

93-Your Time is Near

As the birth of her baby nears, Jaxyl becomes extremely irritable. Her massive belly blocks her from her two favorite activities, riding Flodynhelm and having sex. She is eating to excess but now is so pregnant there is not much room left in her body to overindulge in her favorite foods.

“Your time is close,” Dr. Sandral warns her. I want you to come see me every morning from here on out. It’s best if we handle the birth naturally, but I’m not letting you go too much longer.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“We have hormones we can give you to help to flush your little girl out.” Dr. Sandral gives her a rare smile, her thin lips parting in a strained fashion,

“I prefer not to.”

“Of course, I understand, but there is nothing harmful about it.”

“If I were at home on Merth, there would be a most public birthing. All the dignitaries would be attending as part of the extravaganza of a royal birth.”

“Oh, my that sounds terrible,” Dr. Sandral’s smile draws up as if she has just bitten into the bitter blasomal bark.

Jaxyl shrugs, “My little planet is not very advanced.”

“Look at her kick,” Dr. Sandral places her hand on Jaxyl’s visibly moving rounded belly. “She’s ready to get out!” “I prefer you have the baby here in the clinic so we can address any complications that might arise.

“I don’t see that happening, I’m quite robust and healthy.”

“Of course, you are, but we want to be prepared for anything,” the doctor tells her. Are you drinking lots of water?”

Jaxyl rolls her eyes. “My life is abysmally boring doctor. I do what you tell me despite my propensity to ignore your expertise.”

Dr. Sandral’s lips again form an unusual crescent, and she realizes she is beginning to like this brazen princess, soon-to-be mother.

It happens that night after an unsettling struggle to sleep, Jaxyl finally drifts off only to be rudely awakened by the popping sound of her water breaking, drenching her bed. She sits up carefully finding she is dizzy and taps her vim finger to her mouth. “Scorzo, I think this is it. Can you get down here right away?” He is shocked by her courtesy.

Then a roiling, gut-wrenching pain grasps her body and wrings her out. She groans uncontrollably. She has never been wounded in battle luckily, but this seems much worse.

When Scorzo arrives, he has a chair on wheels for her to glide to the clinic on, but she will have nothing to do with it. “Put that flowkin thing away. I can walk,” which she does awkwardly leaning over on him as if she is going to break in half, her body laden fully with another being. Despite the

late hour, they pass another crew member, a man looking to quietly return to his bed without incident, but who steps up to support her other side.

In this way, she arrives at the Ursula Weir's health clinic to birth her most divine child, as the Folotar refer to her baby. Jaxyl is determined to give birth in a dignified fashion, but it is not to be. She has severely underrated the intensity of the pain. At first, she groans so loudly they can hear her down the hall.

Flodynhelm much further out of earshot knows instinctively something is wrong with Jaxyl. Rearing and thrashing his hooves, he crushes his stable corral, and the crew has to subdue him with an electronic ray, or he would have stormed down the passageway to rescue her.

Then the cursing comes like a Targa storm, sharp, brutal, and hazardous. "Flum! You flowkin pistoid Clouton. You did this to me and so did the flowkin Matong. I've been flumed from the moment I met you. I swear if I ever see you again, I will punch you in the groin until you scream for mercy. You f lowkin baltoff!"

The nurse peers anxiously at Dr. Sandral with an injection at the ready but Sandral nods subtly no. "I don't want to do anything that might cause a complication. Just secure her arms so I can check and see what is going on." She nods to several beefy aides who have quietly assembled.

"Don't you touch me you flowkin pistoids I will kill all of you!"

"Now Jaxyl you are about to become a mother; you need to cooperate with us for the safety of your baby." Dr. Sandral nods and they commence to secure her wrists to the table. Jaxyl makes a decisive swing at one of them and he goes flying across the floor.

"Jaxyl I'm warning you! I don't want to sedate you, but I will if you don't cooperate!" Another gut-wrenching pain comes sliding down her spine and Jaxyl nods submissively as a primal scream issues from her lips. Everyone in the room is startled by it, even those who have delivered numerous babies.

"The delivery is going too fast," one nurse whispers to another. A few more volcanic shrieks and the baby delivers.

Like a defused bomb a calm settles over the room. "Let me have her," Jaxyl demands of the doctor.

Sandral turns smiling and holding the bloody little babe in a tiny blanket. "We are going to clean her up."

"No, unleash me and let me have her." Dr. Sandral, feeling the tone of Jaxyl's words, commanding but calm, releases the wrist bracelet with her vim finger. When Jaxyl sits up and stretches out her arms as any normal mother would, Sandral hesitates wondering, if after Jaxyl's previously explosive behavior, she is going to lick her baby clean like some wild animal.

"No, really it's okay, I'm safe now," she grins and beckons with her hands for Sandral to approach. It is as if a light has bled into her soul, and she is an entirely different woman than the one who had moments before threatened to kill everyone in the room