

A Few Days Rest

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A Few Days Rest

by [The_Marvellous_Magical_M](#)

Summary

Team TARDIS feel lost when the Doctor is rendered unconscious while on an adventure. Panicked, they turn to the TARDIS who flies herself to the place she knows her thief can get help. Your place.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Yas sprinted into the TARDIS, straight through the console room and almost slipped arse over tit as she tried to turn a corner at speed on her way to the medical bay. The TARDIS whirred and flashed her detest at being all muddled up without even so much as a “hello” until Graham and Ryan came in, supporting a very unconscious, very caked in mud Doctor. They were wheezing quite heavily as they lay her down on the main console deck.

“Get some water would you son? We’ll try clean her up a bit. Hopefully Yas can find something.” Ryan nodded, taking off down one of the halls while Graham stayed behind to close the TARDIS doors and make sure the Doc didn’t get any worse. Not that they could tell what was wrong. They had no idea what happened, everything had happened so quickly. One minute they were home free the next there was an explosion right next to them, everything was in chaos, visibility was shocking and the Doc was unconscious several meters away.

“I think we’re gonna need your help here, ol’ girl.” He looked at the TARDIS console earnestly. “We’re way outta our depth here and she really needs help.” His eyes watered as the very real possibility that they might not save the Doctor came to mind. That she could die right here. Luckily noises, flashes and jolts from the TARDIS pulled him out of that abyss before he got too deep and Graham saw dials turning and levers flicking themselves about, as if the TARDIS was driving herself and momentarily he allowed himself to laugh.

“Always knew you wore the pants in this relationship.” He joked, wiping the tears from his eyes before they fell.

“Is she awake?” Ryan ran back into the room with a big pot of sloshing water and a wash cloth. His face dropping as he plopped it down next to a still unconscious Doctor. “I thought maybe cause the TARDIS was moving...” he mumbled.

“Help me get her jacket off.” Graham said to distract them both and they set to work trying to clean her up a little. Graham explaining how the TARDIS was moving on it’s own. Yas ran back in with her arms full of any and all the medical supplies she could carry - though she wasn’t sure they were medical supplies as either nothing was labelled or they were labelled in those weird circles that the TARDIS had everywhere, but she guessed they were all medicinal in some way seeing as they were in the medical bay, although knowing the Doctor, her organisation skills were as scattered as she was which explained why she also found four odd shoes, an already set up and fully functioning model train set, a half eaten bowl of fish fingers and custard, and some sort of odd electrical device that was dinging intermittently.

“Can any of these help do you think?” She asked quickly, dumping them next to her as she kneeled with the others. They’d managed to clean off her face and hands.

“I don’t know what any of that is, and we don’t even know what’s wrong with’er.” Ryan looked through the supplies knowing it was fruitless. He knew nothing about medicine and even less about Timelord medicine.

“The TARDIS is taking us somewhere we can get help.” Graham squeezed Yas’ shoulder and hoped it felt reassuring. She nodded as she looked through everything. Something had to be recognisable.

Then the TARDIS stopped with a small jolt and Ryan ran to the doors, flinging them open a little clumsily and stumbling out at breakneck speed. They looked to be in some sort of back alley but he didn't take much notice of it as he ran to the door directly in front of him and started banging on it. "Excuse me! Do you know the Doctor? She needs help!" The door opened not 2 seconds later.

"I know her concept of time is different to everybody else in the universe but she could at least have the decency to come around when it isn't 2am!" You huff, wrapping your coat a little tighter around yourself. There was a chill settling in and you weren't a fan of the cold. Not since - well that wasn't important. The boy in front of you looked rather panicked as he nodded.

"She's unconscious." He breathed. "She's always unconscious." You mumble with a roll of your eyes and then there she was, being hauled out by two others and your breath hitches slightly. Despite her probably being near death and caked in mud - not for the first time, you think quietly to yourself - she looked beautiful.

