

Down the Rabbit Hole

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Warnings: voyeurism, threesome

Summary: Transdimensional portals can be really tricky little buggers.

A/N: Okay so this is a crossover that sat in the back of my brain and festered until I wrote it down. Thanks to Soph for the beta. This was written before the Christmas special aired, or even the teaser for the Christmas special, so the canon breaks away at the end of the last ep of season 1.

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Rose stood next to the TARDIS console fiddling with one nail absently as she bit her lip and considered the emotions that had been flying around inside her for days. Her mind was like a torrent, whirling from one idea to the next as she did her best to sort through what was happening to her. She glanced over at the Doctor and wondered what she should say to him.

The new face kept surprising her, and he was very different in others ways as well, but when she looked in his eyes she saw the Timelord she had come to know; to love. That was one of the things whirling around in her head. She didn't remember much from after looking into the heart of the TARDIS, but things were coming back to her and the kiss would not leave her mind. The Doctor did not seem to be acknowledging it at all, but then she wasn't sure if that was for his benefit or hers.

The fact that Jack was dead had hit her hard and something deep inside of her did not want to believe it, but the Doctor had told her what he had heard. Jack had died trying to buy them time and it hurt. Denial was all part of grief, she remembered that from when her dad had died, so she was not surprised that she wanted to say it wasn't true. What did surprise her though, was the strength of the conviction she felt.

That she had been in love with Jack as well was no longer an issue in her mind, and she'd stopped trying to justify it to herself. That she had never acted on it was what bothered her the most. Acting on her other feelings for the man who was still alive was what she was trying to work up to.

Reaching down she picked up one of the tools the Doctor had left lying around as he tinkered with the TARDIS. The new regeneration seemed to be a bit on the scatty side, wandering off and leaving things when something else took his fancy, but so far they had not been in any life threatening situations so she had no idea if he was going to be that way all the time. It was as she was standing up again that a clear image popped into her head, an image of Jack. She could not possibly have seen him this way because he was dead and she had never seen the body, but it seemed so real. Rose felt power flow through her and she saw her memory open his eyes and breathe and with sudden clarity she knew that she had done it.

"Doctor," she said, throwing away every doubt that had plagued her over the last few days, "we have to go back; Jack's alive."

To her surprise there was not an instant dismissal.

"Jack died," the Doctor said after a few moments and Rose could see the pain in his eyes, "how could he be alive?"

"I brought him back," she said with absolute certainty; "Doctor, I brought him back."

It was almost as if time stood still as the Doctor looked at her and then he moved straight to the console.

"Well why didn't you say?" he said as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

"Here we are," the Doctor announced with a grin she had not seen on his face since he settled into the body and remembered they were one crewman short, "five minutes after we left. Shall we go and get him?"

Rose beamed back, she hadn't felt this happy since the whole Dalek incident had begun. Then she stepped out of the TARDIS and her good humour shifted to alarm. There was a large void in the room, a big space that she was sure had once been full of equipment, and for that matter floor.

"Oh," the Doctor said in what had come to be his usual understated manner, "oh dear me, that's not good."

An instrument that Rose had never seen before appeared from one of the Doctor's pockets and pointed at the offending area. For her part Rose walked forward and looked into the hole to the bulkhead below. What she saw made her panic because there on the grey metal was a set of clothes; a set of clothes she had last seen Jack wearing.

"Doctor," she managed to squeak as she felt tears start behind her eyes, "look."

The Doctor looked and then peered at the thing in his hand as if what he was seeing didn't really register.

"Doctor," Rose tried again because sometimes it took a lot to get his attention, "those are Jack's clothes."

"Yes," was all the reply she received and then the Doctor was headed back towards the TARDIS.

It wasn't until he reached the door that he seemed to realise she was not with him and turned.

"Well come on then," he said with a frown, "if we're going to dig him out of the trouble he is bound to have found by now there's no time to waste."

It took a moment for Rose to process that information.

"You mean..." she started and had to think about it again just to make sure she had not misheard, "you mean whatever this is didn't kill him? But his clothes?"

"Transdimensional portals can't transfer inorganic matter unless in a gravametric field," the Doctor said as if this was all perfectly obvious, "of course his clothes were left behind."

For a moment she felt like throttling him, but that was a familiar feeling where the Doctor was concerned so she followed him into the TARDIS instead. By the time she'd closed the door, the Timelord was busily typing something into the console and muttering to himself about something like irregular phenomena. Rose decided that enough was enough; she had had one too many shocks this morning and now she wanted answers.

"Doctor," she said, trying to keep her voice in check, "what's going on?"

"I told you," her rather frustrating companion replied, "a transdimensional portal."

"And that is?" Rose asked, maintaining her temper by the merest thread.

The Doctor looked at her with an annoyed frown that stayed for a few seconds and then vanished as if he realised that she couldn't know what he was talking about.

"A vortex between this dimension and another one," he said as he went back to doing strange things to the console. "They happen occasionally and people fall through them."

He mumbled something about 'deliberately' as well, but she couldn't make it out.

"And that's what happened to Jack?" she wanted to be sure, just in case this was an episode due to the regeneration.

"Yes," the Doctor replied with a smile, "and now we're going to follow him. The portal signature was very precise. We'll be a few days behind him; can't compensate for the time with a portal you see, but we can home in on him. Hold on though, it's going to be a bumpy ride."

And with that he threw a switch and the TARDIS lurched rather alarmingly. Rose had no choice but to do as she was told and hang on for dear life.

