

Small Comforts

By Tal2

Submitted: July 11, 2010

Updated: July 11, 2010

Please let me know what you think ^^

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Tal2/58067/Small-Comforts>

Chapter 1 - Small Comforts

2

1 - Small Comforts

Disclaimer: Obviously I don't own Burn Notice... if I did, there'd be a lot more carnage and more flips, fights and tumbling...

"Are you alright, Michael?"

The ex-spy sent his sort-of girlfriend a glare. You know, that I-know-what-you're-thinking-so-stop-thinking-it glare he usually saves for the clients he helps when they're saying/doing something stupid. He casually wiped his nose on his jacket sleeve and took another bite of his yogurt before answering, "Yeah, Fi, I'm fine" he said with a nasal-sounding exasperation. Fiona pouted a bit, snapped the cartridge back into the SIG and loaded it.

Michael brushed a hand through his hair and kept going at his blueberry yogurt. He sniffed again and tried to pass it off as making sure that his yogurt was still edible. Fiona didn't make comment again, but she snatched the yogurt away from him and tossed it in the garbage. "What was that for?" Michael asked, debating on how edible is now. ... not very. "Just take some aspirin and flu shots... or something before you die, or worse, pass whatever you have on to me" Fiona said. She collected her SIG, the grenades and her purse. "Do you have a date?" Michael asked as he got up to get another yogurt. "Just a few buyers with mutual explosive interest in my work" she replied with overdrawn mystery.

It took a while, but eventually her glower softened a bit, "I'll be back later on, remember, drink lots of water" the gun-dealer advised. She stuffed her gear into a duffel bag and started to the door. "I'm fine, Fiona", Michael repeated. Her shutting the door with a bang was her way of saying 'Do what I say or you're going to pay when I get back'.

As an operative you learn how to handle injuries, gunshot wounds and sicknesses and recover as fast as you can. Injuries or wounds can become infected or septic and that's about the worst that can happen if you survive and there was no tissue damage. Any type of illness –on the other hand- can leave some nasty side-effects without you helping it along. All those multi-vitamins and antibiotics they sell on the shelves of your local drugstore or chemist won't help when you keep yourself cold, dehydrated, exhausted and sleep-deprived. Any of those occur regularly when work in the line of intelligence-gathering. Drinking lots of water, keeping warm and resting lots can speed things along.

Mike opened the fridge, grabbed his large water bottle, a hot- and cold-pack, a cup of jasmine tea and a handbook on heightening the security in an open area. He walked –more like shuffled- towards his duct taped chair and sat down. Putting cold-pack behind his neck, the hot one on his stomach and setting down the cup small table next to him, he relaxed down. Not that having in imploding head or burning throat can be improved by some small comforts.

When you come out of a job that involved a lot of rain, wet clothes, exhaustion lined with desperation and a very cranky arms-dealer hammering you on why you knocked out the hysterical client, you know that recipe has the result of disaster. But, the natural inclination to warm-up immediately after you come out of such a situation is like pasteurizing your immune system. You get better results by warming-up

slowly and getting as much rest as you can.

He opened the book and blinked blearily to focus his eyes. It didn't take long for him to get frustrated by the words of his book doing backstroke across the pages. He dropped the book next to his, now, empty cup of tea. Michael sneeze loudly, sniffed miserably, growled loudly because he knew he was the only around who could hear it. 'This really sucks' he thought, sneezing again. He grabbed a couple of Kleenex out of the box on the stand next to his bed, blew his nose and dropped the tissue next to the chair. He took a gulp of water from the water bottle, wincing at the burning that even icy water couldn't completely take away. He got up, walked over to his mattress and flopped down. It didn't take long for him to fall into one of those sleeps that never seem to give any rest.

"Mikey, are you alright? You're not looking too hot "

"Sam. Not now, I'm tired", Michael said and opened his eyes. "It's dinnertime" his friend said, holding a plate of lasagna out to him. Michael blinked a few times, focusing his eyes, "Are you sure?", he said. Sam wriggled the plate in order to get Mike to take it, "Well... the nightclub opened an hour ago and if in doubt, the sun went down around the same time. If that helps" Sam said and wriggled his eyebrows. Michael snatched the plate and grabbed the fork poised in Sam's hand. "Thank you, Sam" Michael said as he started eating the lasagna. His appetite didn't last long. Three bites and it was gone. Way, way, waayyy gone. Like, gone with the wind –gone. "What's wrong, Mike? It's my famous lasagna. You love it" Sam said, looking a bit offended.

