
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 01:41:26 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 7/8/2006 8:36 PM

July 19, 2068, 12:15 a.m., Tracy Island

Jeff tapped the last key on his report about the disciplinary actions, saved it, and put the computer on standby for later in the morning. He stood, yawning, and rolled his shoulders one by one to relieve the tension. Heading out through the study, he caught Gordon just opening the door to his room. The redhead yawned widely, barely covering his mouth with a hand, and followed it up with a weary, "G'night, Dad."

"Goodnight, Gordon. Sleep well."

"Oh, I plan to," Gordon mumbled as he stepped into his suite.

Glancing down the hall, Jeff saw Dianne waiting for him outside their rooms. She was leaning up against the wall, looking for all the world as if that wall was the only thing holding her up. He activated the door, and motioned for her to precede him. She smoothed one hand over his cheek as she stepped inside.

"So, how's Gordon?" he asked as they crossed the sitting room.

She pulled her dark red shirt over her head as they entered the bedroom. "Gordon? He's fine. No damage to his back."

"We're fortunate, then," Jeff replied, unbuttoning his shirt.

"Very." Dianne sat down to take off her boots. "I'll want to take another look at both Virgil and Callie in the morning. I don't expect to see any physical changes in Callie, but it wouldn't hurt to keep an eye on her for a little while. There's bound to be fallout over this. Hopefully I can convince Virgil to go easy on his leg while that bruise heals." She sighed as she looked at the boot in her hand. "This Penelar is a godsend. You need to give Tin-Tin a raise."

"I'll keep that in mind," Jeff said as he sat next to her on their bed, removing his shoes one by one, then standing to put them away in his closet.

While Dianne made her way into the bathroom for a quick shower, Jeff changed out of his pants and put on pajama bottoms. He entered the bathroom to wash his face and hands and brush his teeth, and so was on hand as Dianne came out of the shower. He gave her as wide a smile as his toothpaste-filled mouth would allow, and she wearily returned it as she toweled herself dry.

She wrapped herself in the towel, and joined him at the double sink to brush her own teeth. As he watched her, he said, "I was very worried today, Di. The near lack of communication was as frustrating as hell."

She glanced over at him, then spit out the contents of her mouth and rinsed. When she was done with that, she said, "It was just as frustrating to us, love. We missed hearing the encouragement that you give us; we missed the brainstorming that usually goes on between base and the rescue crew." She put her toothbrush in its place. "I hope we can find a way to keep that from happening again."

"Me, too," Jeff said, nodding. He smiled. "I think we're both too tired for any hanky-panky tonight."

Dianne huffed out a laugh. "Try me in the morning," she told him as she passed by, smoothing her hand over his cheek again. She walked over to her dresser and pulled out a clean nightie, slipped it on, then ran a brush through her damp hair. He came up behind her and put his arms around her, then when she turned, planted a soft kiss on her lips.

"Goodnight, Dianne."

She traced the outline of his lips with a finger, then kissed him back. "Goodnight, Jeff."