Rose stepped out of the TARDIS and completely froze as her mind came to a grinding halt. There was Jack, safe and healthy and, well, mostly naked. It was heart warming to see that he was as shocked to see her as she was to see him, but that didn't change the fact that the only thing Jack was wearing was a small towel around his waist, or that the wall in front of where Jack was sitting appeared to be a large screen of some kind that framed a very nice room where two completely naked young men were wrestling on a bed.

"Rose," Jack said in a very shocked voice before he broke into a huge grin, "you came back."

Then before she could do anything about it she found herself being hugged very enthusiastically by a semi-naked man.

"I thought you'd dashed off to save the universe without me," Jack continued as he pulled back, and as far as Rose could tell he did not appear in the least embarrassed by what was playing on his wall.

"I forgot you weren't dead until about an hour ago," she replied, deciding that she could worry about the porn show later. "How did you end up falling through a transdimensional portal?"

Jack gave her another grin, which coupled with his state of undress, threatened to melt her insides.

"Oh, so that's what that was; I did wonder," he said cheerfully. "I knew there was something off about this place and it rather explains the whole magic thing."

Rose wasn't sure she had heard that correctly.

"Jack," she said, putting her hands on her hips and making sure she had his attention, "the portal?"

"That just appeared," he said with a shrug, "and didn't give me a chance to get away. I ended up here."

At that moment the Doctor decided to join them.

"Good you're still in one piece," was his opinion as soon as he laid eyes on Jack.

Rose was pretty sure the Doctor had not remotely noticed the porn that was showing on the wall or if he had was as unphased by it as Jack. For a moment Jack just stared at the Doctor before grinning again.

"You regenerated, right?" he said rather nonchalantly, before grabbing the Doctor in a similar hug to the one he had bestowed on Rose. "Like the new you; more distinguished."

"Thank you," the Doctor replied with a grin that almost matched his old self.

"Come in, have a seat," Jack invited and seemed incredibly happy to see them. "Would you like tea? I'd offer coffee, but I tried some when I first got here and believe me, the tea's better."

Rose just nodded; she was British and tea was the ultimate cure for shock after all. It was as Jack seemed to be looking around the room for something that her eyes were drawn back to the wall. She couldn't ignore it any more. She had tried, she really had, but two young men completely naked just drew her attention without her conscious consent. The dark haired man had the blond pinned to the bed now and it was only when he looked up, almost directly at the camera that Rose realised he was little more than a teenager. Bright green eyes seemed to be looking directly at her and it was most disconcerting. Then she saw the scar; the lightning bolt scar on his forehead.

"Jack, are you watching Harry Potter porn?" she asked, both amused and slightly outraged at the same time.

Jack for his part looked confused for a moment and then grinned.

"Oh," he said and winked at her, "that's not a recording, it's a one way transparent wall, but how did you know Harry's name?"

Rose wasn't really very sure what to make of that reply.

"From the books," she said, trying to work out if Jack was pulling her leg. "Y'know, Harry Potter; Boy Who Lived; scar; Voldemort; magic; Draco Malfoy, pureblood prat - the books, as in fiction."

"Really?" Jack sounded quite surprised. "Well that's Harry and," Jack turned his head on one side looking at the wall, "he's about to bugger Draco senseless for real; nothing fictional about that boy, trust me."

Rose wasn't sure whether to blush or be hideously confused, so instead she looked at the Doctor, who most disconcertingly was holding a wand.

"Um?" was as close as she managed to a question.

"Dimension bleed," the Doctor said, still ridiculously cheerful, "it happens sometimes. A person in one dimension connects to a person in another and it comes through like imagination. This dimension and ours are very close after all."

This was all very difficult to comprehend and Rose decided that sitting down would be a good idea. The sofa gave her the perfect view through the wall so she stared at the floor.

"Let me get this straight," she said, trying her best to wind her head round the whole idea; "Harry Potter and magic and everything is real and we're in it?"

The Doctor nodded.

"And the magic is so cool," Jack said in a way that made Rose want to slap him since she was not dealing with this so well.

"How come you never mentioned this before?" she demanded, glaring at the Timelord for all she was worth.

"Because crossing into other dimensions is something that should only be done for very good reasons," the Doctor said, fishing in the pocket of his trench coat.

"And how many times have you done it?" Rose asked, unsatisfied with the answer.

"A few," was the reply.

Rose wasn't sure she could deal with this.

"Next you'll be telling me you're a wizard," she said, quite willing to sit in the corner and go mad.

"Well of course I am," the Doctor said as if she should have known, "otherwise I couldn't have come here. A person can only go to dimensions they're compatible with and this one only lets in magical people. Oh, here, you'll need this."

From his pocket the Doctor produced a second wand and waved it in front of her face; Rose just stared at it stupidly. Her brain had shrugged and was looking at the world going, 'huh?'

"Well take it then," the Doctor urged, "the TARDIS did a reading on you on the way over and this should suit you."

Very slowly Rose reached out and took hold of the dark wood; warmth spread through her hand and into her arms.

"I'm a witch," that really didn't compute at all.

"Well you didn't think you're a Muggle did you?" the Doctor asked with a laugh. "Rose, you are anything but ordinary."

She wasn't sure whether to take that as a compliment or not.

"But I don't know anything about magic," she insisted.

This was just too bizarre and to top it off she could still see the two boys out of the corner of her eye. Draco Malfoy, her mind tried to rebel at that idea, but it was a fact and she could not avoid it, seemed to be surrendering to Harry Potter.

"Course you do," the Doctor told her and as if to illustrate that there was nothing to it, created a puffy arm chair out of thin air and sat down. "You've seen into the heart of the TARDIS and she knows everything."

