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Subject: Re: Learning The Ropes

Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 00:52:23 GMT

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Dianne wheeled Jeff into the lift near the study, and they descended to the lower floor. Neither of them said much; they both were too tired for talk. They stopped before the door to the sick room and Dianne toggled the switch that opened it then palmed on the lights. She smiled to see everything clean and in apple pie order.

Wheeling him over to the nearest bed, Dianne set the brakes, and helped him rise from the chair. During the last two days of his hospital stay, the nurses had insisted on getting Jeff up and moving as much as his casts would allow, so that now he was doing most of the rising and moving with her as support. He stood before the bed so that Dianne could help him remove his trousers, then shifted up onto the bed and began to unbutton his shirt one-handed. Dianne worked on his shoe and sock, and then helped him slide his shirt off over his arm cast. She smiled to see him dressed in only a t-shirt and boxers. They took a trip to the bathroom, Jeff feeling slightly embarrassed at having to be helped on and off the toilet, and then returned to the bed.

"Do I have to wear a hospital gown?" he asked.

Dianne shook her head. "Not if you don't want to. I can bring down some pajama bottoms."

He shook his head. "For tonight, this will suffice." He gazed at her wistfully. "Where will you be sleeping?"

She moved over to the bed next to his and began unplugging all the sensors from their ports. "I'll be sleeping next to you, as close as these beds will allow." She finished the job and helped him lie down on his bed, turning on only the most basic of monitors. Then she moved the second bed over to butt up against his, setting the brakes so it wouldn't move away. She turned on a low light where it wouldn't bother his eyes, and gave him a smile.

"I'll be right back." Then she left.

Jeff lay back against the clean sheets, thinking about her and how tantalizing it would be to lie next to his wife again. He felt warm and knew that he could do nothing about it. He wasn't physically ready yet. But when he was...

The door swished open, and Dianne came in, dressed in her favorite silk dressing gown. She palmed the lights off, and Jeff smiled as he watched her slip the gown from her shoulders and lay it over the back of a chair. She was wearing pajamas that matched the robe's dark green color, the top of which bared most of her shoulders and back and was held up by thin straps. He sighed happily.

"You are so beautiful, Dianne."

"I thank you, love," she responded as she climbed into the second bed. Lying as close as she could to the edge nearest him, she reached out and stroked his hair back, then leaned over and kissed him, long and tenderly, whispering, "Welcome home, Jeff. Welcome home."

