If You Shed a Tear

by Erika_I_Prescott

Summary

Warning: Vivid descriptions of painful acts, blood, gore and foul language.

A one-shot of Ethan and Ilisa stuck in a dark situation with an Irish madman named Otion (pronounced: Ocean) who needs information out of the Hunts.

Notes

Hey! This is my first work I've published on this site meaning if you do some searching for Ethan and Ilisa fictions you might have read this before. Sorry, but not really. This site has great Mission Impossible fanfics so I choose to post it again here. This story is not complete. I'm still working on a new part. So when you hit the last part, remember its not over, you've just got to wait. Anyway, thank you for your time, and enjoy the show!
Preface: This is a long while after Mission Impossible Fallout. (But Hunley is still alive) Ethan and Ilsa are married and Ilsa is now officially an IMF Agent. She has been working with Ethan's team for a long time.

"If you shed a tear, she feels alot more." He whispers in Ethan's ear. His hand tightened around his neck.

"Ethan!!" Ilsa screams. Ethan's face got redder and redder. Struggling, she watched. Her hand strapped to the chair. Blood ran down her face from a large gash on her forehead. The taste of iron leaked into Ilsa's mouth. Her left eye was swelled shut. She look on through her only good eye as Otion's hand tightened around his neck. Ethan stared at his wife. His hands bled from the cuffs locked behind him that chained him to a metal pole. His vision started to go fuzzy, slowly, he started to feel more and more light-headed. Ilsa became more out of focus with every passing second. He mouthed 3 words.

"Quinten! No!! Let him go!! You need me not him." Ilsa screamed, blood spit out of her mouth. The wrist restraints dug into her already opened wounds. Blood ran down the chair legs making small pools on the concrete below.

Otion's grip released.

Ethan gasped for breath, his bare chest rising and falling at an alarming rate. The color in his face slowly corrected as Otion slowly got up.

Ilsa's stomach dropped.

"Ilsa, I don't know if you want to do that. I need you just as much as I need him." With every step closer to her, a phycotic smile grew on his face. A combination of his red hair frazzled on top of his head and his malnutritioned physique made him look like a patient in a mental institution.

"I'm not gonna hurt ya, I'm just gonna bash your brains in." Otion said grabbing an old, unstable-looking gun from off his table.

"I can get you to him, just hurt me not Ethan." Ilsa said slowly as Otion came eerily close to Ilsa's face.

"Ilsa, no." A feeble voice came from the other side of the room. "I'm not going to let that happen."

"Hunt, if I die maybe he will let everyone else live." Ils said to her husband, disregarding Otion.

"Hmm, do I let this sentimental moment carry on or kill one of you for fun?" Otion said mocking the moment, waving his gun around.

"Ils..." Ethan says, cocking his head slightly to the right, his sad eyes dig into Ilsa. She sends a similar look back to him.

"Hunt, is that... A tear, I see?" Otion asked, now focused on Ethan.

A single tear rode down his face and mixed with the blood that poured out of Hunt's mouth.
"No." Hunt spat, as mix of blood and spit flew out of his mouth.

"Oh, Hunt, what did I say?" Otion said as he closed in on Ethan to wipe away the tear.

"I said," his finger touched Ethan's face, Hunt winced, "Cry, and this will get a whole lot worse for her." Otion said with a smile on his face. A sick, twisted smile coming from a man that truly took pleasure in torturing other humans.

"Ilsa, I'm so sorry." Ethan said as she looked at him, crying.

"Ethan, I thought you were smarter than that." Otion said. "Guys, I just need one thing." Otion said as he stood over his table of torture weapons; deciding. The table had a wide range of evil, pointy objects on it. Everything from surgical scalpels to white towels and hose.

"You aren't getting anything from us." Ilsa said, staring him down.

Her face said it all, she truly would die for the IMF, she was done betraying and hurting the American government and her husband. They hadn't done anything bad to her, they gave her a job, a house, a car, and a life with a man she would not have met without them. When she was younger and still under the operation of Atlee, her handler at MI6, she was taught to never give up information. She was taught to die before giving up anything. It was the only way she saw. It was the only way she knew. She saw no way out of her current situation as she sat in a room with Ethan directly across from her. She would not let Otion learn anything. That, she knew. She didn't know what Otion wanted.

Hunt did though.

