



## **Legacy of Light** By PadmeLeiaJaina

### **Story Parameters:**

Mushy, mushy, mush 🥰

The perils of Jaina Solo-Racees giving birth to her first child.

### **Characters:**

Jaina and Marxx Racees

Raven and Jacen Solo

Han and Leia

Luke and Mara

Tenel Ka and Anakin Solo

Brukos Olissian and Nastya Chume'da

Rowlon, Chariss, and Tanella Racees (father, mother, sister to Marxx and Raven)

Takes place 3 months after [To Court A Queen](#)

All of my Beyond the Saga stories follow along the timeline generated by my epic AU story “Destinies Entwined” (link is in my profile- or you can email me if you would like the files.)

I do not follow the NJO books, this short story is a continuation of the Alternative Universe that I have

created. You can probably enjoy this w/o knowing what went on before in “Destinies Entwined” and “To Court a Queen.”

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Waving merrily to a couple of neighbors, Marxx pulled his XG82 landspeeder into the driveway of his and Jaina’s bungalow on Naboo. He deeply inhaled the warm, Nubian afternoon air and enjoyed the sensation of the pleasantly warm wind caressing his skin. The day was glorious, mostly because he and Jaina were home and finally away from Coruscant. After practically dragging Jaina kicking and screaming away from her Senatorial duties to begin her maternity leave, they returned to their cottage in the Lake Country on the planet where they had wed over three years ago.

Massaging his hand over his tanned neck, Marxx wove his fingers through his thick, curly brown hair and then launched himself out of the speeder. Whistling, he scratched his chest through his soft, white, cotton shirt. He grabbed three bags of groceries and proceeded to the front door. Barely able to see over the groceries, he reached out with the Force and opened the obstacle.

A wave of intense sadness greeted him as he entered the cottage. Shouting in a muffled voice over the bags of food, he asked, “Jaina baby, what’s the matter?” Grunting, he threw down the bags haphazardly onto the counter and raced towards the source of the radiating despair. Behind him, the bags fell over, causing bright yellow lemons and purple pallenberries to escape and bounce onto the floor.

His bright blue eyes filled with relief at seeing his very pregnant wife, Jaina, sitting comfortably on the couch. Her light brown hair sat in messy clumps around her head, and her eyes puffed red from crying. She snorted and then noisily blew into a tissue.

Marxx sat beside his wife and gently stroked back her hair. Lightly he placed his lips on her forehead and he cooed, “What’s the matter, honey?”

The sound of crashing metal filled the room and Marxx turned his head towards the holovision. Jaina was watching the show “Demolition Wars” where rogue mechanics fixed up derelict spacecrafts from junkyards, reassembled them, only to crash into each other after making them space-worthy. Peeking his brow curiously at his wife, Marxx waited for her to reply.

Snorting again, she stammered, “Th..th...they rebuilt...a beautiful...Correl..lian.. Jumpm...master200 and ju..jusst SMASHED the darned thing into oblivion! Look at it, Marxx!”

Furrowing his dark brows tightly together in utter confusion he glanced at the holovision with wonder. Pieces of flotsam and spare parts spun in open space as a Correllian Outrider continued to pummel the charred remains of a burning vessel. Placing a hand over his mouth to hide a smirk, Marxx quickly pulled his wife into his chest and consoled, “You’re right, that’s just such a waste, hon.”

Grabbing onto his shirt, Jaina bawled into the fabric. Marxx connected with the Force to enhance his strength so as not to burst out laughing. Sniffling, Jaina pulled herself up and stared in Marxx’s eyes. A loopy smile crossed her lips as she asked, “I sound like a complete idiot, don’t I?”

A genuine smile broke across Marxx’s face as love swelled his heart from her question. He replied, “No, Jaina. You’re just unique in what you find to be sad is all.” He reached forward and gently rubbed

his hand over her protruding belly and gently kissed her full lips.

Giggling, Jaina broke from their kiss and commented, “You really do deserve to be a Jedi Master in being able to put up with me and my mood swings.”

“Yeah well, it’s a tough job but someone’s gotta do it,” Marxx teased. Still stroking Jaina’s belly, he felt it shudder under his massaging. “He’s certainly active isn’t he?”

Moaning, Jaina replied, “I think he wants out as much as I do. Don’t get me wrong, I love being pregnant, but enough is ENOUGH! Look at me, Marxx. I look as big as a house.”

Brushing her hair back, Marxx flattered, “No, you don’t. You look beautiful, Jaina. Your skin is glowing...”

“...From perspiring so much. It takes me four minutes just to launch myself off of this couch. I have to plan ahead for my trips to the refresher,” Jaina groaned, moping.

Marxx held his tongue and continued to stroke Jaina’s hair. She continued, “I’m really sick of crying. I really just want to be me again.”

“I know this has been hard on you, Jaina. But from what I understand most women go through this. Unfortunately, the mood swings go along with being pregnant.”

“Yeah, but most women will be blissfully happy at times. I’m rarely happy. All I want to do is bawl my eyes out or get so angry I want to hit something,” she responded. Her lips drooped into a quivering frown. “I’ve been just *horrible* to you.”

“No, you haven’t. Besides, I’ve enjoyed your redecorating skills... honestly,” Marxx said, referring to the dozens of lamps that they’ve replaced over the course of her pregnancy. He gently kissed her cheek. “Hey, I bought some pallenberries, you want one?”

“Ok,” Jaina agreed.

Before heading into the kitchen, Marxx spun and pointed at Jaina and inquired, “You need to go to the refresher? I can help you up... shave two minutes off your launch time.”

“I’m ok, thanks,” Jaina answered. Spinning, Marxx twirled off to the kitchen. Jaina giggled as she watched his goofy dancing antics. Memories of them tangoing leapt forth in her mind and she realized how much she missed dancing with her husband.

When Marxx returned with a pallenberry and a knife he stopped dead in his tracks as he noted her lower lip quivering. “What’s wrong, hon?”

“I’m too big to dance with you,” she complained.

