Through My Eyes

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Chapter 6

The breeze felt cool against my bare skin as I stood there in a field of wild grasses. The sun was high over head, shining down on this land of beauty.

"Ben."

Softly on the wind, I heard someone call my name and I tried to follow the voice to it's source. It was feminine and very familiar, but I couldn't remember who it sounded like. Soon I found myself in a forest of graceful willows and grand Sycamore trees.

"Ben."

The voice lead me deep into the forest and soon I was standing next to a crystal clear pool being fed by a gentle waterfall. Across from me on the other side of the pool, I could see the form of a woman. She was dressed in a flowing white gown which floated around her like a cloud. Even from where I stood, I could see that the material was transparent and I could see everything and I felt myself becoming aroused.

"Bengali."

Her voice was so soft and magical and I was drawn to her. I jumped into the water and swam as fast as I could to reach her. It seemed to take forever to reach her, but finally I made it to the shore climbed out. The vision before me smiled at me as she stared down.

I followed her gaze and saw that I was now wearing nothing and strangely, it felt right. I took her in my arms and kissed her deeply and I felt the material of her dress melt away. Soon she was as naked as I and very tempting. Her flesh felt so soft and yielding and I felt myself grow even harder. I gently laid her down on the soft carpet of fresh, green grass and was about to enter her inviting folds when she spoke.

"Bengali, wake up!"

Slowly, she shimmered and disappeared, but still I could hear her voice.

"Wake up Bengali!"

I woke up with a start. "Hmm, whas sat?"

"Ben! I need the doctor!"

That woke me up real quick. I bolted up and looked at Linda.

"What's is it?!" My heart stopped as I thought of all the things that could be wrong.

She looked at me with a shy smile. "My water just broke."

It was then that I noticed something wet against my leg. The bed was saturated with liquid and I panicked. I jumped out of bed and raced out of the room, intent on finding Dr. Vorien or Pumyra. I reached Dr. Vorien's room first and pounded on the door. it slid open to reveal a very disheveled and bleary eyed tiger.

"Lord Bengali, is everything alright?" he asked, seeming very concerned, then I noticed him smile a bit and covered his mouth with his hands.

"It's Linda!" I said excitedly, "You have to come quick, her water just broke!"

The doctor tried not to laugh. "I will be there soon, just tell her to relax."

I began to run back to my chamber when I stopped and asked him if I should get Pumyra.

"Yes, I think that would be a good idea, but may I make a suggestion my Lord? Before you go, you may want to put on some clothes."

I looked down and saw that in my haste, I had forgotten to put something on. I was as naked as I had been in my dream, and I felt my cheeks heat up with embarrassment. I ran back to my room and found Linda trying to change the sheets. She looked at me and I saw her eyes grow wide.

"Please tell me that you didn't wake Pumyra first!" then she burst into laughter. I said nothing as I grabbed my pants and put them on. I then sat her down and finished changing the bedding. By that time, Dr. Vorien had shown up and I went to get Pumyra. With their help, we got my mate back into bed and I stood close as they checked her.

"Well Ms. Linda, it appears that before the end of this day, you will be a momma." said the doctor.

Linda laughed a little and smiled, but I was as worried. I was firing questions left and right about how my wife was doing and I guess it was getting on their nerves.

"Honey," Linda said to me during one of her contractions, "Could you do me a favor and zip it?"

I laughed and waited for the contraction to pass. "I'm sorry Beautiful, how about I go and make some coffee? It will get me out of the way for a while."

She smiled, "That would be wonderful."

I kissed her and left the room. I was still scared about what was happening and I wanted to be there, but I knew that at the moment I wasn't helping things. When I got to the kitchen, I saw that Bertie was already up and about. She had already made a pot of coffee and I could smell cinnamon in the air. Probably her famous Cinnamon Apple muffins.

I grabbed a cup and sat down at the table, but I never drank a single drop. Bertie must have noticed because after about 15 minutes, she removed the cup from my hands and gave me a new one. She sat down across from me and began to drink some herself.