Initially, Hunley didn't let her go on this mission, but Hunt became desperate so he called her in as backup. She flew to London to meet Ethan. The night she met up with him was also the night they were knocked out and taken from their hotel room at 3 am. Sometime later they awoke in a large, concrete room with a single chair in the middle of the room with a line on metal pole about 10 yards in front of it. There was a single metal table with an assortment of objects on the table; knives, a metal mallet, and a jet black iPhone face down.

"The way I see it, you two, I don't need. I just need your boss. And I really don't understand why you guys are so loyal to him. He destroyed your guy's relationship, and now you're sitting here being torn apart for a man that doesn't care about you. So when I break Ilsa's kneecaps, just know, it's for a man who doesn't give a shit about you." Otion says walking over to Ilsa. He had switched his gun for a hammer.

"Ilsa, I really don't like doing this."

He swung.

"I'm kidding! Yes I do!" Otion yelled.

It hit Ilsa's knee. You could hear the bone shatter. The scream that came next was inhuman. Her face flushed white.

"I need one thing!!" Otion screams, "Where is Hunly?!!"

Though, Ilsa's screams drowned out Otion's voice. The pain was practically unbearable. Clinging on to consciousness, Ilsa forced her head up.

"Hunly or I'll break the other one." He said in a very threatening voice

"Please.." Ilsa begged, "Please, you don't want him."
"Ilsa, hang on to that sliver of life." Hunt whispers, his tears had stopped. His eyes filled with white hot rage. It deeply hurt Hunt's core being to watch her in pain and him not able to help. So he sat, fuming out of his ears, thinking of all the ways he could kill the psychotic man that stood in front of him.
"It's Hunly or your other knee."

"Otion, we don't know where he is!" Ilsa tried between whimpers of pain that burned through her leg.

"Don't fucking try that, Faust!" Quinten screamed, "I know you fuckers know where he is! It's him or your other knee!"
Otion wound up, Ilsa lost consciousness.
Her head fell back, hitting the chair.
Crack!
The hammer hit Ilsa's other knee. Out of reflex, Ilsa's leg twitched. Her face continued to bleed perfusely, the swelled eye seemed to have gotten worse.

"Fuck! Hunt where is Hunly?!" Otion screamed, pointing his mallet at Ethan.
Part 2

Chapter Summary

Well, here we are. It gets darker. But then, it gets better.

"She's out, and you're never getting anything out of me," Hunt said calmly despite his unbearable hate for the man standing in front of him and his deep, genuine terror that his wife could have just died right in front of him while all he did was watch.

Otion sighed, "I can slice and dice you like a fuckin' tomato, Hunt. And I know you don't want that. If you don't give me what I want, you and your wife won't leave this room alive."

Staring, Ethan's beating eyes burned into Otion's.

Otion crouched close, his breath stung Ethan's open wounds. Hunt's blood ran all the way to his ribs by now. It had been a while since Otion had sliced him with a knife, but the blood still trickled down from the wound.

"Goddamnit, Hunt. At this point, you are just dying for your pride."

Ethan said nothing, he stared his assailant down like a hawk. His face unchanged. Even with the slightest facial movement, it could tell Otion exactly what he needed to know. So there Ethan sat, staring.

Otion threw an uppercut, Ethan's head flew back hitting the pole he was chained to. A sharp, searing pain flashed before his eyes. As if he could see himself getting a concussion.

Again, again, again, his fists just kept flying. Otion's knuckles had broken open. Ethan's face was so swollen and bloody that you couldn't recognize him anymore. Both his eyes were swollen shut and his lips seemed to be 3 times bigger than the ever should have been.

Again, again, again, Ethan's face was covered in blood. It ran down from every place Otion had hit.

Again, again, again, Ethan could hardly breathe, the blood filled his mouth.

Otion's last punch landed right on Ethan's jaw. He felt a sharp, searing pain consumed the low half of his face. With Otion's last uppercut came a low, painful pop from his jaw. He had dislocated Hunt's jaw in one punch. Otion paused to catch his breath. Staring at Ethan, his chest rising and falling, he realized, he was never going to get anything out of him.

"Hunt, I can do this all day. I just need Hunley." Otion said between breaths.
Ethan could barely breathe, let alone tell Otion to fuck off.

The pain was something he had never felt before. It ripped through his neck, with no sign of going away any time soon. It felt like his jaw was set on fire. Every time he moved in the slightest, a new wave of pure white hot pain hit him like a tsunami of lava.

