do you get deja vu

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do you get deja vu

by thoscheii

Summary

The Master regenerates into an awfully familiar face, one that he *feels* he knows- and in a way, he does. It's just not his own.

Notes

reuploading my works from ao3

another work where i found the og draft on google docs and posted here :)

edited slightly, so again, there's some differences from the ao3 version- but really, not much.

You see, Missy, this is where we've always been going. This is our perfect ending. We shoot ourselves in the back.'

Missy watched him walk, or rather limp, away as she began to collapse onto the dead forest floor, an amalgam of twigs, ferns and branches.

So apt. Trees and leaves, clinging together until one is plucked away and fall, so, *so* far.

The elevator doors shut behind him, and with a pleasant ding began to descend.

Oh, it hurt. But even as the life drained out of her, she wanted the Doctor. Always, but never more now. Perhaps to help her, to offer a few kind words or to plead for her to stay with him, to not die.. etc, etc.

He could be quite melodramatic when he wanted to be. And yet a small part of herself said it would be so very *satisfying* watching him beg.

Eventually she accepted that he wasn't coming, but still, she kept thinking of him. The wound on her back was healing in preparation for her death, but she was barely conscious of that. Only that she was standing up and leaning against a pine, and orange light was erupting from her hands, and then, she was no longer herself, but…

himself?

He could barely remember what had happened. A shot to the back, eruptions of regeneration energy- that must be why there were fallen trees all around him.

And he thought there may have been another *him.* How odd.

Well, that wasn't the problem right now, if he'd regenerated and there didn't seem to be much danger, then the priority must of course be his face. Rassilon… he had better not end up looking like a burnt skeleton again.

Although, now looking at his hands, that didn't seem to be the case...

He looked around for something at least familiar, then found a black umbrella lying on the ground.

Picking it up, he walked towards the lift. It should be reflective enough for him to get a good look at this new body.

The first thing he noticed was the dress.

The second thing he noticed was the chin.

And for some reason, he felt something almost like deja *vu*- maybe not *exactly*, but this- all *this*- seemed familiar for some reason.

This body seemed to be young, almost springing with energy- not that he wanted to test that out just for, because for some odd reason he still felt utterly exhausted. Perhaps it was the shot to the back, the one his former incarnation (*Rassilon,* the Master had quite forgotten how much he ought to hate himself) had said would 'prevent regeneration' or whatever-

he still wasn't sure what the exact words were, but he looked terrible-

And the chin seemed so very *long*.

'Not sexy at all,' he muttered to himself, fiddling with it slightly. 'I'm shaped like an ironing board!' The dress certainly wasn't helping either.

Why did he feel so much hatred? Usually when he regenerated he wasn't this.. *annoyed?*

To hell with it. Maybe he'd get used to it in time. Now he was wondering why on earth his clothes couldn't have changed as well, bitterly cursing as he tried to rip the skirt off. Then began to fantasise about the Doctor in a dress. For perfectly logical, lucid reasons.

It may have been possible that the Master was not entirely sane. But then, that had already been established.

Suddenly coming to himself, he began tidying up the hair. He found that it naturally fell into a swoop of some sort, a side part that fell into his eye. Maybe this wasn't all bad. The hair was really quite excellent. Perhaps in time he would appreciate it, but for now he would drag on about the chin. But then again… it had some sex appeal.

He succeeded in removing the bottom half of the dress, which did unfortunately leave him pants-less but the blazer helped cover that up quite nicely. However, this only served to emphasise the chilliness of the forest, and soon he was looking for somewhere enclosed and warm, preferably with a proper mirror.

His female incarnation *had* been wearing some lace-edged stockings, but it did *nothing* for the bitter cold, which seemed to pierce right through him. Regeneration troubles- Time Lords were *always* more sensitive after doing so, to their eternal detriment.

The Master then realised that the lift was right in front of him, and after admonishing his stupidity- and blaming it on his newfound body, because of course the Master could do no wrong- he promptly stepped inside and was greeted with a real mirror, the floor flecked with blood. He vaguely remembered now that it had been his *other* former incarnation, but busied himself with taking a good look at his current face.

What? No eyebrows?

No, they were there, just delicate. He seemed to still be able to convey a ridiculous amount of expression with them. Surprise, pain, happiness. Emotional manipulation, in the *bag*. Brilliant.

The chin stood out more than ever, but now that he had somewhat better lighting he could acknowledge this body's looks.

Hmm… This was okay. Proper sexy potential and all that. He spun around and started saying a few words out loud just to see what they sounded like. Just for fun, of course. His hands fluttered around, then seemed to acknowledge something and stopped.

This *form*, this *incarnation*, he couldn't explain why it felt so odd- that was the best way to describe it, such feelings of... almost friendship, mixed with hatred and some longing. Which was strange. This was a body. Not an old friend.

As the floor began to descend the Master could only wonder why this face seemed so familiar, yet so alien.

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