"Bring her through quickly, and don't forget to lock the TARDIS and close the front door behind you." You throw over your shoulder as you indicate for the two carrying the Doctor to follow you.

"Your names?" You ask, trying to distract them with pleasantries. It never fully works but it's something.

"I'm Yas, that's Graham and the other bloke's Ryan." The girl said a little out of breath.

"I'm Y/N." You give back, leading them down a corridor to your own little medical bay.

"How do you know the Doctor?" Yas asked as you finally reach it and they put her down on the dental surgery-like chair. You set up the scanner to see what's going on. Always best to have all the information before you start throwing treatments out there.

"Uhh...sheeee's myyyy..." *click* "there we go....wife..." your answer is a little distracted as you clang away at the controls.

"She's your what!" They both sputter in unison.

"Mmmm...one of her hearts have stopped...she must be sleeping so as not to put too much strain on the other...don't worry though, her one heart can keep her in a coma for several hundred years if need be." You nip over to one of your cupboards to pull out a little bit of stored regenerative energy. You could either inject it or add it to an electric current and give her a shock. *'Electric shock would be more fun.'* You think and decide to go with that.

"Wait. Sorry. Can you just rewind for a second? You're married to the Doc? And did you say several hundred years?" Graham asked, looking rightfully confused and you nodded absentmindedly as you poured the regenerative energy into a conversion machine in little bits so as to get a nice even splice.

“Yes, absolutely. Timelord defence mechanism. And don’t act so surprised. I’m hardly her first marriage, though I’m probably her most recent.” Checking the levels of the current you wait for them to stabilise. “That’s fluctuating a little too much for my liking...” You remove the canister you need and fix it to another canister that this time has a small crystal inside to even out the pulses. You watch it drain and again check the levels. “Much better.” You smile at the other two as you slip that canister into a much larger machine and boot it up, pressing a few buttons to get it up and running. You groan when a “*please update to the latest software*” page comes up.

“Darn updates! Though maybe I should upgrade my equipment. Either way, that’s going to be a while. The wifi in here is really slow. Something else I should upgrade.” You smile and make your way to the door. “Let’s go find your friend and then we can all have a cuppa while we wait and you can ask the millions of questions you no doubt have.”

The others take a few moments - probably tossing up whether to leave the Doc or not, but they seem to trust you enough that they follow shortly after. You knew where the boy was. Your home had told you. Unbeknownst to any of your guests (bar the Doctor) your home was also a TARDIS, and could be a complete labyrinth to anyone who was unfamiliar with her. Though at first glance an ordinary home, it would soon become evident that her interior was contrary to her exterior.

“Your friend Ryan has somehow made it into the wardrobe. He’ll be lucky if we find him in there. Fortunately there is a small kitchenette in there as I myself still get lost somewhere in between the sombreros and the Dominuis-Kara space suits.” You smile, opening the door and letting both your guests in first. They cautiously step through and wait for you. Marching along quickly you pass them and head straight for 7th century - Earth. At least you think it’s this way. Honestly you’re not super confident, but you’re great at faking it - much is the way of the Timelords, so on you press without so much as a second doubt.

“So...did you say you’re married to the Doctor?” Yasmine asked again.

“I did, yes.” You nod as you look from left to right. Somehow you’d ended up in the Kahnraxion section of the wardrobe - their cowboy era. What an interesting time that was for everybody. “I thought this used to be further in...maybe the sorting systems changed...really not sure...” You mumble to yourself as you press on.

“How long?” Yas asked.

“The Doc’s never mentioned you.” Graham added.

“Mmm...not very long...half a millennia I should think...or thereabouts.” You turn when you see something you’re fairly sure is 10th century Earth. “Yes, that doesn’t surprise me.”

“Half a - what? You said not long!” Graham sputtered and you realised that in earth years that could be considered a long marriage. Finally you see a small little living area and relief washes over you internally.

