### Madam President

by [ElisabethBerkley](https://archiveofourown.org/users/ElisabethBerkley)

**Summary**

Elected the First woman President, Callie Torres and her wife, Dr. Arizona Robbins-Torres arrive in Washington for the inauguration. Their journey over the next four years and beyond will inspire you. Transform you. Entertain you. And, reshape Americas future as we know it.
Chapter 1

Disclaimer: This AU story. I borrowed these characters, I own nothing.

The Arrival

Blue skies. Clouds like fluffy balls of cotton floating aimlessly in the air. Wings...metal wings soar above the unseen ground. Noticing these things, my mind wanders as I stare through the glass airplane windows.

How did we get here? The faith I have in my wife is abundant. Unchartered territory is what Callie and I are embarking on. Risking it all, taking that next step. A step in the right direction. Answering a higher calling.

Our children are aboard this plane with us. They're small, only four and six years old in age. Two girls. Both look exactly like Callie with their dark hair and brown eyes. Both spoiled by their mothers and their grandparents. Each child different. Unique in their own personality. Special in their own way.

Our dogs, Spot and Ginger are in their crates. Traveling along with their family. Our children were most insistent they brought along their dogs. Who can blame them? This is a drastic change for us all. Our furry babies will bring about a peaceful resolve I am sure to us as well as the kids.

Then there is our home. The one we left back in California. By the beach. Closing it up was an odd experience. Callie and I have lived there for the last twelve years. Leaving our home was the worst part. The laughs we shared there. The girls bedrooms and playroom they loved dearly. Mine and Callie's bedroom. The countless times we made love in the privacy of that intimate space. The camp outs, sleepovers, parties. All left behind. All for my wife's new job.

"We are arriving at Andrews Airforce Base. We should touch down shortly. Is there anything you need, President Elect Torres?"

Hearing my wife called by her newly given title, my heart skips a beat. I look to the beautiful face that I have been so blessed to wake up with for the last twelve years. The face that not only I trust, but millions of Americans have placed their trust in as well.

"No. Thank you. We are good Bobby." As she looks at me with her dark tanned skin and brown eyes that make my heart race every time I look at them, I smile. She smiles.

No. This isn't exactly what I expected when I met Callie Torres thirteen years ago. This isn't where I saw myself as we stood on the beach and made vows. Leaving behind our family and friends to live in the famous white mansion was never a given.

Yet, here we are. Landing in Washington D.C. On January nineteenth. The day before Callie is to be sworn in as the next president of the United States. The forty-fifth president to be exact. A day that I didn't see coming. A day that you as Americans never thought would happen.

These next four years of my wife's administration will be busy. Our life will forever change. Security and time spent living in the fishbowl now surrounds us for the rest of our lives. From this point on, my life has changed. Her life has changed. Our children's lives have changed. Change is good. We ran a campaign on change. Apparently it worked because we are here.

Having just touched down on the runway of an enormous heavily guarded base I look out to see the military presence in full force. It's surreal. The surroundings, the plane, the people lined to greet us. Air Force One, the prominent symbol of the United States. The blue and white plane opens its heavy doors to reveal the sunlight from outside.

Our time has come. There's no turning back. Standing, Callie takes my hand and together we exit the massive blue and white metal bird that flew us here. With our two daughters in tow, we take the first step onto the red carpet that lines the stairs. Waving, we smile as we disembark the plane.

Let me introduce myself. For those who haven't seen my face on television or haven't heard the many speeches I've made to help get my wife elected. My name is Arizona Robbins Torres. Tomorrow, at twelve o'clock noon, I will be your next First Lady.
The Blair House

Arizona POV

The last step taken from Air Force One was with careful attention. I didn't want to trip with millions of cameras pointed in our direction. One thing I've learned over the last year is that everything you do, or say is recorded. And, then replayed for the American people as well as broadcast around the world. So today, I will walk extra careful.

Looking down at Sofia who is on my right I noticed her small tanned hand laced with Callie's much larger version. She has Callie in a death grip hold, as she looks out toward the cameras. Her brown eyes wide with what I am sure is nervousness and excitement.

Feeling Emma pull on my hand, I look down to our four year old. The bubbly little person that Callie gave birth to four years ago is waving to everyone. Not in a small way either. An outstretched arm flying through the air. A smile as big as two states combined is plastered on her face. Yes. She is her mother's child. That I am most certain of.

Greeting the Generals that are waiting, I smile. The formalities have already been discussed with us before arriving. Every event, every move over the next two days is choreographed. Not allowing any room for mistakes. No missteps or faux pas will be made. That's the beauty of this transition.

As one administration leaves and another begins, it is carried out with grace, dignity, and precision. The transfer of power is orderly. Peaceful. Having taken place for more than two hundred years, it's one of our country's accomplishments. It makes me feel proud, at this moment to be an American.

As my wife reaches for my hand, I hold on with a protective force. I love this woman. She's going to do amazing things while she's here. My wife is about to embark on a new career. In front of the world. She's tough. Has thick skin. But the side you seldom see is the one I'm most aquatinted with. The vulnerability of Callie Torres. The comments made about her being the first Latin woman to become president have varied. Some nice and others; inexcusably rude. The tears she has shed privately over these comments tears at my heart. So forgive me if I am overly attentive towards Callie. I love her...and I protect the things I love.

I hold on with a tight grip to a strong, tanned manicured hand that's well placed in my own palm. Together we walk to the heavy armored suburban afforded us through tomorrow. We have an guarded motorcade traveling everywhere we go now. Seeing the heavy police and secret service presence, gives me a greater sense of security. For us and our children.

Callie POV

Arriving in Washington, I handed in my blackberry in exchange for a locked down phone, approved by the Secret Service. My new phone has a new number that only a select amount of people have. Very few I might add.

Resting my head back against the headrest, I look over at Arizona and hold out my new black phone. "Now I am officially cut off from the entire world."

"You are. But, you have your own twitter account for the next four years. At POTUS. That's something no one else has." Arizona bursts out laughing.

My blonde wife always lightens my mood. I can't help but chuckle on that one myself. "That is true." I reply.

Wrapping my hand in hers, I look into her eyes. Eyes that have followed me around for the past six years in politics. First as the governor of California. And now, the president-elect. As if I'm searching for something I've lost in those blue orbs that I wake up to every morning, I continue gazing. Not quite sure why. Maybe I feel a little out of sorts? Maybe I have a case of nerves? Or maybe I just need that calming reassurance that no one but my wife can give?

As usual, Arizona never fails to deliver, "You are amazing. You are going to be so great. I can't wait to watch you up there, taking the oath. That will be the happiest day for me Callie. I am so proud of you baby."

Just like that, the swirling mass of anxieties dissipate. Arizona has that calming effect on me. That
quiet resolve of hers is underestimated by the public. My mind can be in a million different
directions, each fighting to go a separate way. Stress consuming my inner being...and then
Arizona can speak. The voice that has lulled me to sleep as I couldn't get my mind to stop turning
can subdue my tumultuous spirit.

"I love you," I say. Sealing it with a quick kiss, I know what's about to erupt. As our lips part, I
hear the protests begin.

"Yuck. That's gross." Emma says as she wimped her lips. No one has even kissed the four year
old and she's spitting and sputtering as if she has just drank something bitter.

"And your lipstick will smudge Abuela says. Abuela said that you had a small lipstick smudge on
your lips at the convention too. You should be more careful mommy." Sof injects. Shes six years
old and this is what I get. Advice from a first grader. Thanks mother for helping me out with my
kids here. It's much appreciated if you are reading this.

"It's gross if you kiss before you are married, but not after you're married." Explaining this to our
girls, I try and keep a straight face. Looking to my better half, my strong persona falters. Arizona
is looking out the window stifling her laughter. Her hand covers her chin and mouth, but I see her
slightly bouncing indicating she is laughing to herself.

As usual, I pull her into these sticky conversations with our children. Just for kicks. I love
watching her squirm. "Mama has something she would like to add to this Sofia. Don't you
honey?"

Bright blue eyes cut my way in an effort to beg. 'Let me off the hook please,' they say. Their
master is not pleased with me drawing her into this. But as usual, she's deft. Arizona is clever. She
always comes out smelling like a rose. But I still love to watch her squirm.

"Ah, well girls kissing is special. It's only meant to be shared with that one person that you love
and want to spend the rest of your life with. You have to find that special person...Like mommy is
for me." Arizona smiles at our children as she delivers an unfaltering speech. Maybe she should
have run as President?

Before I get a chance to say anything Emma chimes in, "I already have that mama. I do." Nodding
her head, she's most adamant about her apparent secret love that we have no idea about.

"Really? Who?" Arizona asks. She's invested in this new piece of information as well as I am.

"Spot. We kiss all the time and I'm want to be with him forever." Emma offers.

Whew, thank god. My first official act tomorrow would have been to call in special forces to track
down whoever it was that my child was kissing. Being its only Spot, I will let it pass.

"The Blair House...sitting across the street from the White House, is owned by the State
Department. Many foreign dignitaries stay here while visiting. In fact, girls I want to give you a
little history lesson." Arizona says as we turn on Pennsylvania Avenue. My wife is a history buff.
Do not question her in anything regarding American History. In fact, she should have been a
history professor instead of a pediatric surgeon. But, I digress.

"In 1942, President Franklin Roosevelt authorized the purchase of the Blair House. It's tradition
that the president-elect, which is mommy, and their family spends the evening before their
inauguration at this house. It has one hundred nineteen rooms, fourteen bedrooms, and thirty-five
bathrooms. And I want you to listen to me carefully. Like it's going to do any good, but I let her have at it anyhow.

"There are really nice things in this big house. Really expensive items. Like china. Vases. Antique
furniture. So I want you both to be on your best behavior. Don't touch anything without asking me
or mama first. Is that understood?"

Bobbing heads start their dance. The agreement has been made between mother and children.
How long that binding piece of legislation holds up? I give it about five minutes. Give or take.
After all, they are just children.

Walking into the magnificent building, the words escape me. It's a lovely place. The President's
guest home. A welcoming staff greets us and ushers our family through to the sitting room.
Looking around, the feeling of nostalgia abides here. Imagine what it will be like tomorrow night,
when we are across the street.

