

---

Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:05:07 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

---

Scott shifted the boxes and gift bags in his arms as he stepped out of the elevator. "Why are you guys eating in? Why not go out for Elise's birthday?" he asked as he accompanied his brother to the monorail.

Virgil, walking in front of him, glanced back. "We went out a few weeks ago. Besides, this was Elise's idea," he responded. He shifted the large basket in his arms. "She wanted something simple so I told her I'd bring dinner."

"And she gets to be dessert? Very romantic," Scott quipped and grinned as he saw the flush appear on Virgil's face. They got on the train, and were soon speeding towards the Cliff House.

They paused in front of Elise's door, and Virgil rang the chime. A moment later, Elise answered. "Hello! I was wondering when you were going to make it." She stepped aside to let him pass.

"I would have been here sooner, but I got cornered," Virgil told her.

Scott followed him in and placed his parcels on the table. "By the folks who wish you Happy Birthday, by the way."

Elise's eyes widened in surprise. "What's this? I thought you were just bringing dinner?"

"You can't have a birthday without presents," Scott told her. He grinned and handed her a large flat box. "Happy Birthday!"

She frowned. "Do I want to open this?"

"Just get it over with so he can leave," Virgil muttered, heading towards the kitchen with his basket.

Elise opened the box and laughed. "Where did you get this?" she asked, holding up the white Frisbee emblazoned with the "International Rescue" logo.

Scott grinned. "There's a whole bunch of stuff out there. Want me to get you a real, authentic copy of their uniform?"

"Thanks, but I've already got one." She laughed again. "Thank-you, Scott."

"You're welcome." He pulled her into a hug, resting his cheek on top of her head.

"Ahem." The both looked up to see Virgil glowering in the doorway.

Scott chuckled. "I'd better go." He placed a soft kiss on her cheek. "Happy Birthday," he said again then waved and went out the door.

Elise turned to Virgil, one eyebrow arched upwards. "Don't you have a present for me?" she teased.

"I don't know. You seemed pretty content smooching with my brother." His tone was gruff, but there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"Well then, I guess I'll have to eat all the chocolate cake myself." She turned away from him, heading towards the presents on the table.

Suddenly Virgil had his hands around her waist, twisting her around. He smiled down at her. "You'd pick cake over me?"

"It's not just cake. It's chocolate."

"Brat," he said as he pressed his lips to hers.

A few minutes later, they pulled apart. "Well, that was nice," Elise said her cheeks flushed.

"Nice? That's all you can say?"

She smiled. "We'll see after I eat dinner. What did you bring?"

Virgil took her hand and led her into the kitchen. "Nothing fancy, like you said. C'mon, let's set the table. I'm starving."

A short time later, they were enjoying their meal. Elise took another bite of Seafood Newburg and sighed in contentment. "This and mushroom caps for appetizers, then lobster for dinner? You call that nothing fancy?"

He smiled back. "Nope. Fancy was that place we went to a few weeks ago."

"This is true."

Henry wandered into the room, the smell of the fish attracting him. He spied Virgil and arched his back, hissing. Virgil glared back. "He hates me."

Elise snapped her fingers and the kitten trotted over to her, giving Virgil a wide berth. "No; he doesn't he just doesn't like strangers." She pulled a small piece of lobster off and held it down to him. The kitten gobbled it up and mewed for more. She laughed and obliged.

"You're not feeding that cat all your lobster," Virgil stated firmly.

"No, I'm not." She gave Henry one last pat. "You know, you really shouldn't be jealous of a kitten."

"Who says I'm jealous?"

She merely smiled and pulled another piece of meat from the shell. She dipped it in the bowl of melted butter and leaned close. "Is this better?" she said softly, placing the lobster gently in Virgil's

mouth.

Virgil's eyes went dark with emotion. "Much." They continued their meal, each feeding the other until the lobster was gone.

"Do you want cake now?"

Virgil nodded. "Sure, let me get it. It's your birthday. Go get comfortable, I'll be right back."

Elise took her wine glass and sat down on the couch. A moment later, Henry hopped up into her lap. She sat there staring out at the sea, idly stroking the kitten, waiting for Virgil. She didn't have to wait long.

Virgil returned with the cake, complete with half a dozen lit candles. He placed it on the coffee table and sat down next to her. "Go ahead, make a wish."

She closed her eyes and thought a moment, then blew them all out. Opening her eyes again, she smiled. "Guess I get my wish. Which is to hurry up and cut that! It's been driving me crazy since Luke delivered it this afternoon!"

Virgil's hand froze in mid-cut. "Luke made this?" he asked, trying to keep the irritation out of his voice.

She giggled. "Are you kidding me? He had Cassie make it and brought it down." She stuck her finger in the frosting. "Mmmm, this is delicious."

"Yeah, it is." Virgil settled back on the couch, listening to Elise, but not really hearing her. Luke, always Luke. Would she rather be with him or me? We should talk about this, but now's not the time. "So, would you like your present now?"

Elise frowned in puzzlement. "There's more? I mean, you made dinner, I thought that was it?"

"Nope." He pulled a narrow flat box out of his pocket. "Happy Birthday, Elise."

She carefully ripped the paper to find a velvet box nestled inside. She opened it and gasped. "Oh, Virgil..." She looked up, her green eyes filled with tears.

"Do you like it?"

"Like it, I love it!" She started down at the necklace. It was a deep green emerald pendant, surrounded by tiny diamonds and hung from a delicate gold chain. The emerald caught and held the light, making it match her eyes. "Help me?" She turned so Virgil could fasten the clasp.

"There," he said, placing a soft kiss on her neck. "All set."

She melted into his arms. When they broke apart, some time later, both were breathless. "We could...you know...move this to somewhere more...comfortable," she said, not taking her eyes of his.

Virgil felt his heart, pounding in his chest. "Elise, much as I would love to do that...This might not be the right place."

She smiled. "That's true. I mean, if we were to...you know, well, I wouldn't want you to leave. And that would make things difficult to explain to your family."

He nodded and kissed her hands. "We're both adults and should be able to do...what we want, but..."

"But circumstances being what they are," she smiled up at him. "We'll wait."

Virgil got up and paced the room, coming to a stop in front of the doors overlooking the ocean. "Elise, I have feelings for you. Strong ones. I've never felt this way about anyone before. If I didn't feel that way, well..." he turned to look at her. "Let's just say we'd already be in your bedroom."

She walked over to stand next to him, taking his hand in hers. "I have feelings for you too, Virgil," she said, kissing him softly.

"Then why don't we wait until a more...opportune moment." His fingers brushed her cheeks. "We'll take our time." He bent and kissed her temples. "Savor the moment." He moved to her lips.

"Virgil..."

He pulled her close into his arms, and together they watched the sun set across the sea.

---