

Risks and side-effects

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Rating: P18 - definitely NOT kids-, parents- or work-safe!

Pairing: Ten/Rose

Contents: He never thinks about what effects certain alien substances have on Rose. Never. And now he has to deal with the consequences.

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A/N: Inspired by the message I got yesterday (don't you get any wrong ideas now!) and a bit by these guidelines - http://community.livejournal.com/time_and_chips/3643594.html - that make me fall off my chair every time I read them because they are so hilarious.

"Ow...", Rose groaned, her right hand massaging her left shoulder. She changed sides after a few seconds, and then again, after another few seconds, back.

"Everything alright?" The Doctor was lying on the floor of the console room where his companion sat in the jump seat, and worked on something below the grating. She didn't know what exactly he was doing - and right now, she didn't care - but obviously it was something the TARDIS didn't like at all, since she rewarded him with an electric shock from time to time.

"Apart from the fact that I feel every single muscle in my body? And that each single one of these damn muscles hurts like hell? Yeah, everything's fine, thank you," the Earth girl grumbled at him and made him look at her. He frowned, for a moment thinking about her words, then his face lit up.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, making Rose eye him suspiciously. Their adventures - the ones that ended in running, hiding, ducking and - did she mention running? - often enough started with exclamations like this one. "Then I guess I have just the right place for you." With that, he jumped up and turning, clicking and pulling several knobs and levers, he sent the TARDIS racing through the vortex. A few minutes later they landed, and grabbing his coat, the Doctor walked to the doors. He turned around and looked at her expectantly when Rose hadn't moved, but was still sitting on the jump seat.

"Come on. I promise, this time there won't be any running."

Rose narrowed her eyes at him, not quite believing his promise, but in the end she nevertheless followed him. Like she always followed him, despite knowing all-to-well what this mostly resulted in.

Her mouth dropped open when she stepped outside. A red and a silver moon shining down on them illuminated a sapphire blue ocean, a seemingly endless beach - and the only building in view's reach. A building that was better described as "palace", although even that word seemed to be too *small* for what was standing a few hundred meters away from them.

"What is this?"

"It's a spa. There's nothing else on this planet, only this spa palace. And since this place is not commonly known throughout the universe, it is very exclusive. Only special persons and members may enter. And guess what..." He turned his head into her direction and grinned winningly.

"Psychic paper," Rose simply said. It wasn't a question. She didn't need to ask about things like this; she had been traveling with him long enough.

"Nope, no need of that this time, because actually I *am* a member." His grin widened at her surprised look before he took her hand and led her to the building.

The procedure was pure heaven. She had never before received a massage, at least not a professional one. Once or twice, Mickey had given her one, and so had her mum. But it was nothing compared to what she was experiencing now.

At first, she had been hesitating when she had been asked to strip off all her clothes - every single piece. She wasn't so sure if they had understood her right, that she only wanted a normal massage and nothing... else. But in the end, she had given in, her body's desire to be freed from the ache and pain stronger than possible doubts and qualms.

Now she was lying on a massage table, her arms on her side, her face in the obligatory hole, her eyes closed - and her middle covered by a towel. The massager - the female of this species, as far as Rose could tell - made her forget her earlier worries. At first she worked from Rose's neck down to her lower back, paying much attention to all the little knots on the upper part, and worked magic around her lumbar spine that was sore from a few, or better many, unusual movements during their last adventure.

Of course hurt her back a bit from the treatment, but Rose knew - and had been told - that it was normal and would ease soon.

After spending a lot of time with her shoulders, arms and back, the massager turned to Rose's legs, omitting and never even coming close to touching the region that was covered by the towel. She kneaded the legs, causing a sensation that made the Doctor's companion *feel* how her muscles relaxed. The last part the massager paid attention to were Rose's feet which then enjoyed a reflexology.

About an hour after she had entered the spa the massager finished her work telling her that she should remain lying there for a few moments if she liked to. Then Rose was alone. The soft music that filled the rooms soothed her mind while the cool, but not cold air caressed her body. She felt wonderfully relaxed and could have fallen asleep right on the spot. But she knew she had to get up and return to the TARDIS where the Doctor was waiting for her. With new adventures, she guessed.

So she got up, dressed and left the palace, only looking back once and hoping that she would be able to convince the Doctor to come here from time to time.

He looked up smiling when Rose entered the TARDIS. He saw how relaxed she was now and his smile turned into the wide, trademark grin; he was glad his plan had worked.

"You really should have tried it yourself," Rose commented when she approached him, returning the grin.

"Nah, don't need that."

"Your body is human, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I've become... um... used to running over the years," he offered helplessly.

"But... when you regenerate, your body changes."

"It does, but it also... adjusts. However. You feeling better now?"

"Much. Thank you."