To appease him, Mike took another bite with a forced smile. But, of course he had to reluctantly breathe through his mouth, with his nose being blocked and all. And, of course, that didn't escape Sam's attention. "Are you getting sick?" Sam asked, reaching for his friend's forehead. Michael instinctively jerked away, "Sam, your 'famous lasagna' is killing off my taste buds" he commented, pushing the plate away. "C'mon, Mike. You're exaggerating" Sam said and took a bite of the same lasagna. "Wait for it" Michael said, crossing his arms and giving his friend a knowing look.

As a spy you're trained to withstand a lot of discomfort. It comes with the territory. But, your training doesn't always prepare you to be ready for the hot chili-lasagna a member of your team made. Fortunately, on account of being sick, taste buds don't work as they usually would, and certain team members lose their ability to taste for longer than they works well in my care, not so much in Sam's.

The door to Michael's "apartment" swung open and Fiona came into view. She was carrying three shopping bags and had the same duffel bag over her left shoulder, "Michael? What's wrong with Sam?" she asked as she dropped her things unceremoniously on his kitchen counter. Michael moved the medic-packs underneath his blanket, out of view. "I already saw them, Michael... and I got you something" Fiona said and dug around her bags until she found what she was looking for. She held it behind her back as she walked closer to him, leaned forward and waved it in front of him, "Here you go" she said with a sly smile. They could still hear Sam airily throwing a few curses in the air. The brown bag that was swinging in front of Michael's eyes was making his really dizzy and the dizziness was making him nauseous.

"Okay-okay, Fi, thanks... but, please stop s-swinging that" Michael said, making a grab at the bag. Fiona tilted her, trying to hide her growing smile, "You're no fun" she reluctantly said and dropped the bag on his lap.

A rub to his head and a sniff and Michael was on his way to look down. He really was going to look down, but the dizziness hadn't left him yet. Sam had come back in again with a half-empty beer in hand, breathing noisily through his burnt mouth. "Dompf twy da lazaamna" Sam said angrily and took another sip of beer. He walked to the mattress and took a seat opposite Fiona. She pulled a face, "What did he just say?" she asked, slowly opening the bag. "Don't try the lasagna... he put too much chili in it. Now can you stop that, it's giving me a headache?" Michael said as he snatched the crinkling packet from her hand. Fiona made an "Oh" sound and waited patiently for Michael to check the contents.

Michael emptied the contents on his bed and spread them around. Strewn on the mattress was an aspirin bottle, cold medicine, blueberry yogurt and a little yellow duck. "This is great, Fi. Thank you" he said sweetly and opened the yogurt. "Whaft's wifh fhe dwuck?" Sam asked, picking up the little squishy toy. It squeaked. "It's cute, Fiona. I love it... but, uh, what's with the cold medicine?" Michael said innocently and nabbed the duck from his friend. He willed himself to not eye that cold meds like candy as he wiped his nose again on the tissue he found stashed under his pillow.

"Forghef thad, whaf's wifh de duck?" Sam asked again. Looks like the ex-navy seal had taken a liking to the rubber ducky. The ex-spy eyed the medicine again and formed an internal plan that involves him waiting until they leave and then taking that medicine and sleeping until he woke up from natural causes. A plan that didn't involve Sam squeaking that little duck. Each little squeak was like a pinprick into his brain. Michael moved it out of Sam's reach, "I've got a headache, guys. Please" he warned. He took a bite of the yogurt and put the duck on his lap. Fiona stood up and motioned for Sam, "Right, let's get going, Sam. Michael wants to get some rest" she said with a smile.

Sometimes... people who know you well enough, know when to sympathize and when to just say nothing.

"Thanks, Fiona... I'll see you guys later" Michael said, stifling a yawn. Sam and Fiona looked at each other and had the good graces to look away as Mike choked down a sneeze. Sam grabbed his beer and stood up. The pair headed to the door. "Thanks, guys. I really appreciate this" Michael said, slumping over and wiping his forehead. Sam and Fiona just gave an absent wave over their shoulders as they left. "Take care" Fiona said softly as she closed the door after the pair of them and locked it with her spare key. Michael took some of cold meds, the aspirin, another bite of that yogurt and a last gulp of water before he slumped back onto the mattress. It didn't take long for him to fall asleep again, at least, this time he didn't dream about a giant ice-cream falling from the sky.