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

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Tue, 24 Jul 2012 19:21:52 GMT

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Brains leaned heavily against the elevator's wall and sighed, closing his eyes. It had been a long day, with a few close calls, but the fact that the elevator was taking him up from the bowels of the island to the Villa level was testament to his success. Once in the lab, he and Will had suited up in radiation-proof suits with air tanks and respirators. Callie stayed behind to monitor the situation, while Scott after a talk with his father began clean-up efforts on the airstrip. Together, he and Will had assessed the damage to the power plant, repaired the leaks in the fuel lines, and brought the generators back online one by one.

They were well into fixing the leaks when Thunderbird Seven arrived. The mobile med unit could squeeze its way through the smaller hangar door, but with the lifts still out, there was no way to get Dominic up to the Villa. After a conference with Alan, who assured them there were no satellites, aircraft, or sea craft in the area, Dianne took Seven down the beach to a spot where it could go overland to the Villa. Once there, doctor and patient were offloaded, and Elise took it back down to the air strip and into the underground hangars.

Now, the island was at full power again. The main hangar doors could be opened, and Virgil and Scott were on their way back from Mateo with their Thunderbirds. The damage in places like the boat pen had yet to be assessed, but all Brains wanted was some food and about twelve hours of sleep. Dinner, he had been informed, was waiting in the dining room, a buffet to which all members of the team had been invited. But before he calmed the rumbling in his belly, Brains had a stop to make.

The lights in the sick room were on, and a still-woozy looking Tin-Tin was just pushing away her dinner tray, the contents mostly untouched. She was dressed in one of the hospital-style gowns, and had an oxygen monitor on her finger, and a cannula in her nose. Dianne came out of her office when she heard the door swish open, and smiled when she saw the freshly-showered Brains.

"All clean and decontaminated?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "So is Will." He glanced around. "Where is Dom?"

"Over here!"

Brains trotted around the curtain that separated the hospital beds. Dom gave him a crooked, woozy smile.

"How are you doing?"

"I'm grand. Doc has some good meds for clearing out the head." Dom's grin turned into a pout. "But she won't let me go home and take care of my little man. Says I have to stay for a bit." He beckoned Brains closer. "D'ye think you could put in a good word for me with the Doc? See if she'll let me go home?"

"You are on good meds, aren't you?" Brains smiled and shook his head. "Sorry, Dom. No can do."

Dom waved a hand, dismissing him. "You're no help. Get out of here."

"Okay." Brains went back to Tin-Tin, who looked at him with an almost accusing stare. Dianne's gaze flicked back and forth between them, and she smiled.

"I haven't had my own dinner, yet," she said. "I'd better hurry before the kids eat it all." At the door to the hallway, she paused, "You, too, Brains. Don't stay too long or there won't be anything left." Unspoken, yet still implicit in her words was the warning, "A short visit; no more."

The door swished shut behind her, and Brains moved to perch on the edge of Tin-Tin's bed. He stifled a moan as he rubbed his neck.

"So," Tin-Tin began. "Everything is fixed downstairs?"

He nodded. "As far as I can figure, the vibrations of the power plant caused lines one and two to rub against their supports, causing small ruptures that finally broke through today, letting air into..."

She put up a hand. "Later, Brains. My head is still too fuzzy to deal with it."

He subsided with a nod, and she added, "Dianne wants me in here one more night ... for observation, she says. She tells me it'll take a bit for the fumes to finally leave my system, but I should be released tomorrow to my own room and off duty for a few days."

Brains brightened at that. "Maybe we could take advantage of that and do something fun. Perhaps a picnic on the beach?"

"Perhaps." Tin-Tin regarded him for a long moment through half-closed lids. A slight smile crossed her lips, and she beckoned for him to come closer.

He moved as close to her as the raised head of the bed would allow, and hitched a hip onto the mattress where she'd patted it. She motioned for him to draw closer still; he was both curious and alarmed at the same time.

Without warning, she reached up and took his head in both hands, rising up to plant a hungry kiss on his lips. His eyes opened wide with surprise, and he made some sort of noise, breaking the kiss.

"Tin-Tin!"

"I love you." Her tone was very matter of fact, and it was accompanied with another, even more passionate kiss. This time, his startled senses relaxed. He leaned in, propping himself up with one forearm beside her head, while he threaded the fingers of the other hand through her hair. When they paused for breath, she said, just as matter-of-fact as before, "Marry me."

Brains blinked and sat back. "Tin-Tin, I..."

She put a finger to his lips. "I know what you're going to say: I'm sick and sleepy and don't know what I'm saying." She shook her head. "I know exactly what I'm saying, why I'm saying it, and who I'm saying it to!" She put her hand on either side of his face again, but this time, brought their heads together so his forehead rested on hers. Her voice was just above a whisper as she said, "I love you. I know you love me. We've taken things slow because I was burned. But that doesn't matter anymore. What matters is us, and it's high time we did something about it. So, marry me, John Grayson."

A chuckle bubbled up from somewhere deep inside, and Brains let it out. He shook his head, rolling his wide forehead against her sweaty, strand-bedecked one. Pulling one of her hands away from his face, he twined his fingers in hers, then placed a tiny peck of a kiss on her nose, and a longer lingering one on her lips.

"How can I refuse?" he said, smiling. "Bother the romance and flowers and sparkly things. I never could get them right, anyway."

"You do. You can. You will. We can make it all official later, but I'm putting in my offer now before anyone else has a chance to." An eyebrow rose in questioning challenge. "So?"

He drew her face up to his, and this time, their kiss was sweet and long. "Yes," he murmured. "Of course I'll marry you."

From behind the separating curtain came the sound of slow clapping, then a flat attempt at a whistle. Both of them turned in that direction, Brains with a slight frown on his face and Tin-Tin with a faint smile.

"Congratulations on your impending nuptials! Mazel Tov and all that. Now will you two lovebirds get yourselves a room?" The comment tapered off into a muttered, "Teenagers..."

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