

# A Touch of Morning Sickness

By C. Jade Wyton

*A pregnant Olivia spends some quality time with her friends, Volante and Veruca, while the rest of their party are stuck in another town.*

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It felt like the baby was going to come out her throat, with how violent the heaving was.

Olivia had spent what felt like the entire morning hunched over the sick pot (an old pot purchased by her *ever-thoughtful* husband specifically for her to be sick in, so she wouldn't have the displeasure of putting her face near another inn's disgusting excuse for a toilet) and was already so tired and exhausted she wanted to go back to bed.

The only thing keeping her sane right now was the feeling of Volante's hand on her back.

Olivia heaved again before finally lifting her face out of the pot and looking up at her friend with a utterly *miserable* expression.

'When's Daimon going to be back...?' she asked, hearing the sound of the sick blocking her nose and muffling her voice like she had a cold.

'Tomorrow,' Volante answered, softly. 'The train's been delayed so everyone's stuck in Brownsville until tomorrow morning.'

'But I want him *now*,' Olivia complained.

'Vell that is being too bad,' Veruca's voice chimed from the door. 'Because he is not being here.'

'Don't be a bitch,' Volante said over her shoulder; not turning from Olivia as she spoke.

'I am not being bitch, I am being honest!' Veruca defended. 'What? You are wanting me to lie? You are wanting me to say he will be coming back tonight and be getting up her hopes?'

'*I wouldn't mind a mercy lie, right about now*,' Olivia mumbled under her breath. '*False hope is still hope....*'

The tabaxi's whining was met with chuckling; which she echoed half-heartedly before feeling another lurch in her stomach and throwing her face back into the pot to be sick again.

'I think this thing's trying to kill me,' Olivia joked as she spat into the pot.

'Baby is not being capable of such thoughts,' Veruca responded. 'Baby is still very small—'

'This baby is *not* small!' Olivia argued.

Volante rolled her eyes. 'That's because you're having it with *Daimon*—'

'Baby is still small and not having brain yet,' Veruca continued, forcefully. 'Baby cannot want to be killing you.'

'I beg to differ,' Olivia gave a playful grumble and, her stomach finally settling, put the pot down and flopped onto her back. 'Hm.... I'm hungry.'

'That's about right,' Volante pulled a face at the pot of sick that had been put

beside her. 'What do you feel like?'

'I dunno,' Olivia let out a long, heavy sigh. 'We could go get something? It'd be Farren's shout. I still have his wallet.'

'Sure,' Volante gave Olivia a very light, very careful pat on the back (clearly worried that too hard a touch might send her into another vomiting fit) before rising to her feet and offering Olivia her hand. 'I saw a place that looked pretty expensive when we first got into town.... Veruca? You coming?'

'Vell.... If Farren is paying.'

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Volante was right; the restaurant she had seen was *very* expensive.

Especially when Olivia had ordered and eaten three entire plates of chicken kiev with mushroom and olive sauce on her own.

The only reason she'd stopped was that Volante had, perhaps, drunk just a *little* bit too much and gotten their table kicked out after trying to fight the chef.

Olivia knew they could have taken that stupid old man together and pummeled him into the ground where he belonged if she wasn't pregnant. But Veruca had made that point as Olivia had stood up from her chair, and instead of punching that ugly little elf in the face (like she should have) she'd just thrown down the money they owed and "*Good day to you, sir!*"d him instead.

It was a *very* strange feeling to have not been drinking with Volante. Usually Olivia would have been completely *wasted* by now! But apparently (apparently!) drinking was very bad to do while pregnant and Daimon had made her promise not to do it until the baby was born.

And as much as Olivia loved breaking promises, this one seemed pretty important....

The sound of Volante being sick directly onto Veruca's new jacket filled the air, and Olivia giggled as she turned to see the two women start to shove each other around.

'You will be paying for cleaning!' Veruca exclaimed, pushing Volante away.

'*You will be PAYING for CLEANING!*' Volante mocked, mimicking Veruca's accent.

'Do not mocking me!' Veruca grumbled.

'*Do not mocking me!*' Olivia chimed in, stepping to Volante's side. 'I am Veruca! I am wearing uncomfortable suits and needing my own vroom in inn because I'm fancy schmancy shmuck who's too good to be spending night with her friends!'

'If it is not being one of you, it is being *both of you*...' Veruca huffed, rubbing her brow. 'You know, Olivia, I am almost missing when you were scared of me....'

'*Almost?*' Olivia asked in the absolute *cutest* voice she could muster; rocking on her heels in a childish way for effect. 'Why Veruca, it sounds like you might...' she dropped her voice to a whisper. '*Like me!*'

'Hah!' Veruca threw an arm around Olivia, catching her in a headlock so she could mess up her hair. 'Where would you be getting crazy idea like that?'

Olivia just giggled, instead of responding, as Veruca let her go.

'Alright, we should be getting back to inn,' Veruca said, taking Volante around

the shoulders and guiding her in the right direction. 'Ve have paid for room. Ve should use room. Otherwise what is point? Vasted money.'

'Oh, yeah! I have another bottle of gin in the room!' Volante chirped. 'I can pull that out!'

'Yeah, and I could do with sitting down for a while,' Olivia agreed.