"But I know magic too," Jack pointed out and sat down next to Rose, who could not help noticing that his towel was only precariously wrapped around him.

"Rose must have given you the knowledge when she brought you back from the dead," was the Doctor's conclusion.

Rose found herself blushing when she realised that the Timelord's eyes were finally looking at the wall.

"But I don't remember anything about sex between Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy," she focused on one of the smaller things that was bothering her, "and that," she paused as she watched Draco allowing his wrists to be tied to the bedstead, "is definitely sex."

It was quite embarrassing how her eyes were so fascinated and her voice didn't seem to be working quite properly.

"Isn't it rather immoral to be spying on them?" the guilt she was feeling was minimal compared to the arousal, but she felt she had to voice it.

"They know we're here," Jack said as if that was perfectly normal, "or at least they know I'm here. Did you know on Yonlas V, voyeurism is the sincerest form of flattery for adults?"

Rose was still trying to deal with the 'know we're here' bit of the conversation.

"Very open people the Yonlasians," the Doctor commented as Rose sat there with her mouth open. "Had to turn down three marriage proposals last time I was there."

"Three?" Jack sounded impressed. "Boy, you must have been something in the sack to get three."

Rose stood up. She had only just admitted to herself she was in love with these two men and this was taking it a little fast.

"Why," she asked, fixing Jack with a stare, "are you watching two teenagers have sex?"

For a moment Jack looked as if he might joke it off, but then became more serious.

"Well they had the whole sexual tension thing going on between them that was causing them all sorts of problems," he said and Rose was surprised to see he was being completely honest, "and since they're on the same side now and have to work together I decided to do something about it. They wouldn't go for it on their own at first, so I had to encourage them and we came to an arrangement. They think I've been cursed and can only," Jack paused as if looking for the right word, "get off when watching two guys having sex, and I taught them about great sex in return for being able to be a voyeur."

Rose was horrified that it all made sense in a weird, Jack kind of way. Then something else occurred to her.

"But Harry and Draco don't end up on the same side," she said.

She had picked up the sixth and seventh books when she and the Doctor had stopped in for some shopping in 2010. Draco Malfoy had definitely died in chapter twelve of the last book trying to defend Snape who had been discovered as a spy for the Order of the Phoenix. Snape had then died revealing to Harry that everything had been to Dumbledore's plan, including the headmaster's death.

"Actually," the Doctor said thoughtfully still watching the wall, "I think that may well be why Jack was brought here. Transdimensional portals usually appear because the universe needs something done. What did you do Jack?"

Finally it was Jack's turn to look awkward, but it only lasted for a moment.

"I sort of landed in the middle of things," he said with a grin, "actually right in the middle of a curse. Snape; you know who Snape is?"

Rose nodded.

"Assume we know who everyone is," the Doctor replied with a wave of his hand.

"Snape had just casting the Killing curse at Dumbledore," Jack continued with a shrug that managed to loosen his towel a little bit more, "and I kind of materialised between the headmaster and it. Well the portal must have interfered with the spell because some of it bounced back off, hitting these other Death Eaters that were on the roof and the rest passed straight through me and was sort of negated when it hit Dumbledore. Seems it healed him completely rather than killing him like it was supposed to. The old man was very chirpy about the whole thing afterwards."

Rose did the calculations in her head about what that meant for everything.

"So does that mean Snape's cover is blown and Draco decided that sticking with Dumbledore was the best option?" she asked, just to be sure.

"Sort of," Jack replied, "but they haven't let me anywhere near most of the details. I think only Dumbledore believes where I come from, although they do all seem to know I'm not a Dark wizard, which is why they got me a wand."

A loud groan from the two young men behind the clear wall dragged Rose's attention back to the fact that sex was happening and she felt her whole insides do funny things as she watched Harry slowly pushing his cock into Draco's arse. It was quite frankly one of the most erotic things she had ever seen as both wizard's faces expressed what she could only think was something between agony and ecstasy.

"That's it, Harry," Jack encouraged, even though Rose was pretty sure the whole viewing thing was completely one way, "show him who's boss."

"Oh," was all Rose could manage.

"Hot aren't they," Jack said with a grin, "and such nice guys once you get past Harry's hero complex and Draco's pureblood pride."

Rose' mouth was going dry as she watched Harry pull out, his erection glistening with whatever they were using to lubricate the process and then ease himself back in. Draco was biting his lip and refusing to make any noise until Harry had sunk all the way home at which point the blond wizard gave in with an almost explosive moan. Rose considered herself worldly wise when it came to sex, but she had never seen two men engaged in intercourse before and she was very surprised at how hot and bothered it made her feel. The fact that she could already feel a slight dampness between her legs was not something she had really expected.

"So," she said, trying to cover her distraction, "are you involved with them then?"

She hoped the disappointment was not as clear in her voice as it was in her heart. They had come to find Jack and he was already involved with someone else; she had missed her chance.

"No," Jack said as if it was obvious, "it's just 'dancing'." He grinned since Jack always seemed to find their euphemism for sex hilariously funny. "They needed to learn how and so I taught them. It's a man's duty to pass on the secrets you know."

Rose wasn't quite sure how she felt about the just sex thing and could not help frowning a little.

"So you're not, um, in love with them then?" she knew it was a stupid question, but she had to ask it anyway.

Jack looked at her then, very seriously and gave her a tiny smile, very different from his irreverent grins. Slowly he walked over to her and it was as if her world narrowed down to just him. It was a little overwhelming and she turned, trying to reassert her sense of self.

"Sex isn't love, Rose," Jack said, standing so close behind her that she could feel his breath on her ear. "Sex should be about mutual pleasure, but it isn't love."

