

# Laura

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## Chapter 24 - Recovery

The woman kneeling on the hospital bed kept saying things over and over. “C’mon Laura. You can do it. We don’t lose patients here at Mercy Hospital. Please. We love you.”

The person standing next to me interrupted. “Mindy is here. Tell her Mindy is here.”

“Another?”

“Not yet. Not strong, but the monitor shows her heart is going. More oxygen.”

A monitor graph had low spikes again and a big number cycled between 30 and 45.

I leaned into the person next to me. “She’s lactating heavily. She may need to be pumped.”

That woman gave me a strange look.

“I’m her intimate partner, just with a low voice. We’re an ANR.”

Her eyebrows moved in a way that signaled ‘what the hell does that mean?’.

I whispered. “Adult nursing relationship. My breasts ache too, which is why I know her’s may need attention. I brought a pump for mine.”

She nodded she understood, but we’d have to wait. She didn’t ask me about my low masculine voice.

Someone with a stethoscope in the pocket of her white lab coat came in with a multiple page print out. Two people talked with her in low whispers and she responded in kind. All three nodded, and they sent a med-tech scurrying out.

The people near Laura’s head were talking in low soft tones to her. Everyone

glanced at the monitor display which was slowly improving.

The woman next to me moved in closer to all those people. “Her partner is here, and her primary care physician directed she hold her hand. Can we make room?”

One of the guys pushed a chair through the crowd to Laura’s side opposite the door and all that equipment.

I dropped my shoulder bag next to the chair, sat down, and took Laura’s hand. She felt cold.

I leaned in to her ear. “Laura, honey, this is Mindy.” We never called each other honey before, but the crowd needed a marker. “Dr. Patricia told me to be here and hold your hand. You feel so cold. I’m here. I love you. I’m staying here with you through your ordeal.” I kept up that commentary trying to use a woman’s caring words, but doubted I was doing the right thing. I was so focused on Laura’s still face I didn’t notice the crowd had thinned out a little. The monitors showed a steady pace of her heart.

A new med-tech arrived and conferred with the people arranged on the other side of the bed. One of the women doctors picked up her head at me. “Are you Mindy?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Laura’s partner.”

I nodded.

“Come out in the hall, please.”

The chair had slid into the bed requiring effort to slid it away and get up. I had been so concentrated on Laura I had forgotten to dribble into my diaper. I wet as I went out into the hall. That damp warmth down there comforted me.

Out in the hall was this terribly complicated discussion. Out of it I gathered Laura had been hit from the side in a freak auto accident. She had been tossed around in the car slamming her head into the driver’s side window.

Now there was something wrong with the medications. “Does she take anything?”

“She might not tell me anything like that.”

Eyebrows popped up with that.

I didn’t explain I was the submissive.

“Blood tests say she is over medicated. Now we need to rectify that and give her other medications. But this could backfire. We need family approval. Can you do that?”

“Does this keep her alive?”

“Maybe this helps, but maybe not. We want to stabilize her heart and vital signs. Her breathing is troubled, and we can give her oxygen. If we don’t do something she will be in pain, and that could cause trouble even while she is out.

“I don’t like pain, and Laura doesn’t either.” I didn’t tell them all the times other Doms had told her to have me painfully punished as domination and she wouldn’t allow it. “Are you recommending this?”

Dr. Patricia arrived for which I felt rescued. They explained it all over again to her. She looked at me.

I looked her straight in the eye. “What do you recommend?” Her head pulled back. She told me later I had surprised her with my directness she wasn’t expecting knowing of my submissiveness.

They conferred in pharmaceutical and medical jargon. “Yes, Mindy, tell them to go ahead.”

“Thanks. I feel much relieved. She says yes, so I say yes. Do it.”

Dr. Patricia put her hand on my arm holding me back as they went in. She spoke in a very low voice. “Thank you for coming. They all think you are a woman with a low voice, but I know better. Your secret is safe. But if they knew they would not want you in there when they take off the rest of her clothes and insert a catheter. Can you stay?”