"Ethan, I can easily just kill you. But I just need where Hunly is."

Suddenly, a loud gunshot came from behind the meter-thick steel door.

Another one.

Otion shot up and ran for his gun on the table.
Another gunshot rang out from behind the door.

*The door started to move.*

Ethan and Ilsa had been locked in that room for 3 days. He had never seen that door move, he woke up and he had been tied to a vertical steel pole running from the floor to the ceiling with his hands behind his back. Ilsa was across from him tied to a chair that was welded to the ground. The whole time The Hunt's were there, they had never seen that door move. It moved slowly, it had to be at least two tons of pure steel.

Who was on the other side was another question.

Otion had his back to the door and his loaded gun held close to him. The door had opened enough for a human to fit through. A pale man in a dark suit and a bowtie fit through the door. Benji.

"On the ground!!" Otion yelled. Benji obeyed, face calm as if this was planned.

Otion gun aimed straight at Benji's head as another figure came out from behind the door. Brandt.
He came through the door shooting, two bullets hit Otion's knees. Letting go of his gun Otion fell to the floor.

*Bang!*

The impact of the floor had triggered the weapon to go off. The bullet sunk into Ethan's foot. He yelled in pain. With the yell came more pain from his jaw. The pain got worse as he yelled again.

"Holy shit..." Brandt said looking at Ilsa and Ethan for the first time.

"Brandt! Get Ilsa!!" Benji ordered.

Brandt ran over to Ilsa putting his gun away he whispered,
"Ilsa, hey, you are going to live. We're going to get you out of here."
He felt for a pulse.

"Will, is she alive?" Benji asked in a frantic voice. Relieved to feel her blood still pumping, Brandt turned to Benji who was behind Ethan undoing his restraints.

"She's still alive, she's just unconscious." He said pulling out a knife to cut her restraints.

The two men worked fast. Benji radioed Hunley, "Otion's out, the Hunts are barely alive, we need someone to come in and get Otion though."
A cracked voice responded, "Are you sure? Are you sure he's out?"

"Hunley for God's sake get your ass in here and get Otion locked up!" Benji yelled angrily.

"I've got two agents coming very soon."
Benji had successfully got Ethan out of the handcuffs. He crawled back to Ethan's front.

"Hey Hunt, you're beat up pretty bad, but can you walk? I can help you."
Trying to get up Ethan answered Benji's questions.

"Don't put weight on your foot, bud. The bullet will just sink further in."
Struggling as blood dripped everywhere, Hunt made it to his knees. Benji took a knee next to Ethan and wrapped his arms around him.

"Ok, on three. One," Ethan's head fell to the floor, leaning all his weight on Benji getting ready to stand up on only his left leg.

"Two. Three." Benji stood up, pulling Hunt with him. Hunt yelled in pain. Everything hurt, his jaw still burned from Otion's punch. His foot bled profusely from the bullet. The pain shot up his leg with every movement he made. Hobbling and leaning on Benji Ethan slowly made it to the door.

"Hunt, I would carry you, but I'm not strong enough to get you all the way to the car," Benji said pushing the door with his leg. Soon the door was open enough to fit two people through it. The door opened up to a dark alleyway with brick walls and industrial size trash cans on both sides. The IMF car was about 100 meters away at the end of the ally. Hunley stood outside the car, gun in his hand looking to make sure they were in the clear. At the sight of Ethan, Hunley breathed a sigh of relief. Before he started towards the two men, he exchanged a quick word with the driver then he gave two other IMF agents orders to get Otion. Meanwhile back in the room, Brandt was helping Ilsa.

"Hey, Ils, you're going to be at a hospital very soon. Just hold on till then, baby." Brandt said getting in a position to lift her up. Ilsa's bleeding had mostly stopped, her wrist and hands with still covered in blood.
"On three Ils. One" Brandt adjusted his stance, Ilsa stirred.

"Two," he draped Ilsa's arm around his shoulders, then draped the other in her lap. His arm went under Ilsa's knees.

"Three." Lifting with his back, she wasn't very heavy. Her head moved slightly on Brandt's shoulder.

"Hey, I've got you. You're safe now, sweetheart." Her eyes fluttered open.

"BRANDT!" she screamed.

Startled, Brandt stopped violently causing Ilsa to cry out again.