"You're welcome." They again exchanged a smile, before the Doctor reached for Rose's hand. "Come, I want to show you something," he told her, but the moment he touched her hand, she gasped and had to support herself on the console when her knees buckled.

"What the...," she managed to say, but then stopped to catch some breath when it seemed that there was nothing left of it in her lungs. The Doctor was immediately at her side and tried to help her, but when he touched her again, she made a sound between a scream and a groan, and jerked back. His eyes widened in horror and anxiety, matching the expression in her eyes.

"Rose? What is it?" he asked, careful not to touch her when he looked closely at her. He pulled out his sonic screwdriver and ran it along her body; unfortunately, its readings didn't help at all.

"I... I don't know. When you touched me, it was like... like..." Instead of finishing the sentence, she inhaled deeply and looked at him, blushing furiously. It only confused him even more.

"Rose? Please, tell me, so I can try to hel..." He interrupted himself when suddenly, his nostrils were filled with an unfamiliar and yet not unknown scent. It took him a few seconds to identify it - but then, it was his turn to gasp, even though it was quieter than Rose's before. He smelled arousal. The scent of human arousal.

Somehow, he had managed to bring her to the infirmary without touching her. It hadn't been easy since her legs weren't very steady, but the TARDIS had helped them, moving the infirmary as close to the console room as possible, and Rose had collected all her willpower to go there.

Now she was sitting on one of the examination tables - had been for about an hour - while the Doctor ran several tests.

"Why don't I feel anything when I touch the table or my clothes or something like that?"

"I don't know. It only seems to react to skin-on-skin-contact. I haven't found out yet what it is, but judging from my first analyses, it is the massage oil that is responsible."

"But... the massager was also touching me. And nothing happened."

"There might be a slight delay in the oil taking effect. Just wait a few moments; then we should know more." The few moments turned into some minutes - minutes that felt like half an eternity. Rose was so aroused she thought she was going to explode if she didn't find release soon. But she couldn't touch herself as long as the Doctor was around and he just didn't want to leave her alone. The beeping of some nearby machine finally announced the results.

"And?" Rose asked impatiently when the Doctor studied the screen closely.

"I was right. It is the oil. Normally it only makes the skin more sensitive because most of the visitors use the bubble bath and similar things after the massage, and it is even more relaxing when the reception of the nerves is on a heightened level. Obviously humans react far stronger to the effects of the oil than other species. I'm sorry, Rose."

"Can I wash it off?" she managed to ask, her voice restrained.

"Unfortunately not, but..."

"What!?" He tried not to let himself get distracted by her panic.

"But you can sweat it off. There is a workout room you can use. Only thing is... you have to be naked. The sweat has to drip from your body, it mustn't be soaked by your clothes, otherwise the substance will stay on respectively return to your skin."

"I can't even walk a few meters, and you tell me I should run or lift weights?"

"Good point," he admitted, and looked at her apologetically.

"Is there anything else I can do?" She already had something in her mind. But unfortunately, this required two persons. To be really causing sweat, at least.

Now it was the Doctor's turn to blush when his mind prompted him with the possibility Rose had already considered.

"Well... you can do everything that makes you sweat." His synapses almost burned when he desperately searched for anything else to do than *that*. Not that he wouldn't like to do it, but he couldn't possibly suggest it. She would probably think of him as a pervert, that he was using the situation, and then she would want to return home. He couldn't risk that. "The sauna! We have a sauna!" he finally found something and silently rejoiced that the tiny part in him that was slightly lecherous hadn't won.

"A sauna?" Rose echoed, frustration flooding her.

"Yep. Come on, I bring you... no. Just wait here a few seconds, I'll be right back. Only have to look where the sauna is and maybe I can make the TARDIS move it closer." He was barely out of the door, when he turned around again. "Seems like it has found us," he grinned and pointed to a door across the hall. Rose could only roll her eyes.

She hated saunas. She had always hated them. Her grandma had once taken her to one and it had been terrible. Maybe the worst experience of her life. As a little child sitting between old, sweating, *naked* people had been already traumatic, but the feeling to choke because of the hot, wet air had only made it worse.

And now she sat in one again; only that this time, she was alone. And she rather would have had company. Preferably a Doctor. A *naked* Doctor. But this particular Doctor was somewhere outside, doing *whatever*. Probably treating himself with another electric shock therapy.

Masturbation hadn't brought any pleasure or release. She had no idea why; normally it always worked. Just not this time. And this was the one thing she couldn't ask the Doctor about. Skin-on-skin-contact didn't seem to work as long as it was only her skin alone. Maybe that she could ask the Doctor. But first she needed him to come here. And right at the moment, she didn't feel any connection to the TARDIS, so calling him with her help was no option.