I may not do everything right the next four years. Failure may present itself at my doorstep. I will
however promise you this; here and now. I am humbled to be sitting here and I won't forget those
of you who put me in this office. That said, Let the inaugural festivities begin!
Inauguration Day

Sure it's a big job; but I don't know anyone who can do it better than I can.
- President John F. Kennedy

Callie POV

Well, we left the Blair House intact. Okay, let's be truthful...mostly intact. Emma was dancing around and broke a vase. Dating back...I honestly don't remember when Arizona said, but it was an antique. I can tell you that much. Yes, I guess I will have to pay for that little accident. The costliest accident I've ever encountered. Arizona was upset, and you know I did my best to diffuse the situation...

...Flashback...

As my wife is picking up the pieces to this very expensive looking vase, I bend down to help her. "Just call housekeeping in here. They will gladly help us clean this."

Telling Arizona this was not a good idea. She didn't agree with my suggestion. "Are you crazy Callie? We will look like morons. We've been here for an hour. An hour and Emma has already torn the place apart."

I look to Emma and Sofia who are sitting in the bed in the room that Arizona and I will sleep in tonight. She has scolded them both, and you can tell it. When Arizona gets mad, it's taken seriously around our house.

"Well, let me go and see if I can find a broom and dust pan." Standing, I walk to the bedroom door.

"You know what? You might as well just get someone. We can't keep this a secret. It is an eighteenth century vase. Probably a one of a kind too. Dear God." Arizona rubs her head. Anguishing over a vase that, in my opinion was the ugliest thing I had ever seen. I probably would have knocked it over too. I mean, if I weren't the President-Elect.

Once the housekeeper cleans up and finally leaves, I smile to my wife. Her mood needs lighting up. So I try my best. "Maybe before we go to the concert tonight, we can get the secret service to make a stop by the store and pick up some super glue. Just encase we need it for any future accidents."

Yea. That look I just received isn't pretty. Arizona rolls her eyes and turns her head, looking back to her book she is reading. But, I saw a small smile. See, it works every time.

...End of Flashback...

The scene before my eyes is amazing. So many people have covered the Capital steps and the National Mall. As I am walking in, all eyes are on me. Yes, I am accustomed to that by now. This time however, it feels a little different. Shaking several hands, I find my wife. Arizona is sitting in the usual seat that all First Ladies sit in during the inaugural ceremony. Stopping for a second to give the tradition kiss, she whispers, "You're doing great."

I look to our two daughters that are sitting by their mother. Both in cream-colored dresses. Their hair curled and fixed by their mother. They look like perfect little angels. Our extended family is seated behind me. This moment is a proud moment not for me, but for all women. Especially Latina women.

"Please raise your right hand and repeat after me."

Hearing the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court say that sentence, I place my left hand on the Lincoln bible and lift my right hand. As real as this moment is, I cannot believe that I am here...

"I Calliope Iphegenia Torres do solemnly swear..." Staring straight ahead I focus on the justice's voice. I have memorized this by heart...

"...That I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States," I'm not kidding. Arizona and I have rehearsed this more times than I care to remember...

"...And will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States..." I am almost there. Please don't screw this up Callie. The whole world is watching...
"...So help me God." Shaking the Chief Justice's hand, I smile. Glad for that to be over. Glad that I am now the President of the United States. And really glad about what comes next...Kissing my wife.

Pulling all three of my girls in close, I am complete. Nothing will ever take the place of these three individuals right here. No office. No career. They are my heart. I am a wife. A mother. I cherish these roles first and foremost. And now, as of twelve noon, I am the leader of the free world. Seeing Arizona cry, I get tears in my own eyes. We've worked so hard for this. Hours of laboring to be standing right here. Right now.

As I stand to give my inaugural address, I begin by giving credit where it all started from...the one person who thirteen years ago came into my life...My lovely wife.

...Flashback...

13 years ago

Answering the phone, Callie shuffled papers on her large mahogany desk. "Hi Addison. How's it going?"

"Good. I was called in on a case early this morning. I am so tired and I'm about to leave for the day. You want to meet me for a drink?"

"I would but I have a lot of paperwork I need to catch up on."

"You're a workaholic Callie." The red head laughs.

"Well, it does pay the bills. Besides, it's not like I have anything going on in the dating department. So I might as well work. Stay occupied."

"Hey, I've got someone you need to meet."

Yea right. Like I am going for that again. The last time she set me up turned out to be a disaster. "Oh no. No! The last time you set me up, well, that was a nightmare."

"It was not the worst date you've ever been on. Anyhow, this woman is a doctor. A surgeon. In fact, she and I just had a case we worked on together last week. She's single."

Sounds to good to be true. And, it probably is. So, NO! "Not interested Addie."

"Okay. If you say so. Are you meeting me for a drink or what?"

Looking at the stack of paperwork on my desk, I know I don't need to leave for at least several more hours. But, I do need a break. My eyes are starting to cross; I've stared at my computer so long. "I guess I can. One drink and then I have to get back to the office."

Leaving my office, I drive to meet Addison. We have been friends since high school. Sometimes she drive she me crazy, but she's my best friend. Seeing the red head sitting over at a table, I make my way through the crowd. The music is loud. People are dancing. It's not exactly the kind of establishment that a lawyer should be visiting. But, I stay. I have been in worse places to be honest.

Sliding in the both, I ask, "Why do you always pick this place? There are newer more hipper bars you know."

"It's the closest one to the hospital." Addison says as she downs a glass of vodka. Must have been a really bad day. Geez, she needs to slow down.

As we talk, my eyes are drawn to an unknown blonde woman sitting at the bar. Alone. Figuring she probably is waiting for her date, I disregard here and continue talking. The conversation flows along, then I catch some movement from the corner of my eye again. She is turned around, talking to a guy. Inquisitive as to what she is doing, I continue to stare her way.

The soft blonde curls are easy to watch as they flow around her face. That smile...it's a dimpled smile. Bright and big. Her skin is flawless, or it looks that way from here. And her laugh... it has just made me smile. If only I were lucky enough to find someone like that.

"Oh no. I'm... no!" Addison says grabbing my attention. Looking her way, she had her finger pointed at me, shaking it.

"What?" I ask. I have no idea what she is talking about. Must be the alcohol.
Adamantly speaking, Addison says, "You said no. Remember?"

"Okay. I am completely lost here. What are you taking about?"

"You said you didn't want to meet her. So stop staring at her and undressing her with your eyes."

"Who her?" Pointing toward the blonde that has captured my attention, I ask again for clarification. "That's the surgeon you wanted to introduce me too?"

Nodding her head, the red head agrees. "Yes. That's her and I don't...

"Well what are you waiting in Addie, introduce me." Oh, I am all over this. She's a ten...I mean a TEN! You better believe I want her number, name, address, social security number...okay, that's a bit of a stretch. But you get the idea. I am interested."

"You just said that you didn't want to meet her."

Of all the times for Addison Montgomery to get a case of obedience. Addie never does anything I tell her. She never listens to me. "Since when do you listen to me anyway? Invite her over here. Please."

Shaking her head, Addie stands and walks over to where the blonde doctor is sitting. Then, after a couple of minutes they both turn and look at me. Awkward. I am always good in social settings, but this is weird. Seeing them both walk back, I suddenly think maybe this was a bad idea. The blonde is smiling at me and I can't help but wonder exactly what my best friend said to her.

"Callie, this is Arizona Robbins. Arizona, this is my friend, Callie Torres." With the introductions out of the way, my palms are sweating. How is this even possible? I never sweat. She is sitting right in front of me.

Smiling, the blonde says, "Callie. It's nice to meet you."

As my heart beats, no that's not the correct word...Pounds in my chest, I answer strong and confident. "It is nice to meet you too Arizona."

An hour later, the blonde doctor and I are on the dance floor. Dancing together like we had known each other for years. And, it did feel that way. She was easy to talk to. Her smile was illuminating. Her voice...enchanting.

The office is long forgotten. Addison... who the hell knows where she went. And, I don't care. Arizona and I are engrossed with one another. In our own little bubble. Pulling her in close, I take the chance. I say what I feel, and hope to God I don't get shot down. It's quick. Hasty. Swift. And, a smart move if you ask me. "You want to get out of there and go somewhere else Arizona?"

Obviously that answer was a "yes." I still wear the ring... twelve years later.

...End of Flashback...

Wrapping up my speech, I finish strong. "...The work begins anew. The hope rises again. And the dream lives on."

The rest of the day goes off without a hitch. The parade down Pennsylvania Avenue to the reviewing stand was great. The girls loved looking out the windows and waving at the crowds that lined the streets. Especially Emma. Once we stopped and proceeded to walk along the parade route, Emma took to that like she was a rock star; waving and smiling. Maybe she should have run for President?

As the evening wore on, the girls became more tired. Even falling asleep in the reviewing stand before the parade finished. Thankfully they carried back inside the White House by Arizona's father and mine. Finishing up the night, we get ready for the last leg of this inauguration. The Inaugural Balls.

They are held all over downtown Washington. We are scheduled to attend ten inaugural balls tonight. My feet will be worn out. But, it's worth it. As Emma and Sophia said this morning...It's Party Time! Dancing with Arizona was magical. It felt as if we were floating on stage. My wife is a great dance partner. Making a quick speech at each event, I tried to not recycle the same speech over again. That was something I forgot to go over with my staff. I guess I was supposed to wing it? Well, I did. Sometimes it was a little rocky, but I managed to get through each one just fine.

At two o'clock in the morning, we finally climbed into bed. Our first night here. The White House. The majestic halls. The beautiful gardens. "I cannot believe this is our first night. Did you
ever think this was possible? You and me sleeping here and calling this our home for the next four years?" Pouring my heart out, I am met with soft snores. Oh no. She knows we had a deal. Arizona is not going to sleep right now.

"Hey. Wake up." Nudging her, she turns over away from me. No, not going to work. I didn't get here and in this job by being ignored. I can assure you. My voice will be heard.