Grinning devilishly, Marxx set aside the fruit, and stood before his wife. Extending his arms, he snatched up her hands and helped her to her feet. The sound of smashing metal from the holovision filled the room. Annoyed, Marxx flicked off the holonet and turned on their stereo to a slow dance hits station. Extending his long arms nearly at full length to get around Jaina’s protruding stomach, he

carefully directed her around the living room in slow circles.

Leaning in, Jaina rested her cheek against Marxx's shoulder and relaxed into his secure arms.

"Don't worry, hon. In just a couple of days you'll finally be you, again," Marxx commented. "And we'll have a wonderful bundle of joy to enhance our lives."

"Right," Jaina agreed, smiling. She then screwed up her face in annoyance as she suddenly felt the need to hit the refresher. Groaning, and flashing her velvet brown eyes up at her husband's face, she let go of his embrace and waddled out of the room.

Smiling at his retreating wife, Marxx returned to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

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Later that evening Marxx and Jaina rested on their bed, reading. Jaina furiously poured over a book containing advice for new mothers while Marxx read through transcription notes of meetings he had missed at the Jedi Temple.

"How am I supposed to learn all of this stuff? I think I need a whole month just to read up on mothering. I totally fell behind with reading up on how to be a mother thanks to work," Jaina complained.

"I wouldn't worry too much, you're going to have plenty of help. My sister's going to be staying with us and my parent's are just down the road. Your family is only a holomager call away," Marxx reassured.

"Tanella's sweet for offering to become our nanny. Do you think she really minds coming to Coruscant? I know she loves it here," Jaina asked.

Scowling down in his datapad, Marxx rubbed an itch on his eye lid w/ his pinky and said, "Sure she's fine with it. She was ecstatic, actually. I think she's been going a little batty and feeling alone since Krista went off to the Academy to start her training. She's always wanted to travel and I think she's more than ready to get out of my parent's house."

"I'm so happy to have her help, Marxx. I was really worried about trying to find an outsider to assist- what with us being public figures and all."

"I know. It was a perfect solution wasn't it?" Marxx commented. "We get a great nanny with first-hand experience, and my sister finally gets a life- it's a win-win situation."

Turning off her book, Jaina gazed her husband and attempted to smooth down his unruly hair. Eyes full of concern she meekly asked, "How do you think you sister's going to handle it?"

"Raven? She's as happy as an ewok for us... oh yeah, I know what you mean," Marxx said, understanding dawning. "According to Mom, she had a long talk with Raven. I guess the medics are pretty certain that her miscarriage was due to her..."

"...Her being returned from the Force?"

“Yeah, our Force-leaping thing was hard on our nervous system. It’s possible that it somehow affected her body in other ways that’s preventing her from staying pregnant,” Marxx explained. “The medics told her not to fret too much, though. They say that it’s a good sign that she was able to get pregnant at all.”

“Didn’t your Mom have several miscarriages also?”

“Yes, she did. She miscarried a few times before she finally got pregnant with Raven and me,” Marxx recalled. “Raven’s sad, but she’s not feeling hopeless about it.”

“That’s good. I’m sure when the time is right, she’ll be able to have a baby. I know my brother is very patient,” Jaina stated. Suddenly, she felt a sharp pain surge through her body. Clenching her hands over her belly she groaned.

“What’s the matter?” Marxx demanded, tossing aside his datapad.

“I...” Jaina’s eyes grew large as she suddenly felt a rush of water surge out of her body. “Marxx... it’s time.”

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## Chapter 2

The ride to the local medic center was filled with panic, on Marxx’s end. Jaina watched her husband with veiled amusement as he tore around the house trying desperately to remember what bags to bring with them. After safely delivering Jaina to their landspeeder, he realized he had forgotten his keys inside and had locked the door. Groaning, he had to race around the back of their bungalow and with the assistance of the Force, open one of their back windows, crawl inside, lock it, grab his keys, and race back out through the front of the house.

Right before launching himself into his speeder, he realized that he had forgotten to lock the front door. Throwing Jaina the speeder keys, and whipping around, he raced to the door and locked it.

Giggling, Jaina started the landspeeder’s engine. For the first time in months, the normally cool and collected Marxx Racees appeared to be on the complete verge of snapping from reality. For some reason, Jaina found that fact to be very reassuring. Snatching up her portable holoimager, Jaina sent off several messages to her family, letting them know that she had just gone into labor. When they arrived at the medic center’s door, Marxx tossed the device out of her hands, and helped her out of the speeder. A nurse arrived with a hoverchair and Marxx assisted his wife into the seat.

Standing at the receiving desk, he watched helplessly as the nurse carted his wife off towards a waiting room. After filling out some annoying forms, relief flooded Marxx’s senses as the doors burst open and his mother, father and older sister entered the facility. Chariss and Rowlon both descended upon their son, pummeling him with a million questions. Seeing her brother’s helplessly confused state, Tanella grabbed her parents and ordered them to sit down.

Marxx gazed upon his dark-haired, plump sister with relief. “Thanks.”

“You got the paperwork filled out, right? Go find your wife. Report any news to us and we’ll let the herd know when they arrive,” Tanella advised.

Relief flooded Marxx’s senses and he felt some levels of his panic escape. “Thanks, sis.”

Shoving him towards the hallway, Tanella commanded, “Go find her!”

Realizing he’d forgotten to ask the receiving nurse what room they’d taken his wife, he connected with the Force and searched for her life-Force signature. Finding it, he wove through a maze of halls until he finally stopped in front of her room. Entering it, he found her laying on an elevated bed, on her back, with a medic examining her under a covered sheet.

“How’s it going?” Marxx asked, nervously massaging the base of his neck.

Jaina’s face screwed together as another contraction surged through her body. Marxx lunged forward and grabbed her hand. She gasped as the pain passed. Deep worry lines wove their way over Marxx’s face as he brushed aside hair that had fallen into his wife’s face.

The medic popped out of his place and snapped off his gloves. Marxx noted his nameplate read Dr. Slyvison. Standing Slyvison explained, “You’re only two centimeters dilated – I hate to break it to you, but it’s going to be a while. You’ll need to ride out your contractions. Whatever you do, don’t push.”

Marxx watched with amazement as the medic made to leave the room, he shouted, “Is that all you have to say? What’re we supposed to do?”