"Fuck, Ils what's wrong?!" she bit Brandt's jacket, to try to stop screaming. Tears started in her eyes.

"Please, my knees, be careful," she cried. The pain was so intense she teetered on the line of conscious and unconscious.

"Ok. Ils, you got to keep quiet, Otion's men are looking for us. Bite my jacket and try to think something else.

"Fuck you," Ilsa growled resting her head on Brandt's chest.

"Not me, Ethan," Brandt whispered softly starting to walk again, this time very carefully.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

After dreaming he can't get to Ilsa, Ethan wakes up in hospital dazed and confused.

As the team reached the car, the driver was already in gear ready to slam on the gas to the nearest hospital.
Ethan vaguely heard Benji's scared voice in the background ordering the driver to step on it.

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Ilsa sat opposite him. Her bruised face stared back at him as tears flowed down her face. She looked defeated, helpless.

"You can't help me, baby. He's going to hurt me. He's going to hurt you. And there is nothing you can do." Her voice was steady, unwavering. Hunt sat there, trying his best to rip out of the handcuffs he was chained to. Pulling as hard as he could the chain finally popped apart. Standing up, he offered his hand out to her. He walked slowly to her.
His hand hit an invisible wall.

Ethan looked around, trying to find what he ran into. A cold, invisible, floor to ceiling wall ran into between Hunt and his wife.
Pounding on the glass, screaming at Ilsa, the meter-thick steel door opened as Otion walked in.

"Nooo!!" Ethan yelled pounding on the wall between them. "Otion!! Please!" He yelled.

Ilsa whispered lightly, "Matthew Hunt."
Ethan stopped, focusing on Ilsa.

"I know you will blame yourself for this."

"Ilsa I-" he started.

"Ethan, I'm ok." She chuckled, a slight smile came across her face.

"It shouldn't have been like this. It's my fault both your knees are shattered." Hunt said softly resting his fist on the door.

"No, it's ok. It's not you, it's Otion." She said. Her face lightened up, the bruises seemed to disappear entirely.

"But baby, it was me who brought you here. I called you because I needed back up." Ethan said, holding her gaze.

"And I had to go. I'm really glad you called me. It's my job to help you. I signed up for the this."
She said sweetly, slightly tilting her head to the right.

"As your husband, I vowed to protect. I would die for you." Ethan whispered

"Ethan, you cannot be my husband at work. We have to pretend we are just co-workers. We have to put our emotions aside. In our line of work, you have to make hard decisions. And sometimes that means someone gets hurt. We have to be strong." She said quietly.

"Ilsa you are the strongest woman I know," Ethan said as tears came to his eyes.

"And that's why I'm going to be ok. Ethan, you have to go now. They need you back."

"Ilsa, I don't feel so good," Ethan said looking down at his feet. A blaring white light blinded him. It consumed his feet, starting to crawl up his leg.

"Hunt, look at me," Ilsa said.

The same light covered her feet too. It slowly moved up her legs.

"I don't want to go, I don't want to go, I don't want to go," Hunt begged as the light traveled up Ilsa's legs until she completely disappeared into the wind.

"Wake up Ethan." Her voice echoed throughout the room.

Bright white light blasted in his face.

"Ethan. Ethan." A calm voice brought him back. The room came into focus. Boring white walls with a boring white ceiling surrounded him. A TV hung on the wall in front of him. The black screen showed a reflection of the picture behind Ethan. A calming photo of the London skyline where only the London eye and Big Ben were in color, the rest was different shades of black and white.

Ethan relaxed and rested his head back on the pillow.

"Ethan, hi." Brandt stood to his left.

Hunt turned his head. A dull headache slowed his process of information. Blinking, he tried to sit up.

"Don't try to move, you are safe here."

"Where is Ilsa?" Hunt asked. Surprised by his words, a fiery sharp pain didn't erupt around his jaw. His jaw felt 100 times better.

"She in surgery. Ethan, you've been asleep for two days."

"I have?" Hunt asked slowly, trying to wrap his head around it.

"Yes, Ilsa is in severe condition. She has been in and out of surgery for the last two days."

"Brandt please, I have to see her," Hunt said trying to sit up again. Brandt held his shoulder down, staring him down.

"You aren't getting out of this bed. You have a severe concussion and your foot is infected from the bullet. But your jaw is back in place. He didn't break any bones in your face, but the doctor said you might have some scarring." Brandt said quietly.