"Arizona. I am serious. Wake up." Still no reply from the blonde that has shared my bed for the past thirteen years. I know she's tired. I am too, but we did have a deal. And I can promise you one thing; Callie Torres never reneges on a deal. If I say it, I mean it.

"Arizona! Wake up!" Shaking her, I finally arouse the sleeping beauty. About time too. She knows we had a deal. And she is not going to forfeit on that tonight.

"I'm up Callie. What's wrong?" Sleepy eyes look at me. Confused. Concerned. Tired as hell.

Reminding my precious wife, "We had a deal remember?" I wait for her reply. Of course she remembers. How could she not? It was all her idea. And, a good idea at that. Giving me the motivation I needed. The drive. The...satisfaction.

"Huh? What deal?" Arizona asks. Her head turned sideways, she pushes her blonde hair from her face.

"On election night, you said if I could carry Texas and Florida, that we would have sex all night on our first night in the White House. And you would do some very freaky shit with me too. Those were your words. Not mine." Smiling, I nod my head. She did say that. And, I did carry both of those states. I am a winner! And I am about to collect my prize.

"Seriously. I am so tired. Can't we do it in the morning Callie?" Whining, she thinks I will give in. But, I have another way around that. Casting the rod, you just watch...I will get a bite.

"Arizona. This is my "First Official Act" here in the White House. And as your President, it would behoove you to accommodate my request. I am after all, the most powerful woman in the world. Don't you want to have sex with the most powerful woman in the world?" Now how could she say no to that...see...I'm reeling her in.

Shaking her head, Arizona laughs. She knows I am funny as hell. That's why she loves me.

"Alright Superwoman," the blonde says, "Strip you clothes off then. Let's get down to business."


I am currently taking ideas and suggestions for this story. Tell me what you want to see happen here. Leave it in a review or inbox me. I would love to hear your thoughts too.

As always...See you soon xoxo
A Day Of Firsts

Arizona POV

Waking up at five in the morning, I turn over to look at "superwoman." I will admit, that I am not as open about my private life as my wife is. I don't usually share all the intimate details of my sex life with everyone. But last night was unlike any night we have ever experienced before. And, I will leave it at that.

Hearing the phone ring, Callie reaches to answer. It was the wake up call. The usual wake up call that she and I will be receiving for the next four years. Wow. That's a lot of wake up calls. As Callie rolls over to look at me, she smiles. Her megawatt smile. "Did you sleep good?"

"I did. Madam President." Laughing, I poke Callie in the ribs. She was so insistent that I call her that last night, so I think I will continue to call her that today. She'll get tired of hearing that very soon, I am sure.

"That's right baby. Respect the title." Callie says smugly and gives me a kiss. And, I giggle. Because although she is the President now, and I respect that, I really do...She is still just my wife. That title to me is more important than any that she will ever accomplish or add to her portfolio.

Today is the girl's first day at school. It is also Callie's first day on the job. And, it is my first day...well let me see. It is my first day as the new First Lady. I don't start my new job for another week. I took a week off in order to get the girls on schedule. There is so much change happening very quickly. I think Sofia will adjust nicely, but Emma, I'm not quite sure about.

Now, as for what I will be doing. Well, that's simple. I am the new Pediatric Surgeon at Walter Reed National Military Medical Center. Walter Reed has a comprehensive primary care center for children ages newborn and up. I took a tour several weeks ago when Callie and I came to Washington to meet with the outgoing President and his wife. The hospital is huge. The facility is amazing. I can't wait to get started. I know I will love it there.

Getting the girls for school is proving to be a challenge this morning...

"I don't want to go. I go to work with mama." Emma was most insistent on going to work with Callie today. She's held onto Callie the entire morning. We've ex-pained that it is just half a day. Never mind that she only goes to school until noon. In her four-year-old mind, twelve noon is long enough.

"Emma. You have to go to school." Thinking I can appease my four year old, proves rather useless. Like she would even listen. Yet, I continue. "Emma, don't you want to meet your new friends. It's just until lunch time and then I will come and pick you up. When we get back, you and I can go visit mama in her new office. I bet she will let you sit at her new desk." Now that has to work right?

"NO! I want to sit at her new desk now! I don't want to go to school. I want to stay with mama." Feeling the need to step in, Callie says, "Emma. Why don't I go with you and mommy to school this morning? I will walk you to class and we can sit and color a page together. How does that sound?"

"Callie. You have a meeting first thing this morning. Don't cancel it for this. She will be fine honey. It's just first day jitters. That's all." Knowing she had a budget meeting first thing this morning with her advisers and Vice President, I hate for her to miss that. You know how children are. For the first few moments they will be upset, then settle in nicely to their new surroundings.

"There is no meeting that important that I cannot take my daughter to school on her first day. Especially when she is this upset. It will be fine. I promise." My wife answers.

Looking over to Sofia who comes out with her uniform on, she brushes her hear back from her face. The long soft curls swaying as she walks. "I'm ready." Sof calls out to everyone. She's confident this morning. Breezy. All cool...oh to be that age again.

"You look very pretty today. I love the outfit." Callie says with a smile.

"Thank you. Are you taking me to school too?" Sofia asks Callie.
Looking down to Sofia, Callie replies, "Yes. Is that okay?"

"I guess. But, most kids just have their parents drop them off. I don't want you to go in with me and color a page. That's embarrassing." Sofia tells Callie. She is very honest. And, very grown up.

"Absolutely understand. I will just open the door and "throw" you out." My wife smiles and laughs.

"Funny." Sofia says with her usual smarty attitude that she has newly adopted. She knows her mother is teasing her. As if my wife would do such a thing.

Our girls are growing up so fast. No longer babies. It makes Callie and I sad a times. Sometimes I wonder...what it would be like to have another baby...

Callie POV

Looking around the oval office, I sit back in my chair. The desk in front of me is the Resolute Desk. Many Presidents have used this desk either in the Oval Office or in their private study located in the residence quarters.

The desk has been modified twice. Franklin Roosevelt requested that the kneehole be fitted with a modesty panel carved with the presidential seal (he preferred people not see his leg braces and often placed a waste basket in front of his desks), but he did not live to see it installed. But President Truman liked the eagle motif. So he had it installed when he came into office in 1945. It is a beautiful desk. Much larger than what I am accustomed to.

"I can't believe I am here." I say to myself out loud. And, I can't. Who would have thought? The first woman President who is Latina. It's a change. A GOOD change.

"I can't believe you are here either." A very familiar voice invades my office. The face that for the next four years at least, you people will be seeing a lot of. A face that, Arizona says, is steady and levelheaded. I whole-heartedly agree with that assessment. It is also a face that will tell you, just like it is. Whether it hurts your feelings or not. And, it has a touch of bossiness to it too.

"Bailey!" No matter what, I love this woman. She had been my friend for years. Stuck by me through the hard times in this campaign. And, when I would derail and get off track, she set me straight. Secretly, I think that's why Arizona likes her so much. Miranda Bailey was my first and only choice for Vice President.

"Come in and have a seat." Welcoming my friend, we embrace.

"So what's on the agenda for today Madam President?" Bailey asks.

"Well, I need to know what to get Arizona for our anniversary. I am all out of ideas. You got any?" Our meeting doesn't really start for another fifteen minutes. And, I need some suggestions. I want to surprise her today once she gets home. I probably won't be home until seven o'clock or so, but I need something to give her today. And, I am all out of ideas. What do you give a First Lady? I mean, last night I gave her a good time, if you know what I mean. And tonight, I will do the same. But I need a gift, something showing a token of appreciation.

"Wait. Let me get this straight. I came here for a meeting on the economic situation with you and your top advisers, and you want me to give you advice on what to get Arizona for her anniversary?" Bailey seems surprised by my question.

"Uh...yea." Nodding my head, I don't see what she doesn't get here. It's pretty cut and dry. I need help here.

"Buy her some damn flowers Torres! Hell, there's a whole rose garden right outside." Bailey says, pointing to the windows behind my desk. Turning to look in that direction, it dawns on me as well. Genius idea.

If she's not the smartest woman next to my wife. I swear. I never thought of that one. "That right there is why I picked you Bailey." She's a quick thinker. Fast on her feet. And, she's a perfectionist. Those are excellent qualities when picking a VP.

Shaking her head, the shorter woman replies, "Well, if every decision were this easy, we could solve this whole country's problems in the first one hundred days. But, it's not that simple and we can't fix it all immediately. But, I sure as hell want to. So get your ass in gear, order those flowers and let's get this meeting started." Bailey is pumped up and ready for action. Just the way I like my staff to be.
An hour later, we adjourn. We had a good meeting on the current economic situation. I have promised calm, steady leadership in the White House. These uncertain times call for America to maintain our alliances around the world. My candidacy focused on several themes. First, raising middle class incomes. Second, expanding women's rights. And third, continued support and advocacy for the LGBT community. So, over the next four years, and beyond, I hope to have improved our great nation on several fronts.

Around seven o'clock I walk from the Oval Office to the third floor. That's where the family's residence is located. Exiting from the elevator, I walk the massive hallway. This is a beautiful house. And, although it is majestic and quite impressive, it is a home for the President and their family.

Running to meet me is Sofia and Emma. I am greeted with the biggest hugs. The brightest smiles. They are my perfect little blessings. This morning dropping them off at school went better than I thought. I stayed with Emma for a few minutes. We colored and talked. Laughed and had a few sad moments. That's part of the change, I guess. Then, when we knew Emma wasn't looking, Arizona and I slipped out of the room quietly.

As for Sofia, she did fine. We gave her a kiss at the classroom door and she walked in and never looked back. I had tears. Arizona had tears. Even the secret service guy looked glassy eyed. But Sofia? No tears what so ever. In some ways I was glad she didn't cry. It is further proof that our little girl is growing up. Arizona says before long she will be ashamed to be seen with us. Dear lord I hope not.

"How was your first day at school?" Pulling them in close, they both latch on with a fierceness.

"Good. I liked it," Sof answers. She adjusts very well to new surroundings. She is more reserved like Arizona, but she handles change very well.