The small man stared at the nervous Jedi and sighed, “Just be there for your wife. Don’t worry, billions of women do this every day. She’ll be fine. I’ll be back to check on her in an hour.” That being said, he left the room.

Moaning, Jaina dropped her legs down and crashed her skull into her soft pillow. “I just knew he wouldn’t come out easily.”

Still concentrating on the medic’s apparent lack of attention to the crisis on hand, Marxx glared at the door, “Why didn’t he stay here? How will we know to reach him if we need his help?”

Brightening, Jaina grinned at her husband’s nervousness. She rubbed his arm and ordered, “Sit down, honey. They do this hundreds of times a day. I’m not the first woman to ever give birth. If the expert feels that there’s no reason to panic, then we should listen to him.”

Gazing at his surprisingly calm wife, Marxx relaxed, and beamed. Plopping himself into a chair he massaged her belly. “I guess we’ll just have to wait a little longer before little Paulo makes his appearance into the world.”

Grinning back, Jaina suddenly became engulfed in a wave of blissful happiness at the thought of her son finally coming into their lives. “I think your grandfather would be pleased with his namesake, what do you think?”

“I’m sure he would be, Jaina,” Marxx replied, fighting back a lump in his throat. His grandfather had

died a couple of years ago and wouldn't get to meet his great-grandson. Calmly, Marxx leaned over and rested his head on Jaina's belly and sighed. Jaina massaged Marxx's hair as the waiting period began.

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The door to the center burst open. Raven and Jacen, who'd been staying at their Lake Country bungalow, entered the waiting room holding a large stuffed ewok and a bouquet of flowers.

"Hey ho, you two!" Rowlon greeted them, launching to his feet. The short, balding man approached his daughter and son-in-law and engulfed them in a large bear-hug.

"She hasn't given birth yet," Jacen stated, sensing his sister's presence in the Force.

"Not that we've heard," Chariss agreed, wrapping her arms around Raven's torso.

Shoving her long white hair off of her shoulder, Raven commented, "Marxx is a mess though." She began to giggle, "His panic lit up the Force like a fireworks display on Life Day."

Rowlon chuckled, "Yes, he seemed to be rather... distracted."

The doors hissed open admitting Han, Leia, Chewie, the droids carting boxes filled goodies for the expecting mother. Luke and Mara followed the expectant grandparents into the waiting room. Everyone began talking excitably at once.

Jacen approached his father and asked, "Any idea when Anakin and Tenel Ka will get here?"

"They're on their way now, pal. Probably won't be for a couple of hours though," Han advised. "How's your sister doing?"

"I haven't talked to her yet, but she feels really calm. Marxx is a mess," Jacen commented.

Han chuckled and said, "Yep, that's usually the way of it. The woman goes through all of the hard stuff and the man nearly gives himself a coronary from worry."

After greeting Chariss and Rowlon, Leia exited the lounge and allowed instinct to lead her towards her daughter's room. Once there she found her son-in-law placing a sliver of ice into his wife's mouth.

Crunching down the ice, Jaina beamed at her mother. "Hi Mom! Is everyone here?"

"Everyone except Anakin and Tenel Ka ... they're on their way," Leia replied. Marxx moved aside, gave his mother-in-law a light squeeze and made room for her to approach her daughter. Leia turned to her frazzled son-in-law and tapped his soft cheek with her palm. She advised, "Why don't you go out into the lobby and give everyone a status update."

Exhaling a deep sigh, Marxx nodded his head and imploringly glanced at his wife for permission.

Jaina waved him off, "Go see everyone. Let them know I'm doing fine."

Grinning, Marxx exited the room.

Leia kissed her daughter on the cheek and sat in Marxx's vacated chair. "How're you doing, Jaina?"

"The contractions feel like someone's kicking me hard in the stomach," Jaina admitted.

Her mother nodded, "Yes, I recall that they are difficult. Remember I gave birth to three of you."

"I know. I'm so glad I'm only having one. I couldn't imagine having twins," Jaina commented, massaging her belly as she felt Paulo kicking like crazy inside.

Smirking, Leia responded, "Well don't hold your breath. With both you and Marxx being from sets of twins, I'd say you're due the next time around."

The expecting mother's eyes widened with horror.

Leia chuckled and shoved her single braid off of her shoulder. "Twins actually aren't as bad as you would think. They keep each other company."

"Well, I know it's just one," Jaina stated, emphatically.

"Paulo, right?"

"Yeah."

"You're certain it's a boy?"

Furrowing her brows, Jaina asked, "I should think that I would know. I've just gotten a boy vibe from my baby since I first felt him."

"So you haven't asked the medics, just to be on the safe side?"

"Nope. Both Marxx and I are convinced it's a boy... why, do you feel differently?" Jaina wondered, suddenly worried.

Smiling, Leia patted her daughter's stomach and stated, "I believe you are going to have a healthy, happy baby."

Throwing her head back into her pillow, Jaina wasn't quite sure what to make of her mother's comment. "I don't know what I'd do with a girl."

"You'd love her, same as you would a boy," Leia explained.

"Right, but my luck would be she'd want nothing to do with ships and want to spend all of her time playing with dolls and wanting to wear frilly dresses," Jaina retorted.

Leia smiled as she recalled how much her own daughter took after her father. As she had watched Jaina growing up, it often distressed her that she seemed more interested in pursuing male oriented activities, rather than those that females usually preferred. She sometimes wondered if her tom-boy, Jedi daughter would ever manage to attract a husband. Leia mused that time does change things. Jaina, who used to

perpetually wear grease marks, now wore make-up and represented Naboo in the New Galactic Senate. She had changed completely, no longer being just a space pilot, but taking up her mother's legacy as a politician. Leia was certain that if Jaina had a girl that her own daughter would probably eventually follow in her mother's shoes- whatever path that might be.

"Mommy," Jaina whimpered.

Turning her attention back to her daughter, Leia offered her hand as another contraction ripped through Jaina's body. Clinging tightly to her mother, Jaina rode through the rising storm of pain. As it passed she fought aside the tears that sprung to her eyes. "They're getting worse."

