
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 18:29:12 GMT
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From: Tikatue Sent: 3/24/2007 10:19 PM

Saturday, August 18, 2068, 2:45 p.m., Tracy Island.

"Well?" Dianne turned her head toward her uncle, who was reading the scanner data.

"Patience, girl, patience," Drew said, good-humoredly. "I'm nearly through."

Jeff wasn't sitting next to his wife this time; he was peering over his friend's shoulder and trying to make sense of the readings from the scanner. Drew glanced over his shoulder to frown at Jeff. "Do you mind? You're getting in the way." He pointed to a rolling stool behind him. "Sit there so I can finish my work."

Jeff blinked, frowned, then sighed and sat down where Drew had indicated. "You may be the CEO of one of the largest companies in the world, but here, now, you're being a pain in the neck," Drew said, a note of teasing and satisfaction in his voice. He peered at the scanner's screen one last time, then gave a sharp, satisfied nod, and pressed a couple of keys. "Okay. I'll save this, and we're done."

"Well?" Dianne asked again, this time struggling to sit up. Jeff strode over to offer his help, but she managed to get into a reclining position under her own power, propping herself up with her elbows.

"The infection is gone," Drew told her, referring to his notes. "Your ribs are well on their way to healing, though they'll need another couple of weeks before they're back to their full strength. They should be strong enough for you to use crutches or a cane. You'd better make sure you've got enough calcium in your diet for the growth stimulator to work with."

"So, I can sleep in my own bed tonight?" Dianne asked pointedly.

There was a pause, then Drew nodded. "Yeah. You can. Consider yourself released from the sick room." He held up a finger. "But... not back to duty. You're officially grounded from rescues. You can go back to light medical duty sometime next week. And by light, I mean no lifting whatsoever."

"I have at least one new recruit I have to do a physical for," Dianne warned.

"As long as she can get herself on and off the table, you can schedule that for late next week." Drew put the data pad down and folded his arms.

"What else?" Jeff asked, rubbing his fingers over Dianne's shoulders.

Drew snorted. "Do I have to paint a picture for you? Those ribs have got to heal more before you can resume sexual relations, okay?"

"Andy..." Jeff sounded dangerous.

Dianne hushed him. "There are ways, love," she whispered. "There are ways."

Her uncle pretended not to hear. "In anticipation of this blessed event, I set up an appointment for you with the physical therapist you have listed as a referral. You go Monday and Tuesday morning to learn the basics. You can take who you like with you to learn the routine and keep you on track when you return."

The couple glanced at each other. "Gordon?" she asked. Jeff nodded.

"Any more questions?" Drew asked.

"When did you say I can get back to rescues?" Dianne asked as she cautiously got down from the table. Jeff offered his support, but she waved it away, grimacing as she stood by herself, one foot flat on the floor, the other gingerly touching the tile with toes and ball. She stepped forward slowly, limping, heading for the screen where she would change back into her regular clothes.

"I didn't. But I'll expect Brains to run a scan on you in two weeks and to upload it to me without comments. I'll give you an answer about your return to full duty then."

Dianne disappeared behind the screen, and Drew left the room. "The first thing I want to do is soak in the Jacuzzi until I'm a prune," Dianne said.

"Sorry to disappoint you, love, but we have a guest coming." Jeff leaned up against the wall near the opening to the little dressing room alcove. "Alan and Elise should be bringing him and Callie here around four."

"Callie's coming home?" Dianne's voice was full of surprise, with just a hint of concern. "I'd better let Anna know."

"I already have." Jeff reached in to help his wife fasten a button on the back of her top. He planted a kiss on her neck and smoothed his hands over her shoulders again. "Work before play, I'm afraid."

"Yoo hoo!" Maggie bustled into the room and both Tracys came out from behind the screen. She leaned a cane, smooth and black, with a bird's head, and a pair of strong, light gray metal crutches against the scanner bed. The crutches were made with a single, slightly curved stem, but were still adjustable. "Drew says you have your choice."

"That looks familiar," Jeff murmured, indicating the cane.

"They both do," Dianne said. She stepped over gingerly and chose the cane. "Maybe we can get something more stylish when I go for my therapy next week. But for now, this will do."

"All right. You know where the crutches are if you need them," Maggie said. "Now you two scoot so I can clean up in here."

"Yes, ma'am," Jeff replied, giving her a salute. He followed Dianne, who haltingly made her way out to the sick room. The bed she'd been occupying was already made up with fresh linens and there was a bag holding the many items she'd used to while away her time. Jeff picked up the bag. "I'll take that."

Drew came out of the office. "Be careful. Don't overtax yourself."

"Don't worry; she won't," Jeff promised.

Dianne shook her head and sighed. She motioned to her uncle to come to her. When he did, she kissed him on the cheek and gave him a long, firm hug. Her eyes were filled with tears. "Thanks, Uncle Drew," she murmured. "For everything."

"You're welcome. What else is family for?" he replied, smiling. He returned her embrace with a quick hug, then let her go. "I'll see you at dinner, if not before."

"Right."

The couple left the sick room, and no sooner had the door closed behind them than Jeff wrapped his arms around Dianne, and planted a deep kiss on her lips. "God, Di, it feels good to kiss you standing up."

Dianne began to chuckle and raised her face toward Jeff for another kiss. "And it feels good to have my arms around you properly again," she replied, placing her head briefly on his chest. They stood that way for a moment, then Dianne said, "Let's go spread the good news. Since I can't sit in the Jacuzzi, I'll settle for a quick sunbath on the balcony, if it's not too cool out."

"Sounds good to me, love." Jeff kissed her once again, then the two of them made their way down the hall toward the lift.