“Here we are! Make yourselves at home and I’ll pop the kettle on!” You smile, clasping your hands together as you head over to the kettle. “What about Ryan?” Yas asks and you turn

towards her, puzzled for a moment. “Our friend? The one who banged on your door?” She says as if it’s obvious and you suddenly remember why you’d come into the wardrobe in the first place.

“Right! Not to worry. He’s just in the Peruvian jungle. Not the one on earth, a vastly different one. Except this one is also not a real one...it’s more of a replica for me to keep one of my pets in.”

“I thought you said he was in here.”

“He was, but some of the coats lead to different rooms. Back in a jiff!” You hurry off and grab at the first item you know is a transference key. You zap through several of the TARDIS’ rooms - including the medical bay where the machine is still updating, and you plant a quick kiss to the Doc’s messy head - before you’re finally where Ryan is trying to push off one of your extremely oversized but perfectly harmless, feathered snakes.

“Ooph, ge’roff!” You hear his muffled voice from inside the wraps of your snake.

“Hey! Where are my kisses?” You yell and suddenly the snake is releasing Ryan and coming to wrap itself around you, licking at your face and absolutely saturating your clothes in the process. You laugh as you scratch right behind the little feathers that sprout out where ears would typically be on an animal.

“Alright alright, put me down.” You laugh as it reluctantly plants your feet on the ground. “But I have a surprise. The Doctor’s gonna be here and she’ll be able to play with you in a bit?” You say in a voice like a person might talk to a puppy or an infant. Seeing the tail end of its body sway back and forth indicates that that piece of news is extremely exciting. “Okay. Behave yourself until then.” Your tone is mock stern and you grab Ryan’s hand so you can get out of there.

“What was that?” He asks, trying to wipe some of its saliva off his jacket.

“A Peruvian feather snake is its most common name.” “That things from Peru?” “Not Earth’s Peru - a different one that’s way way waaaay away from Earth in a whole nother galaxy.” You say as you rub your hand along each piece of foliage hoping that one of them has gotta be a key.

“There’s another Peru?”

“Oh, there’s at least 50 of them. The original Peruvian colony set up dozens and dozens of colonies all over the universe.” You finally land your hand on a tree and suddenly you’re back in the wardrobe. Thankful you didn’t have to jump around and drag Ryan with you. You make quick work of finding the others again, who seem to be chatting away with their cups of tea and a plate of biscuits between them.

“Found your friend!” You announce, practically flinging him forward and he stumbles a bit. “Oh! Sorry, Ryan. Probably could’ve just let your hand go.” You smile apologetically as you go to fix he and yourself some tea.

“Where’s the Doctor?” He asks straight away.

“She’s in the medical bay but the machine has to update before it can do anything.” Yas filled in.

“But she’s gonna be okay?” “Well Y/N seems to think so, and if the Doc trusts her then so do I.” Graham answers this time, and you understand why the Doctor likes to travel with this little family she’s created.

“Y/N?” His tone confused.

“Yes?”

“No...sorry....I was just...your name is a lot more...Earthy than I thought it would be...” he admitted and you smile, setting down both your cups and sitting in your favourite chair.

“Ahuh...well I do have a more complicated name but it’s in a different language and you won’t be able to hear it because of the frequency I have to use to get all the right sounds, and the amount of spit it takes - seriously, so much spit, and I can never quite get the arm motions right! Not to mention the 3 days of celebration on the back of a giant tortoise that have to follow...and where would I even find a ‘Gamorian Singing Goulwhip’ at this time in the Gamorian calendar?...its a whole thing...so, Y/N is fine...” You admit like that’s not going to create more questions.

“Did you say-“ “maybe let that one go aye? That’s far too much unpacking.” Graham butt in before Ryan could ask anything and you’re quite grateful to him. It really was a very complicated name, ‘*Seriously can’t stress enough how hard it is to clean up afterwards.*’ You think to yourself.