She felt herself being turned around and gave in, although she didn't quite know what to do.

"This is love," Jack told her, looking into her eyes and then took her face in his hands.

It was the same as just before he left to die and the kiss felt so sweet as his lips touched hers that it took away all thought from Rose's mind. Jack loved her back; she could barely believe it, but it was true. When he finally broke away she just stood there and watched as Jack walked over to where the Doctor was sitting and pulled the Timelord to his feet. The kiss between the two men held far more passion than the one she had seen last time and it only added to her arousal. Jack loved the Doctor too, she could tell, and that made everything almost perfect, but it was when the Doctor finally looked at her that she knew that there was no 'almost' about it anymore.

Holding her breath she could barely believe it as the Doctor made his way towards her. When he reached out and pulled her towards him she went with a little resistance as she had done with Jack and the kiss was just as sweet. It sparked a memory in the back of her mind of another kiss, but she could not make it out clearly, as if it had been a dream. A switch inside her closed and warmth spread through her whole body as she realised that she loved and was loved in return by two powerful and mysterious men.

"Finally," Jack's light tone broke the moment, but Rose could not help smiling as she looked at them both.

They were hers, they were really hers.

"Ah, but Jack," the Doctor said with an arched eyebrow, "you were so right that sex is not love, and until we were all about to die, sex was all you wanted. This is the first opportunity we have had to follow through on anything more."

Jack did have the grace to give a small bow and grin at that; Rose was pretty sure the Doctor was right.

"Oh Merlin, Harry," a very loud explanation drew Rose's attention back to the see-through wall just in time to see Draco arching off the bed and coming all over his stomach.

Harry was just holding very still with a look of such complete concentration on his face that Rose was impressed. The throb of arousal the sight sent flowing through her body rather made her remember that her baser instincts wanted a chance to play out. It occurred to her that it would take less than a couple of seconds to reach out and relieve Jack of his towel and she felt her face heating up at the thought. Jack was the one who was the free spirit and the whole idea made her rather hot and bothered in its unusualness.

"Will they come looking for you now?" she asked, using the blatant sex to distract her from the hypothetical sex in her head.

"Oh no," Jack said walking back towards her with a look on his face that made her suspect he knew what she was thinking; "they're teenagers and Harry hasn't finished with Draco yet. I gave him a whole host of ideas and now Harry has Draco all warmed up he won't waste it."

The Doctor was still standing next to her, closer than he normally would have done, just inside her personal space and Jack took up a similar position on the other side.

"Would either," Jack said, bending close to her ear, "or both," she almost jumped when he ran a finger up her arm, "of you like to 'dance'?"

Rose couldn't breathe as the ideas she had been trying to banish jumped back into her brain. What she had not expected to feel was a little scared, but the excited and fluttery feeling in her stomach was definitely tinged with anxiety.

"Rose," the Doctor said, taking her hand and gently kissing her fingers, "trust us."

Standing there looking in to his eyes she realised something.

"I do," she said with perfect certainty.

Her brain must have been completely soaked with sex or something because when Jack's arms snaked around from behind her and skilfully released the buttons on her jacket she didn't stop him. In fact she did nothing to stop him at all as he proceeded to remove every item of her clothing with a grace and charm that had her almost not noticing. The Doctor for his part stood there and watched with a tiny little smile of appreciation on his face. It was almost as if Jack had cast a spell on her, but she didn't think that this spell had much to do with magic, rather much more to do with the man himself.

Moving this way and that she helped a little and gave him access, but really she just stood there as Jack moved around her and only as nimble fingers opened the clasp on her bra did she react. As the material came loose she grabbed for it instinctively and found herself clasping one of her last remaining coverings to her chest.

"Still nervous?" Jack's voice asked in a husky tone in her ear.

Somewhat embarrassed, but not about to lie for the sake of it she nodded, biting her lip and trying to hide her face.

"Nothing to be ashamed of, Flower," Jack said, moving around to in front of her so that she had to look at him, "I'll just go see about the Doctor and let you ease into this."

Standing there in her bra, well undone clutched bra anyway, and knickers, what was she supposed to say? So she stood there, feeling like an idiot as Jack proceeded to walk towards where the Doctor had backed away a few paces. It was only then that she noticed the towel had gone the way of most of the rest of her clothes and Jack was now naked as the day he was born. How she had not realised that before she had no idea, but now his erection was rather prominent in her noticing. Rose couldn't take her eyes of it. Jack's cock was long and thick and it made her laugh as she realised it was just how she had imagined a sex god's cock would be. If he knew how to use it as well as he made out, Rose could see why he had a reputation.

Jack stood in front of the Doctor for a few moments as if they were communicating something silently that Rose was not part of, and then the Doctor turned and waved his wand at the sofa. Much to Rose's amazement the piece of furniture flowed from its current shape into that of a very large bed. Then the Timelord flicked his wrist at the wall, which paled out so it was almost opaque and threw his wand onto the bed before spreading his arms in a gesture that even Rose recognised as a come on.

Jack set about undressing the Doctor as carefully and as skilfully as he had undressed Rose, and she found herself watching every move. It was like poetry in motion and for one strange moment she was sure she was watching Jack do what

he had been born to do and then she realised it was just that her hormones were taking away all rational thought from her brain.

"You have no idea how long I've wanted to do this," Jack said as he peeled away the Doctor's shirt.

"Since the moment in the TARDIS when I pointed out to Rose that it might be me you were after not her," the Doctor said with a superior eyebrow twitch.