She jumped when she heard his voice right outside the door.

"Rose? How are you?" he inquired with a light knock.

"Come on in and see for yourself!" she gave back. She was surprised when he actually opened the door and stepped inside. But he turned around immediately when he saw that she was naked and not covered by the towel he had given her.

"Do you feel anything? Does the sauna and sweating already help?" he asked, facing the door he had closed so the warmth would stay inside.

"Try me," Rose answered, and he cringed slightly when he realized that she was standing right behind him. Suddenly, he felt her hand touching his, he heard her groan - what answered his question -, and then she tugged at the hand she had grabbed and turned him around. As soon as he was facing her, she launched herself at him, wound her arms around his neck - partly because her legs were about to give in - and kissed him fiercely. Again he could smell her arousal, and it was clouding his mind. Too late he noticed her hand in his pocket, pulling out his sonic screwdriver and, without even breaking the kiss, sealing the lock on the door.

He would ask her later how she had done this. Much later.

Right now there were other things on his mind. Like: He was trapped. Or: He was trapped with a very naked and very aroused Rose.

Breaking the kiss, he pushed her away a little, careful not to stare. Her beauty would made him break, he was sure of that. The kiss alone had had already visible effect on his body, and he just hoped she wouldn't see it.

"Rose, I don't think..."

"Doctor, just for once, please - shut up. I want you. And," her hand covered the bulge in his crotch, "don't tell me you don't want me, too." He suppressed a groan, but couldn't hold back a sigh. As he also couldn't held himself back from responding to her next kiss. His arms came around her and he kissed her back with all the force and longing and lust he felt, exploring her mouth and battling with her tongue as she pressed her hips against him, making him growl, an almost animalistic sound that made her grin against his lips.

His jacket and shirt and tie went flying to the floor when she stripped him, somewhere in between also landing his sonic screwdriver, buried in the pile of clothes. Next she turned to his trousers, expertly opening zip and fly with one movement, and shoving the piece of clothing down. He had pulled his sneakers off with his own feet, as he did the same with his socks. Stepping out of the trousers that pooled around his ankles, he kicked them aside, only to then bringing himself into full skin-to-skin-contact with Rose, what made her gasp and moan when waves of arousal and an almost overwhelming tingling rushed through her body.

He picked her up, winding her legs around his hips, his by now everything else than unaffected, but very hard cock pressing against her dripping core, and she desperately tried to lower herself onto him, but he didn't let her. Instead he sat her on the upper bench of the sauna, kneeled onto the lower, between her legs, and began to caress her body with his mouth and hands.

He sought and nibbled the soft skin on her neck, making her head fall back to grant him full access which he instantly made use off. His tongue trailed down from a sensitive spot behind her earlobe he definitely needed to remember for later occasions to the valley between her breasts, kissing her there, before turning his attention to one breast, while the other was spoiled by one of his hands.

Rose was completely at his mercy, the constant contact of their skin never allowing the tingling in her body to cease and making her weak and longing for his touch, more and more of it. Though she was sweating, the oil still seemed to cover her body.

His mouth turned his attention to her other breast, his hand filling the empty - and, despite the temperatures in the sauna, cold - place. Her nipples had risen under his ministrations, stood hard and very sensitive to every breath of a touch. Some part of her brain that was still able to form coherent thoughts wondered why her front was sensitive, too, and touch there also causing tingling, when the oil had only been spread on her back and legs, but she ignored the thought. Not that she would have cared at any time.

His hands kneaded and massaged her breasts when kissed his way down her body, until he finally reached the part of her where she wanted, needed him most. She screamed at the first contact of his tongue with her clit, opening her legs even wider, whimpering and begging him not to stop.

He didn't intend to. Not yet.

Slowly his tongue trailed down between her wet folds, lapping up the arousal that dripped from her and briefly entering her, but pulling back when her hips bucked off the bench. Her cry was one of frustration and loss, and he couldn't help but smile. Oh, he would make her come, but no one was rushing them. And he loved to take his time. He continued to tease her, his hands leaving her breasts, coming down to her knees, only to trail up the insides of her thighs before at last accompanying his mouth. He entered her with one, then two fingers, and her inner walls squeezed him desperately. He didn't move his fingers and licked and kissed her clit only from time to time, and she wound and writhed under his touch, wanting more, wanting release he still didn't grant. He held her at the brink of her orgasm, and didn't allow her to fall. He brought her to heights, only to stop every time right before she reached the ultimate, the highest point.

Her fingers were buried in his hair and her legs crossed behind his head when she tried to pull him closer, to stop him from *stopping*, until finally, he showed mercy, his tongue massaging her clit while his hand mimicked what his hips yet planned to do, and she fell, hard, crying out and grabbing his hair so tight it almost hurt. Her whole body shuddered, small beads of sweat rolled over her skin that was glistening with the slickness that covered it, and he could practically hear her racing heartbeat when he slowly came up her body, leaving feather light kisses on his way, at last kissing her thoroughly. Then he pulled back and waited for her to open her eyes.

