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THREE WORDS

By Aquarius

“Han, I want to stop taking my shot.”

All seven hells broke loose right after Leia helped me dislodge my eggs from my esophagus. I knew exactly what she meant. Damn it, I tried so hard to stay calm, to not let her know she caught me with my guard down, but this just came out of nowhere, right in the middle of breakfast.

One thing you’ve got to know about Leia is that no matter how bad she *wanted* kids, she was dead against *having* any. Personally, I thought she was overreacting. Sure, her father was a Sith Lord and the chief minion of evil, but the guy made *choices*, right? I mean, what are the odds our kids are going to turn out just like him?

Never mind. Don’t tell me. I don’t want to know the odds.

Any way, no matter what Leia says about not wanting to have kids, about it being too dangerous and irresponsible, I know she’s lying—to herself, mostly. People aren’t born evil. She’s not worried about unleashing some unholy terror onto the Galaxy. I think she’s more worried about her ability to be a parent, period.

Like I’m not...

She’s always been good with other people’s kids. She likes helping our neighbor Solomon’s boys with their studies, and when we’re out she’s always the first to help a mother with her hands full by offering to hold her baby. Leia’s always happy around children, and I can tell she’s sad when they’re gone.

I quit bringing it up as much as I used to. Until today, when I'd tell her I want to talk about having kids again, she'd just give me *that look*. The one I call the "death stare" now. The one that makes me want to go and break my own hyperdrive just so I have an excuse to be gone for a few hours.

So yeah, when my wife tells me she wants to go off her contraception, it's no wonder my breakfast goes down the wrong pipe. I barely stop choking before I push all the dishes down to the other end of the table. She asks me what I'm doing when I give her a boost up onto the spot I just cleared.

"Getting an early start," I tell her and I lean her back.

"I'm not fertile yet." She's never gotten over resisting, not really, but I know she doesn't mean it. She's started playing with my hair and her legs are spreading, and she's smiling when I kiss her.

So I tell her to just consider this one practice for the real thing while I undo her robe. I really want to ask her what made her change her mind, you know? Was it being around Solomon's kids all the time and missing them when they go home? Or has she been thinking about that lost little girl again, the one we found years ago, while we were on an undercover mission for the Rebellion? We fought about that then, but Leia insisted we hang around and comfort the kid until the constable found her mother, even if it meant compromising the operation.

To tell you the truth, though, as soon as I see Leia naked, I don't care about that any more. At least not for now. Kids don't even enter my mind as I push her knees back and go down on her. I just want to celebrate, right?

I can tell she's getting close when she grabs the edge of the table and I hear her knock some dishes onto the floor. We're going to have a hell of a mess to clean up when we're done but I'm not thinking about that, or about the fact that this means that pretty soon I'm going to have to share this woman with someone else: our first child.

Actually, the thought makes me panic a little as I climb on top of her: responsibility and one more way that I'm going to have to quit being so selfish. Leia will help me with that, I know. She's so giving; I just about had to teach her how to take.

But I forget all about that, too, either because it feels so good to finally be inside her or because I know she's going to be mad when she notices that the juice I just spilled got into her hair.

That doesn't matter, though. The only thing I care about right now is the fact that my wife and I are having the messiest, loudest sex we've had in a long time. I

love the way she looks up at me and grabs my ass, the way she bucks up against me and says my name and tells me how good she feels.

Yeah, pretty soon, we're really going to have everything.

~*~*~*~

So things have been pretty good around here for a while. As soon as Leia's contraception runs out, we start doing what any other couple does when they want to have a baby: having lots of sex.

Yeah, things are *real* good around here.



I don't tell Leia, but I've started trying to imagine myself as a father, us as a family. I see myself carrying our kids around on my shoulders and taking them

swimming...teaching our daughters to be strong and independent like their mother and our sons how to charm the girls.

The best part, though, is imagining Leia as a mother. I always start off thinking about her singing them to sleep and putting bacta guards on scraped knees, but before I know it I see us and a ton of kids around a loud and crazy dinner table. She's really frazzled but she's never looked so beautiful, and she's screaming at them to sit down, shut up, and eat their damn noodles and I know it isn't right but I get so aroused by that.

Not that Leia would ever yell at our kids or swear at them, because she wouldn't. She's not like that. But hell, it's so sexy when she *does* swear and I like thinking about it. Once in a while, she'll let go and say something really filthy and I'll get so turned on that I have to--

I stop myself mid-unzip. Leia isn't here, she's gone into town. And even though I know it won't be the same, I want to relieve myself, but I almost feel like I shouldn't. It's like my erection is mocking me with her voice: "You'll lower your sperm count!" She's so serious about having this baby, you know?

The chrono on the wall tells me that Leia won't be back for another couple of hours.

Shit.

I've gotta take a cold shower or something, before I lose my mind. Maybe I'll go see if Solomon's kids are around, ask if they want to toss a smashball, or take apart a speeder bike and put it back together. Anything to get rid of all this testosterone.

~*~*~*~

I should've known then that things were starting to get weird around here. *Damn* weird.

I didn't think much about it when Leia's cycle came and went a few times, and then a couple more, but I guess she did.

Maybe it was easy to not notice at first, how serious she'd become about having a baby, how hard she was taking it that she wasn't pregnant yet. It's always been like that for us: she's always been the planner, looking at the big picture, while I just figure that stuff will happen when it happens, right?

And besides, all that extra sex in the beginning was a lot of fun. I just thought Leia was having fun, too.

But soon, all the other shit snuck in. *The weird shit*. The ovulation charts and temperature gauges and graphs. I guess I tried to make the best of it, the fact that it was all scientific, something I could get my head around. That, and the fact that the conception manuals all came with new positions to try. I figured that alone would make scheduling sex worth it.