“So are you...whatever the Doctor is...a Time...person or whatever?” Ryan asks after a bit and you smile.

“I suppose you would say I’m half Timelord/lady. My now mother - then, father - was from Gallifrey, so I have the brain space to retain as much information as a Timelord or Lady, but only one heart though it beats a lot quicker than the average human heart which has scared many an Earth Doctor. I have an augmented lifespan so I could live for thousands of years, and have regenerative energy that will heal any wound no matter how life threatening but it cannot regenerate me or bring me back from the dead.” You rattle off.

“What’s your other half?” Ryan asks.

“Y’know, I’m not entirely sure. My mother has never said though I assume it must be some type of water based species as I grow gills when I’m submerged in water.” You shrug.

“You’re joking.” He looks at you with an impressed smile and you shake your head.

“And how did you and the Doc meet?” Graham this time.

“I was married to her wife funnily enough, and we just grew to love each other, then before our wife died she officiated our wedding. I know it probably sounds odd but

it's....different....that's the best I can give you I'm afraid." You smile at the memory of River, tears reaching the edges of your eyes, and you hear the microwave ding.

"That'll be the update finishing. You lot wait here. I shouldn't be long." You smile again, knock up a quick cup of tea for the Doctor and stuff a packet of custard creams in your pockets. Then you leave rather quickly, thankful that your TARDIS decided to guide you out of here. She was still a young TARDIS so was prone to all sorts of typical teenage behaviour. It's why you had no clue where anything was. Luckily she'd grow out of it in a hundred years or so - give or take.

Putting the items on one of the benches you go over to the machine and press all the correct buttons. Then you attach several sticky bits to around the Doctor's hearts and stand back. Pressing the big red button on the machine you see the Doctor's body jolt and flop back down. '*Stubborn old thing*' you think as you press it again, only this time after her body jolts she sits bolt upright with a tremendous intake of breath. You run to her side and she grabs you for dear life, her eyes more than a little hazy with confusion.

"You're okay. Just breath." You say calmly, looking her dead in the eyes and breathing along with her. The fog clears and her breathing is a lot less panicked and she pulls you into her, hugging you so tightly you're fairly sure any harder and she'd crush your rib cage. But you let her, because even for a Timelord, being so close to death can be terrifying.

"Where's my fam?" She asks with a croaky voice and you immediately go and get the tea you'd made her, and pull out the biscuits. She practically inhales both.

"They're all having a cuppa. They're okay. You gave them a bit of a fright though. Going into a coma like that." You give her a stern look and she has the decency to wince a little.

"The blast just came out of nowhere. My left side took the brunt of it. Speaking of, shouldn't I be in a little more - ahh!" She drops her mug which smashes on the ground along with the biscuit as she clutches her left side. The electricity had been stopping her from feeling the pain of the blast but it had started to subside, making way for the regenerative energy to start its painful healing process. You snap into action and quickly head to one of your cupboards for a little device. Coming back to her you brush the hair away from her face.

"Doctor, I'm gonna put you back to sleep so I can speed up the recovery process alright? You'll definitely be tired when you wake up but not in any pain." She nods somewhat pathetically and you give her a kiss on her forehead before you put the little device on her neck and turn it on. Suddenly her whimpers become less and the ball she'd curled into starts to unfurl as her body becomes slack. Straightening her out a little you pick her up and put her in the medical pod - something that's sort of like an oven but instead of cooking the thing inside it heals them really quickly using thousands of medical nanobots. You put it on the highest setting and start it. Judging by the scans you'd taken, it'd only take about five minutes. You set about cleaning up the mug shards and the biscuits crumbs and head to the kitchen to make and collect more. Arriving back, the pod had finished, opening it up you remove the device from her neck and very slowly the Doctor comes to. You hold her hand - her favourite way to wake up - and you wait, handing her the cup of tea and biscuits which she takes gratefully, as well as a little shakily. When she's done she puts them down in the pod beside her and pulls you in for a very deep kiss. You return it with equal passion, letting

yourself be clumsily dragged into the pod and on top of her. You knew what she needed. She just needed you to be close, and you wanted her to have that reassurance. To have you.

