

Mother to Son

He thinks I'm asleep. He wouldn't be doing this if he thought I was watching him. He loves you so much baby. Can you hear me when I'm thinking like this. Do you know how much we already love you? Can you see through my eyes to what your father is doing. He's talking to you, telling you secrets in his own way. And they wonder why I love him. It's all right there. His back is to me, and he's hunched over the desk in the corner. He's looking at your picture and writing down all the things he wants you to know someday. It's the little things like this that tell me I made the right choice in believing in your daddy. I risked everything for him, and I still would in a heartbeat. He'd never even need to ask me to. He never did have to ask me. I chose to stand by him and I will for as long as I live. He's not one to blow his own trumpet and mean it. He brags a lot, but always in jest. He doesn't truly believe in himself the way others believe in him. The way I believe in him.

Should I tell you how I met your father? That your mother was a stupid kid fighting for something she didn't truly understand. It was when I met your dad, I learned the truth. He's good at that your dad. Making you see the truth whether you want to or not. I cannot wait for you to meet him. Your dad means everything to me. Just as you do. I hope you take after him. Faults and all.

He's crying. I wonder what he's remembering and telling you. He's been through a hell and back baby. All for us, one day you see that. Probably when you read what he's writing. I don't have to read it, I know. He's told me everything, he suffered a lot growing up. He's determined not to let you suffer. I'm falling in love with him all over again.

Quit kicking me. You can't read it yet so settle down. It'll be a long while before you know anything other than mommy and daddy love you. Only when you're old enough to comprehend what he's writing will he show you that book. He's writing it now before he forgets, or at least buries the memories for a while. He'll never forget.

I'll never forget. I'll never forget the first time we met. I'll never forget his words that opened my eyes. I'll never forget nearly dying or the way he held me in his arms and wept. I woke up in his arms. That was the most wonderful memory of all. The day he told me he loved me, I thought my heart would burst. He's a man of MANY words baby. But those three are my favorite. When he went off to destroy his Gundam then found himself having to fight again nearly tore him apart. Me too. I sat here with my eyes glued to the television. Praying for a glimpse of your dad. Any proof that he was still alive. I cried myself to sleep every night. Clinging to his pillow. This bed felt so empty without him sprawled out beside me. But he came home.

Home, now that's a word neither of us knew until we found each other. Baby, I swear you will know the meaning of this word. We built this home for you. Not the actual house, but the feeling in it. Boy, I must be tired, I'm even rambling in my own thoughts. But watching your dad, I can't help remembering.

I remember lying in his arms the night he came home. We made love and then talked the night away, just lying together in our home, in our bed. We talked about a lot of things. One of them being you. We decided not to wait you see. We wanted to make a family. Not just him, not just me. But we talked that night and became us. I don't need a ring on my finger to tell me I had found my soul. I don't need a ring to tell me I want to make something greater than us, I don't need a ring to want to make us, we. You my little angel, are the result of that talk. A part of me, and a part of your daddy you will be. When you're born, you'll make the us the we that we want so badly.

I have a ring now. We'll not yet. It's under the tree. I accidentally saw your daddy wrapping it, then hide it under the tree. I don't need it, he knows that. But it just shows you how good a man your daddy is. He loves us both, let's you and I make a pact baby. Let's love him back. Let's never forget to show him how much. He needs us baby, he lived a lifetime void of love. He had given his freely, but death had answered him. It's up to you and me to give him what he longs for. Let's make sure he never longs for it again.

He's done. He's closed the book. I shut my eyes and pretend to be asleep again. I feel the bed dip as he climbs in beside me. I feel his hands run along my arms to the mound in my belly that is you. He's kissing you goodnight. Do you feel his lips through me? I hope you do. His love is brightest in his kiss. His arms pull me closer as he nestles against me. I can feel his breath on my cheek. On my lips as he kisses me goodnight and whispers my three favorite words. I keep up my facade for his sake. He wants to know his mission to talk to you had succeeded. I smile in my mind and answer him. I love you too Duo. I always have, and I always will. As if he knows my thoughts, his arms hold me tighter. He falls asleep holding us. One arm wrapped around my shoulders. The hand from his other arm protectively resting upon you. Our son. I can't wait till I can introduce you to your father. And I'm sure he's just as anxious to meet you baby. Obviously you can't wait either little one. Your father's hand is not there to play high five with. But then again, I should have expected this. You are your father's son. I love you both with all my heart.
