

Tuesday, March 13, 2068, 7:45 a.m., Tracy Island

Jeff woke with a start. He looked around the room, trying to remember where he was. Then it hit him and he sighed contentedly. The sick room. At the Villa. I'm home.

He glanced at the bed next to him. To his surprise, it had been moved back into position and the sensors had been plugged back in. He frowned. Did Dianne sleep in here or not? His attention was caught by the infirmary door swishing open. Dianne stepped in, smiling when she saw he was awake.

"Good morning, dearest," she said, approaching the bed. "I was up obscenely early so I put the bed back where it belonged, got showered, and brought you some fresh clothes." She showed him the garments she had in her hands, then put them down on the counter and came over to him, leaning over for a kiss, and lowering the bars she had raised on her earlier departure. "You slept very soundly despite the time difference."

"The flight and the party wore me out," he said. She helped him to a sitting position, then they made a trip to the bathroom.

"Do you want to shower?" she asked. He sighed, and nodded. He knew he'd need a lot of help to wash himself, and her proximity would make things difficult. He wanted her so badly!

Dianne looked at him with concern. "What's wrong, love?"

"Here I am, unable to dress or shower by myself, and I realize that if you are the one to help me, I'd... just..." He sighed again. "I want you so much, Dianne. Just the sight of you last night made me so... aroused. And right now, there's nothing I can do about it."

"Ah. I see. Would you rather have Dom come down and help you?" Dianne asked, tamping down severely on her drawl, her professional mask sliding into place. She didn't want him to know how much his answer stung.

Jeff sat and thought. He was torn, so torn. Yes, he wanted his wife to help him; he was most comfortable with her presence. She had seen him naked time and time again. The thought of Dom helping him made him a bit uncomfortable; he barely knew the man after all. But... there was the sexual aspect of it, too. To have her touching him, rubbing him, bathing him as they often bathed each other... he knew he couldn't stand not being able to reciprocate. Not as he'd like to.

He looked up at her, took a deep breath, and nodded. "Please get Dominic."

Dianne nodded, and activated her wrist telecomm to call Dominic to the sick room. Then they waited together in silence, neither of them quite sure what to say.