You heard me. I said scheduling sex.

At first I wasn't sure if making love to my wife certain times of the day was based more on superstition or science, but hey, if you saw some of those diagrams, you'd be all for it, too.

Now, I know that it was my idea that we should have kids. But I think I'm starting to burn out a little. I know, I know. Any self-respecting guy would love to have a wife who wants to have sex as much as Leia does, but I feel like it's getting ridiculous, out of control.

Don't get me wrong. There's no better feeling than waking up with an erection and finding it in your wife's mouth. But not when she woke you up pretty much the same way two hours ago...and an hour and a half before that...and you feel like you've only been asleep for about ten minutes. Maybe I'm just getting old, but come on! A guy's gotta sleep, you know?

And I really wish I drew the line at the underwear. The ones with the special fibers that Leia said would keep my testicles the right temperature and optimize my sperm production.

Optimize my...?! My sperm production has never been anybody else's business before. Hell, I've never really wanted to make it *my* business, either. All I know is that people have been having babies without all this stuff since time began, so why the hell do I have to deal with it?

Because it's important to her, and she's important to me.

You know how it goes. Leia looks at me with those gorgeous eyes and I can't tell her no. Okay, so I tell her no a couple of times first, but by now I think she knows that's just for show.

~*~*~*~

So right now, Leia is beside me on the couch, reading another conception manual. I think this one involves sorcery or demon worship or something. Why not? They're the only things we haven't tried yet.

I'm supposed to be reading, too, but even though I'm looking at my data pad, I don't see it. My mind starts telling me things it hasn't told me in a while, and I slip

into my favorite fantasy about Leia. Right now, in my head, she's swearing up a storm. For the first time in months I feel an unplanned stirring in my pants, one that wasn't brought on by a chrono alarm going off and my wife pushing me down and pulling my clothes off, no matter what I was in the middle of.

I know, I know. I probably shouldn't be saying that like it's a bad thing.

Any way, I scoot closer to Leia and I slip my hand between her legs. She keeps reading.

Hey, I haven't studied this hard since my Academy days, you know? But this seems like a good time for some extra credit.

"Not now," she says.

Did I hear that right? All she ever wants to do any more is have sex, and she just told me no?

So I try again. I probably heard wrong. I start kissing her neck, the way she likes. "Come on," I tell her. "I thought we were trying to have a baby, right?"

"We are," she says. Damn it, she's still reading! "But the ovulation chart says..."

"I don't give a damn about the ovulation chart," I tell her.

"But..."

I blurt it out before I even know it's there: "Leia, you're scaring me."

So we sit there for a few minutes, staring at each other in shock. But I'm realizing that I meant what I said.

Not that I'm afraid of Leia specifically. But, and I know it's going to sound crazy—Leia would say irrational—all along part of me has been scared that I'm going to die of exhaustion, or that my penis is going to fall off from over-use.

Or maybe that her desire for me has been replaced by her desire to have a baby.

But I don't think about that stuff.

So there we are, still staring at each other. I can tell that she knows I want to tell her all of this, and I'm pretty sure there's something she wants to say to me, but neither of us moves.

Finally, she says, "I just didn't want to waste time again."

What the hell?

Ah. *Now* I know what this is all about, why our sex life has stopped being about us and started being about a kid we don't even have yet. There almost *wasn't* an "us" because we were both too afraid to take the first step. Well, that was mostly her, but you know...

And we almost never got married. And now she thinks we almost didn't start a family. She thinks she's been making up for lost time.

I have never known a woman to be brave enough to face death and torture and everyday life with me, but be so afraid of herself. She's got this bad habit of resisting the things she knows she wants until it's almost too late to have them.

I can tell from her eyes that I'm right, and that she knows what I'm thinking. But we don't have to say it, you know? That's the great part about being with Leia. Hearing the hard stuff isn't as important as understanding it.

And now we understand.

I understand so well that while I'm putting down her data pad with one hand I'm sliding the other under her blouse. She doesn't have anything on under it and I'm wondering if she knows just how sexy that is. "Then let's just quit wasting time," I tell her as I kiss her.

She's playing with my hair and I can tell I've got my wife back now. Not the one obsessed with getting pregnant to the point of killing me, but the one who gets naked and sweaty with me because she loves me. I keep kissing her because if I don't, she'll tell me she's sorry and I don't want her to be. She didn't do anything wrong—she never does—but she's always worried about doing everything right.

For the first time in months, we're having that slow, lazy afternoon kind of sex on the couch. I hear a crunch and I realize we broke Leia's data pad. I don't think she's going to be mad about this one, though.

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This morning I'm having the strangest sense of *deja-vu*. I'm having a hard time chewing my meat and swallowing my juice.

The only thing that's different this time is Leia. She's been smiling like a gundark with a full belly all morning. When she finally sits down, I know she's up to something, and I'm pretty sure that she knows that I know. I can be patient, wait until it finally drives her crazy and she cracks, but I'm almost afraid that whatever

it is, it's going to involve some kind of manual or gadget but I'm going to remind myself that we put all that behind us.

It doesn't take long.

"We did it."

I don't choke this time. I'm suddenly aware that I've spent the past few minutes not eating, while trying to look like I'm *not* not eating.

And I know exactly what she's talking about. In three words she's just told me that we're going to be parents, that our lives are about to change irrevocably again because we love each other, and that we're not going to get to finish breakfast because she's already clearing the table to make room for our celebration.

I don't wait for her to finish, though. I'm too happy. Before Leia can say anything I'm kissing her and my hand is in her robe. I don't head for the usual places this time, at least not right away. Instead I keep wanting to touch her belly, because I know what—*who*—is in there.

Yeah, we really do have everything now.

END

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