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Subject: Re: New Beginnings

Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Tue, 31 Jul 2012 03:41:09 GMT

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If Drew was surprised by the crowd waiting in the infirmary, he showed no sign of it. He just waved the anti-gravity stretcher through, letting Dom and Maggie take charge of a drowsy Alex. The Tracy sons got out of the way quickly at Maggie's glare. Leaving his brothers -- and Lisa - to oversee Alex's transfer to one of the sick room's beds, Scott stepped up to Drew, clearing his throat.

"Before you ask, Scott, he's going to be fine." Drew glanced quickly over to the bed, and back again, meeting Scott's eyes firmly. "He's drowsy from the light sedation I used while putting his shoulder to rights. All of his neuro checks have been fine so far, but I want to keep him here a few hours for observation. At least until he's slept off the sedative, and we can introduce pain meds. I also want to see the muscular inflammation decrease somewhat before he leaves here." He raised an eyebrow. "He's not going to be a happy camper for a bit, I'm afraid."

"Yeah, that's true." Scott turned to watch Maggie shoo his brothers away from the bedside. Each of them managed to get in a quick pat on Alex's good shoulder, or a brief hair tousle before being ousted. Cherie had come, as well as Tyler. The girl gave her younger brother a kiss on the forehead, then made a beeline to Scott's side, as-yet-unshed tears pooling in her eyes. Tyler, on the other hand, climbed up on the bed and sat at his brother's feet, video game in hand. Lisa tweaked the covers that Maggie had pulled up, and found extra pillows to support Alex's immobilized arm

"Wait a minute, Cherry, until I see Alex for myself, okay?"

Scott excused himself from Drew, and went to Alex's bedside. "Get some rest, kiddo," he said in his best cajoling big-brother tone. "You'll be up and about soon enough." He tousled the already mussed hair. "See you soon."

"Scott?" Alex's voice was slightly slurred.

"What is it, bud?"

"When's Mom and Dad coming home?"

Scott had no real answer for that, but he said, "Soon, bud. They'll be home soon."

Alex yawned. His eyes blinked against the drowsiness he felt. "Good."

Scott smiled. "Don't fight it. Get some sleep."

"Okay." Alex closed his eyes and sighed deeply. Scott got out of the way as Maggie bustled in again, but not before he gave Tyler's head an affectionate rub.

Sitting on the other bed, looking both weary and pained, was Luke. He watched the other Tracys interact with Alex, and smiled slightly. He could be forgiven if he jumped a little when Dom

touched him on the shoulder.

"Your turn," the nurse said, hooking a thumb in the direction of the surgery. Luke sighed, and slid off the other bed, groaning slightly as he eased himself to the floor.

"Hey, Luke?"

Both Luke and Dom paused as Scott came up. He put out his hand. "Thanks. For helping Alex."

Luke sighed, and took Scott's firm grip. "You're welcome."

Before any other Tracys could step up, Drew stepped in. "All right, you lot. Out!" The distraction gave Luke and Dom time to make it to the surgery. The last thing Luke heard before the door closed behind them was Scott asking, "Uh, Uncle Drew? Who is going to tell Mom and Dad?"

As he climbed onto the diagnostic bed, Luke groaned a little.

"Still in pain?" Dom asked, a concerned frown on his face.

"Just achy." Not quite the truth, but not a lie either. Luke glanced over at the door. "Don't know why they're thanking me. I'm the one that got the kid in trouble in the first place."

"Well, I guess they're not thinking about that right now."

Dom's words became uncharacteristically flinty, his face suddenly hard. Luke stared at him, his mouth open slightly, but before he could challenge the nurse Drew entered. Dom's face slid back into professional neutrality.

Drew was scowling, shaking his head, and muttering. "Nevah knew mah new great-nephews were such cowards. They go out an' rescue othah people all the time, but when it comes to tellin' theyah fathah and mothah some bad news..." He shook his head one more time, then turned his attention to Luke. "So, get that shirt off, and let's see how badly yew've messed up all that surgeon's fahne work." With a sigh, Luke unbuttoned his shirt. Once it was off, both Drew and Dom helped their patient lie back on the scanner.

"Well," Drew said from where he sat at the console, his drawl diminishing. "It doesn't look too bad. Some muscle strain and inflammation." He shot a look at Luke. "You'll need some anti-inflammatory meds for that, and maybe muscle relaxants to help you when it comes time to sleep. You should ice it, and maybe get in some more therapy exercises." Drew nodded at Dom, who helped Luke back up into a sitting position. "How's the breathing?"

"A lot better," Luke replied. "The O-two helped."

"Let me be the judge of that." Drew put in his ear buds, and rubbed the stethoscope's surface to warm it. He listened to Luke's heart and lungs, prompting him to take in deep breaths and let them out slowly. Finally, he nodded.

"Sounds good. You can put your shirt back on."

As Luke got dressed again, Drew went back to the computer console. "What do you have left of the meds you were prescribed stateside?"

"I'm pretty sure I have a couple of weeks' worth of pain reliever, and at least a week of muscle relaxant." Luke's voice sounded sure.

"All right. If you have that much, I won't write a scrip for it. However, if you run out, or find you have less than you thought, I'll leave an order in your file so you can refill it."

After a moment's pause, Luke asked, "Am I good to go, Doc?"

"Yes, you are." Drew rose as Luke slid off the scanner. "And for the record," he held out his hand, "you did damn fine work out there."

Luke took Drew's hand and mumbled, "Thanks." Then he was off like a shot.

Drew watched him go, and sighed. Then he straightened. "Well, Dom, looks like that crisis is over. Let's clean this up..."

"I c'n handle it, Doc." Dom gave Drew a lopsided smile. "Won't take but a minute."

Drew snorted a laugh. "And here I was, hoping to forestall the inevitable." At Dom's quizzical look, he added, "Looks like Lisa is going to be the one to tell Jeff and Di what happened here today, and I'm expected to back her up."

A slow grin spread over Dom's face. "Better you than me, Doc. Better you than me."

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