I leaned into her ear and whispered very low. “I put on a new double diaper before coming. Do I look good enough?”

She backed off just a little and smiled at me. “You look fabulous. I hadn’t seen you well dressed before. Your hair is great. She has taken good care of you, hasn’t she?”

“Remember the discussion in your office about growing my breasts? We are both lactating heavily. Have them breast pump her. They aren’t believing me.”

We were interrupted. “You can come in now.”

I went to that chair, pulled it back close to the bed, took Laura’s hand, and said those same things as before.

Dr. Patricia took Laura's other hand and said her style of caring words.

Another Doctor asked me to leave. Dr. Patricia nodded she agreed. I wasn't out in the hall too long as they pumped Laura's breasts.

Laura's room had a restroom where I pumped my own.

The hospital brought me dinner and drinks.

I sat right there holding Laura's hand. I don't think the hospital figured out that I was only going to the restroom for my breasts. They gave me a sheet of instructions for sitting with critical care patients.

Dr. Patricia returned. "Anything you need?"

"I only brought a few replacement disposable diapers. The hospital must stock those. Yes?" I was proud of myself adding that woman's style question at the end.

"Sure. What if they insist they do the changing?"

I felt embarrassed, but not so much as to be warm at the ears. "If they insist."

They did change me without any word or sign this was unusual. Later I asked Dr. Patricia when she responded she wasn't surprised because of the way she had made that 'Doctor's Instructions'.

When Laura's eyelids fluttered I pressed the call button and people were there in under a minute. I was talking in a low voice to Laura.

They rigged a fluids bag and added lines for medications and anesthetics.

Laura went back to sleep.

I pushed the call button again when Laura's face scrunched up with pain, and they returned quickly. They upped a dosage, and explained in Laura's far ear what they were doing.

I interrupted. "She feels chilled to me,"

They took her temperature with a gadget at her ear, and added a warmed blanket to the bedcovers.

She faintly nodded, but it was awhile before her face lost some of that tension.

Between rereading favorite parts of that book from church I catnapped sitting there holding her hand which wasn't as cold before.

The time on a monitor said a little after four in the morning when Laura's hand squeezed mine. She tried to talk, but was too weak.

I held my ear to her mouth. "Mindy. Is this you, Mindy? You look lovely."

I was surprised she said so much. "Yes, Laura, this is your little girl Mindy. Dr. Pat's office called and told me to come, wear really good clothes, and stay with you. The burgundy suit dress was at the cleaners. Is this good enough? Am I making you proud with how your little girl dressed herself?"

She squeezed my hand.

When they sent her home two days later she was still weak. Even with my hands on her sides helping from below she barely made it up the stairs. I flung the bed covers back and helped her off with her clothes. She struggled into the bathroom, but held my hand firmly to come with her. She whispered. "Little girl babies are fascinated with potty training. Just stay with me."

When she lay down in bed she was completely naked as I pulled the covers over her legs and waist. "To hell with decorum." I pumped her breasts before pulling the covers up to her neck. I sat on the bed next to her as I pumped myself as she watched. She slipped a hand out from under the covers and signaled with a hooked finger. I put an ear down near her mouth. "Good girl, Mindy. Come lie with me."

"Mommy. I have to change myself first. I'll be right back." I went in the nursery, hung up my clothes, changed my diapers myself, and returned in just my toddler attire.

Under the covers I went. She rolled on her side and smiled at me. Just a weak smile, but my eyes watered at that. She moved her hand at my face and put two fingers at my mouth. This wasn't making any sense until I let her fingers slip between my lips and teeth. I sucked.

Her voice remained weak, but just enough. "Good girl, Mindy. That's the comforting I needed from you."

"Yeth, Mommy. You are safe at home with your little girl Mindy. I am here with you. If you want you can go to sleep now and rest."

She lay there with her eyes on my face for a few minutes before her eyes closed as she went to sleep.