Whose Fault is it Anyway?

by sniperct

Summary

AU to Last Resort. Jaina got knocked up and takes it out on Sylvanas.

Sylvanas responds with good natured teasing.

Notes

Where everything is made up and the points don't matter.

IDEK

Written in like 20 minutes while I was waiting for RL stuff to happen.

- Inspired by Last Resort by sniperct

It was, perhaps, the third most amusing thing that Sylvanas had ever witnessed. To be entirely fair, the other two instances also involved her wife but that was beside the point. Today, she was treated to a rant of epic proportions as Jaina waddled back and forth in front of the throne, her stomach swollen, fit to bursting.

Jaina stopped mid-waddle and pointed at Sylvanas. “And you!”
“Me?” Sylvanas feigned innocence, pressing her hand to her chest and raising both eyebrows. “Whatever did I do?”

“You know damn well what you did,” Jaina stalked towards Sylvanas, an impressive feat in her current state, and jabbed a finger towards her stomach. “You put this here.”

“Technically, that’s impossible.”

“Technically, it was Tyrande’s wedding present.”

“Then, technically,” Sylvanas’s expression was unadulterated joy. “It’s Whisperwind’s fault.”

Jaina rubbed her back with a groan. “Oh, fuck you.”

“That is why are you in this predicament.” Sylvanas tilted her head. “Technically.”

Pressing her fingers into her temple, Jaina inhaled deeply and Sylvanas could almost hear her counting backwards from ten. That only served to delight her more.

“Fine. Whatever. If you don’t get me some watermelon right now you don’t even know what I’m capable of.”

“It’s out of season.”

“You’re out of season!”

No longer able to contain it, Sylvanas burst out laughing, throwing her head back as she did so. Jaina spent a full minute glowering at her wife before she started to laugh too. Sylvanas beckoned Jaina over, pulling her close and rubbing her back once she was in range. “I’ll personally send our best champion out for you.”

Jaina sighed, almost pouting, “Grapes too.”

“Grapes.”

“And sweet apples.”

“Apples.”

“Cheese.”

Sylvanas snorted. “Make me a list, at this rate my champion will take months.”

And then an idea hit her and she added. “I nominate Ihz.”

Somewhere on a supply run, a troll felt a chill run down her spine.

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