Looking to Emma, I smile. "What about you little miss?" She and Arizona didn't get a chance to come and see me today. Sofia had to be registered for several events after school, and I had two back to back meetings. So, we missed each other this afternoon. But I called Arizona to see how everything went. And, she said not so well. Anxiously awaiting Emma's response, I kiss her on the cheek.

"I'm not going back." Emma emphatically states. She will not be pushed around. She is in charge of this situation people. You will not shove education and change down Emma's throat. No sir. To be honest, she has my resolve. My ability to go against the grain. I will say this...That can be a good thing at times. And, a bad thing as well. Just depends on the situation.

"Why not?" I ask. When I spoke to Arizona earlier, she said that nothing had happened to Emma today. The teacher said Emma did her work, ate her snack and played on the playground. Never once crying either. Yet, she is not going back...hmm.

Seriousness fills her tanned features. In the most grown up tone, she sternly replies, "Because I said so."

Yes, Arizona and I have quite a few difficult years ahead with this one. But, she is our baby. So...maybe she can stay home from school tomorrow. Just don't tell anybody. That would look horrible that the President of the United States didn't make her children go to school. But, it's only Preschool. So, that's not a big deal. Right?

A/N: Thanks for the reviews. Until next time...Keep Smiling xoxo
"Love is not love which alters it when alteration finds, or bends with the remover to remove: O no! It is an ever fixed mark that looks on tempests and is never shaken; it is the star to every wandering bark whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks within his bending sickle's compass come: Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, but bears it out, even to the edge of doom." - William Shakespeare

Arizona POV

I have been on my job for a little over two weeks. Walter Reed is really growing on me. So far, I have had eight major surgeries in a span of two weeks. That's a lot of surgeries for a new surgeon. Maybe my status as First Lady has something to do with it. And, I have met some really awesome doctors here. Chief Hunt was an Army Surgeon and now resides as the Chief Surgeon for Walter Reed. I also have met Teddy Altman and Alex Karev. The all seem very kind and welcoming.

"Teddy. How has your day been?" I am currently in the cafeteria, enjoying a light lunch when my new friend pops in to sit with me. No one else will dare sit with me. I am pretty sure it has something to do with my Secret Service detail.

The agents assigned to me call me 'Butterfly.' That's my secret service code name. Callie wanted her's to be Badass, but they refused to call her that. Not sure why they would refuse the President, but I guess they thought it was disrespectful. To Callie, it would have been an honor. So Callie's second choice for a code name was 'Braveheart'. Sofia's is 'Breezy'. While they refer to Emma as 'Blaze.' Of course Emma goes around calling herself that now. You know, that is going to be a difficult habit to break.

"Well, my day has been hectic and it's only noon. How was yours, um...Madam First Lady."

Teddy says. Finding the correct and proper title seems a bit much for the the heart doctor to digest.

My new friend is adorable. And sweet. But the titles aren't necessary. "Call me Arizona. None of that First Lady stuff around here."

Laughing, Teddy agrees to dial down my title. Thankfully. "Okay. So Arizona, have you had a good day?"

"Yes I have. It's been interesting." My smile is not as bright as it was when I first came here. I love my job, please don't misunderstand me. But, I see a lot of different scenes as I travel through this enormous hospital.

Working here at Walter Reed is bringing about awareness to me on several different fronts. I tend to see a lot of disabled soldiers wearing prosthetics. Their injuries have been sustained in combat. Seeing our soldiers that have lost limbs is disheartening. Their lives forever changed. Forever altered.

Normally I am not involved with this aspect of Walter Reed. Babies, toddlers, teenagers...those are my patients. But over the last couple of weeks, I can't help but pass by and see the prosthetic limbs on various service men and women. And, for that I am made keenly aware of their sacrifice to our great nation.

Posttraumatic stress disorder or PTSD can occur after you have been through a trauma. A trauma is a shocking and dangerous event that you see or that happens to you. PTSD can happen to anyone. Any number of factors can increase the chance of someone developing PTSD.

Many factors aren't even under the person's control concerning PTSD. Factors like...the war in Iraq and Afghanistan. It was a war met with a diverse group of opinions and feelings. Some felt it was warranted. Others...not so much. But one thing that came from all of this is American soldiers becoming amputees. At least 50,000 American troops were wounded in action in Iraq and Afghanistan. Nearly three percent of those troops have suffered a major limb amputation, the majority due to an improvised explosive device. The dangers our soldiers lived with for months are impossible to describe with any justice.

The former President withdrew from Iraq. Only leaving a few service men and women in Iraq. And, some still in Afghanistan. As time has went on, some military presence has been increased at times due to the instability of the region. But, no where near the amount that it was in 2008. As the years have passed by, these veterans still come and seek treatment here.
Last week, I was told of one particular soldier that has had severe problems with PTSD. Major Hunt filled me in on his case. So very sad. Everything that has happened to this young man has left deep psychological scars. It's heart wrenching. The irate patient left the facility a last week. He had just been fitted for a newly innovated bionic arm.

As of December, DARPA, or better know as The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency is making available to military amputees the first production versions of a groundbreaking upper-limb prosthesis. This particular soldier was one of the first to receive this new technology.

He felt the hospital hadn't done enough to save his arm. Compiled with his PTSD, the young man was on edge. Being disgruntled, he threatened Major Hunt who had stuck by him through this entire situation. So, the notices went forth. Alerting everyone to be aware. Once that alert came last week, my security detail was increased.

On a brighter note, today however is Valentine's Day. In a little over an hour I will be going home to My Funny Valentine. Yes, it's a cliché. But, she is. Callie really is my valentine. And, she's as funny as can be. Her humorous ways dissolve any tension. And I can't wait until she opens my present. Diamond stud earrings. Gorgeous. Absolutely gorgeous.

**Callie POV**

It is Valentines Day. I have the best surprise for Arizona. Withholding nothing from this woman, I have purchased the most expensive gift besides her wedding ring...a diamond bracelet. It's beautiful. She has always wanted one, but I never got around to it. I know, I should be ashamed. But, I have her one now. And that's what is important.

The girls got us both a gift. We each picked out something that we thought the other would like. And no valentines day be complete without buying our daughters candy and a teddy bear. Oh alright, I will break down and confess...I had balloons delivered upstairs as well. Everything this evening for my three special ladies will be perfect.

Tonight, I came home early. One of the biggest things I miss is cooking. I never have time. Arizona hasn't had much time either. Which is okay, because we have a chef that cooks all of our meals. We were afforded that as Governor of California as well. I haven't cooked in so long...I might have forgotten how. Okay, I probably haven't forgot, but I am not in good practice.

The girls are going to their grandparents this weekend. It is President day weekend. Sofia and Emma have no school, so they are going to spend the weekend with Arizona's parents. My mom and dad were here last weekend, so it seemed fitting for Sofia and Emma to go to the Robbins'. Our girls are in good hands there I can assure. No one is any more motherly than Barbara Robbins. And no one is any more military that Daniel Robbins. With the secret service detail following closely, it relieves a lot of worry. They are just up the road a piece. Well, Boston to be exact. As much as we will miss our girls, Arizona and I need this weekend to unwind. Revive one another. You catch my drift.

So tonight I am cooking an easy dish, but one of our all time favorites. Spaghetti with garlic bread. It's simply, but the girls love it. And, I have a secret recipe for the sauce. As I am stirring the sauce, Emma and Sofia are sitting at the table. They are both waiting patiently. Sofia is coloring and Emma...drawing on the table. Just fantastic.

"Emma! Don't draw on the table. That's not our table." By the time I get out of the White House, I will owe a fortune. I may just put a credit card on file so the staff can apply all of the charges that I am acquiring with our youngest child.

Hearing the phone ring, I am greeted with the most pleasant and perky voice. You know who that one is...Arizona. "Hey baby! Are you on your way home?"

"Very soon. I am just about to check one more patient and then I am on the way."

"Well, I have a surprise for you." Hearing Sofia scoff, I correct myself. What would I do without my first grader.

"I am so sorry. Sofia corrected me. WE have a surprise for you." Including the girls is most important, at least Sofia thinks so.

"Ooh, what is it?" Arizona asks as I have sparked her interest.

Teasing her, I say, "Well I can't say, but you are going to like it." It's just spaghetti. But the fact that I have cooked tonight, that's really the big surprise.

"Well, I will be home soon. Let me finish and I will be there in thirty minutes. Okay?"
Answering as I stir the sauce, I agree to see Arizona very soon. "Absolutely. We’ll be here."

After hanging up, Sofia goes and gets a puzzle bringing it to the table. The three of us start piecing it together. Arizona loves for all of us to sit and work on puzzles. It is a great way to get the girls to communicate with our children. Getting up and stirring the sauce, I find my seat once again and begin helping Sof and Emma.

Thirty minutes later, there's a swift hard knock on the residence door. Which is somewhat alarming. Arizona should be here by now. Standing up, I am met with Meredith Grey, My chief of staff. She comes barreling through the doors of the private residence and says..."There's a shooter at Walter Reed..."

A/N:

First off, I had to set the tone for the shooter, thus the reason for all the explanations in Arizona's POV. Do not worry... this is Not a military fic. Just setting the story here.

I have received some great ideas and suggestions for this story. I will try and accomplish what ideas you all have given me. Give me a little time to incorporate them all in.

It's a diverse list and a broad range of topics that people seem to want to see. So, it will be a fun story. But, it will also be filled with some hurt. Some anguish. Some jealousy. And yes...some suspenseful moments.

So hang onto your seats folks. It's gonna be a fun ride.

Until Next Time, xoxo
"The human life is made up of choices. Yes or no, in or out, up or down. And then there are the choices that matter. To love or hate, to be a hero or to be a coward, to fight or to give in, to live or die. Live or die, that's the important choice and it's not always in our hands."

Arizona POV

As we enter the lobby of building nineteen, Dr. Hunt and I finish discussing a patient. The patient is a little girl that has spina bifida. I am requesting a neurology consult on this case as it is out of my expertise, and I needed to go over a couple of suggestions with the chief.

