



The “Comfort Levels” Series

Notes on the 155-word fic concept ... I swiped the idea from [Bree](#), and let me tell you, it’s not easy to get stuff done in 155 words. But it’s a lot of fun to try. Sometimes story ideas pop into my head half-formed, or I get an idea for a scene that doesn’t fit into any larger picture, and this kind of thing is the result. When I wrote the first one, I took one look at it and decided I’d officially lost my mind. There’s no rhyme or reason to the whole thing: none of the stories has any bearing whatsoever on the others. Enjoy ... and don’t try to follow my logic, ‘cause you’ll just get lost.

Comfort Levels

She found him lying on the floor, staring upward with an expression somewhere between fascination and irritation.

“What are you doing down there?”

“At the moment, thinking about repainting the ceiling.”

Typical flyboy wisecrack, but it didn’t explain anything. “Ever think about getting up?”

“No point, since I’d just fall back down.”

“You know this for a fact?”

“Well, I’ve tried twice, and ‘third time’s the charm’ never really worked for me.”

She frowned, folding her arms. “You’re freaking me out, sailor. What the hell happened here?”

He shifted slightly, wincing. “See that hanging lamp over the kitchen island?”

“Yeah.”

“Know how I’ve been meaning to check the wiring?”

She carefully hid her amusement. “Harm, did you fall off a stepladder?”

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Reflection

(This is the last one. At least for a while.)

"Hey, Mac?"

"Hmmm?"

"Do you ever wonder what you'd be if you weren't a JAG?"

She twisted around in his embrace. "Meaning, something other than a Marine and a lawyer?"

"Exactly." He leaned back against the couch. "Mainly the Marine part. I mean, serving your country isn't the most popular choice these days."

"Well, I did it for the same reason you did. I had a strong role model in uniform. The only real role model I had, really."

"It's hard sometimes, though," he murmured into her hair. "Accepting all the sacrifices that the service demands of us, standing still and saying 'aye, sir' even when it hurts like hell..."

"That's the hard part," she agreed quietly. "But if there were no hard parts, what would be the point?"

"That's why I don't have to get this introspective very often."

"Good. But when you do get like this ... I'm glad it's with me."

"Me, too."

*** THE END ***