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Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is  
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 01:52:38 GMT  
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From: FrankieCTB2 Sent: 7/9/2006 8:11 PM

The relief Elise had felt upon seeing Virgil when he arrived back from the rescue had lifted a great deal of worry from her shoulders. However, she'd waited until the de-briefing was over before going to talk to him.

She knew he'd gone to his room, as the others had gone to theirs when they had come out of the dining room. She knocked quietly.

"Who is it?"

"It's Elise, are you up for a visit?"

The opening of the door and Virgil standing there smiling was her answer. "Come on in." He indicated with his arm.

Having never been in Virgil's suite, she was a little nervous and hesitant.

"I won't bite, I promise!" he said, picking up on Elise's nervousness. She smiled and walked in.

Compared to her apartment the suite was quite large. It was tastefully decorated, with comfy chairs and sofas, a big screen television and various other bits of simple but contemporary pieces of furniture. "I know you must be tired and in pain," she began, still a little nervous. "I just wanted to make sure you were okay. You gave us all quite a scare!"

Virgil smiled again "It wasn't planned, that's for sure!" He hobbled over to an overstuffed couch. "Here, come and sit down for a while." Virgil indicated an overstuffed chair and Elise plopped down in it.

She noticed the double sliding doors on the left of her, obviously leading to his bedroom. I wonder what that looks like! She mentally scolded herself for allowing her thoughts to wander that way. The man's injured for crying out loud, and all you can think about is his bedroom!

"You want something to drink?"

"Um, sorry; what?" she answered.

"Drink?" Virgil asked again, this time holding up his glass for emphasis.

"Oh, no, I'm good, but thanks." She then noticed his easel and paints in the corner near the balcony doors, and noticed other paintings on the walls. "Did you paint all these?"

"Yep!" he replied proudly.

"They're amazing!"

"Thanks, I enjoy them."

"You're quite the talented one of the bunch aren't you? You're not only a great pilot, but an artist and musician too," Elise stated, admiringly.

Virgil downplayed himself by answering, "Well, painting and music keep me busy. They are more hobbies than anything else. Besides, my brothers all have their own talents too."

"Yeah, I've heard. Let me see, there's an Olympic Medal winner, a race car driver, an author, and a Top Gun. Just your everyday, average family, huh?" They both laughed at her casual perspective of his brothers. Virgil started to sit down on his couch, wincing as he lifted his injured leg back onto it.

"So, how are you really feeling?"

"Not too bad; the bruise still hurts a lot, but I'll live." He grinned.

"You know, I probably should go. It's getting way too late," Elise said, starting to feel guilty for intruding when she knew he was dog-tired.

"It's okay, Elise; please stay," he gently pleaded.

"Okay, but you have to tell me what the heck happened out there today. All we could hear was static and broken communications. We had no idea what was going on. We heard yelling, then 'man down', but we had no idea who was hurt and what had happened. Your dad was driving poor Alan and Brains crazy!"

Virgil laughed, picturing his youngest brother and his father getting on each other's nerves.

"It's not funny!" Elise said, almost laughing herself.

"I know, I know. But I also know how Alan can be when he's under pressure from Dad."

"So, how did you get hurt?" she asked.

Virgil became more serious. "Saving Scott's rear end." He went on to explain how the tree limbs had fallen and he'd pushed Scott out of the way and was unable to get out of harms way fast enough.

Elise listened, inwardly admiring how these brothers looked out for each other the way they did. She knew Scott would have done the same thing in a heartbeat. Sure, the rest of the team, well, we'd do the same for each other, but we'll never have what these Tracys have got, she thought as Virgil continued telling her how Dianne started fussing over him and ordering him to stay put when he wanted to help. Elise smiled at Virgil's expressions as he talked. "Didn't like being told you couldn't fly huh?"

He glared at her, his emotions getting the better of him as he recounted the events of the day. "No! I didn't like being told. I could have helped more, I know I could have, but..."

She interrupted him. "But nothing, Virgil Tracy! You were given an order and you were being obstinate!"

"Oh, no... not me; you want obstinate, Scott's your man!" They both laughed at this, knowing full well how Scott could be.

"Well, I'm glad that your leg wasn't broken. It could've been a lot worse, you know."

"Yeah, I know. Our new uniforms are definitely worth it, that's for sure."

They continued to talk, feeling comfortable with each other. So comfortable in fact, that even though it was late, and he knew he should be in bed sleeping, Virgil decided to broach the subject of Elise's trip to New Hampshire. He'd honestly been quite worried about her, even though Dianne and Scott had been with her; he knew the trauma of reliving it all over again would be difficult. It was only three days ago that she'd returned, but because of the rescue he hadn't had a chance to talk to her about it. He'd only gotten to talk to Scott briefly.

"Okay, honey, enough about me; how are you doing? Since you got back from New Hampshire?" Virgil noticed how she bristled slightly at the mention of the trip.

"Good, I guess." She looked away from him as she continued, "It's not exactly a vacation I want to remember."

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked so soon. Maybe if..."

Elise cut him off. "No! It's okay; it's not your fault. Besides I haven't really talked about it since I got back." She turned her eyes back to him and saw genuine compassion in his. She swallowed hard. "Reliving that awful night was the hardest thing I've ever done. Being up there, at the crash site, brought back memories I hadn't remembered at all until then. I remembered every sickening thud that chopper made as we went down and I was helpless to stop it."

Her gaze had shifted again, and Virgil knew she was back there, once more." She paused and then went on. "I'll never forget the cold as long as I live. The way your father looked... I thought he was ... " She swallowed again, choking back tears that had suddenly threatened to spill. "I thought he was dead. He looked awful."

Virgil saw how upset she was getting and how choked up her voice had become. He got up and went over to her, kneeling down on his good leg beside her.

Elise didn't notice he was there until she felt his hand softly squeezing hers. She looked at their hands, and then lifted her eyes to him. "I just didn't want to die alone Virgil. I didn't want to die alone," she half sobbed.

"I know, honey, I know. But you're not alone anymore."

Elise tried to smile and when she spoke again, it was almost a whisper. "I know I'm not. I had Scott and Dianne with me. They were wonderful. I know it was hard for them, too."

Still holding her hand, comforting her, Virgil said, "I wish I could have been there for you, too."

A bigger smile appeared on her face. "You were, Virgil; in spirit you were there. I had your letter with me the entire time. So, I had you and Scott and Dianne." As she calmed down, she realized Virgil was on one leg. "Shouldn't you be off that leg?"

"Oh, I'm fine. It's you I'm worried about."

Elise wiped her hands across her face and apologized for letting herself get upset. "I came here to cheer you up, and look at the mess I've become!" She stood and helped him up. "I think it's time for both of us to head for bed, especially you," she said.

"Yeah, I guess so. If I don't rest up soon, the wrath of Doctor Mom will be all over me!"

Elise chuckled at Virgil's description of Dianne. "Well, I'm outta here!"

As she started towards the door, Virgil stopped her, gently taking her arm. "Thanks for talking to me about it, I know it's wasn't easy."

"I'm glad I did. It helps to get it all out. Now if you promise me you won't get hurt on a rescue again, I promise I won't come down here and sob all over you again!"

He chuckled and held out both arms. "C'mere." She did and he gave her a hug. They parted and said goodnight to each other. Elise went back to her apartment, her mood a whole lot lighter than it had been.