Dr. Karev soon joins our conversation as well since he is the other pediatric surgeon that assists me on this special case. As we continue to talk a round of gunshots blast in our direction. Everyone in the lobby scatters and I am pushed to the ground behind the visitors desk by my Secret Service agent. I feel the weight of Special Agent Danny Waters lying on top of me. Shielding me as best he can.

A large commotion is stirring on the other side of the desk that Agent Waters and I are behind. Peeking out, I see that Owen is bleeding. Blood is running down the light gray tile floors. Pools of blood run free from his body as he lies still. He is bleeding out quickly and no one is doing anything about it. He needs help.

"I need to see about Owen," trying to free myself, I look past Danny's shoulder.

"No. You can't move Ma'am. We are waiting here." The agents tone is adamant and totally dismissive of Major Hunts condition. To which I understand, because Danny is in charge of protecting me. It's what he is trained to do. That's his sole obligation. But, Owen is lying in the ground...dying for all I know. I need to at least see about him.

"You're bleeding." Agent Waters draws my attention to my left arm. And it appears he is correct. I thought I felt a stinging sensation, but that was it. Little did I know within a couple of minutes, the pain would intensify.

Thinking that they finally had the shooter subdued, the agents called the all clear. After a minute, the gunman wrestled free and grabbed the revolver again, but he had already fired all the bullets and he was then shot by Secret Service.

Hearing a final single gunshot, the commotion stops. The noise ceases. The man is lying on the floor, deceased. As soon as we are given the all clear again, Agent Waters yells, "The First Lady has been shot. I need some help over here." The pain is sharp and burning now. Holding my right hand over my wound, I cringe when Agent Waters picks me up. "I need some help here!" That's all I hear and then everything goes blank.

Callie POV

"What?" I cannot believe Meredith has spoken correctly. She has just said there was a shooter at Walter Reed. There must be some mistake here. Because you and I know who works there. Oh hell no! This can't be happening.

"President Torres, there has been a shooting at Walter Reed. I don't know..."

"Where is Arizona? Is she alright? Oh my God! Is she safe?"

"I am getting an ETA on the First Lady's status..." Grey spoke with a little more uncertainty than I would have liked. Before she could finish, we were interrupted by the head of the Secret Service.

"President Torres..." noticing my children sitting at the table listening as she spoke, Agent Jillian Pearson continued in a much more controlled manner, "Can we have this conversation outside?"

Once outside in the hallway away from prying ears, I hear the words that no wife ever wants to hear. "You wife has been shot. She is in surgery now. She is stable. She's okay. The shooter has been taken out."

"Arizona has been shot?" I ask for confirmation. Oh dear God. This cannot be happening.

"Yes. The hospital is being searched now for any other possible assailants. As soon as we have clearance we will be ready to leave and go to the hospital."
"Do you want me to go upstairs and get Nanny Shaw to stay with the girls?" Meredith asks.

"Yes. Please do that." Nodding, I turn to go back to Sofia and Emma. Walking into the kitchen where Sof and Emma are, I am met with questions. Some I have the answers to and others, I have no idea what to say right now.

"Is mommy okay?" Sofia asks. She is very smart. Not a lot gets by our oldest child. How do I explain this? Because the truth is, I have no idea how Arizona is at this moment. They said stable, but I haven't seen her myself. So I'm not taking anybody's word for it. But I need to reassure our girls.

"Mommy is fine. She is at the hospital. I am going to leave you both with Nanny Shaw while I go and check on Mommy. I don't want you to worry."

"Did she get shot?" Sofia asks. She looks like she's about to cry. Tears are welling up inside those beautiful eyes of my oldest child and it breaks my heart.

With big brown eyes that are instantly filling with tears as well, Emma asks, "Who shot mommy?"

Hearing that, my heart breaks. Emma can do it to you every time.

"Yes, mommy did get shot. I don't know who did it baby. But, she is in surgery. I don't want you to worry. Mommy will be fine. Come here."

As the both climb into my lap, I kiss them and try to reassure them that Arizona will be fine. My children and I are very close. Don't misunderstand that at all. But Arizona has been with them a lot while I was on the campaign trail. And many times when I had to go out of town on business as Governor. So, they naturally see their mommy as their stability. The one constant person that is always with them. Right now, I know they Sof and Emma are feeling a little lost. And, I don't blame them. So am I at this moment. Because the truth is, Arizona is my stability as well. She has been the driving force behind me. Pushing me when I was tired. Taking over and planning functions for my campaign. She is my rock.

"Hey sweet babies." Mrs. Shaw enters the room and is all smiles at my two precious miracles.

"Nanny!" Emma squeals. She loves this woman. Although Emma and Sofia have just seen Mrs. Shaw a couple of hours ago, she is always a welcome sight. Nanny Shaw has been with us since our days as Governor of California. She is also a stability figure for Sofia and Emma. They love her dearly. Fortunately for us, she followed us to the White House and lives here on the floor above us. That makes it quite easy when we both have to be gone.

After Emma and Sofia fill Mrs. Shaw in on their mother's condition, the older woman steers the conversation away from Arizona in an attempt to get their minds off of what is happening. Motioning toward the kitchen the older woman says, "Your mother will be fine. She is a strong woman. So you two don't have anything to worry about. Now you two, let's go finish your dinner. Then you both can take a long bubble bath and get into your pajamas."

As the girls go on ahead, I tell Mrs. Shaw my plans for the rest of the evening. "I will call you as soon as I know anything. You will probably need to stay the entire night with them. Oh and Sofia..."

"Callie, don't worry. I have this under control. I do this every day. Remember? Go on and see about Arizona. We will be just fine honey."

Nodding, I give her a quick hug and walk outside in the hallway where several agents and my staff are talking.

"We are ready to go when you are Madam President." Agent Pearson addresses me as I walk up.

The ride to the hospital is not very lengthy. As the President, you are not required to stop for traffic lights or stop signs. Everyone else must stop for you. At times I feel guilty about that. But right now, I am very thankful for my position and the perks it allows me.

"How much longer?" I ask.

"Two minutes ma'am."

Looking down at my hands, I see they are shaking and my palms are sweating. I have to get myself together before I step outside. Every camera and reporter will have this broadcast over then entire world in about two minutes. Entering the emergency entrance ramp, my limo pulls to the right. I see the reporters are being kept back behind a barricade. Thankful for that, I step out as my
door opens. Not even looking in their direction, I stay focused on the doors immediately in front of me.

"President Torres. If you will step this way please," I am ushered to a room off to the side by a doctor. Looking on his coat, I see that his name is Dr. Wiseman.

"I am Dr. Wiseman the director here at Walter Reed. The First Lady has been shot in the arm. She is currently in surgery. There is some damage to the muscle, but overall, everything looks good. They should be approximately forty more minutes and then she will be taken into recovery. Once Mrs. Torres is moved to recovery you can see her."

A nod is all I have. Nothing more can be said or even needs to be. Arizona has been shot. I had hoped that this was all a dream or a misunderstanding. But it isn't. It's real. She is however, going to make it. She will pull through this. My wife is alive and that's what counts.

"Do we know who did this?" I ask.

Emma asked earlier, but I dismissed it. I wasn't sure what to say. What if they were trying to target her? What is there was some plot to murder my wife? The questions roll through my mind, at a very fast pace. I may be a tolerant person, but if this was a planned attack on my wife, I may just lose my resolve here and now.

Agent Pearson immediately answers my question. "Yes ma'am. It was a patient. He had been warning to come after Dr. Hunt for a week now, and he finally made good on his threat. Your wife was just caught in the crossfire."

As relieved as I am to hear that, I am pissed. Absolutely pissed that I knew nothing of this. What kind of operation are we running around here anyways? Someone's badge will be on my desk tomorrow morning.

Looking to Agent Pearson I inquire, "You knew about this?"

"All precautions were taken. Mrs. Torres was not in any immediate danger. Her security was beefed up due to the threat on Dr. Hunt. No one anticipated this happening President Torres."

Agent Pearson answers confidently. To confidently for my liking.

As she is answering my questions, I am furious. "You should have told me! How could you not have told me? I am the President of the United States. I would have had my wife pulled from this location if I knew there was this type of threat."

"Ma'am, I know you are upset. But everything was taken care of..."

"Taken care of? She is in surgery! How is that taking care of anything? My wife could have been killed! Is that how you do your job around here?"

Attempting to fix what she so badly screwed up, Agent Pearson tried to justify herself. "No Madam President. I just..."

"Well, that's not how I think it should go. You are fired! I want your badge and your keys turned in immediately." Nope, I didn't wait until morning. I have no further use for her. She's gone. I didn't like her anyways. She seemed to be cocky and way to confident. I appreciate confidence. Hell, I have plenty of confidence. But too much is not always a good thing.

Without any more being said, the head of Secret Service, well the former head of the Secret Service walks out. I am sure my advisers will be all over me in the morning about his. But, I do not care. If they don't like it, this might not be the place they need to be working at either.

Looking at Meredith who has some very big eyes at this moment, I ask, "Did you know anything about this?"

Shaking her head, Meredith answers, "No ma'am."

Silence fills the room as I process what I have just learned. Sometimes I need a minute to think. I look back to Dr. Wiseman who is staring at me with a blank face. I guess he is a little unsure of what to make out of this right now. And frankly, I don't know what to make of it either. It is unbelievable that I wasn't filled in on this. I guess Arizona didn't know. She never told me anything about it. She will be as shocked as I am right now when she finds out.

Thirty minutes later, I am taken to where Arizona is. Recovering while she is being closely monitored, my wife is surprisingly awake. I expected her to be heavily sedated. Moving to the side of her bed, I give her a kiss. A faint smile comes from her lips, and that fills my heart with so
much hope. I know they said she was going to be good. That no major problem was encountered during surgery. The bullet was retrieved and everything was fine. With some therapy, she should recover nicely. But, until I laid my eyes on her, I just wasn’t sure. It takes looking for yourself sometimes to really appreciate what had been said to you.

"Hey honey," my wife calls to me with an outstretched arm. And, that's all it takes. Hearing her voice, I am falling into her arms. At this minute, I am a crying mess. This is what you people have elected as President. And, I am not ashamed of myself one bit.