"How about the time between them?" Leia asked as she checked her chronometer.

"Ten minutes," Jaina replied, counting back from the chronometer on the wall.

"You're getting closer then. Let me call for the medic," Leia said. Standing up she kissed her daughter and left the room in pursuit of a physician or nurse.

Finding herself suddenly alone, Jaina closed her eyes and regained her breath. Sinking into the Force she collected herself, knowing that she would need every ounce of her energy in the time ahead.

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### Chapter 3

Marxx entered the waiting room and found himself smothered by well wishers. They threw stuffed animals and balloons in his direction, much to his great embarrassment and joy.

As he fielded questions about Jaina the doors of the center burst open once more. Several scarlet dressed Hapan Guards entered the facility and began searching it for any possible security risks. Rolling his eyes and shoving them aside, Anakin ushered his wife, Tenel Ka into the room.

"Have we missed it yet?" Anakin, the Prince of Hapes asked.

Luke called back, "Nope. Not yet, perfect timing."

All eyes fell upon Tenel Ka. After being newly married for only three months she was already showing, significantly, in her pregnancy's first trimester.

Mara approached her former Jedi apprentice and asked, "Tenel Ka, how are you doing?"

"I am nauseous," Tenel Ka admitted. Sticking out her hands she wove her way towards a couch where she heavily sat down. Her vision swam in front of her eyes and she resisted the overpowering urge to vomit.

"Threepio- fetch us some carbowater!" Mara ordered. The golden protocol droid and his counterpart shot off down the hall in quick pursuit. Sitting beside swollen Queen Mother of Hapes, Mara asked, "Your morning sickness is still bad, huh?"

“Morning sickness? More like all day sickness. I cannot eat. Anything I try to eat comes right back up. I have next to no energy. I am afraid that they are sucking the very life out of me,” Tenel Ka moaned.

The clump of family surrounding Tenel Ka ceased their conversation as they heard her muttered words. “They?” Jacen repeated and flashed his younger brother an inquisitive glance.

The six foot six inch Jedi’s face proudly reddened with embarrassment. Seeing that his wife appeared to have fought off her nausea, he caught her wave of agreement to spill the news. Flashing his family a lopsided grin he shrugged his shoulders, “What can I say, I took my job of providing the Crown of Hapes a future heir *very* seriously.”

“Well????” Jacen demanded, dying from suspense.

Allowing the tension to mount until it was so thick it could be sliced with a lightsaber, Anakin shouted, “Triplets!”

The surprise, happy noise from the family became deafening. Marxx offered Anakin his palm and pumped it violently. Beaming broadly, he crowed, “Congratulations, man. I’ve suddenly never been so happy in all my life that we’re only having one baby. Speaking of which, I’d better get back to my wife.”

Oblivious of the fact, Marxx was still clutching a couple of critters in the crook of his arms. Turning he dashed down the hall as he heard his father-in-law say, “Son, it’s a good thing you’ve got the Hapan fortune behind you. I’d hate to imagine how much diapers will cost for triplets.”

Marxx entered Jaina’s room to find her alone with her eyes shut. Panic filled him as he craned his neck up and down the hall looking for his mother-in-law. Jaina turned her head, and opened her eyes. “Relax, baby. She went looking for the medic.”

“Are you alright? Why’d she leave you alone? Do you need anything?” Marxx asked as anxiety leaked into his voice, assisting it in climbing a couple of pitches higher than normal.

“Honey, I’m fine. Come give me some ice though,” Jaina demanded, realizing he needed a job to do. “Are those for us?”

“Huh?” Marxx looked down and saw the animals in his arms and sheepishly grinned. Tossing them onto the second, empty bed in the room, he sat down in the chair. “Well for the baby, I’m sure. Although, they might make good mops for cleaning up engine grease, what do you think?”

Scowling in mock anger, Jaina lightly slapped his arm. As he rubbed a bit of ice over her head, Leia entered the room with their medic. This time he was followed by five medical students.

“Mrs. Racees, this is a teaching facility, I hope you don’t mind if a few of my students are here to observe,” Dr. Slyvison replied.

Jaina flushed crimson red. “Do I have a choice?”

“Not really. Trust me, this is all for educational purposes, there is nothing leering or indecent about this,” Slyvison advised.

Rolling her eyes, Jaina sighed and repositioned her legs. She stared at her husband and tried not to concentrate on the fact that six sets of eyes were clustered around the sheet gazing into her nether-regions.

Leia stated, "Don't worry, by the time you're giving birth, you'll care less who's looking. All you'll want is for the ordeal to be over."

"Great," Jaina muttered.

"It could be worse, you could be Tenel Ka," Marxx quipped.

"What's that mean?"

"Yes, Marxx, what does that mean?" Leia asked.

Beaming, he blurted, "They're having triplets!"

Leia's face paled, and immediately thought of her poor daughter-in-law, Tenel Ka. She gulped, "Oh my stars."

After the initial shock wore off Jaina burst out laughing. Then she panicked as another contraction triggered.

A muffled voice from Slyvison advised, "Ride it out, don't push!"

Jaina screamed and clenched down hard on her teeth. The pain had blindingly magnified.

Ashen faced, Marxx's fingers nearly exploded from the pressure Jaina applied to them as she squeezed his hand. He shouted to the medic, "Is that normal?"

Taking off his gloves, Slyvison rounded the bed and stated, "Unfortunately, your wife hasn't even begun to experience the real pain of childbirth. Although, she's coming along faster than I anticipated, she is nearly fully dilated. We're going to give you a few more minutes then we're going to wheel her into the delivery room. Marxx would you like to come with us? You'll need to gown up."

Brightening with relief, Marxx repeated, "You hear that you're almost ready!"

"I know, I heard," Jaina moaned, dropping her legs down. Her hair was now plastered to her head from perspiration.

Marxx wiped ice across her face to help cool her off.

Leia approached her daughter and offered her hand. She said, "Do you want me in there with you, hon?"

Shaking her head, Jaina stated, "Marxx and I should be fine on our own. Go on with the medics, Marxx. I'll be there in a few."

Planting a deep kiss onto her lips, Marxx whispered, "I love you."