Jack stopped and put his hands on his hips, looking at the Doctor with a funny little grin on his face.

"Okay," he admitted, "maybe you do know."

Rose found herself giggling at that, which she felt was rather strange. Sex had never involved giggling before she was sure, but then again she had never been undressed so carefully before or watched someone else being undressed either.

She had never seen the Doctor's chest before, not in this regeneration at least, and she watched as fine muscle structure was revealed. Looking at him in his coat and suit the Doctor looked a little geeky, but under his clothes there was definitely all male. In fact Rose was so caught up in looking at the Doctor's chest, and Jack's bum if she was honest with herself, that she was kind of surprised when she realised that the Timelord was stepping out of his trousers and pants. Throwing caution to the wind and bashfulness to the back of the cupboard she stared and she could see why what she was looking at would have warranted three marriage proposals. Briefly it occurred to her that he must have been in a different regeneration for said proposals, but decided that maybe some things carried over.

It felt more than a little ridiculous to still be clutching her bra, but her hands did not seem quite ready to let go yet. Jack gave her a bright smile before pushing the Doctor back onto the bed. As muscles rippled under skin she almost had the courage to drop everything but not quite.

"We'll just start over here, Rose," Jack said, climbing between the Doctor's legs, "you join in when you're ready."

Rose had a sneaking suspicion she knew what was coming next and the dampness between her legs definitely became more pronounced. The way she could feel the blood pumping through her nether regions rather suggested that she was already ready, but her brain did not seem to agree just yet.

"Oh yes," Jack said, eyes fixed on the Doctor's rather healthy erection and then, the only way Rose could describe it was, he pounced.

Like a cat onto a mouse it had been after for some time, Jack launched himself into his chosen task with abandon, and those fine lips that Rose remembered on hers only minutes ago encircled the prize. The Doctor put his head back and gave a very satisfied groan as his cock was all but swallowed by Jack. Rose almost dropped her guard there and then as arousal took away the last of her embarrassment, but there was part of her that wanted to see this so she just stood there.

Jack almost seemed to be playing an instrument as he lavished his whole attention on the Doctor. Every part of him seemed to be focused on making the Doctor groan deep in his throat and buck into the touch. She had seen a guy

getting a blow job before, that one time her mum had brought the wrong video back from the rental shop, but this did something to her inside that that had not been able to do. Oh she could admit that gay porn turned her on, her reaction to the wizards next door proved that, but this was more than that. It sent shots of desire all over her body and made her want to climb on the bed beside them, but it also filled her with warmth.

Every move of Jack's head; every lick of his tongue; every touch of his fingers looked like he was worshiping the Doctor, loving him with every fibre of his being. Jack was a very physical person, Rose knew that from the time they had spent together, but it seemed he could also be spiritual in his own way. They always laughed about the whole 'dancing' joke, but it was like a dance and Rose was captivated by it.

When the Doctor rose off the bed as Jack deep throated him, Rose couldn't just be an observer any more and she dropped her bra and slipped out of her knickers without thinking about it. When she climbed onto the bed she was completely naked and she had one destination in mind. The small squeak of surprise Jack gave when she took hold of his cock made her smile, and the moan she elicited by brushing her fingers over the sensitive slit was very gratifying.

Jack was not the only one who knew how to make a man beg, and as he adjusted his position to give her better access she set about seeing if she could distract him from what he was doing. Jack did not taste quite the way she expected him too, but it was not unpleasant as she ran her tongue over the soft head and down the underside. He was silky smooth and she took him further into her mouth, enjoying the feel and the flavour. If the groan this caused from Jack and the resultant moan from the Doctor since his cock was still in Jack's mouth, were anything to go by, she was doing it right.

The art of deep throating was something she had never managed, but she took Jack in as far as she could, before pulling away a little and attacking him with her lips and tongue. He seemed to appreciate it never the less and she went about her task with abandon. She could feel the pleasure in him and she was enjoying it.

"Rose, Rose," Jack's tone was a little strangled and she found her head being lifted.

She was not sure how long she had been playing, but Jack's cock was definitely standing to maximum attention.

"Enough, Flower," he said with a grin, "or this party will be over prematurely."

That made her smile for reasons better known to her subconscious.

"I think, perhaps," the Doctor said from his still sprawled position, "that it is time we lavished some attention on you."

It was as she found herself being pulled up the bed between two very strong men that her well educated twenty first century responses kicked in.

"Protection," she said before Jack could kiss her and remove her voice. "Well it's not as if I've been able to stay on the pill with all this leaping across the universe is it?" she finished as they both looked at her.

"Hadn't thought of that," Jack admitted which didn't surprise Rose, but the Doctor just reached for the wand that was lying on the edge of the bed.

Rose felt a tingle as the Doctor muttered some words and pointed it at her, before he pointed it at both himself and Jack and said something else.

"All done," he said brightly; "no diseases, no infections and no little Jacks or Doctors."

Familiar with teenage human boys and their lines Rose's instinct was to scoff, but when Jack kissed her she forgot to be sceptical. When the Doctor pushed up behind her and nibbled her neck, she forgot to be anything at all except putty in their hands.

Jack's mouth was particularly distracting as he abandoned her mouth and started to tease her breasts. The first time he attempted to suckle one of her nipples Rose nearly arched out of his touch; it seemed she was rather sensitive there and the grin Jack gave her because of it was almost scary. The way he then proceeded to play her with perfect precision made her head spin. The Doctor's hand all over her back were rather distracting as well and her brain dissolved into mush as the pair of them robbed her of all sentience.

When fingers drifted between her legs she moved without any thoughts of resistance and Jack's delicate touch gently parted her.