After a minute or two she said "Want to talk about it?"

I took a sip of my coffee and sighed. "I feel so helpless right now."

Bertie waited for me to continue. "We were told that it would be impossible for us to have children and when Jonalia came into our lives, we were so happy. But now my wife is upstairs in labor and there is no way of knowing if she, or the baby, will make it."

I leaned against the table and ran my hand through my hair. "I just feel as if the Universe is playing some kind of sick joke on me."

Bertie stretched across the table and squeezed my hand. "Listen to me, the Universe is not out to get you. I may not know how you are feeling, but can understand your worry. Don't give up on things though. Your wife is in good hands and she will make it. I have a feeling in these old bones of mine."

I smiled at her weakly and squeezed her hands in appreciation.

"Now," she said, jumping up, "I need you to take this plate upstairs to the doctor and Lady Pumyra. They will probably need it."

I nodded and picked up the tray and as I was heading out the door, Bertie said one last thing to me.

"Be there for her, she needs you."

Linda had to go through several hours of labor before the Thundarian Medical Association finally called with their OK for the cecearian, then she was moved to the med lab for the delivery. Through it all, I stayed with her, helping her with her breathing, suffering with her when the contractions were over powering, and whispering words of praise and comfort.

When we wheeled her into the med lab and she was given some medicine to help dull the pain, for which she was grateful, and the doctor and Pumyra began the surgery. I can't tell you what they did because I was not able to bring myself to look, but from what I know, they had to deliver the baby by cutting into my wife's stomach and uterus in order to reach the infant. I'm sure that it is a fascinating thing to see, but I was just not that brave. For our sakes, a kind of barrier had been put up so that we could not see exactly what was happening and I was just fine with this.

While I was comforting my wife, we heard a most glorious sound from the other side of the barrier; the lusty cry of a newborn baby.

"It's a boy!" cried Pumyra triumphantly and soon she brought our son around so that we could see him. He was so tiny that I wasn't sure if he should have come out yet, but Pumyra assured me that he was just fine.

Linda began to cry as Pumyra handed the child to her and I found that my own eyes were wet with tears. I studied my son as my wife held him. He had white hair with faint black stripes, but his skin was like his mother's, pale and peachy, or at least it would be once he was properly cleaned up. He had claws like me and so tiny that almost seemed transparent. When he opened his eyes, I saw that they were a pale grey, a few shades lighter then mine, but still I felt as if I were seeing a reflection of myself.

"Have you thought of a name?"

Linda looked up at Pumyra, then smiled at me as she answered, "Jehoran, after his grandfather."

I was so moved that I couldn't say a word. I bent down and kissed my wife, then placed a kiss on the head of my son.

It was with great relief that my wife suffered almost no lingering effects from the pregnancy, but Dr. Vorien had to do a tubal ligation so that the possiblity of another pregnancy could not take place. It was several days before Linda could move around, but she received many visitors, even including some of the New Thundera Thundercats. They had all flown down here as soon as they had heard the news, bearing gifts for both mother and son.

Lion-o and Kylynne had also brought a few gifts for Jonalia, so that she would not be left out. Jonalia appreciated the gifts, but she never felt left out. Almost as soon as Jehoran was out of the womb, she insisted on being included in everything; diaper changes, feedings, baths, and we discovered that she had a beautiful voice when we caught her singing to her new baby brother one night.

Snarf Bertie was in her element with the new baby. She had taken care of children all her life, raising 5 children with her mate and was the grandmother of 4 little snarfs. She loved to hold the baby and coo to him, which made little Jehoran smile and when we were exhausted, she always took over so that we could get some rest. In a way, it was like raising Jonalia all over again, except that Jonalia had never shot a stream of urine at me when I had changed her diapers. I could almost swear that Jehoran had laughed at me when he did that.

I was so happy with my life and the way it had turned out that I nearly forgot about the old man and his warning. But it was brought home to me in one of the worst ways possible.