Just This Once

by DirkWooster

Summary

A post wedding drabble about day to day life of Margaret and John. John might be feeling a tad bit overprotective, especially because of her delicate condition.

John strode into the drawing room just as Margaret had opened up her sewing basket to embroider some more clothes for the baby. She looked up at her husband, a slight smile on her face, "Back so soon?" she inquired with a raise of an eyebrow.

John sat down at her side and took her hand in his, "I thought it best if I stayed at home tonight," he replied. Settling beside her on the sofa, he watched her work on the stitches for the tiny garment. He marveled at the precision and deftness of her delicate hands, the fluidity of their movement that allowed the needle to enter and leave the cloth rhythmically.

"Are you certain you wouldn't like to lie down for a bit?" he asked her, glancing at her stomach that was beginning to show signs of her condition.

Margaret put aside her sewing with a sigh and turned to face her husband, "John," she began gently, "There really is no need to be so worried all the time." Putting her hand on his left cheek, she continued, "I understand that you are worried about my health and that of our child, but you must understand that this is not a sickness. I cannot spend all my time in my room, doing nothing. Life must continue, what would your mother say if I start neglecting my duties as mistress of the house?" she asked with a soft chuckle.

John smiled at her last comment and nodded his head, "She would probably think that I had you locked away and would come running down here from Fanny's demanding I release you," he offered. It was true, his mother and Margaret were getting along wonderfully with each other. It gave him great pleasure to see that the two women he loved the most loved and respected each other as well.

He took both of Margaret's delicate hands in his bigger ones. Running his fingers over her palms, he frowned slightly, feeling the callouses that had sprung on them almost overnight. "I know you
feel that I am being silly, but please do not overexert yourself," he pleaded, placing a quick kiss on each hand.

Margaret could not help but feel a rush of love in her bosom for her wonderful husband and decided that maybe just this once she'd let him have his way.... just the once. "Well, what is it that you'd rather have me do?" she asked him.

He looked at her and grinned, the simple action making him look years younger, "How about taking a turn through the park with me?"

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