

First Aid

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

So there I was, Tuesday, spending the day off site in a First Aid - CPR refresher class. My boss, wonderful humanitarian that he is, hadn't wanted me to go -- waste of time he says; if someone dies he can replace them with someone that will work harder for less money. Since it's a company requirement for people at my level, he had to let me attend. That didn't stop him from leaving me voice mail messages, paging me every twenty minutes with idiot questions that he knew I couldn't answer from where I was.

The gal running the class, Diane, was a knockout and a sweetie as well. She could tell I was under a lot of stress, and was cutting me some slack. We had been talking early on about stress and asked for suggestions on how people dealt with it. When I blurted out "maiming small animals while thinking of my boss" she laughed; then my beeper went off again -- another damn message from you know who.

When I returned to the classroom after my sixth idiot "urgent" call of the morning, we were having a break. Diane came up to me holding a metal cookie can. She told me that if I wanted, I could put my pager in the can and leave it on the desk in front of me; they hadn't run across one yet that would go off while sealed inside the can. I smiled, thanked her, and dropped it in the can. I didn't tell her I had already turned the damn thing off.

After the break and some more review, she started one of the first aid videotapes. I'd seen this one many times before -- it has some wonderful scenes, like a guy holding an ax, and then slicing open his leg, fake blood spurting everywhere. My guess is they run these right before our lunch break to help us lose weight. My head was pounding, so I took the opportunity to close my eyes and try and rest. I really wasn't feeling well; after a few minutes, I was really dizzy, and tried to let it pass with my eyes closed...

And woke up on the floor, out of my chair, with Diane bending over me. She asked me my name, and if I knew where I was. I recognized the routine: determine level of consciousness by asking about name, place, time, and purpose. I told her my name was Ken, that I was laying on the floor looking into the most beautiful blue eyes in the world, that I hoped time was standing still so this would last forever, and that this was the best thing I could imagine doing.

She smiled and told me I was "here times four"-- I'd passed that test. She asked if it had been the blood in the video that got me. I told her I didn't think so, that it was stress -- I'd closed

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my eyes just after she started the video; I just got dizzy, and the next thing I knew I was in heaven.

She smiled and chuckled. She told me I was still very much alive, and that she'd cut folks loose for lunch. She took my blood pressure; it was high -- I'd bet that it had been far higher before I passed out, and she agreed. I told her I was under a lot of stress, mostly from my idiot boss. She told me she wouldn't call for the meat wagon right now if I agreed to go with her to see a physician friend of hers after class. Under the circumstances, and with her still leaning over me, I agreed.

We'd both brought our lunches; she suggested we go to a smaller conference room to eat and relax for a while. We had about an hour and twenty minutes before we needed to resume -- my antics had bought the class an extra long lunch.

As we ate, we talked about stress and our jobs. The room was semi-dark, lit only by the light coming in through a glass panel at the side of the door. We were both sitting on the floor in the back of the room. I really liked this woman. She told me she appreciated my sense of humor - and that humor was very important in dealing with stress.

After we finished eating, she said she thought she could help me relax if I was interested. I told her, most definitely!

She told me to move over to her, and lay on the floor with my head in her lap. I said that while what she was suggesting sounded great, I wasn't sure it would help me relax.

She laughed; her voice was wonderful. She asked me to trust her. I said I did, and moved over.

Placing my head on her thighs was wonderful, but it did not relax some parts of me. She told me to close my eyes, relax, and just follow her voice.

She started gently running her fingers over my forehead and temples. She was talking in a soft, soothing voice, and started guiding me through deep breathing, then relaxing the muscles in my head, then my neck, then my shoulders...

Somewhere around my shoulders, her voice seemed to get far away, but still clear. It was hard for me to concentrate, but her voice was wonderful and clear, telling me to relax. The world was very peaceful laying there, just following her voice.

Her voice continued for a while. I seem to remember hearing a conversation; she was asking someone questions, and a voice that sounded a lot like mine was answering; I couldn't quite follow what they were talking about, I was so relaxed.

I woke up to her kissing me full on the lips. A wonderful way to wake up. She told me "Ten minutes to class -- let's get back to the real world."

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The real world was substantially better than it had been an hour ago. I went to the bathroom to pee, and washed my face. When I looked in the mirror, I saw a relaxed, smiling face that I hadn't seen in quite a while.

When I got back to our classroom, she took my blood pressure again. Even though I was sitting up, it was down almost ten points from when I'd passed out! Diane was quite happy at this -- I was amazed.

The afternoon went well, and quickly. I was relaxed, and it was easy to concentrate on the class. By the end of the afternoon, Linda, who works with me, told me she'd never seen me smiling and looking so relaxed.