"Oh God! I am so glad you are alright. You are alright aren't you?" I am crying as I embrace Arizona. Tears of joy. Tears of relief. Velvet tears that are so soft they barely leave a trace.

With a bigger smile than before Arizona answers me, "Yes. I am just fine."

We talk for a few minutes, as nurses are in and out of the small holding room. "Are you in pain?"

Shaking her head lets me know she isn't hurting. Arizona is not one to complain. "I'm on some pretty strong medicine, so I don't hurt. I'm just really sore."

"Did it hurt when you were shot?" Hearing my question out loud, I laugh and answer it before she could. "Never mind. I know it had to hurt. I just mean did it hurt bad?" To think she would be in any pain would kill me.

"Not at first, just a stinging sensation. A few minutes later, it was unbearable."

Thirty minutes later, Arizona is moved to a private room in a secure section of the hospital. Finally we are alone. As we settle in, we continued talking about everything. I know she needs to rest, but I want to keep talking to her. "They said the shooter was a former army veteran. What the hell?"

"Yeah. He had PTSD. My security had been on a higher alert since last week." Arizona replied.

"I'm sorry. What did you just say?" I know Arizona didn't just tell me she knew about this. Surely I misunderstood. Sitting on the edge of her bed, I await her answer.

Confirming what I thought I heard, my blonde wife answered, "Danny, my agent said that there was a threat so they assigned me extra agents just in case. It was protocol they said..."

Throwing my hands in the air, I am astounded. Just astounded. "You knew about this and didn't tell me?" Irate is not the word for it right now. Who leaves the President out in the dark about a key issue on their spouses safety? Including the spouse.

"Well, they said they had it under control. The guy wasn't after me. He was after Owen Hunt. I am not usually around Dr. Hunt everyday. I was..."

Shaking my head, I explained to Arizona what I had just done and my feelings about this issue. "I fired the head of the Secret Service over me being left in the dark. I assumed you were never told about this too. I had no idea I was the only person in this damn administration that was left out in the cold."

Disbelief was evident in Arizona's eyes. "You fired the head of the Secret Service?"

In a high pitched voice, I answer Arizona's question. "Yes!"

"Why?" My wife asks.

"Because she is not good at her job, obviously. Agent Pearson allowed an armed felon to share an elevator with the last President. A jumper got past the White House gate also under the last administration. And now she has failed to inform me that she authorized increased security because of a threat at the hospital that my wife works at. She is incompetent. And, she won't be in charge of my family's safety. There's absolutely no way she will be. That woman can to go find a job somewhere else."

Thinking she was not entirely off the hook, I saw Arizona bite her bottom lip. It's a thing she does when she knows that I am about to get upset with her too. We seldom fight or argue. We are a very happy couple. But, like any couple, we do have our moments. Sometimes she straightens me out about an issue, and sometimes I do the same.

"And you." Looking at her, I furrow my eyebrows as if I am mad. I mean, I am a little. But who can stay mad at Arizona Robbins-Torres for long? "You are in trouble too. Why didn't you tell me Arizona? We sleep together every night. Did it slip your mind?"
Arizona should have told me about this. I can't for the life of me understand why no one did. But she of all people, you would have thought, would have mentioned it to me. We share a bed together for God's sake. We have sex every night, for God's sake. We take showers together. We did talk about the veterans that she has seen and the Wounded Warrior Project that Owen has going on. But this particular issue never came up. What would it have done to just mention it one time?

Looking at me with a sad face, my wife says, "Honey, I just trusted what they said. By the time I get home, I am so tired every day. I just never thought about it. We've talked about everything that I see and do. I honestly never gave any more thought to this. You know if I thought I was in real danger, of course I would have told you. You know that Calliope."

Nodding my head, I resign myself to the fact that...she's right. Arizona would have told me if she thought it was a big deal. Apparently they did not make it a huge issue to her, so she didn't see it as one. I am just so pissed that everyone seemed to know...but me. "Okay. I understand baby. Are you sure you're okay?"

"Callie I am fine. Why don't you go home to be with the girls. I know they would want one of us there."

If I didn't know better, I'd say my wife was trying to get rid of me. Not a chance. "You trying to get rid of me?" I ask Arizona. Teasing her, I smile. She knows I am joking, trying to lighten the mood that I have created by my overreaction.

A smile comes on her face. The smile I fell in love with years ago. "Me? Oh no. I would never try and do that." Her sarcasm is said in a funny way. She knows she loves me. And, I love her.

I know she is just concerned about our girls. I am too but there is no way I am leaving their mother. "Mrs. Shaw is with them. They are taking a bubble bath as we speak. So no, I am not leaving. No way. Now scoot over in that bed. Because I am not sleeping in that damn chair tonight."

Climbing onto Arizona's bed, she laughs at my antics as she moves over to accommodate me. Why are hospital beds so small? Wrapping my arm around her small frame, I never want to let go. Today could have been a devastating day for me and our girls. Today could have turned out differently. Today however, the odds were in my favor. I am a lucky woman.

"At the end of a day like this when so many prayers are answered and so many aren't, we take our miracles where we find them. We reach across the gap and sometimes against all odds, against all logic, we touch...against all odds it happens."

A/N: I couldn't mess Az up too bad. But, I have some major plans for her down the road. Plans that will...well, why spoil that surprise...lol. But, I promise, you will like it.

Up Next: "Some Bunny Loves You"

See You soon! xoxo
Some Bunny Loves You!

Arizona POV

Waking up to a sleeping wife lying next to me in the tiny, uncomfortable hospital bed, I try to reposition myself. My arm is quite painful this morning. Last night before we went to sleep, I had Agent Waters check on Dr. Hunt's condition.

Stable, but critical was what I was told. Owen is in the ICU unit and will remain there until he improves. He is a really nice man. I hope that he will pull through this.

"Wake up honey." As I try and rouse Callie from her slumber, she grunts and groans. She is a morning person, but I am sure that she would be having a much better time waking up in her own bed. Hospital beds are so uncomfortable. As a doctor, I see patients whine all the time because of these beds. Now, I know why. Being the patient sort of brings it home, you know.

"How are you feeling?" Callie asks as she rubs her eyes. And to think, she had to go to work today after this. Bless her.

"Just sore. I think I need some more pain medicine."

Turning on the television, we see the news casts about my condition and the shooting that has taken place. My picture along with Owen's is on the screen. At least they put a nice shot of me up. That was really kind of the media. Callie, the poor thing, has had more bad poses that anyone should ever be allowed.

As noon rolls around, I am discharged. The intrusiveness of reporters is something I've gotten adjusted to throughout Callie's campaign. The road to the White House was not easy. Especially when you are a woman and a lesbian. Not impossible, just not easy. Reporters ask all sorts of questions. Your personal life is an open book, for all of the public to see. I remember one question I was asked really clearly in my mind.

...Flashback...

Campaign Trail...

A week after announcing her candidacy for President of the United States, a reporter wanted to know how Callie proposed? "Mrs. Robbins-Torres, how did your wife propose?"

Answering back in a cheerful tone to the reporters question, I say, "She didn't. I proposed to her."

Naturally that sparked some interest. So I further elaborated. "We had dated for a year. And Callie got an offer to work in a private practice law firm in California. She ask me out to dinner that night and explained everything to me. She said she hoped I was on board with her new decision and didn't want us to be separated by her moving to Santa Monica. She wanted me to move with her. House shopping was fun, but we couldn't settle on a house. None seemed right, except for the small brick house that was our first choice. That little house is the one we always came back to.

A couple of weeks later we were dining at a romantic restaurant in L.A. and, it felt like the time. You know, you can't explain it, it just feels right. So I got down on one knee and said, 'Do you remember that house we both liked? The little red brick house on College Avenue? Well, I bought it yesterday, so now you'd better marry me because I can't live in it by myself.' That proposal with the four carat diamond ring seemed to do the trick."

...End of Flashback...

Walking to the limousine, the reporters shout questions my way. Callie and the Secret Service are shielding me as best they can. I wave, but that is all. My arm is in a sling. I feel a little drowsy from the medication. So answering questions would not set well with any of us. Callie can speak on my behalf if she chooses to. I promise you, she has no problem talking. She was born talking I firmly believe. But, that's what makes her a terrific politician I guess. She's like Emma, she never hushes.

Pulling up at the South Portico entrance of the White House, I step out of the car closest to the White House as Callie exits on the other side. Immediately our children come out to greet us, with Mrs. Shaw hanging back watching from the glass windows.
"Mommy!" Sofia and Emma shout as I am tackled by two very excited little girls.

"I missed you both so much," kissing and hugging both of my babies, I notice Emma looking at my arm that's in a sling.

As the girls and I walk inside, Callie speaks to reporters about my condition. Of course I am fine and will heal with time and therapy. But, the American people want to know more and really want to hear it from either me or Callie. So of course my gorgeous wife volunteered for the task. I told ya, she's a natural. But you all know that, you voted for her.

As soon as we are inside, Emma pulls on my pants leg. "Mommy I don't like that thing. It scares me," Emma says as she points to my arm.

"Well baby Mommy has to wear this for a while, but it doesn't hurt and you don't need to be scared. It's just a sling. Like, when Aunt Aria carried baby Benjamin wrapped in that cloth. That was a sling. Just a different kind, but it was still a sling. So see, it's not scary." Thinking I had over some the obstacle that Emma had presented to me with stormy brow eyes, I smiled back at my sweet precious angel.

"Oh. Can I have one too?" Emma asks as Callie walks inside curiously listening to our conversation.

"One what?" Callie asks looking to Emma.

"A sling. I want a sling. Mommy has one and Aunt Aria has one. I want one! Please!"

Looking to me with a question mark written all over her face, I turn to answer Emma. "Sweetie you have to be hurt to wear one like this and you need a baby to wear one like Aunt Aria. And you don't have either."

There. That's all explained and it's over. Nothing else to be said. I have wrapped it up and we can move on people. Well, almost...

"We need a baby so I can carry it in the sling." Emma adamantly declared.

Yea...no official comment from the President or First Lady on that idea.