"Okay?" he asked when she did so, and gently pushed back the hair that was clinging to her sweat-covered face. She only nodded and smiled weakly, breathing in deeply. Then she leaned forward and captured his lips with hers, her hand wandering down to his now aching cock that also begged for release.

Now it was her turn to make him sit down on the bench and kneel between his legs. One hand wrapped around his erection, she licked quickly over the head, making his whole body stiffen. Even more so when she suddenly took him into her mouth, her lips closing tightly around him, and her tongue playing with him. Her head moved up and down on his cock, going down as much as possible, before pulling back, but never quite releasing him. When her tongue licked the underside of his hardness, he let out a long groan.

"Rose," he managed to get out, making her stop and look up at him. "I won't last if you don't stop," he said, then grabbed her arms and pulled her up. Kissing her again, he laid her down on the bench where her towel was spread out so she wouldn't have to lie on the blank wooden surface.

Rose could still feel the tingling when his body touched hers, yet it wasn't as strong as before anymore. Not that it reduced her arousal; the wetness between her legs still there - despite her very intense first orgasm - and so was her need for him.

When he crawled over her, she didn't hesitate to open her legs and cross her ankles behind his thighs. In one swift movement of his hips, he buried himself in her as deep as possible, and they both cried out at the sensation. She was hot against his naturally cool skin, the heat of her core almost burning him. At first he didn't move, just lost in the sensation of being inside her, but then her hips rose to meet him, urging him to move.

He pulled out slowly, only to then shove himself in full length with a hard thrust. He repeated the motion, with every intention to make this last, but Rose had other ideas. Her legs slid higher, now wound around his hips, and pulled him against her in a rhythm that was becoming faster. When she suddenly reached down and her fingers pressed against the base of his penis, he lost control. His movements became frantic, and pulled out and shoved back in so hard that Rose cried out every time in lust and just the slightest of pain; but this only increased the sensation she was feeling. She felt his thrusts in every last part of her body, every cell and muscle, and all her senses and nerves were focused on the feeling of him filling her so completely and so deep.

The Doctor made every effort to not end this too soon. It was simply too good to be over now. The hot wetness surrounding him was pure indulgence, and something he hadn't experienced in a long time. His species wasn't focused on physical pleasure, like so many other species in the universe, but that didn't mean that they didn't enjoy some physical fulfillment from time to time.

And as far as he was concerned, he wouldn't mind experiencing those sensations more often. Rose was tight around him, her clenching walls massaging him when he rocked back and forth, and he felt his own release nearing as the tip of his erection hit her insides again and again. He felt and saw that the woman, this beautiful woman who was his faithful companion and now hopefully also his lover, was nearing her climax, too, when he sped up even more, his hips meeting hers in a desperate pace.

Her arms had found their way around his body and she pulled him down against her so she felt all of him. Her breasts pressed into his chest, her head was buried in the crook of his neck, and her legs slid even higher, changing the angle of him inside her and allowing him to thrust deeper. Her breath came in short pants, and the sounds coming from her throat altered between little cries and whimpers.

He supported himself with one hand when his other reached down between them.

"Come for me, Rose," he whispered into her ear and his fingers ghosted over her clit at the same time. The scream she gave when she obeyed him and reached her orgasm was almost deafening, and her body arched upwards, convulsing and shuddering violently when the waves of pleasure ripped through her. He followed her only fractions of seconds later, shooting his release inside her, and his cool seed made her only shake more.

The Doctor rolled them to their sides so he wouldn't crush Rose. Only after a few minutes, Rose felt able to open her eyes again. She looked at him lovingly, and then around her.

"It's not so hot in here anymore," she noted, still breathing heavily.

"We didn't pour water on the stones, so it got dryer in here. And dry heat isn't as bad as humid heat."

"We just had mind-shattering sex and you can still talk like a physics or geology teacher," Rose remarked giggling and pulled him to her for another short kiss. The Doctor just shrugged.

"Well, that's me," he commented, his face serious, but then he broke into a wide grin.

"You think the substance is gone completely?"

"Don't know. Do you still feel something?" he asked and trailed his hand down her body.

"Mhh... a lot," she purred seductively into his ear and a shiver went through his body.

"Seriously, Rose."

"No tingling anymore. And the other sensation... that's just you, I guess." She winked at him, grinning wickedly.

"But no, I feel nothing... unusual. Seems to be gone."

"Okay, then I suggest to wash the sweat off to make sure that everything is really gone."

"So... shower?"

"Shower."

END