"I don't care, I want to find Ilsa."
"Listen to me," Brandt said, "You will see her soon enough. For right now, I just want you to sleep. It's what's best for now." Brandt paused, looking over at the bed next to them.

"Ethan this is a double room when she gets out of surgery, she will be next to you right over there," Brandt assured Hunt.

"This was all my fault. She's hurt because of me."

"Don't start, Ethan, that's exactly what she wouldn't want you to do."

"Brandt, I put her in that situation."

"No, you can't think like that. Your work and your personal lives have to be separate." Hunt was unpleasantly reminded of his dream of Ilsa sitting on the same room the had just been rescued from. Brandt continued, "For now, Ilsa would want you to sleep and focus on getting better. She would hate to see you beating yourself up over her injuries."

"But-" Hunt protested.

"Don't. Please go back to sleep."

Hunt caved, "Okay. But let Ilsa know that I am so sorry. And tell her I love her." Hunt said closing his eyes trying not to focus on Ilsa's injuries.

"I will. Just rest for now. Everything will be ok." Brandt said quietly.

Ethan followed his footsteps out the door. In a few short minutes, he had fallen into a deep sleep.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Ilsa wakes up in way too much pain after 3 days.

Pain.

That was the first thing she felt when she woke up.

Everywhere.

Specifically, her knees. A sharp pain tore through her legs and made it all the way up to her abdomen. She assumed it was the hammer that split her kneecaps.

Ilsa also had a killer headache from a combination of dehydration, the large cut on her forehead and the tight bandage they had wrapped around her head. Her severe concussion made it difficult for her to get her bearings and figure out where she was.

All she could really take in at the moment was she was in a white room, a slow steady beeping on the heart monitor behind her, and large TV hung from a wall in front of her. A light blue curtain hung to her left, dividing the room in half. She assumed there was someone on the other side. It seemed to her that it was are large, well-funded hospital. To her right was a large window overlooking a grey city.

London, to be exact. Ilsa started to search her memory trying to remember what the hell happened. She remembered a darkened, relatively empty room sitting across from her husband and an orange haired man by the name of Otion. It was all hazy, though, the specifics for for another day she decided.

The other thing she remembered was the emense amount of pain she had gone through in that room. She remembered that he had shattered one of her kneecaps but when she had woken up, she could feel that both broken. She didn't remember much after that. Hazely she remembered Will carrying her out of the room, after that it was all gone. She didn't even know what day was. All she knew was that she was in a hospital, in London, and everything hurt.

All the thinking had tired her out, she layed back on her pillow and closed her eyes. The white, hospital lights had started to bother her, like they were brighter than normal.

Then Hunt popped into her mind, What in the hell happened to him?! Where was he? Was he even still alive? Had he gotten out of the room? He had to have, their team wouldn't stop looking.
Ilsa started to get nervous about him, she had a strong inclination that he was alive in this hospital, but there was a small, scary voice in the back of her mind that told her otherwise. It always made her sick when he was away on Missions and she didn't know where he was, who he was after, or even if he was alive. And now, laying in a hospital bed with a mountain of ace bandage wrap and brace on her legs, it wasn't helping her situation.

She did her damn best to stay positive.

_Ethan has to be okay, that man is unkillable. He won't go down in a small way. Hunts don't die._

The tiny, incredibly pessimistic voice started to grow stronger.

_What if he did die of his injuries? What if he didn't even make it out of the room?_

The stress started to build up in her.
A small noise came from the curtain, dividing the room. Slowly Ilsa looked towards the noise, pulling open her eyes.

The doctor smiled at Ilsa. A tall, Iranian woman, strong build, young too, most likely an intern.

"Hello Mrs. Hunt, how are you?"

"I'm," Ilsa winced, it hurt a surprising amount to talk. "In alot of pain."

"I know, you are going to feel lousy for a few days, but I'm going to increase your pain meds."

"Please." Ilsa winced. But it came as a great relief to her to hear that.

"Someone's coming right now." The intern smiled.

"Thank you," Ilsa winced again.

"So, Mrs. Hunt, you condition has not been good, you have now been in and out of surgery and consciousness for the past four days. Your kneecaps have been set back in place with about 17 hours in surgery. The recovery process will be long and painful, but thanks to our amazing surgeons, you will be able to walk, run, swim and do everything you could before. You will have 100% use of your legs, ma'am."