"I love you, too. Now get out of here. The sooner you leave, the sooner we get this kid out of me!"

Marxx beamed and dashed out the door.

Leia and Jaina chatted aimlessly about the weather and anything else that was insignificant as they waited for her to be wheeled out of the room. Offering her hand, Leia was there at her daughter's side as another powerful contraction surged through her system. As she gasped for air, Jaina's vision began to blur from the pain. At the same time the nurse, a Quarren entered the room and finally wheeled her towards the delivery room. Leia planted a kiss on her daughter's cheek before she was sent through the doors to the delivery room. Before the doors slammed shut Leia saw Marxx covered in head to toe in teal scrubs. His blue eyes over the mask looked terrified.

When the doors clamped shut, Leia chuckled softly at the great Jedi Master's nervousness, then left to return with her family.

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#### Chapter 4

Raven stared at the brightly colored balloons that filled the room and inadvertently found her eyes wandering back to Tenel Ka's protruding belly. Waves of regret and envy surged through her system. Only a few weeks ago, she had found out that she was pregnant. Although she knew that it was bad luck to let everyone know so soon, she had announced the news to the entire family. Then she miscarried.

Since then she tried to reason with herself that these things happen, and that it wasn't her fault. She couldn't help but feel like a failure though. Jacen had been ever so sweet to her, telling her repeatedly that when the time was right, they would be blessed with a child. She supposed that maybe that was the case, that the Force just wasn't ready for them to be parents. After all, it's not like they don't have enough responsibility watching over the hundred and eighteen Jedi cadets at the Academy. Silently, she still wished for a child of her own. Every time she found herself desiring it, she wondered if that dream made her selfish.

Turning her blue eyes towards the hallway she watched as Leia returned from Jaina's room. Leia announced, "She's in the delivery room right now!"

Everyone shouted happily. Jacen who had been talking with his brother, moved away and came towards Raven. Plopping down in the seat next to his wife, he brushed aside a patch of her white hair and butterfly kissed her neck. "How's my angel doing?"

Smiling softly, she replied, "Happy for my brother."

Jacen stared into his wife's soulful eyes and asked, "You sure you're alright?"

She shrugged and lowered her head onto his shoulder. Jacen's heart nearly gave out, sensing his wife's misery. Before he could say anything, she muttered, "I know, you don't need to tell me."

“You know that it’s immaterial to me if we have a child or not, right?” Jacen firmly stated. Staring into her eyes, that were threatening to fill with tears, he held her hands tightly. “I nearly lost you. If we have a child that will be great, but as long as I’ve got you in my life, I’ll always be a happy man.”

Raven clung to her husband’s hands, “I know you will. It’s just that I want one so badly. I spent so much of my childhood miserable that I want a little girl of my own to spoil unconditionally.”

“I know you do. Who knows, if worse comes to worse, maybe Anakin will give us one of theirs,” Jacen quipped.

A grin spread across Raven’s lips and she softly chuckled. Nestling into Jacen’s neck she felt worlds better.

Luke snuck a glance at Raven and Jacen. He sensed Raven’s regret and puzzled as to whether he should be worried about it or not.

Flicking her red hair behind her shoulders, Mara wrapped her arms around her husband’s waist and answered to his silent question, “She’s not manic, don’t worry.”

“Ok,” Luke agreed. Turning around he snaked his arms around his wife and started into her green eyes. “You ever think about having another one?”

“Another baby?” Mara gasped. “Blast it, no way. I’m more than happy to leave that to the youngsters around here.”

Luke chuckled. “Me too. I think I’d prefer babysitting to going through nightly feedings and dirty diapers, again.”

“I am grateful for Ben. You never know how utterly precious life is until you have a hand in creating it,” Mara cooed, thinking about her boy who was on Yavin 4 with the other Jedi cadets. Even though he was only five, Luke thought it wise to slowly introduce him to Force training. With the other members of the Council watching over the Academy in Raven and Jacen’s absence, Luke also contended that it was probably the safest place in the Galaxy for his son be staying.

“You got that right,” Luke agreed. Turning his light blue eyes towards the room he watched his old friend nervously pacing. Letting go of his wife, he approached Han. “How’re you holding up, Grandpa?”

“Grandpa? I don’t feel like a Grandpa,” Han insisted. Reaching his arms over his head, his back exploded in pops and cracks. Groaning he added, “Alright, maybe I do.”

“There’s no shame in growing old. It’s the normal cycle of life,” Luke explained.

“You know, by the time you’ll become a Grandfather, you’ll really look the part,” Han pointed out. “Bonus for me is I still look mighty handsome and spry.”

Luke smirked, “Yeah, but at least you’ll be able to run around with your grandkids. Me, I’ll be so old that I’d probably break a hip if I tired to bend down to pick one up.”

Han howled with laughter. Sobering up, he pointed to his youngest son and asked, “Whaddya make of Anakin?”

“I don’t know where triplets came from. But it doesn’t much surprise me, Anakin never does anything in a small way,” Luke commented with a chuckle. Crossing his arms over his chest, he rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet.

All eyes turned towards the door as it burst open. A balding man in a hoverchair and a brown-haired young woman scurried inside.

“Did we miss anything?” Brukos Olissian, Anakin and Tenel Ka’s best friend asked.

Waving the new arrivals in their direction, Anakin responded, “She’s just gone in to give birth. Your timing seems to be dead on.”

Brukos leaned in towards his best friend, hitching a thumb towards Anakin’s family and muttered, “Have you told them yet?”

Anakin smirked, “Yup. Note they all seemed to be in a state of stupor and shock?”

Chuckling, Brukos turned towards the expectant mother.

“How are you, Nastya?” Tenel Ka asked her cousin.

“Good. We just got back from the worksite. Looks like the Hapan medical facility is on schedule for construction. The ground has been cleared and the foundation is being laid,” Nastya reported.

“That is good,” Tenel Ka stated wearily. “Now no more talk about anything relating to Hapes, please.”

“No problem, Tiki,” Brukos agreed good-naturedly. “I bet they’ll be happy to have this baby.”

“No doubt,” Anakin answered. “Jaina’s been a hormonal nightmare.”