Diane cut us loose early. I was starting to walk out the door when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned and she said "You're coming with me." Oops, I'd forgotten that part. Couldn't be all bad -- I followed her out to the parking lot and got into her car. She told me we were going to see a friend of hers; Mary -- a clinical psychiatrist. She had already talked to her about me.

"You know," she said as she drove, "you work for a real asshole." I told her she was not only beautiful and a skilled instructor, but also a great judge of character. I was also curious how she had come to this conclusion without ever being downwind of him. She asked if I'd noticed her leaving the room a couple times while we were practicing CPR. I hadn't. "Well, after you stopped returning pages, that idiot called our office, started leaving messages, and wanted you pulled out of the class. I'd already talked a bit to Mary; the next time he called, I talked to him -- or tried to. That twit should be shot." I had to disagree with her on that -- she was surprised until I told her that shooting was way too quick and painless, unless she was suggesting hauling him out to the desert and shooting him in the knees.

She continued "After I got off the phone with him I called Mary again and filled her in. Luckily, she's worked with your company before -- she called your head of human relations and read him the riot act. I think things should settle down."

Yeah, they may settle down -- but I may be out of a job, I thought. We pulled up to an office building, and went to an office on the third floor. Nice building -- looked expensive. We went in, and the receptionist took us to Mary's office. Mary is in her mid forties, blonde, a little on the thin side for my tastes, but still good looking.

She started by taking my blood pressure; it was up about fifteen points from the earlier low. Still too high. She had me take off my shoes and lay down on the couch. Then Mary leaned over me, put a hand on my forehead, said something, and the world spun away. I was very relaxed and comfortable, floating along with my eyes closed. I could hear Diane and Mary talking to someone- was it me? It sounded like me, but I wasn't sure. It wasn't important. Then Mary talked for a while. She kept saying my boss' name; that bothered me and I finally asked her to stop. Then her voice went back to being soothing, comforting. I drifted off to sleep.

"Wake up, Ken." was the next thing I heard. I stretched and looked up. Mary and Diane were sitting near me. I could see through the windows that it was dark outside. Mary asked how I

was feeling. I told her I felt great; relaxed. I looked at my hand -- I had one of those digital blood pressure things on it. Mary noticed me looking, and told me my blood pressure was lower again, now that I was relaxed.

Then she spoke that name again. I could feel my reaction, and looked down to see that my blood pressure had shot up again. Then she said "relax", and the tension melted out of me.

"Ken" she told me "this morning you had an acute stress induced attack. Diane recognized what was going on, and helped you relax. Do you know what she did?"

I admitted I didn't, but that didn't matter, as it was wonderful, and whatever she did, I needed more.

Both of them laughed. "Ken, among other things, Diane is a very skilled hypnotist. She hypnotized you, and helped you relax. When you got here, she hypnotized you again, and we discussed your problem. Do you remember someone saying a certain person's name?"

I told her that was one of the few things I remembered -- and I remembered asking her to stop.

Mary put a hand on my shoulder. "Ken, it's OK, just relax." That word was magic when she said it.

"I was testing your reaction to his name. Every time I said it, your blood pressure shot up. At first, it shot up really high. I worked with you, and now when I mention that name," she gave my shoulder a squeeze "your pressure spikes a little, but not nearly as much."

"I also had a long chat with Norm, your executive vice president of human relations. I'm glad you saved those voice mail messages from this morning. I listened to them, and had Norm listen to them as well. We both agreed that the behavior your boss demonstrated was totally inappropriate. I also told Norm that in my professional judgment, you had suffered an acute stress attack brought on directly by this inappropriate and unprofessional behavior, and would be putting that in writing. You are taking the rest of the week off as fully paid medical leave to recover from this attack. I'm prescribing some medication, and rest. Your boss has been told that he is not to contact you under any circumstances. Norm told me that this charmer is already on corrective action. Norm will personally check your voice mail, and I'll check your home answering machine daily to verify compliance. Personally, I think your boss is history."

That made me smile. What happened next made me smile even more.

"Now, the medication I'm prescribing is mild, and has minimal side effects. Your rest program is going to be supervised, to insure your compliance. You will rest, relax, and comply with the instructions you are given. You will come back here at three PM on Monday and I'll see how you're doing, and if you're fit to return to work." She was smiling broadly, so was Diane. Supervised rest? What was going on?

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Then Mary turned to Diane and said "Would you like to use the Tahoe cabin, dear?"

Diane nodded to her. A dim light came on over my head. I sat up, but before I could say anything, Diane was on top of me, kissing me and pushing me back down on the couch. I think my stress problems were well on their way to being solved.

FIN

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