.

"Oh trust you. Mr been there, seen that, done it all, got the tee shirt," Jack growled affectionately, poking the Doctor in the ribs. The Doctor grinned and Jack felt the mood in the room lighten considerably. He rested his head against the Doctor's shoulder, and was surprised when the Doctor slid his arm along the back of the bench and rested it lightly on the back of Jack's neck.

"This was a beach near Stickyheart Point. Very peaceful," the Doctor murmured. "Well, except when they held the annual Time Lord's Ball there. Then it got quite noisy."

"Ah – and is that where you learned how to dance?" Jack asked cheekily.

"Certainly not. I never got invited!" the Doctor grinned.

"Ah yes – far too disreputable!" Jack laughed.

"I had my detractors, yes," the Doctor replied inclining his head.

"Bit of a maverick, even for the other Time Lords – yes?" Jack glanced up, just as the Doctor glanced down, and the other man's lips were suddenly very close.

"You could say that," the Doctor muttered, and then their lips met, and they kissed, a long, deep, soul-satisfying kiss, that Jack wanted to go on forever. He hadn't been able to stop thinking about kissing the Doctor ever since the last time he's kissed him. There was something about the Time Lord that made him unlike anyone Jack had ever kissed before. His lips were searching, but it was the glimpse of the Doctor's unguarded self that made kissing him so compelling. There was a darkness to the Doctor's soul, and an aching sense of loneliness, yes, but there was also a power and sensuality that Jack knew he could easily become addicted to. Last time he'd kissed this man, he'd known he wanted more than a casual fling. He'd been waiting ever since for the Doctor to realize he was for real, and to offer him a place in one of those two hearts of his, but he seemed to have been waiting in vain. Jack knew that this time he wasn't going to let the Doctor get away so easily.

Jack turned in the other man's arms, and straddled the Doctor's body. He placed his hand over the Doctor's chest and tuned out everything in the room except the sound of the Time Lord's two hearts.

"I'm not fooling around with you," he said, when he had caught the syncopated rhythm beneath his fingertips. "I told you – I want a place in here."

"I bet you say that to all the aliens," the Doctor said, leaning forward for another kiss. Jack stopped him with his finger.

"I never met an alien like you," he said. "And I'm not going to be satisfied with just kissing this time. Come with me?" He stood up, and held out his hand. The Doctor gazed at him for a moment, an uncertain look in his eyes that Jack didn't understand. Then the Doctor's eyes flickered back over to the holoscreen, with its images of Gallifrey.

"I know," Jack said softly. "I know how lonely you are. And yes, they're all gone, but that doesn't mean you have to be alone until the end of time, Doctor. These people you pick up, the people you choose to be your companions – they help, don't they? They help fill the void, but sometimes, when they're asleep, and you're alone again, it all comes back, doesn't it?"

The Doctor's dark eyes were fixed on him, the expression in them almost too painful to take, but Jack didn't shy away and held the other man's gaze.

"Come with me, Doctor. I know a good way of easing the pain," Jack whispered. "Or are you scared of letting someone in? Of being vulnerable..."

"No." The Doctor stood up, and then moved unexpectedly fast. He slammed Jack against the wall, and plundered his mouth urgently, until Jack was fighting for breath. It was a hard, brutal kiss, but it turned Jack on. "Not scared for myself," the Doctor said. "Scared for you."

"Don't be. Don't hold back. I want it all. I want you," Jack said and the Doctor's eyes seemed to explode with a dark intensity. He pulled Jack close, and kissed him hard again, and then they were stumbling the short distance to Jack's room, still locked in each other's embrace. The door opened and they fell inside. Jack pulled off his clothes in seconds, and then the Doctor was on him again, still fully clothed. He pushed Jack back onto the bed, and Jack went, easily. His cock was rock hard as he pulled the Doctor down on top of him.

"Take off your sweater," Jack commanded, and the Doctor obeyed. His body was slim and agile, sleek and powerful at the same time, but Jack barely had time to register that because then the Doctor was covering him with his lean body, claiming him with his mouth and hands.

Jack had never had so intense a lover in his entire life. The Doctor was relentless as he explored Jack's body, until Jack was whimpering with need. He motioned to the bedside table, and the Doctor retrieved lubricant from it, and then, with heavy-lidded eyes, he was leaning over Jack while he inserted slippery fingers inside him. Jack yowled with pleasure, but it wasn't enough – he needed more.