Snickering, Brukos teased, “Yes, I remember your wedding.”

Anakin chuckled remembering the pastry fight that she had initiated at their reception. “Yeah, well I deserved it.”

“This is a fact,” Tenel Ka retorted, recalling how he’d stupidly commented to his hormonal sister that in her pregnant state she looked like she had swallowed an X-Wing.

“Well, I know better than to say things like that now!” Anakin whined.

“You better! You can’t say those kinds of things to Tiki here,” Brukos ordered.

“Well he can, just as long as he doesn’t care that she could take out his kneecaps if she wanted,” Nastya teased.

Anakin chuckled softly and wrapped his arm around his wife’s shoulders. “You wouldn’t do that to me,

would you Tenel Ka?"

She arched her eyebrow in response. He laughed harder.

"Hey! It's Marxx!" Rowlon's voice howled over everyone's chatter. Everyone raced to the young man's side and stared in utter bewilderment at his disheveled appearance. Wearing sweat soaked scrubs, hair sticking out in all directions, and sporting a sling over his right shoulder that held his arm in a cast, Marxx beamed at the crowd of family and friends.

"What happened to your arm?" Han asked first.

Wearing a loopy grin, Marxx explained, "Jaina broke it." Everyone gasped. He chuckled and waved away their horror with his hand, "They gave me painkillers and set it, it doesn't hurt, I'm feeling NO pain!" He started laughing uncontrollably.

Luke and Han exchanged worried glances, wondering about the new father's sanity. Leia interrupted, "How is Jaina and the baby?"

"Jaina passed out right at delivery, so she has no idea how the baby is," Marxx commented.

"*And?*" Chariss, his mother, shouted.

"Our little girl is healthy and just fine!" Marxx proudly reported. Seeing everyone's faces cloud over in confusion he burst out laughing, again. Shoving his fist into his mouth, he hushed them, "Just remind me to keep this arm out of Jaina's reach when she finds out our baby's not a boy, ok?"

"You want us to tell her, son?" Han asked, now even more worried than ever about Marxx's mental state.

"Nope. I'm good. She'll be ready for viewing in a little while," he stated. Snaking it out of the folds of his sling, he handed Leia a datapad with his daughter's vital stats along with Jaina's recovery room number. "You can come up in groups in about thirty minutes. Jaina should be cleaned up and awake by then." Shaking his head, and still chuckling, Marxx retreated and vanished down the hall.

Anakin audibly gulped and stared at his wife, "Do you really need me there when you give birth, hon?"

"Do you want to see your children grow up?" Tenel Ka icily shot back as another wave of nausea surged through her system.

"Yes," Anakin squeaked.

Taking a firm hold of his arm, Tenel Ka sweetly ordered as her fingernails clawed into his skin, "Then you better plan on being at my side... because it was YOU who did this to ME."

Blue eyes widening with fear at Tenel Ka's first hormonal mood swing, Anakin automatically parroted, "Anything you say, dear." Turning his eyes towards Brukos, Anakin sought out sympathy. Instead, he saw Brukos's shoulders shivering as he fought to control a rising laughing fit. From around the second set of soon-to-be parents, others began to laugh at Anakin's expense.

Slumping back in his chair, Anakin accepted the fact that, like his brother-in-law, he just might possibly be maimed by his wife. "I guess I would deserve it."

Tenel Ka's gray eyes filled with remorse and she grabbed his hand and apologized, "I do not know why I said that, Anakin. I am sorry."

"No worries, baby," Anakin replied. "No worries."

And from that moment, he began to worry, nearly every moment of every day.

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## Chapter 5

Marxx changed out of his ruined scrubs and was back into his soft white shirt and brown pants. He tried to convince the nurses to allow him to not wear the sling, as he didn't want to upset his wife when she saw it. They insisted he keep it on, threatening that his arm could set improperly. Surrendering to their wishes he walked into Jaina's sun drenched recovery room. Flowers, toys, and assorted objects of well wishes filled the space from floor to ceiling. He stared at his slumbering wife and marveled at her beautiful profile. Her skin positively glowed with a healthy sheen. Sitting at her side, he turned towards the door as a nurse wheeled in a cart containing their baby. Marxx found all ability to speak leave him as his throat constricted with emotion.

*She is so tiny*, he thought. Now cleaned, her slightly pointed, red-skinned head was covered in thick dark hair. The hair traveled all the way down her forehead. He whispered, "Is that normal?"

"Yes, the excess hair will fall out in a couple of weeks," the older nurse reassuringly replied. Her voice caused Jaina to stir. She smelled the overpowering scent of flowers in her room. Eyes fluttering open she stared at the bouquets and then turned her head towards her beaming husband who sat gazing adoringly at a bundle in an elevated cart.

"Is that blanket... pink?" Jaina asked, as her eyes struggled to focus.

Shoving his chair slightly away from his wife's bedside, just out of arm's reach, Marxx informed her, "We have a girl."

Brows knitted together in puzzlement, Jaina saw Marxx's sling. A blur of a memory of her clamping down onto his arm and a snapping sound of bone invaded her senses. Guiltily, she gulped, "Oh no. Marxx, I..."

He grabbed her hand, "Don't worry about it, baby. I'm fine. The medics fixed me right up."

The nurse reached into the cart and lifted the sleeping baby out and gently delivered her into Jaina's uncertain arms. The nurse stepped away and advised, "I'll be just outside if you need me."

Jaina refused to move her arms, fearing that she might disturb the strange and quiet baby that rested there. Marxx hovered in closer and ran his fingers across their little girl's downy, soft hair.

Breaking the silence, Jaina flatly stated, “She looks like a baby wookiee.”

Marxx burst out laughing and promptly forced himself quiet as the tiny person’s arms moved in protest to the noise. The baby opened her tiny mouth and mightily yawned. Smirking, he relayed, “The nurse says that extra hair will fall out.”

“Her head won’t always look like a cone either, right?”

“I would assume that.”

