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Subject: Re: Another Really Rather Marvellous Chapter...

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Thu, 19 Jul 2012 05:26:43 GMT

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Mateo Island, April 2, a little after 1:00 AM

Luke shifted, trying to get comfortable on the narrow couch. The team had landed on Mateo Island, quickly securing the ships in the hangers. Scott had put together a sketchy meal using the few supplies on hand. They had all agreed they were tired of being in the ships themselves and divvied up sleeping arrangements. Everyone was exhausted and went to bed shortly after dinner.

A loud snore punctuated the darkness. Luke closed his eyes and tried to sleep. After a few minutes, he rolled over again, wincing at the twinge in his shoulder. Letting out a sigh, he gave up and got to his feet. He glanced over at his room-mates. In the dim light, he could see that Scott was sprawled on another couch, his long legs trailing over one end. One arm was cushioning his head and his mouth was open wide. Shaking his head and getting up, Luke paused and looked down at the other occupant of the room.

Dom was completely buried under the blanket, the only part of him showing was his thick, black hair. Luke resisted the urge to run his hand through it and walked out of the room, Rommel trotting at his heels.

Walking into the kitchen, he was surprised to see Dianne there. "Oh, hey."

She looked up from the stove. "Good evening, Luke. Or should I say, good morning," she said, glancing at the clock. "I'm having a cup of tea; would you like one?"

Luke shook his head. "Ugh, no thanks."

She chuckled and poured the hot water into her mug. Sitting at the table, she motioned for him to join her, noting him rubbing his shoulder. "So, what's keeping you up, besides our stellar accommodations?"

He chuckled. "Actually, I'm glad I ran into you. Could you grab me some pain-killers from the med locker?"

Dianne looked at him closely. "What kind of pain are you in?" she asked as she got up and walked over to him.

He shrugged. "Not a whole lot. It's mostly just a deep ache. Enough that it's keeping me awake. I didn't know we'd be gone so long today or I would have brought some of my own."

"Mm-hmm." She gently manipulated his arm, noting when he winced. "I'll get you something for that. Be right back." She vanished from sight, returning a moment later with a pill bottle. She handed him a tablet and a glass of water. "Here you go."

He looked at the single tablet and then up at her. "All I get is one?" he said pleadingly.

Dianne rolled her eyes and shook another out. "That's all you get."

Luke grinned and swallowed them. "Thanks, Doc."

She muttered something under her breath and sat down to finish her tea. "You're not made of steel, you know."

"I know. It's just... This was my first rescue back on the team. I'm disappointed on how much things are bothering me."

"Things, plural?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, the chest is achy too. The shoulder is worse though." He shook his head. "Wait, that didn't come out right." He got up and filled his water glass. "The chest was surgically cut, so it healed faster. The shoulder was shattered and they rebuilt it."

"I know. I've seen your films."

"Right." He sat back down. "Well, I've been doing all the exercises and weight training, even taking the extra vitamins like you suggested." He sighed. "I guess I just expected it to be better than it is."

Dianne reached over and placed her hand on his. "Luke, there's a big difference between using those muscles in therapy and using them in real life. Don't be discouraged. You've made amazing progress. It will only improve. Just stop being so hard on yourself."

He looked up and grinned at her. "We seem to have this conversation a lot."

"Well, we wouldn't if you'd just listen to me!" she exclaimed with a smile.

Luke laughed. "You really have to meet my mother sometime. You two would get along great, discussing my many defects." He got up and hugged her about the shoulders. "Thanks, Dr. Tracy."

"You're welcome, Luke. Go try and get some sleep."

He shot her a wry look. "Have you ever slept in the same room as Scott before?"

She laughed. "Good night."

"Night."

Midnight musings by Lillehafrue

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