

## Comfort

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Rating: PG / P6

Summary: Random missing scene from Resolutions. Very short and hopefully sweet ;)

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There had been times, when she was still a young girl, she had felt awfully lonely and sometimes even frightened every time a rain- or thunderstorm raged around their house. She would turn on a lamp, pull the blanket up to her nose and even over her ears, and wait, shivering despite the warmth of the room or her covers. She hated this kind of weather. It always made her feel like Mother Nature was angry, and this was her way to punish people.

When she had grown older, she had also outgrown most of her childhood fears. She became brave and strong and fearless, and almost every challenge she faced she passed without so much of the blink of an eye.

Rain- and thunderstorms belonged to the very few things not included in those easily accomplished challenges.

Lucky for her, life on starships brought along encounters with many natural phenomena, but no rain or thunder.

Not so lucky it was then that she wasn't on a starship anymore, but due to unfortunate circumstances had to live her life from now on amidst a rough environment and far away from all known civilization.

Now she was lying in bed, feeling like a six year old child again, cowering into the mattress as rain hammered onto the rooftop and slapped against the walls of the cabin, and twigs and branches scratched along the shelter's surface.

The rainstorm raging outside had woken her half an hour ago. The noises were still disturbing, even after all those years and despite her knowledge and experience and didn't let her get back to sleep. Neither the blanket pulled over half her head helped much, nor her every attempt on distracting her mind by thinking of nice, warm and sunny places. Or starships.

Sighing, she shifted on the bed, turning from her side to her back, and suddenly became aware of something - of warmth radiating from a body lying next to her.

She had been so lost in her memories that she hadn't even thought of him. He who was her savior, her guard; her angry warrior who had promised to always be there for her. A shiver run through her as she thought of his words, and what they had done to them; and this time, it wasn't a shiver of cold or fear.

Turning to her side again, she reached behind her, took one of his arms and gently pulled at it, bringing him to spoon up behind her and wind his arm around her.

He murmured something indistinctive and placed a lingering kiss to her neck.

"Are you all right?" he then asked, his voice low and sleepy. Pressing back against his solid body, she snuggled deeper into his embrace, and he locked his arm securely, protectively around her.

"I am now," she answered. And went back to sleep.

END