“This is *weird*,” Jaina muttered. Her entire life she’d never been one much for fantasizing about having children. Nor did she spend much of her youth babysitting. Jaina worried that her mothering instincts might be lacking. However, that idea became unfounded as she shifted her arms slightly and the baby slipped into a more comfortable, natural cradling position. As she felt her baby’s heart quickly pounding through the blanket, Jaina’s heart skipped a beat, and then another. It then began to throb in time with the pitter-pattering rhythm that played inside her daughter’s chest. Her heart blossomed and hopelessly fell in love with the possibility of the life that she held in her arms.

Taking her hand behind the baby’s head Jaina moved her daughter up onto her left shoulder, turning the baby’s face so Marxx could view her face. Wonder played across his face as he stared at her perky little nose... Jaina’s nose. She had his strong chin and jaw-line, and her mother’s determined brow line.

“What in the Galaxy do we call her? We never even discussed a girl’s name,” Marxx wondered.

Jaina rested her cheek against the baby’s soft hair and stared at the sunny yellow walls of the recovery room. She commented, “I don’t want to call her Padme. I think she should have her own name, and not have to live up to her great-grandmother’s legacy. Anakin has struggled with that over the years, and I don’t want to put her through that.”

Nodding, Marxx offered, “Well maybe we can use Padme as a middle name for her. That way she’s still connected to her, but it won’t be something she has to think about every day.”

“Maybe...”

“Considering it was your visions of your grandmother that brought us together, I think our first child should be named after her in some way or form,” Marxx stressed.

A lopsided grin crossed Jaina’s mouth and she said, “You hopeless romantic you”

Smirking and wiggling his eyebrows, Marxx replied, “That’s me, baby.”

“Alright, Padme as the middle name it is.... Now, first name... first name...”

They sat in silence as names swirled through their heads. Marxx offered, “Branwen?”

Jaina stared incredulously at her husband for uttering the name that the press gave to his twin. “And run the risk of Raven never talking to us, again?”

“It’s too bad, I think that’s a gorgeous name,” Marxx moaned.

“Me too,” Jaina admitted.

“Branwen Padme Racees... has a nice ring to it,” Marxx reasoned, rolling the name over his tongue.

Ignoring his ramblings Jaina continued to think.

“We could just call her Paula,” Marxx commented, changing his grandfather’s name to the female form.

“Nope. I want us to name a boy after your grandfather, not a girl,” Jaina denied. Her little girl wiggled in her arms, and as she moved a name shined in her mother’s mind. “Lynnia.”

A broad grin spread over Marxx’s face. “Ancient Nubian for calm waters?”

“Yes,” Jaina stated.

“Lynnia Padme Racees. Or Lynnia Racees,” Marxx repeated. As he spoke the name aloud, his baby let out a large yawn again, as if bored by the entire conversation.

“Lynnie,” Jaina said.

“Lynnie,” Marxx stated, getting used to the name. “I like that.”

“Me too,” Jaina beamed.

“Lynnia Padme Racees, it is,” Marxx announced. “Right?”

“Yes,” Jaina agreed.

A slight knock caused the new parents to turn their eyes towards the door. Both of their sets of parents hovered at the door’s opening. Marxx signaled them in.

Chariss brushed aside a lock of gray streaked brown hair out of her damp eyes as she beheld her newest grandchild. She cooed, “She’s so tiny.”

Han flashed Marxx’s mother a look of amazement, “You’re kidding, right? That kid is huge. She weighed over ten pounds. It’s no wonder Jaina spent most of her pregnancy in a bad mood.”

“Gee thanks for reminding us all of that, Dad,” Jaina groaned, rolling her eyes. “Yeah, she’s not small. But she certainly seems tiny.”

Staring at this granddaughter, Han watched as she curled and uncurled her tiny fingers. Seeing his daughter holding a tiny new life suddenly made him think that it seemed like only yesterday that it was his own wife giving birth to their twins. For the life of him, he couldn’t figure out where time had flown. Deciding that it didn’t really matter, and that it was best to concentrate on the now, a contented, lopsided smile formed on his lips as his heart melted at the sight of his squirming granddaughter.

Jaina stared imploringly into her mother’s crying brown eyes. “Will she always look like this?”

Leia smiled at her daughter's concerned face. "When babies are born their skulls are very soft since they have to travel through the birth canal. In a few days time, her skull will shape into its normal rounded state. I wouldn't worry about that. And the excess hair on her face will fall out."

Breathing a deep sigh of relief, Jaina muttered, "Good, I don't want her growing up looking strange."

Rowlon chuckled, "That's not possible, dear. Why, I think she's beautiful. All babies look a little odd their first couple of days- if truth be told, but look at her- she's well proportioned, and I assume she's got all of her toes and fingers, right?"

"Yup," Marxx said proudly.

"Then I wouldn't worry," Rowlon added.

Seeing that her mother-in-law was about to burst out of her skin, Jaina handed Lyncia over to Chariss. The short, plump woman expertly held her in her arms and cooed to her granddaughter.

Silently, Luke and Mara crept into the room behind the grandparents and offered their congratulations. Mara's eyes became wet as she gazed upon Jaina's baby. For all that she didn't want another child- her heart and maternal instincts kicked in at the sight and fresh smell of the tiny baby.

Jaina craned her neck. To her Uncle she asked, "Uncle Luke, do you think that she might not be Force sensitive?"

"Why would you ask that?" Luke puzzled.

"Because we couldn't properly read her sex," Jaina stated.

"Being Force-Sensitive isn't necessarily genetic. I wouldn't start worrying about that though, it's way too early to tell," Luke advised, as Chariss brought her towards her great-aunt and uncle for closer inspection. Luke grinned as the baby's fingers continued to clench and unclench.

"Even if she's not, that doesn't mean we'll love her any less," Marxx commented.

"Of course not," Jaina stated, with a hint of annoyance.

"So what are you going to call her?" Han asked, impatiently.

"Go ahead," Marxx said as they both were about to say the name at once.

"Lyncia Padme Racees," Jaina reported.

The adults spoke the name and all agreed that it was a fine name. Leia and Luke both liked the fact that their mother's name would live on through her first great-granddaughter. Chariss handed Lyncia to Leia. With Han lurking over her shoulder, they both stared in wonder at the miracle of their daughter's baby. Han beamed as Lyncia grabbed his beefy index finger and tried to bring it towards her mouth to suckle. His eyes dampened with tears and his heart turned to mush as the reality of his new granddaughter's birth sunk home.

