

GOD'S OWN

By: B.C. Pope

6 months ago...

"You have to stay here, rest and keep to yourself. It's the only way to be safe," he said running his hands through her hair. He stopped to catch the tears falling from her eyes. They sizzled into steam the instant they touched his skin. The moisture evaporated but it left the emotion to soak in.

"But why, why do you have to leave me?" she asked, her question broken by sobs. She looked at him questioning his action; she wanted answers even if they were lies.

"Please don't cry in your condition it is not good for you or the child," he said. He stopped stroking her hair and moved his hand to the round protrusion of her stomach. He let it linger there just enough for the heat of his hand to seep in. His son would feel it ebbing in through the womb. An impression of genetic memories yet to be called upon or understood.

He kissed her once for memory, twice for passion, and a third time for forgiveness. He turned to the door and walked out into the cool autumn evening.

4 months ago...

"PUSH HONEY, PUSH!" he said. He wiped his hand in the bathtub water to cool it down. Every second she was in pain the greater the heat rose off his skin. Attending to her like this could leave her burned and scared.

Her body was entrenched with pain; every cell, every atom pulsating electric waves through her. The babe was close she could feel the head crowning like the books said it would. She breathed deep preparing for the last push but it was hard to open her mouth to let air in. She bore up her heels pushing hard against the cool tiled wall of the bathroom. She gave it her all,

one final push. Hard thumping heart beats flooding her veins rallying her muscles to action. Then it was over, the pressure, the pain all gone at once as she fell back against the tub.

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” cried out the babe. He was caught by warm hands. He was alive and breathing and his cries were echoed by the tears of his parents.

2 Months ago...

The snow was coming down hard outside the bay window. Flakes made dancing shadows on the motel room floor. She counted each one in an attempt to distract herself. Her love had been gone two weeks longer than she had expected. She had plenty of food to eat and the babe was healthy, but she needed more, she needed him.

“Dammit, dam them for what they have done,” he said. He slammed his fist against the steering wheel. The fake leather darkened and smoked slightly once he removed his fist. His brothers had keep him too long away from her. He could feel the sadness of her heartache. Each breath he took was heavy and wet with sadness. He checked his appearance in the rear view mirror; being late was bad enough if he looked worried it would be much worse. He took a breath to gather his physical form, opened the door and exited the car.

He pulled the key from his pocket, slid it into the lock and turned it all the way around. The door gave way before he could pull the key free; she was there babe in hand, tears running one arm wide calling for embrace.

She folded into him as he wrapped his arms around her and their child. The heat of his skin radiated through his clothes burning away her woe. He had come back as he said he would. He did love her enough and she need not worry again about such things.

"You took your time," she said rubbing her face deep into the soft fabric of his coat.

"Consul business back home, they are aware of our child's presence," he said while filling his lungs with the combined fragrance of mother and child. He knew this news was more important than anything but he could not allow business to steal anymore time from them.

The snow continued to fall outside their simple room. White mounds were gathering where the ground was not sheltered by tree or awning. After a few hours a pure clean blanket laid over the dark treaded footfalls of other men's travels. He knew his journey was not over and wished it could as easily be covered by snow.

Present day

"This is the way of things, there is nothing I can do," he explained again.

"No, you said it was different, you said they would understand," she yelled back at him.

"They did understand, but these are old laws, laws that could break existence if not followed," he said.

"Then make new ones. Is that not what your kind does, what your kind has always done? Wipe away the old laws and make new ones. Make it so you don't have to leave," she said, a string of mania playing her voice higher in pitch. "Please don't leave, make it so you don't have to leave."

"Dammit woman, this kills me as it kills you. I wipe the laws away I wipe away you, the babe, and the world as well," he said anger escaping his hold. "My realm is not of the living, I have no say over the lives of men while they live, and I make a place for them when their cord is cut from the loom. That is all I have power to do."

She sat on the bed her mania turning to resolve. She would not cry, not for him not for herself, not in front of their son. She laid the babe on the bed and made efforts to straighten her hair and face.

“The room is paid through the next year, after that take our son into the city, teach him to be human,” he said. “He is part of my blood, but his blood is also mortal. The path will not be easy for him. It has never been easy for any of those that came before him.”

He walked out leaving his key hanging in the door; he no longer needed it. The storm door closed behind him as he walked off into the night. He turned to look upon them a last time. On the bed his son laid with tiny hands reaching out for attention. His love sat broken by his compliance to duty. She never looked more beautiful and strong, nor had she ever looked more alone. He reached to scratch an itch below his eye and pulled away his hand in surprise. He watched the tear evaporate away. He suddenly was unsteady on his feet as his own emotions soaked through his skin.