
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Mon, 30 Jul 2012 00:08:39 GMT
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 10/8/2006 11:21 AM

Dominic accepted the gear Brandon had passed through, and firstly applied a protective covering to Dianne's leg to prevent further injury. He then quickly put on the visor and gloves, and picked up the heavy gear. This is not going to be easy, he thought.

"Be careful, Dom!" Nikki said, standing back.

"I can't be anything but," Dominic quipped, but he could already feel the sweat beading on his forehead.

Dianne opened her eyes and pinned him with a look that conveyed more than words could have, and Dom nodded.

"It'll be fine," he said, and activated the gear.

Suddenly the hours of cross-training were worth it. Part of him had thought: this is a waste of time, as Gordon trained him on the oxyhydrite equipment. I'm a nurse, I'll never need this. However, as he stared at the metal digging into his doctor's leg and began to cut it to free her, he appreciated everything International Rescue had done for him.

It was delicate work, trying to slice the metal cleanly and quickly without causing further injury. He could hear Gordon cutting through the starboard side and Nikki's quiet breathing, and the smell of the gas was pale through the protective mask. He could feel his heartbeat become progressively stronger, in his temples, ears and wrists, and he briefly closed his eyes as the last of the metal was cut, and Dianne could be moved.

"See?" He said to her as he switched off the equipment and lifted his visor. "Didn't make a scratch."

"Jus' get me outta heah," Dianne said, but with a tight smile. Dominic nodded, and turned his head as he heard Gordon's voice become suddenly clearer - he was in.

"No problem. The cavalry has arrived."