Fighting back a yawn, Jaina suddenly felt very tired. Sensing her daughter's energy fading, Leia asked Marxx if he'd like to hold his little girl. Shrugging out of his sling, Marxx gladly took his daughter from his mother-in-law and held her for the first time. His heart sang with joy.

Leia said, "I'll tell the others to wait before coming to give you both time to rest up."

"Thanks, Mom," Jaina wearily replied.

Smiling at the dreamy grin that spread across Marxx's face, Leia reluctantly ushered the others, out of the room to give Jaina much needed rest.

Inhaling the sweet scent of his daughter, and marveling at her soft skin, Marxx reassured to Jaina, "Go to sleep, honey. I'll take care of her."

Smiling sleepily, Jaina accepted Marxx's lips in a quick kiss then promptly drifted off to rest.

After the family left, Marxx quietly sat in his chair and contented at holding the wondrous new life he had helped to create. As time ticked on, her skin faded from scarlet red to a healthy pink glow. Her conical shaped head began to slowly alter as well. Resting in her father's arms, Lynnia softly sighed and let out tiny, contented noises. With each sound, Marxx's heart would skip a beat. Visions of her growing older, and spoiling his daughter rotten filled his head. Although Jaina had always wanted sons, a large part of him wanted a little girl whom he could lavish love upon.

As if sensing his thoughts and wanting some of that attention immediately, Lynnia began to fuss on his shoulder. Carefully launching to his feet, Marxx swayed and rocked his daughter to a melody that he heard only in his head. The movement calmed her down. He then walked over to the recovery room's window. Rocking his baby on his shoulder, he stroked her fluffy hair. Outside the sun set over Naboo's horizon and the last brilliant display of light painted the clouds crimson and orange. His heart throbbed at the beauty of the sunset. From his shoulder, Lynnia then opened her mouth and loudly bawled, as if protesting the retreat of the sun.

"Shhhhhh... Don't fret, little one. The sun will be back tomorrow," Marxx promised, and gently kissed her velvety forehead.

As Lynnia continued to wail, Jaina awoke from her rest. The nurse, hearing the baby crying, entered the room. Taking the girl from her father's reluctant arms, she delivered Lynnia to her mother for her first feeding. A brief moment of terror coursed through Jaina. Her chest was very tender, and she worried that she wouldn't know what to do... or that Lynnia would reject her milk. Led by instinct, the baby clamped onto her meal delivery service and began to eat. Jaina felt both strange and blissfully happy over the shared experience. So overwhelmed by the newness the act, she nearly forgot about any personal discomfort.

Marxx gazed upon them with wonder. He couldn't think of anything he'd ever seen as beautiful as the moment shared between mother and daughter. He then noted how enormous his wife's chest appeared. As if sensing her husband's longing glances, Jaina averted her attention to her husband and blurted out, "My breasts hurt like hell."

The nurse advised, "Yes, that's because they're heavy with milk. That's why you'll have to pump also."

The more your baby feeds the better they'll feel. They'll be very tender, though. You'll get used to it."

Squinting at Marxx, Jaina scolded, "No funny ideas."

Chuckling Marxx threw his hands up in surrender. "Doesn't mean I can't admire... or be a little jealous."

Jaina rolled her eyes as Lynnia greedily suckled on her dinner. She joked, "Men. You guys have a one track mind."

"Yup, we're just big babies," Marxx replied, flashing her a lop-sided grin. Lynnia ceased her feeding and smacking her lips fell promptly back to sleep.

Smiling at the new parents, the nurse said, "I'm going to take her now to the nursery so she can sleep. Apparently, there's an army of people wanting to sneak a glance at this girl. Don't worry, we'll bring her back when she's ready to eat, again."

Jaina watched anxiously as the nurse placed Lynnia on her cart and shuttled her out of the room. She suddenly felt hollow. "Wow, I feel incomplete."

"She'll be just down the hall. Don't worry, she's not going anywhere," Marxx confirmed, laying on her bed. His own heart felt empty as well as the new light in their lives had vacated the room.

Clutching tightly to his hand, she said, "Why am I so nervous about her being gone?"

"Because, you're a parent," Marxx explained, with a smile.

Jaina gazed at her husband and lightly shoved his bangs off of his forehead, "I guess it's no longer just you and I, huh?"

"Nope," Marxx said. "Does that bother you?"

Beaming, Jaina replied, "I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Me either," Marxx agreed. He snuggled down beside his wife. Wrapping his arms protectively around her now deflated, but still somewhat squashy stomach Marxx sighed contentedly. A new phase in their life had begun as the stars emerged from their nightly slumber outside, bathing the world in their sparkling brilliance.

The new parents felt their nerves flutter from excitement, anxiety, and joy at the prospect of the future that lay ahead of them. For all the uncertainties that the future promised, they willingly embraced the unknown possibilities. Both Marxx and Jaina believed that whatever the future had planned for their new family, that together they would rise to the challenges and not only survive but thrive even in the face of adversity. Being public figures, they knew better than anyone that struggles may lay ahead. They could only trust that with their devotion and love for each other, that their little girl would have the best chance to have a happy and healthy childhood. With that comforting thought foremost in their minds and knowing that nightly feedings were on the horizon, they drifted happily off to one of their last peaceful night's sleep that they would share in a very long time.

A steady stream of well-wishers hovered outside the window of the nursery admiring the new baby who had entered their lives. In her crib nestled in her blankets, Lymnia peacefully slept blissfully unaware that she had been born into a family of legend, and that one day her generation would have to continue to uphold the values and astronomically high standards of those who came before them.

Her family's united, protecting and loving spirit created a web of security around her presence. And as she slumbered, Lymnia's steady heartbeat and developing, unique soul thrummed, adding another rhythm into the all encompassing Force. Her destiny at this point was unknown. Born in a time of Galactic peace, with the powerful love of the tight knit Solo and Racees clans to raise her, no child ever had any better chance of one day achieving great things and there was no doubt that she would continue to carry her family's torch of light.

The End

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