"Want you. Inside me. Now," he panted. The Doctor paused again, that uncertain look returning to his eyes, but Jack wasn't going to let him have second thoughts at this late stage. He grabbed the Doctor's face in his hands, and glared at him fiercely. "Do it!" he commanded, and the Doctor didn't need telling twice. He slid his jeans and briefs off his legs, to reveal a long, hard cock that Jack didn't have time to admire because the Doctor parted his thighs, slung Jack's legs over his shoulders, and thrust swiftly inside him. Jack gave a howl of pure pleasure as the Doctor entered him, as hard and as fast as Jack had wanted. The Doctor slid in, right to the hilt, and then paused.

"Ready?" The Doctor asked, and Jack was just about to scream with frustration, to beg, if need be, for the Doctor to thrust into him, over and over again, when the Doctor grinned that bright grin of his, only this time it was wild with sexual excitement. "You'd better be," he whispered, placing his hand on Jack's chest...and then the whole world stopped.

Jack was dimly aware of the sound of his own heart, under the Doctor's warm hand, beating in time to the insistent throbbing of his cock, and then he was aware of two other heartbeats, also thumping in a steady rhythm...it took them a few beats, and then they were all beating in time...all three of them keeping up a steady, drumming rhythm. Jack gazed at the Doctor, wondering what the hell was happening, and then time seemed to slow down.

"W...h...a..." he began but it took an eon for the words to come out and he gave up. All he was aware of was the sound of those heartbeats, and the feel, the glorious, wonderful, intense feel of the Doctor's cock in his ass, moving so slowly, so infinitely slowly, in...and out...in...and out...and the Doctor's hand was still on his chest, and the Doctor's eyes were still locked with his own. "Oh shit..." Jack said, but his voice sounded as if it were echoing in a

chamber; alien, disembodied, and still so slow. The Doctor's dark eyes filled his vision, and for a split second he didn't even know what was happening, but then he felt himself merging with the Time Lord, becoming one with him. Darkness filled his heart, and a loneliness so strong it threaten to burst out of him, but beneath him he could see his own face, reflected back, and he felt a surge of something powerful, something protective, something very much like...love?

"You wanted me," the Doctor whispered, his voice resounding not in the room, but inside Jack's own mind. "You still want me? This is what I am." Jack felt a dizzying sense of power, and for one split second he felt at one with every single moment of time in the entire universe. Could he take that? Could he handle this strange, alien creature who was currently inside both his body and his mind? Jack searched for an answer, and found it.

"Hell yes," he said, not out loud, but the words echoed around them both, and accompanying that was an unspoken sentiment that lingered between them; I can love you...if you'll let me.

The Doctor gave a grin so broad it almost split his face in two, and then time started moving again, slowly at first, and then faster, until it was at normal speed, and Jack felt the Doctor moving inside him, with rhythmic thrusts. He gazed up at the other man, his hands resting lightly on the Doctor's ass, totally lost in the moment. He was still joined with the Doctor, could feel the Doctor's pleasure as well as his own, and the sensation overload almost sent him out of his mind with sheer sensory joy. His cock was so hard he was sure it would explode, but now time seemed to go speeding up, going faster and faster...until the Doctor was just a blur above him, and the sensation in his ass, in his cock, in his mind, merged into one pure white light of pleasure and he felt himself coming, and then felt the Doctor coming, and the combined force of their joint pleasure was more intense than any sensation he had ever felt in his life before.

A long time later – a very long time later - he stirred. The Doctor was lying on top of him, still lodged deep inside him, and Jack didn't ever want him to move. He could sense the Doctor's mind, still lazily touching his, and sent out a tentative probe.

"Okay?" he asked, and he wasn't sure if he said it out loud or in his mind. A sensation of pure wellbeing and affection radiated back at him.

"You?" the Doctor asked, leaning forward and kissing him gently on the lips.

"Yes...that was...thank you." He kissed the Doctor back, and then groaned as the other man disengaged from his body, and rolled over onto the bed. He wanted to say something, but there were no words to describe what had just happened. They just lay there, lazily, and at some point the Doctor wrapped his naked body around Jack's and they both fell asleep.

Jack didn't think he'd slept so well in years – ever since he'd lost his memories. He slept for several hours, solidly and dreamlessly, and when he awoke, he found himself gazing into the Doctor's warm, dark eyes. He wondered if the other man had slept, if he **ever** slept.

"Now I understand..." Jack croaked, but his voice sounded cracked and strange, so he swallowed and tried again. "Now I understand why you hesitated. That's not something you can do with just anyone," he muttered.

"No." The Doctor smiled, and brushed a kiss over Jack's cheekbone. His hand stroked Jack's naked thigh, and Jack felt his cock responding hungrily.