"Oh god," she said, closing her eyes as fingers entered her and made her forget everything except their touch.

"I think you might be ready for us now," Jack said, moving back up her body so that they were face to face. "Are you ready, Rose?"

"Yes," she whispered and she had never meant anything so completely in her life.

As if they were communicating at a level she could not hear the Doctor moved away from behind her and Jack pushed her into the place where the Timelord had been lying. Then, much to her surprise Jack kissed her and urged her to continue rolling over. She came to a stop looking at the Doctor on his back and he gave her an encouraging smile.

"He's waiting for you, Flower," Jack said and she glanced over her shoulder at him.

The way Jack's eyes ran over her and then the Doctor was hungry with desire and Rose felt her body respond. At that moment she would have done anything for him, and although she felt awkward next to Jack and the Doctor's comfort with their nakedness she sat up. Running a hand up the Doctor's leg she skirted her fingers around the cock that had most of her attention. The shudder that ran through the Timelord made him seem more human than anything she had ever seen him do and for then he was just a man.

Lifting herself up she swung one leg over the reclining Timelord and carefully sat across his waist. Reaching out she ran her hands over the Doctor's chest, enjoying the feel of his skin under her fingers. She looked into his eyes then and saw nothing of the irreverent Timelord and Rose knew that all his attention was on her. She was loved; she could see it and she loved back, and now it was time to express that love. Wanting more of him, but not quite everything just yet she stopped touching for a moment and took the Doctor's hands, drawing them back

and placing them against her body. He needed little more encouragement and Rose just about purred as the Doctor's fingers began to dance over her skin.

Where Jack's mouth had teased her before the Doctor's fingers did now and she put her head back and arched her back. Her body was singing and she was tingling all over and for a few moments she just let herself enjoy it. Then she placed her hands flat on the Doctor's chest and lifted herself up again, this time moving a little further down. She felt the Doctor's cock bump the inside of her leg and she guided him into her, pushing herself down and feeling him spread her causing a delightful pressure inside.

The deep groan that erupted out of her throat was completely heartfelt and impossible to stop. This was not something she had been thinking about, or even something she had dreamed about because the Doctor had seemed strangely untouchable, but this was her perfect place now. He filled her and stretched her and it felt wonderful and for a moment she was totally unaware of anything else.

A hand on her lower back returned her focus to the outside and she felt the desire to move, but the hand held her in place with a little pressure.

"Bend forward," Jack said as she turned to look at him.

He gave her one of her patented smiles.

"Trust me," were the words that made her lean over the Doctor and lay herself against the Timelord's chest.

When Jack's hands began to massage her bum Rose almost sat up again, but the Doctor began to play with the base of her neck and she melted again. What Jack was actually working up to seemed less than important as she concentrated on the wonderful sensations running through her body. The Doctor was inside her; her Doctor, the untouchable Timelord who had seemed that one step out of reach. Somewhere in the back of her mind she remembered the possessiveness of the TARDIS and felt it herself now. The Doctor was hers, hers and Jack's.

Shock threatened to draw her out of her content state as a slick finger danced along the crack of her arse and she tensed a moment, but Jack had asked her to trust him and she did. She loved him and he would never hurt her; this she knew at a fundamental level and it took only a moment before the touch seemed pleasant and normal. When that finger slipped inside she gasped and tensed and the Doctor let out a sharp breath as her muscles contracted around him.

A light nip on her bum and then a kiss were her reward for not objecting and she tried to relax, but it took quite a long time to become accustomed to the sensation as Jack slowly moved his finger in and out. Rose had never been touched there before and it frightened her a little. Jack's ministrations were so gentle and so intimate that eventually she surrendered to them and was surprised by how easy it was when a second finger was added.

Now she moaned as she felt her body being stretched and her muscles giving in to the invasion. This was new and strange, but so incredibly erotic that only a tiny voice in the back of her mind objected. She had the undivided attention of the two men she wanted most in the universe and if this was what they needed she was happy to oblige.

The two fingers were withdrawn and she found herself rather disappointed; she had been enjoying the feeling. She would have protested, but they were replaced

very quickly as she felt two hands on her arse. It felt like two fingers being pushed back into her again, but the angle was wrong and her muddled brain couldn't work it out for a while until the intrusions moved away from each other. Jack's thumbs; she had Jack's thumbs up her arse and he was working her looser. The thought almost made her come there and then and she managed to incite a moan out of the Doctor as she clenched around him again.

"Tell me if it's too much, Flower," Jack said and all Rose could do was moan in reply.

Her nerves were overloading, but it was far from too much; she was in heaven. How long Jack worked on her was measured in sensation and Rose almost forgot that she was lying on and around another living being, until a second living being moved in behind her. When Jack finally pushed his cock into her, for a moment Rose thought she couldn't take it. Even with the careful preparation she felt overstretched and about to break, but Jack stilled as soon as she gasped.

"Relax," was the calm instruction, and it was as if his voice controlled her as she felt her muscles give and he was sliding into her.

Never had she felt so full, so completely taken as the Doctor and Jack both filled her and her body surprised her. The orgasm that ripped through Rose left her gasping and both men groaning as her muscles went into spasm around them.

"Well that's one down," Jack said with a laugh, leaning down and kissing the back of her neck, "now for number two."

Rose was not sure she could take that, but her body seemed to have other ideas as Jack began to move, urging her hips into motion as well so that she was rubbing against the Doctor. Both men had their hands on her hips and she had the strange notion that both of them had done this before; with Jack, not a surprise, but not something she had expected of the Doctor. The way they moved and moved her was sending bolts of electricity through her nerves and it was as if she was a passenger in her own body.

