

Two Hearts by Xanthe



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Jack gazed at him for a moment, unable to even conceive of how terrible that idea was. Then, acting on impulse, he did the one thing he knew how to do well. He grabbed the Doctor's face, pulled him close, and kissed him hard on the lips. The Doctor came, unresisting, and his mouth opened up as Jack worked at him with his tongue. He liked the feeling of tightly leashed power that the Doctor exuded, along with an odd kind of dorkiness that turned Jack on. He kissed the Doctor with every single fibre of his being, wanting to connect in some way with that lonely alien he'd briefly glimpsed, with the aching chasm at the centre of his soul. The Doctor's lips were warm and hungry, and he responded to the kiss with a sense of deep need. It was, Jack thought later, probably the best kiss he'd ever had; raw, necessary, and real. They finally drew apart, and the Doctor opened his mouth to say something. Jack closed it with his fingers.

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The Doctor looked as if he was about to snort, but Jack stopped him by the simple expedient of moving in close, and capturing the other man's lips with his own. This kiss was less urgent than the first, lighter, and more flirtatious, but it tasted just as sweet. Jack drew back, and reluctantly disentangled himself from the Doctor's arms.

"Take your time, Doctor," he said softly, moving away, back to his room. The Doctor stood there, dark clothes, dark eyes, dark past, silhouetted against the starfield that danced behind him. "We've got plenty of it after all, Time Lord."

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"So, I'm not jealous – of you and Rose?" The Doctor still looked confused.

"Oh no. You're definitely jealous of me and Rose." Jack gave a gurgle of amusement and pulled the Doctor close again. He closed his eyes and felt the Doctor relax into his embrace, as he finally accepted that not only was Jack here to stay, but he wasn't taking no for an answer - with either the Doctor or Rose. "You're in love with her, and that's cool," Jack murmured as they swayed together against the backdrop of space and time, as it whirled past them outside the TARDIS. "You see, I remembered something else about Time Lords, Doctor." He placed both his hands on the Doctor's chest and glanced into the other man's eyes. "Two hearts," he murmured, feeling the steady thump of the dual beats under his fingertips. "One's already taken – she has that, and she deserves it too, our beautiful Rose. But the way I see it, that leaves the other one free and I'd like to be considered for the role of occupant."

The Doctor looked as if he was about to snort, but Jack stopped him by the simple expedient of moving in close, and capturing the other man's lips with his own. This kiss was less urgent than the first, lighter, and more flirtatious, but it tasted just as sweet. Jack drew back, and reluctantly disentangled himself from the Doctor's arms.

"Take your time, Doctor," he said softly, moving away, back to his room. The Doctor stood there, dark clothes, dark eyes, dark past, silhouetted against the starfield that danced behind him. "We've got plenty of it after all, Time Lord."

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