Callie took the rest of the day off and we lazed around the private residence. She decided that she wouldn't be very productive in the Oval Office today. Callie laughed and said she might accidentally give the orders to invade a country or something as tired as she is. Yea...she needs to stay home. We all will be safer if she does.

I slept most of the day, while Callie and the girls watched Disney movies. Our bedroom is huge and our bed is very large. With everyone piled in our bed, it did feel rather full. Not much room for poor old sick mommy, and Emma kept trying to take the sling from me. If this keeps up, I will grab her one from pediatrics and just let her wear it around inside the White House but away from public view. Gotta get some peace some how.

"You two have to go to bed. Come on." Callie mumbled to the girls. It was well past eleven o'clock at night and Sofia and Emma were wide awake, and not happy about leaving me.

"I don't want to. I want to sleep with mommy." Emma whined.

"Me too," Sofia injected.

Callie looked like a train wreck, poor thing. Her hair up in a bun on top of her head. No makeup and in her mismatched pajamas Callie is so tired, as sleep was evident in those dark brown eyes. "I don't want to tell you two again. I am tired. Mommy needs to rest and you two are all over her. Now come on let's go to your rooms."

Cue the tears... they are now in full display. Waterworks factory is open for business. "No!" Emma cried and screamed as Callie tried to catch her. She is jumping around on the bed, and honestly with this pain medicine in my system, I see it all playing out, but can't hardly raise my head or stop it if I wanted too.

"Emma stop! Sit down right now! You could fall on..."

To late. Feeling Emma fall on my arm, I scream. That hurt like a Mother F. I know, not very First Lady like. But you get the idea. Hearing Callie yell at Emma and with both girls in a complete meltdown, I raised my head up. The pain in my arm was intense and I hope to God Emma didn't tear up anything. Looking at the unfolding scene of mass hysteria, I give a little First Lady/Mother/Wife advice. As only I can give.
"Everybody shut up! Girls go and get you pillows, you can sleep in here but only on mamas side. Now go!" They scram as fast as they can to get their stuffed bunnys and pillows. While they are gone, I address my very aggravated wife. "I need you to look and be sure that Em didn't pop any stitches."

Luckily, she didn't. No harm was done. And within no time, the girls are back and ready for bed. "Sorry mommy, I didn't mean to hurt your boo boo." Emma pokes her bottom like out and sounds adorably pitiful.

"It's okay Emma. But you need to sleep by mama and Sofia tonight alright?"

"Okay. I love you this much." And she gives me the biggest wettest yuckiest kiss ever.

"I love you to sweetheart. I love you to Sof." Smiling at our oldest, she comes a gives me a kiss on the cheek. Yea, that's more mommys speed right there tonight anyway. Emma's a fighter and a lover, as Callie says, she takes after her in that department. They are both passionate individuals.

Finally we lay down for the night and it's awfully quiet and still. Eerily quiet for our girls. And then, it comes. The giggles. The laughter. The ticklish movements in the dark. Just as I start to say something, Emma chimes in. "Mama I have to pee."

Cue the lights and the movement, we are back to square one again.

A couple of minutes pass and everyone is back in bed, again. It gets quiet and still. But one more question remain on Emma's mind. It's an important question. One filled with much concern and let's face it, the world will fall apart if it's not answered. "Mommy when is Easter?" See I told you, important business right here.

Answering her I say, "It's in April honey. That's a little ways off."

In typical Callie Torres fashion, my wife and your President may I remind you, grabs Sofia's bunny rabbit and turns over to face me. "Some bunny loves you."

The laughter, the giggles, the kisses start again...even I can't resist this time. My wife is naturally charming. "Funny. Very funny," I laugh as she kisses me softly on the lips.

Hearing Sofia say gross as we kissed made us laugh even more. And then, Emma had the last word. As always..."Hey that's my mommy your kissing," she says slapping Callie on the arm. Well, looks like it's going to be a long night.

A/N: Up Next: D.C. Wildcats

Hit the review button and leave me some love!
D.C. Wildcats

"Life is not a spectator sport. Win, lose or draw, the game is in progress, whether we want it to be, or not. So, go ahead, argue with the refs, change the rules… cheat a little, take a break… and tend to your wounds. But play. Play. Play hard. Play fast. Play loose and free. Play as if there's no tomorrow.

Okay, so it's not whether you win or lose… it's how you play the game. Right?"

Callie POV

"Come on Sofia!" Screaming at the top of my lungs in the middle of a soccer game isn't exactly presidential. I know that, you don't have to remind me. But, it's Sofia's first game. Arizona and I are proud of our oldest child and we are sure as hell going to show it. So don't mind the papers tomorrow. I look just like the rest of you out there screaming at your kids games. No difference, I just have a title is all.

Sofia is kicking the ball toward the goal and YES, it makes it in. Sofia scores the first points for her team...the D.C. Wildcats. I am so proud right now. If you could see me, I'm the one jumping up and down shouting, "Way to go Sofia!"

All of the grandparents are here for the game. My parents along with Barbara and Daniel. They are staying for a couple of days to visit with the girls. Looking over to Arizona, she is watching the game with intense fervor. Arizona is more competitive than I am, if you can believe that. Really it's true, she is.

"You feeling okay?" I ask my wife. Since last week, she hasn't felt exactly well. Nausea, throwing up...you know, the usual bug that goes around.

"Yea I'm fine. Sofias doing great isn't she?"

"She is. I'm so proud of her. She's a carbon copy of her mother," smiling at Arizona I slid my hand into hers. It's true, Sofia is just like Arizona in every way. After all, she has a right to be. Arizona is her biological mother, like I am Emma's.

Speaking of little short stuff, I check to see where she is. Long brown curls instantly catch my eye as Emma is standing on the edge of the rail. "Emma be careful." I call to her. She is so close to the edge and we are pretty high up in these stands.

"I got it!" She yells back. See, she's just like me. You can't tell her anything.

Thankfully Daniel grabs her and pulls her back to where she needs to be. "Mama I'm ready to leave. When can we go?" Whining is Emma's thing lately, especially when the attention is on Sofia. Like, right now. Emma's interest in her sister's game is zero. Or maybe even in the negative numbers. The battles of sisterhood is tough.

"We will leave when the game is over. Why don't you sit and play on mommy's iPad that she brought just for you." Bribing my younger daughter, I grab it from Arizona's bag. That should appease Emma until the game ends.

Sofia's team wins... the DC Wildcats are undefeated so far. Okay, it's only their first game. But, they are on a roll. I might as well brag. Am I right? Having a pizza party for parents and kids on Sof's team at White House after the game this evening is going to be great. I've met some but not all of the parents, and I can't wait to get acquainted with everyone.

An hour later, we are gathered in the White House with a large group of kids and parents. Photos are taken, I am rather popular apparently. Judging by some earlier poll numbers in Fox News, I didn't feel so popular. My pick for Supreme Court justice is being scrutinized by the opposing side. I knew it would happen. But judging from this crowd, I'm on fire tonight. See, that's why I tell my staff all the time to stop reading the polls. They are hardly ever accurate.

Meeting another same sex couple, I am intrigued by their little family. They have two daughters just like Arizona and I. Of course, I strike up a conversation with them when I get the chance. They are originally from Illinois, but moved here on account of one of the mother's jobs being transferred.

"Well Karen and Liz it was so nice to meet you both." As I walk away, I feel a little tug on my
leg. Their smallest daughter has just started walking, and has her hands raised for me to pick her up.

"Aren't you the cutest little girl," I smile as I hold her in my arms. She is all smiles as her moms take our picture. What I wouldn't give to have our girls this size again.

Mingling around with other parents, I am hit up with several questions. You know the usual, 'What are you going to do about the economic situation?' 'How long will it take for the new Supreme Court justice to be instated?' And my personal favorite that I get a lot, 'If you had to do it over again, would you work for the presidency, and do you recommend it to others?' The answer to the last question always gets a laugh. My answer is always, "my first answer is Yes, and the second is No, I do not recommend it to others. At least for a while." That's pretty self explanatory I think.

After all teammates and parents have left, Sofia comes into the solarium where Arizona and I are sitting with our parents talking. She is wound up after her game and party with her friends.

"Did I do good today or what?" Sofia brags on herself. The accolades from her grandparents are enough to push her further along with the bragging.

"I bet I can do even better next time, because I am the star of the team." Her head is swelling as our parents continue to fuel her fire. Oh don't get me wrong, Sofia is an excellent soccer player for her age. But, no one needs to feel their importance too much. I have learned that lesson since becoming your President. My wife reminds me daily, just so I don't forget.

Sofia taking over the conversation and being the center of attention caused a little jealousy on Emma's part. Emma was not happy about the attention being all on Sofia about the game. Sofia's friends and their parents coming here just further annoyed little short stuff. So now, she is sitting in Arizona's lap, being cuddled by her mother as we listen to Sofia's discussion of next week's game and what she is going to do in the meantime during practice to improve even more.

"Where are you going?" I ask Emma. She sure hopped off of Arizona's lap quickly. Too quickly.

"Bathroom." Emma replied as she quickly ran to the other room. Never looking back, she was gone like a flash of lightning.

A few minutes passed and Emma came back smiling. Happily returning to Arizona's lap so that her mommy could lavish her with kisses and tight hugs. And you know Arizona, she never disappoints. Since Arizona came home from the hospital four months ago, Emma has been clingy to my wife. That can be a good thing and, a bad thing. No child needs to become too dependent on one parent over the other. But that happens sometimes I guess.

"Goodnight baby. Don't forget to brush your teeth." Hugging and kissing Sofia, we all watched as our super star left the room to head to bed. Her pink and white pajamas darted to her room quickly.

Looking to Emma who is being cuddled in Arizona's arms, I asked, "You about ready for me and mommy to tuck you in bug?"

Giggles began as Emma smiled up at me. Those dark brown eyes lit up so brightly. She is my baby. No matter what, Emma will always be our baby. "What's so funny?" I ask laughing with her.

A reign of laughter filled the air as Emma confessed, "I put Sofia's toothbrush in the toilet."

"SOFIA!" Arizona screams trying to stop our oldest daughter from brushing her teeth.