More quickly than she could have imagined she could feel the pressure in her rising again as her men moved with and inside of her. It was almost more than she could take as sensations swept through her like a tide, taking away anything except the touch of her lovers. Jack pulled her up to lean against him and his hands began to massage her breast with a gentle touch. They had a rhythm now, a wonderful, erotic, all encompassing rhythm to a beat only the three of them could hear.

When the Doctor's thumb brushed across her pulsing clit it was all it took to make her explode and she screamed. Once upon a time Rose would have said that a screaming orgasm was a drink, but at that moment she found out that it did in actual fact exist outside a cocktail bar. The muscle spasms started at her core and worked their way through her whole body, right to her fingers and toes as her brain fried on pleasure overload. Nothing made it into her thought except the overwhelming bliss as she abandoned herself to the experience.

She only came down again because she felt Jack carefully pulling out of her and then him and the Doctor carefully manoeuvring her off the Timelord and onto the bed. Protesting that the two men were clearly not finished yet did enter her head, but about all she could manage was opening her eyes. What she saw was her lovers continuing what they had started, but without her in between. For a moment she felt left out and then lust pushed that thought away.

Rose felt as if every bone in her body had melted and she lay on her side in a boneless sprawl. Her eyes were, however, very busy since her bed companions were clearly still both very much active. The way they were wound around each other excited her at a level she had thought was sated, but the two men beside her were more than erotic. Jack had the Doctor pinned to the bed and was rubbing his body against the Timelord's as they kissed passionately.

The strong line of Jack's back and arse made Rose want to reach out to touch, but she was loathe to interrupt them in their moment together. She had had both of their attention on her and nothing else and she wanted to give them their time as well. When the Doctor efficiently flipped Jack onto his back it was rather a shock, and Rose saw something else in the Timelord that had not been clear so far. Up until now Jack had been the driving force in this, but like the turning of a switch that had changed and Rose could feel the Doctor's dominance.

Very rarely had she ever seen the power that lurked behind the Doctor's deceiving façade, but she saw it now and her heart beat a little faster for it. Her fingers strayed to run over her own flesh as Jack saw the power as well and surrendered to it without question, driving a stab of arousal through her like a stake. The vying for dominance had lasted only a second and yet it spoke to a primeval part of Rose that wanted to curl up somewhere safe and be protected. The display was partly for her, she could tell, and she watched, breathless.

The Doctor picked up his wand again and pointed it at Jack, whispering words that Rose did not try and make out. The way Jack's eyes dilated even more and the way he let his legs fall open just slightly gave Rose an idea of what the Doctor had just done and she waited silently, wanting to see every reaction.

Jack's breath hitched in his throat and for once the master of the con, the man who was never stuck for a line seemed to be speechless. As Rose watched the Doctor moved back, kneeling up and slipped his arms under Jack's legs. The surprise was leaving Jack now and he needed no other hint and under Rose's lust filled gaze he placed his feet on the Doctor's shoulders. The Doctor must have had a complete preparatory spell up his sleeve because without further ado he lined himself up and pushed into Jack.

It was almost as if Jack lost all control of his muscles as he appeared to relax completely as the Doctor slid into him to the hilt. Jack's eyes had fallen closed and Rose watched his chest rise and fall. He looked as if he was in complete bliss and Rose felt as if she was witnessing a perfect moment. She could not help herself as she slipped her hand between her legs. The erotic sight before her made her body pulse and her heart beat resonate in her ears. These were her men locked together and she drank in the sight of them.

When the Doctor began to move Jack finally vocalised what he had to be feeling and the sound he made sent shivers down Rose's spine. Never had she heard anything quite so wanton and she pushed her fingers into herself feeling the wetness at her centre before beginning to rub slow circles around her clitoris. She could still feel where both men had been inside her and she imagined what Jack had to be feeling.

As her eyes followed each movement the Doctor and Jack moved together, whispering and moaning their reactions to each other. Rose did not mind that they seemed to have forgotten that she was there because this was still a gift to her; to see her men so complete was as erotic as their touch. When the Doctor finally reached out and took Jack's glistening erection in his hand Rose increased

the pressure she was applying to her own body. She knew both her men were close and she felt a need to join them in this.

Jack's breath was coming in short gasping bursts now and there was even a crack in the Doctor's controlled façade. Rose could see they were both teetering on the edge and when Jack arched his back with a cry and came all over the Doctor's hand Rose felt herself find the same edge, but it was only as the Doctor put his head back and shuddered silently, his face a mask of complete pleasure, that she felt her third orgasm lance through her.

It was completely incredible and as soon as Jack's eyes opened and found hers she went to them. The Doctor waved his hand over them and Rose felt her skin tingle as the evidence of their activities vanished and she found herself being wound in strong arms. There were no words as they arranged themselves on the bed, somehow all curled around each other with Rose in the middle and they lay there sated. This had to be the most perfect place in the universe.

"Merlin!" was the word that dragged Rose back to reality and she looked up to see two startled young wizards standing in a previously invisible doorway through the transparent wall.

"For once we agree," it was Harry who spoke; "that isn't quite what I expected. Jack, what's going on?"

Rose blushed from the roots of her hair to the tip of her toes as she realised that now she was the one on display. There was no sheet on the bed, or anything else to cover her modesty for that matter, so she did her best to hide behind Jack.

"No, Potter," Draco said and he did seem to be the most startled of the two, "I wasn't cursing. Are you completely ignorant? That's Merlin."

The blond wizard was pointing at the Doctor, who was lying on his back looking very pleased with himself.