After several minutes of very cramped making out you pulled away, still straddling her lap. "Thank you." She whispers, kissing you again. "Anytime." You smile back, practically falling out of the pod in your attempt to vacate it. You give her a hand so the same fate does not befall her and she takes it gratefully. Her legs still a little shaky from the repairing biology.

Arm in arm you walk back towards the wardrobe, you tell her some new, funny anecdotes to take her mind off things. Laughter is the very best medicine after all. Slowly but surely she comes back to herself, though she'll definitely need a couple of days rest. You take the long way through the clothes, for which she is grateful. She knows you're trying to give her as much time as possible to recover so her friends don't worry. Neither of you ever liked to show weakness. "We should show ourselves before they come looking for us." She says and you know that means she's as ready as she can be. You turn a corner and there they are. Sitting in the small living area and she elbows you in the ribs but you just laugh.

"How'd you know?"

"Don't act so surprised - I'm just brilliant." You shrug, rubbing your side in mock pain. She smiles and kisses you before releasing her arm and waltzing in with as much nonchalant confidence as she could muster.

"Fam! Did you miss me?" She smiles, arms open wide and Yas was straight into them, hugging her for dear life. Ryan joined in briefly, patting her on the back, and Graham waited til the other two were done before giving her a great big grandpa hug. "Nice to see you up and about, Doc." He said softly before stepping back.

"How'd you lot get us here? How'd you even know to come here?" She asked, sitting down in one of the chairs and picking up a custard cream.

"We didn't." Yas answered. "I asked the TARDIS for help and she brought us here." Graham stepped in. "Yeah and I just banged on the first door I saw." Ryan added, with a little shrug like he hadn't been super panicked.

You chuckle and go to sit in one of the chairs at the other end of the table but the Doctor gives you a look and you know she needs you to be close, so instead you pull out the chair next to hers, making sure to drag it out on a subtle angle that would mean that your shoulders overlapped just enough so you could slip your arm through and hold her hand, resting your chin on her shoulder. The others watch you for a moment. Probably still not believing that the Doctor was married.

"So, Doctor. When were you going to tell us you're married?" Yas cocked an eyebrow, her arms folding across her chest as she leant back in her chair. "It explains a lot." They all nod and the Doctors face scrunches up. "What's that meant to mean?"

"That we've tried to set you up multiple times but you never seem to notice." Yas sassed.

“You’ve been what? But I’m a married man! Woman! You know what I mean!” She huffed. “Well we didn’t know that, did we! Probably would’ve laid off if we had’ve.”

“I mention Y/N all the time!” She countered.

“Not to us.” Ryan chimed in, leaning forward in his seat. “The TARDIS and I were talking about her just the other day!” She defended. “We don’t speak TARDIS, Doc.” Graham laughed.

The Doctor scrunched her face, throwing her arms in the air in exasperation. “Well who’s fault is that?” You chuckle at her near petulance and place a feather light kiss at the base of her neck. You hear her gulp and her hand squeezes your just a little tighter.

“How come you two don’t travel together?” Ryan asked.

“We do, just not always.” You answer simply, swapping your hands around so you can run your hand up the Doctors back, slowly tracing lines along her suspenders. You feel her shiver as her breathes become slightly quicker.

“I like travelling with you guys way better and Y/N’s always busy.” The Doc smiles but it falters slightly when she feels your hand slip under her shirt and start drawing circles on her lower back. You smiled against her shoulder. The real reason you didn’t travel together was because nothing ever got done. You’d park the TARDIS in the time vortex and spend all your time indoors doing certain activities for a week straight and you’d only leave for food because it was no secret that neither of you could cook.