"But it's kind of addictive," Jack said, glancing down.

The Doctor laughed. "Again?" he said.

"Yes," Jack whispered, moving in for another hungry kiss. The Doctor obliged, and then he turned Jack around so he was facing away from him. This time they moved lazily, without the necessary, frenzied urgency of the previous night's coupling. The Doctor moved close, so that Jack could feel his hard cock digging into his buttocks, and then he drifted away on a haze of pleasure as the Time Lord kissed the back of his neck. The Doctor's hands slid gently, lovingly, all over Jack's body. He stroked Jack's nipples until Jack was mewling with pleasure and then moved his hand down to cup his balls, stroking and playing with them, as he licked and sucked at Jack's earlobe. The bond between them was still there, and Jack could still hear their three heartbeats, still thrumming in the same time, as somehow he knew they always would from now on.

The Doctor reached past him for the lubricant, and this time he took much longer than he had last night, and spent what felt like hours rubbing inside Jack's anus, stretching and teasing him. Finally, he spread Jack's buttocks and slipped gently inside. Jack was still sore from all the previous night's exertion but that didn't seem to matter, as he welcomed the Doctor inside his body. The Doctor was aware of the sting through the link between them though, and he went slowly, carefully, and once again Jack was aware of that strange sensation of time slowing down. It had the effect of making him aware of the most minute details; of the feel of the Doctor's warm breath on the back of his neck, and the Time Lord's slick hand around his cock, and, most of all, of the warm burn of the other man's hard cock as it slid in and out, the movements so slow as to be almost imperceptible.

"Do you trust me?" the Doctor asked from somewhere inside his mind.

"Of course," Jack answered, without hesitation, and the next thing he knew he felt as if some part of him had broken open, and all that he was, and all he had ever been, drifted to the surface. He was a small boy again, running and playing with his brother. Now he was a proud cadet, just sworn into the Agency, earning his first stripes. Now he was on a mission, swinging his timeship fearlessly through space and time...and now...now he was standing trial somewhere...and the memory seemed to be filtered through white cloud, but he could hear Director Deveral sentencing him to have 2 years of his memories removed, and could hear his own anguished yell of protest...and then he was surfacing again, and the Doctor was still inside him, still moving slowly, holding Jack tight, keeping him safe.

"That's all I could get...sorry," the Doctor whispered.

"I don't mind. At least it's something," Jack murmured, stroking the Doctor's thigh with his hand.

Time stretched on endlessly, and a succession of memories, some his own, and some the Doctor's played through his mind. Nice memories, of Gallifrey and Earth, of lying in the beach in the sunshine, looking at brightly coloured moons overhead; of being caught in a sudden shower of rain; of a bustling town full of people and timeships; of places and times he'd never known, and some that he had, and all the time, through it all, he could feel the Doctor still moving inside him. It was the most incredible experience of his life, and by the end he was weeping, his body sated with pleasure, his mind bathed in the alien light cast by the Doctor's lovemaking, and then he felt his cock thrusting into the Doctor's hand, and he came...slowly, lazily, over and over again.

When he woke, he was alone. He felt a gaping chasm where the Doctor's mind had been, and now he suddenly understood how the Doctor felt every single day of his life, now that Gallifrey was gone. Jack got up gingerly, wincing slightly; his body felt strange – more relaxed and contented than he could ever remember it, but with sore points in places, that made him smile as memories of what they'd done the previous night came flooding back in. He took a quick shower, got dressed, and went in search of the Doctor.

He found him sitting on the main deck, his long legs resting on the console, gazing at the holoidimages of Gallifrey.

"Hey," Jack said softly.

"You're awake!" the Doctor grinned. "I was just..." He gestured at the screen.

"Yes." Jack sat down beside him. "I'm glad," he said.

"Yeah. I just felt it was time to watch them again," the Doctor said. "I'm sorry," he said unexpectedly. "Last night..."

"You were using me, yes." Jack nodded. He'd seen a glimpse inside this man's mind – he felt he understood him a little better now, but there was still a whole lot more to learn.

"Yes." The Doctor gave a little grimace. "To forget," he said, gazing back at the holoidimages of Gallifrey.

"I know." Jack smiled. "There's nothing wrong with that, but..." he reached out, and gently touched the Doctor's face with his fingertips. "Forgetting is very over-rated," he said. "I should know."

The Doctor gave a little laugh, and then he dipped his head and gave Jack a soft kiss on the lips.

"Thank you for reminding me," he said.

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