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'Am still not believing that you are being pregnant,' Veruca drawled from the spot on the floor where she lay (and had been lying for the past ten or so minutes since they got back). 'You have grown so fast. I am remembering when you vere this small!'

'Yeah, well *I* can't believe Daimon *fit*!' Volante cackled. 'How are you not dead?'

A pillow flew from Olivia's bed into Volante's face— And Volante threw it at Veruca.

'Hey! Why are throwing things at me?!' Veruca squawked, offended. 'What I do?!'

'Well I can't throw it at *Liv*!' Volante argued. 'She's *pregnant*!'

'Yeah, I'm pregnant,' Olivia teased, picking up her other pillow to heft at Veruca.

Veruca, now not completely unexpected of having pillows thrown at her, managed to bat it aside with a swipe of her hoof. 'That is being enough, young lady!' she scolded. 'If you are throwing one more thing, you will be sleeping without pillows for week.'

Olivia blew a raspberry at that and flopped back down. She lay quietly for a moment before gently touching her stomach. Then her ears twitched, slightly, as a very old and very faint memory crept into her mind. Something from a long, long time ago.... Something about....

'I remember when my mother was having my little brother,' Olivia blurted without meaning to. 'She had me hold my hand on her stomach to feel him kicking.... I can't feel anything, now. Is that normal? Should I be worried?'

Veruca and Volante cast each other glances that Olivia couldn't quite see from the angle she was lying at— Though she thought she spied some sort of confusion and sympathy.... It was then that Olivia realised that she'd mentioned her brother; something she'd never done in front of Veruca before. She'd only ever told Farren, Daimon, and Volante about him.... Not even Sheshalan knew.

Well... maybe Farren had mentioned it to the goatling. But, as far as *Olivia knew*, Sheshalan didn't know.

'Um...' Volante gave a hum, sounding unsure of what to say as she gave Veruca another look.

It was clear she knew Olivia had let the comment about her brother slip by accident, when it was something the tabaxi preferred to keep to herself, and she seemed unsure if she should say something about or not.

And it was clear that Veruca was just as unsure if it was appropriate to acknowledge what had been said.

'It... is being normal,' Veruca finally answered. 'Your baby is still being very

small. It is not having any legs to kick with yet.'

Olivia let out a sigh of relief. Both at Veruca's answer, and that she had chosen to ignore the mention of a brother. 'Oh thank gods.... I'm just worried, you know? I've never done this before.... What if I'm no good at it? What if.... What if I'm a *bad* mother...?'

'You're going to be a *great* mother, Liv,' Volante comforted. 'Having a baby's not easy, but you're strong. And you've got all of us to help. You'll be okay.'

Olivia let out a long, trembling breath as she cast her friend a nervous glance. 'Promise?'

'Yeah, you'll be fine,' Volante offered back a warm smile. 'Even if the kid's as annoying as you are, we won't dip on you. I promise.'

The joke made Olivia laugh, and she felt a lot less anxious as she turned back to rub her stomach. 'I still can't believe it. You know? There's a whole person growing inside of me....'

'Are you having names picked out yet?' Veruca asked.

'Ooh, yeah!' Volante gave a happy coo. 'What are you thinking? You should pick something cool. Like Volante.'

'She is not going to naming baby after you!' Veruca huffed playfully.

'She *might*!' Volante joked; clearly not believing her own words. 'She looks up to me, you know. We might get a little Volante Junior.'

A snort-like laugh escaped Olivia and she had to cover her mouth. '*Don't* suggest naming them after people we look up to!' she exclaimed. 'Or Daimon might try and name them after *Bertram*!'

Both Veruca and Volante cackled at the idea.

'He *adores* him!' Olivia continued. 'I mean. I *guess* Bertram's done some cool things, but...' she pulled a face, thinking about the way that stupid gay cowboy would look at Farren with his stupid gay cowboy eyes. 'It's *Bertram*!'

The girls continued laughing for a long moment, before finally all calming down and letting out a collective sigh.

'Besides,' Olivia gave a chuckle. 'We already have some names picked out.'

'Yeah?' Volante sat up, flicking her tail curiously. 'What names you got?'

'We agreed that if it's a girl, Jamie,' Olivia said. 'And if it's a boy, Robin.'

Veruca quirked a brow. 'Those names are being gender neutral?'

'Yeah, but we picked a name each,' Olivia explained. 'I wanted Robin, and Daimon wanted Jamie. So we thought that assigning a gender to them was a good idea.... Kinda like flipping a coin, you know? Only it's a whole baby.'

'That is being... surprisingly mature of you, Olivia,' said Veruca.

'Yeah, well. It was Sheshalan's idea,' Olivia gave one last giggle. 'At least the silly old goat is good for *something*.'

Volante snickered and shook her head. 'Hey. I'm gonna head downstairs. I saw some guy setting up cards at one of the tables. Might see if I can't cheat him out of some gold. Want to come?'

'Hmm.... No. I'm uh. I'm kinda tired,' Olivia admitted. 'I know it's barely two, but I might try and get some sleep.... If that's okay?'

'You're good, Liv,' Volante reassured; stumbling to her feet to retrieve Olivia's pillows from Veruca. She helped tuck them behind the tabaxi's head. 'You rest up, okay?'

‘Thanks.’

—END—

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