"Malfoy," it was clear the two were back to antagonism rather than shagging as far as Rose could see, "Merlin has been dead for a long time."

"Now you see, that's why Muggleborns and Halfbloods are destroying our society," Draco sounded adamant; "you don't understand our history. Merlin did not die, in fact Merlin has appeared several times throughout our history and each time with a different face and that's one of them. If you actually read something except those rags that claim to print news you might have some culture."

There was either going to be kissing or a punch up, Rose was positive. Watching the two young men interact she could actually see Jack's point about sexual tension; the pair of them were oozing it out of every pore. Harry looked back at the Doctor in an exasperated manner.

"Are you Merlin?" he asked as if he didn't really believe he was speaking the words.

For his part the Doctor gave one of his annoying grins and if she had not been trying to remain small and unobtrusive in her naked state, Rose might have said something.

"Well I have gone by that name," the Doctor replied, much to Rose's surprise, "but you can call me the Doctor if you like."

The Doctor was Merlin, Rose wondered why that shocked her quite as much as it did, after all she should have been used to surprises by now. Draco looked at Harry with a superior smirk that rather went with his black and green silk robe, while Harry appeared to be trying to decide if this was some huge joke. As if to prove that he was not making it up the Doctor waved his hand with no wand in sight and a white sheet gently floated down on top of the bed, covering its three naked occupants. Rose grabbed at it quickly and half sat up with it clutched to her chest.

"Thanks," she said more out of habit than anything else.

Both of the younger wizards looked suitably amazed.

"That's... that's..." Harry seemed to have a problem with what he had just seen.

"Impossible," Draco finished and Rose noted that the two appeared to be in agreement again.

"Difficult," the Doctor said in his usual superior tone, "but not impossible. Harry, you and I are going to have to have a chat about some lessons because you have a lot to do this year and you really aren't ready yet."

Now Harry was just gaping, as was his ratty old bathrobe, but he didn't seem to notice. Rose could not help admiring the view; Quidditch obviously was good for muscle tone even though it was all done from a broom. Close up Harry was even more impressive than a room away.

"Lessons?" the poor kid really was at a loss for words.

"Yes lessons," the Doctor replied cheerfully. "Well I might as well make myself useful since the universe took such trouble in getting me here. If the only reason Jack fell through a transdimensional portal was to stop Snape killing Dumbledore it would have put him back before we came after him; since it didn't I'm sure we're supposed to stay a while."

Rose thought she probably looked about as shocked as Harry by now.

"Now wait one minute," she said, climbing off the bed and taking the sheet with her.

"Rose, that's my sheet," the Doctor pointed out, but neither he nor Jack seemed particularly bothered to be naked and exposed again.

"Then magic another one," she snapped, the Doctor's latest announcement having shaken her equilibrium and made her crabby. "I want to know what's all this about staying? This isn't our dimension, won't we mess things up?"

"Well see, the universe is clever like that," the Doctor said with a less flippant and more understanding smile; "if we were about to mess it up we wouldn't be here. Rules of existence and all that."

It had come to a point where Rose had thought she had accepted the whole stepping into the world of Harry Potter for real thing, but now she realised all she had done was put off the disbelief. Wrapping the sheet around herself she walked

towards the two wizards in the doorway as her mind rebelled and tried to tell her this wasn't happening. Harry was now wearing glasses and with the green eyes, messy hair and lightning bolt scar, he definitely looked the part. Then there was Draco with his almost silver hair, grey eyes and very pale skin. They were just how she had imagined them, which was part of the problem.

Holding out her hand she hoped for proof that she was not hallucinating.

"Hello," she greeted, wondering if she was going mad, "I'm Rose. I've re...heard all about you both. Pleased to meet you."

It was Draco that moved first and shook her hand very politely. The fingers that gripped hers were definitely very solid and reality hit her like a ton of bricks.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked as Rose felt herself sway.

"Me? Oh, I'm fine," she said as her mind began to accept the whole truth, "just had a little shock."

And with that she did the most embarrassing thing; she fainted.

"Oh Rose," someone called her name in a very singsong manner and she opened her eyes to find Jack smiling down at her. "There you are," he said and kissed her on the end of her nose, "how are you feeling?"

"Stupid," she replied and slowly sat up from where someone had put her on the bed.

Fainting was something silly little girls did in romance novels and she was mortified. At least as she looked around she found that Harry and Draco were not there to witness her embarrassment.

"Shock happens to the best of us," Jack said and patted her hand, "nothing to worry about. We sent the boys off to clean up and the Doc's in the bathroom. We're going to visit the headmaster when we're all ready."

"So we really are staying?" Rose asked, just to make sure she remembered everything right. "It wasn't just a ruse?"

"Yes we're staying," the Doctor's voice answered her and she turned to see him coming out of another previously invisible door, "that is if you don't mind?"

Rose had to think about that one; did she mind? It was one of those things that she wasn't one hundred percent sure of. Here she was in a world she had thought was fiction with people she had read about for years which rather tested the limits of her powers of acceptance. It was a world at war, and they had just escaped a war, but it was also a wondrous place she had never dreamed she would see.

"No," she said eventually, "I don't mind."

She was rewarded with a huge smile.

"Good," the Doctor said, "right, time to get ready then. Oh and when you're done in the bathroom, don't forget to find that book. We're going to need all the help we can get."

Rose wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry and in the end she kissed Jack, climbed out of bed again, this time without the sheet, walked up to the Doctor, kissed him and then headed for the bathroom door. It couldn't be that bad if all three of them were in it together, could it?

The End