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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 21:54:56 GMT

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In, out. In, out. Dominic's breathing was steady as he worked alongside the rest of the crew to plug the holes in Capullo's protective sphere. He marvelled as Brains' goo sealed the fissures immediately, even under the surface of the ocean.

Dominic's eye twitched. The ocean. He'd never been deep sea diving before apart from in training, but then he guessed that most people wouldn't have. He cast a glance at Vince as subtly as possible. His dive partner was working diligently. Like a fish in water, Dominic thought, but the thought was not accompanied by his usual corner-twitch smile. There must have been so many fish in the ocean. Millions, perhaps billions? Dominic felt his mouth go dry, and he noticed his breathing was beginning to get faster. How many billions -- trillions? -- of litres of water were surrounding him? He looked to the side and saw nothing but darkness, the unending depth of the water glaring back at him. The ocean literally never ended, he thought. With the curve of Earth, one could swim endlessly, round and round, occupying a practically limitless space...

Dominic felt his chest tighten. Not now. For the love of God, not now... His breathing hitched and he felt his hands go limp around blue goo applicator. I can't go on. He closed his eyes tightly and gritted his teeth before grinding out several words.

"Ace, I need to surface."

"Huh?" Vince's voice sounded through the headset in the dive suit's helmet. "What's wrong?"

"I need to surface now."

"Understood," Vince replied catching a note of panic in the nurse's voice. He still had no clue what was going on but this deep beneath the surface was not a good place to deal with it. "Head to the surface, I'm right behind you."

As Dom fired the suit's jets to head to the surface, Vince did likewise. "Team 1 from Team 2."

"Team 1 here," came Brain's quick response.

"Just letting you know we're heading for the surface. Keep going on repairs. I'll rejoin you as soon as possible."

"FAB, Team 2."

As the two IR agents continued to head toward the surface, Vince held a quick conversation with Scott on Thunderbird 8, letting the field commander know to expect them. It seemed like an age before they finally broke the surface of the water and Dominic's breathing exploded into full-blown gasps for air.

"Oh God, oh God," he rasped, but as he realised they were in the open air he squeezed his eyes shut and gritted his teeth again. "All right, Kelly, catch a grip. Deep breaths... "

Vince floated at his dive partner's side as Dominic pulled himself back together. Once Dominic was visibly calmer, he answered before Vince could even ask what was wrong.

"Spaces. Endless spaces," Dominic breathed. "There's just something... Ugh. I can't even think. The idea of the unknown, of emptiness... I've never been able to deal with it."

"Well, the ocean isn't exactly empty you know. It's full of life," Vince commented, hoping a little levity might help take the Irishman's thoughts off his fear.

"What's going on?"

Both divers looked over to see Scott at the side of Thunderbird 8, which was near-by.

"Dom had a panic attack but he seems better now," Vince replied. "I think he should probably sit the rest of the rescue out."

"No. I'm fine, now, really."

Vince looked at the other man, his facial features hard to read through the helmets they both wore. "You sure?" Vince asked, not wanting to force the nurse into doing something he wasn't ready for.

"Positive," Dom said, trying to sound more convinced than he was really feeling.

"Okay. Looks like we're going back down then," Vince said, knowing how important it was to face a fear as soon as possible. The more time that passed, the more time you had to psych yourself out about the whole situation. He knew he had to keep a close eye on his partner, though.

"FAB," Scott replied.

Moments later, Vince and Dom disappeared back underneath the surface.

Panic . . . written by ArtisticRainey and icarus1982