

Them

Elanor sighed and dumped the stack of letters on his desk.

“Who would have thought that managing the coalition would require so much paper.”

“Our task was to stop the war,” answered Maëri, his tender half, seated at the opposite desk. “And, when you sheath the sword, you must cut the quill.”

Elanor looked at her nine-month pregnant wife who was still actively working for assuring the peace to perdure. He walked toward her and put one hand on her arm and the other on her now prominent belly.

How is the girl? he asked.

The boy, you mean. She kissed his hand. *We will know when the time comes. Now, go back to your desk soldier.*

Elanor patted her one last time and went back to his chair, still thinking about their future child—a daughter, **F**reedom willing. He sat back and started to read.

“El, would you ask for more quiche,” Maëri asked him some time later, then added, “I need to eat for two you know.”

“For three you mean,” he said grinning.

By her glare he knew that he needed to bring this quiche fast. He went to the kitchen and asked the staff for a large slice of quiche with some apple juice. When he returned she was not there. He laid down the food and dashed to the birthing room.

She wasn't there either—he relaxed.

He went back to the study and saw her entering.

“Where were you?” he asked.

“Just, you know... Emptying the excess of apple juice.” She smiled, then added with joy, “I have some good news... I felt them...”

“Them!?”

She nodded, “Them.”