You remove your hand from under her shirt and start lightly scratching at the nape of her neck, playing with the shorter hairs there. She moaned softly which she managed to turn into a cough before the others noticed. You knew exactly what you were doing, what all this was doing to her. She was your speciality. You knew so many things about her. You probably knew her better than you knew yourself, which was true as cliché as that sounded.

“Are you alright, Doc?” Graham asked and you looked up to see them all still a little on edge.

“Yeah, Graham. Completely fine. Just in need of a few nights rest I think. You guys wanna bunk up here? For a few days? You can wander about the city or the TARDIS? She’s loads different to ours.” She babbled, barely distinguishing the sentences from each other, standing up before you drove her too crazy.

“As long as there’s a good place to eat, I’ll stop wherever.” Graham agrees. “You said the wifi isn’t great?” Ryan asked.

“I’ll look into extending the field on the wifi in your TARDIS until I can upgrade mine, as long as it can wait til a little later? Gonna have to make sure I’ve got the right bits and bobs.” You promise. “Then I’m in.” He nods. “As long as we get our own rooms.” Yas laughs.

“Is that not how it usually happens?” You look at them all a little puzzled and there are definitely more head shakes than nods.

“O-kay, well...you can each have one of these.” You hand them all keys. “And when you find the door it unlocks that room should be fully kitted out to your liking.” You smile.

“Cheers!” Ryan smiles and they all leave.

“Come on you. Let’s get you cleaned up and into bed.” You say, standing and extending your hand out for the Doc to take.

“I’m just going to get dirty again.” She smiles cheekily and you roll your eyes.

“You are not getting mud on my sheets.” You quip back, pulling her in to place a kiss on her collarbone. She shivers slightly and you both pick up the pace back to your room. Barely making it to the door before she’s pulled you into a searing kiss. You manage the knob and you push her through, catching her when she almost falls as you kick the door closed. You don’t know where these brilliant reflex’s and coordination are coming from because you’re clumsy at the best of times but you’re extremely grateful for them now. You tug her suspenders down and make quick work of her pants. Next, in one swift movement you break apart just long enough to take her shirt and bra off before you start lightly nipping at her neck. You feel her height change as she kicks off her boots and you manage to push you both towards your en-suite and open the shower door, turning the water on as you continue to kiss your way down her body, intermittently checking the water temperature as you go. When you were happy with it you pushed the both of you in, not caring that you were still fully clothed and she didn’t seem to care that she still had socks and underwear bottoms on. “Why do you still have so many clothes on?” She asked breathlessly, her hands tangled in your hair. You shrug “because this time is about you.” You make a turn around motion. She complies and you start gently washing her hair. Then you start kneading the tense muscles in her neck, then shoulders, then back as you make your way down her body. She washes her front as you’re doing this. Even though you’re mildly disappointed you didn’t get to continue on the heated path you were on - you knew that wasn’t what she needed. She needed rest.

Rinsing her off you turned the water off and wrapped a towel around her, kissing her as you dried her hair. Laughing at how ridiculously messy it looked once you’d moved on. Leading her back into the room you sat her on the bed and went to find some comfortable clothes. There was a much too large hooded sweatshirt that you gave her and a pair of track pants. She looked absolutely adorable almost drowning in them, and you joined her on the bed once you yourself had gotten out of your wet clothes, putting on a t-shirt and track pants of your own, lying you both down and pulling her into you.

“I love you, Y/N.” She whispered and you kissed her shoulder.

“I love you too, Doc.” You smile and feel her breathing even out and her body loosen.

You stayed there for a bit before extracting yourself. Slipping on a puffy vest and sneakers you decided to get to work. You had a wifi field to expand and then had to start the upgrade of your own. All this had to happen before the Doctor woke, so you could be there holding her hand when she did.

End Notes

All mistakes are my own. I don't own Doctor Who or any of the characters. I'm just lucky enough to be a fan of the show.

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