A big smile grew on Ilsa's face
Thank God, she thought to herself. Holy hell is that good to hear. she could relax, eventually, even if that was a year away, she would be ok. That gave her something to be happy about.

"Your scar on your face is and will heal nicely but, you might have a small visible scar on your face. The cut was very deep and it required 29 stitches. Your braces will be on for 2 months."

"Jesus Christ." Ilsa whispered under her breath. She absolutely hated full leg braces.

"I know, but you will get full mobility of your legs."

"Yes," Ils nodded very slowly.

"Now, the nurse will be here shortly to increase the meds. Some of your friends are here to see you, are you feeling ok for visitors?"

"Yes, I am." Ilsa smiled and closed her eyes. If she was honest with herself, she wasn't ready for visitors but she just really wanted to see them, and she knew they would know how Ethan was. The doctor smiled and slowly pulled the curtain back. Luther, Benji, and Brandt all stood waiting. Brandt was that first person to say something.

"Hey, tough girl." He smiled and gently stepped forward. Ilsa smiled and relaxed into her pillow.

"Hi, Will, it's great to see you," Ilsa struggled. Everytime she said something her headache would get worse. Ilsa wouldn't say anything, she knew she was too stubborn to send them away because she need to rest more.

"It's really good to see you smiling and talking. You seem fine, do you want to go get drinks later?" His smile was genuine. It gave her a small amount of comfort.

"I'd love to." She joked, even though everything in her body hurt. They say laughter is the best medicine. She figured now was the best time to test that theory. He stepped forward and gently placed a kiss on Ilsa's forehead.

He stayed close and gently whispered to her. "I'm sorry we didn't get you you sooner, you were really hard to track." His face had turned to sorrow, she knew both Brandt and Ethan would blame themselves and end up apologizing for the whole thing about 1000 times.

"I'm alive, that's important. You did well, Brandt. Now where's my husband?" Ilsa asked, cutting to the chase, reducing her speaking role.
"He's alive, Ils. He was moved out of the ICU two days ago." Brandt said.

"God. Two days?" She asked closing her eyes. Her eyes strained, one of the side effects of her concussion was severe light sensitivity. Even the cloudy London sky seemed about 10 times brighter to her.

"Fuck." She muttered under her breath.

"Ils, he's alive, but badly hurt." Brandt said in normal voice but to Ilsa, he sounded distant. The concussion was really killing her.

"Please tell him I'm alright and that I love him," she said softly. Talking had become harder with every word. Ilsa hated being injured. It made everything more complicated and slower. What she hated most of all is that you couldn't really do anything while you were out.

You just sat.

Ilsa could only do nothing for about 3 days, then she had to get out of the house. Ethan hated that too. Whenever Ilsa got hurt, she was a pain to deal with. She would be fine for the first few days, but then she would think she would be okay, and that resting too long was stupid.

Ilsa tore her ACL at one point on a mission, and during the about 9 months recovery, Ethan wanted to kill her about twice a day. She has a hard time staying non-active for long periods of time. Just as Ethan did, but she seemed to be worse than him. Hunt made her keep her brace on for the entire 4 months after her surgery. Ilsa hated every second of it, but she knew it was better for her to do what Ethan said. She did not go quietly though, she did an annoying amount of complaining everyday.

So as Ilsa laid in her hospital bed surrounded by friends who just wanted to make sure she was ok, she started to become annoyed with the whole situation.

"Guys, as much as I adore that you coming and trying to make me feel better, I just want to go back to sleep," she said softly, keeping her eyes closed. Brandt's hand left Ilsa's cheek.

"Rest up, Wonder Woman, we are going to need you back in the field soon." Luther said looking at both Benji and Brandt for them to leave.

"Yeah, that's a good idea. Tell Ethan to get better for me," Ilsa said quietly with a very detectable strain in her voice.

"We will, Ils. Rest up, sweetheart." Benji said softly, winking at Ilsa as they all made their way to the door.
She smiled. No matter how injured Ilsa was, Benji always had a way of cheering her up, even in a small way.

"Thank you guys," she said as Benji pulled the dividing curtain closed. Ilsa relaxed, but she was frustrated. She knew her recovery was going to be a long, *long* while. She hated admitting defeat, but if Will, Luther and Ben knew she wasn't ok, she should just take a break. Ilsa did her best to pull up the sheets on her bed and eventually let herself drift off into a very needed sleep.

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