"Emma! Why did you do that? That was not nice at all!" Scolding my youngest child, I am appalled she would do something like this. Well, I will confess, I did that to Aria once too. Maybe the apple doesn't fall too far from the tree. Actually in our case, it fell straight down, and didn't even roll. She's definitely my child.

"What!" Sofia yells as she runs into the room with her toothbrush in her mouth. Oh brother...this is gonna get ugly so fast.

Laughing and pointing, Emma says, "Ha ha! I put your toothbrush in the toilet."

"Gross. Emma!... MOM!" Spitting and sputtering is taking place as Emma is rolling around laughing. I look to Arizona for some sense of direction here, and...she's got nothing. Just a look that says, 'I'm done. You handle it Madam President.'
Before I can even speak, Sofia chimes in with her two cents. "Do not ever have another baby! Please! My heart can't take it." With that startling and profound revelation Sofia storms out of sight. To her room where she slams the door shut.

Our parents are laughing, and Emma almost falls out of Arizona's arms laughing at her sister's frustration. What a mean bunch. Well, it is kind of funny, but I will not laugh.

Thinking on Sofia's statement about another baby, I look to Arizona, who just sits there smiling back at me. I smile back at her and wink. Sorry Sofia, you should have said something sooner.

A/N: The last question and answer about recommending the presidency to others was taken from JFK press conference March 29, 1962.

Thoughts?
Oh Baby! Baby!

"An official announcement came from the White House this morning. It read, "The President and First Lady are expecting a baby. Dr. Arizona Robbins-Torres is currently eight weeks into her pregnancy. Both the President and First Lady along with their daughters Sophia and Emma are excited to welcome a new baby to the White House."

Back to you Wolfe...

Callie POV

Hearing the segment on the news about our family expecting a baby, made me feel happy this morning. Rubbing Spot on the head, I walk back to the Oval Office. "Come on a spot let's go." We walk together most mornings, and he loves to spend most of the day in there, just lazing around. He is a faithful companion, if I do say so.

"Madam President we put out an official statement on the Mrs. Robbins-Torres pregnancy this morning. The press pool is hounding us for more information. Is there anything more you and Mrs. Robbins-Torres would care to share?" Listening to my press secretary while I shuffle the papers of my desk, that as of late have become almost insurmountable in size, I shake my head.

"No. They have enough information. I don't think Arizona wants anymore said until she is further along." Knowing my wife, she would really prefer nothing said until the baby arrives. Like that is even a possibility. People are nosy by nature. And strap a camera along with a pen and paper to some folks, like the press pool here at the White House, and that makes for some extreme nosiness. But I guess every President has had to deal with intrusive reporters.

If I let the press have their way, you would all know exactly how many times that Arizona and I have sex...well, it's most every night. And the size of my bra...okay, I am a 36C. See I am more open than my wife. She's a 34B cup by the way, but dear Lord, don't tell her I told you that. She's very private. On a serious note though, sometimes, some things need to remain private in nature.

Arizona has worked with children and special cases for most of her adult life. Me? I love babies. I would love to have a house full of babies. Three however, is our stopping point. And, three is a good number I think. We are extremely busy now. Our lives are always packed with non-stop action. Some days, I think that the evening will never get here and I can slip my heels off and just kick back. Secretly, Arizona is the one that has the pie job. Scrubs all day and comfortable tennis shoes to wear, yea, that's much better than pants suits and pencil skirts with heels. But, as the President, I've got to look sharp.

We wanted to have another child for a while now. Actually, when Sofia was two years old we started talking about that. Then, I decided to run for President, and we both felt that we needed to table that until after the election was over. The subject was brought up again in January, but then Arizona was injured in February, so we put it off again. Several months later we decided that we were ready. Using the same donor that we used with Sofia and Emma, we forged ahead with our plan. Thankfully, after a couple of tries, we finally hit the jackpot.

Flashback

Looking over at Arizona, I take a deep breath. "I hope this time will work."

Shooing me with her hand, my wife answers my worried look. "It will. Just have a little faith Calliope."

"That's easy for you to say, sunshine and rainbows." I mean, you know she is always so bright and cheerful. Its adorable and frustrating all at the same time.

A look of surprise graces her face. "There is nothing wrong with positive thinking, Madam President. You should try it sometime. Maybe your foreign policy would go better if you were more smiley."

I can't believe she just said that. I am smiley. Aren't I? "I do smile that you very much. I just didn't smile when the Russian President was here last week. He is strange. You met him. Is he not strange?"

Laughing at me, Arizona replies, "He just doesn't like that the United States has a woman President. That's what I think his problem is."
She is right on that one. And I really don't care what he thinks. "He better get happy about seeing this face," pointing to my tanned face, I smile, "because I am not going anywhere. I am the most popular President ever. I have even beat out Obama and Clinton. So, he can just shut it." Really, I don't like that Russian dude. Just saying...

Shaking her head at me, "We need to get out of here as soon as this procedure is over sweetie," Arizona give me this strange look.

"Why? What's wrong?"

"Your head. It's swelling from all the popularity apparently. It might not fit through the door if we don't leave soon." Throwing her head back on the pillow, Arizona starts laughing uncontrollably. Ha Ha. She is hilarious. Before I can give a good come back line, the doctor comes into the room.

"Madam President, Madam First Lady it's good to see you again." Greeting us with a warm handshake, we chat for a minute. We were here last month, I am not sure why he insists on using our proper titles. I have already told him to call me Callie.

"Charlie. You can call us by our first names. After all, you've seen Arizona's vagina almost as much as I have." Seeing the look on my wife's face, yep, Callie is in the dog house tonight. Why can't I keep my comments to myself. Sometimes I need to be censored.

Embarrassed was not the word for Charlie Fryer. "Okay, well, let's get started shall we. Arizona you know the routine I believe." His face is red and flushed. I guess I should apologize.

Standing to hold my wife's hand as she gets inseminated again, I feel her soft hands shaking just a little. "Does it hurt?"

Shaking her head, Arizona says, "No. I'm just cold."

Her hands are very cold. My wife is the coldest human on the face of the earth. She is the only person I know that wants to wear long sleeve shirts in the dead of summer. Arizona has been known to wear turtle necks when it was sweltering hot outside. That's a little extreme if you ask me.

Within a few minutes, Charlie explains once again the routine of waiting for a little while before Arizona gets up and then he tells us that we can take a pregnancy test in a couple of weeks. Same things we've know for years, and done more times that we care to think about. But, as a courtesy you always listen to the doctor and nod your head.

Two weeks later...

"Madam President. Your wife is on line one." My secretary enters my office.

Brushing her away, I answer back, "Can you tell her I need to call her back? I am kind of in the middle of something."

Agreeing to do just that she leaves. "Sure."

Twelve seconds later, "Sorry to bother you again, but your wife says it's urgent?" Looking over to Bailey, I see my VP shaking her head.

"Callie, you better answer line one or you will be asking to sleep over at my house tonight."

Bailey knows Arizona well. When she calls, it's always a wise thing to answer. She is fun loving and easy going, but do not put my wife on hold.

"Hey honey! I love talking to my wife. I really do. But I need to finish what I am doing, or I will lose my place and train of thought. Anybody else like that? Maybe it's just me.

"Callie. I need you to come up to the residence for a minute."

Really not wanting to leave what I am in the middle of, I ask, "Is it important?"

Her tone was rather obvious that she wasn't too happy with me questioning her. "Ugh... I guess I can tell you tonight. I was just about to pee on the stick thingy and I thought you might want to be here. But if you are to busy to care about that..."

"Oh my god, it's been two weeks," Looking over to my calendar I see that is indeed the case. God time flies doesn't it. "Wait. I will be right there. Seriously, do not pee on that stick until I get there." That is a direct order from the President of the United States by the way, in case you are wondering who wears the pants at my house. Oh alright...we all know my wife does, but just go
with it. It boosts my self esteem people.

Turning to Bailey, she has a strange look on her face. "Don't ask," I say to my Vice President.

"Don't worry. I do not want to know," She replies. Just as I am about to walk out of the Oval Office, Bailey says, "I hope it turns out positive." Smiling at me, she laughs as I walk out the door shaking my head. Of course she knows what's about to happen. I kind of gave that piece of information away didn't I?

Waiting the two minutes, we both stand outside of our bathroom door. The girls are at school and it's rather quiet this time of day. Arizona took the day off today to attend a women's conference this morning on Women's Global Health. While we discuss how that event went, we wait. And, she told me that Dr. Owen Hunt was coming back to work tomorrow. That's a bit of good news if I do say so myself.

"It's time." Arizona announces. She is bubbly and so happy about this. I sure hope it takes this time.

Staring at the plus sign on the pregnancy test, I say, "Positive." Arizona just looks at the test, like she is in a trance or something.

"Hey, you okay? It's positive. See." Taking the test from her hands, I hold it up myself. My wife looks like she is in shock. I don't really think reality has set in yet. Oh, wait, yes it has. Her bottom lip starts trembling and I see tears in her eyes. Yea, she is a softy.

"Awe. Come here." Wrapping my arms around her, I remind her of something very important.

"We are going to have a baby in a few months. And, it is going to look just like you. Do you know how much I love you?"

Pulling back from our embrace, Arizona smiles and nods her blonde head. "I can't wait. And, I love you too."

End of Flashback

Walking into our bedroom tonight, I see that Arizona is already in bed with the lights off. I came home late today. I walked in and checked on the girls before I came to bed. They were both sound asleep. Sofia has worked herself out of her covers, so I tucked her back in. She never woke up. And Emma, well, I found her head at the foot of the bed and her feet propped up on her pillows. How on earth do these kids function sleeping in these positions? I would have a back ache for sure.

I had a late night meeting in the Oval Office tonight with my staff. Finally, I called an end and told them to all report back in the morning. After all, I was planning to have sex with my wife tonight. And now that I see Arizona's blonde hair splashed across the the white pillowcase, and a little drool coming from the corner of her mouth, that looks like a distant dream.

"Hey, what time is it?" Arizona asks fanning her hair from her face. Her energy as of late is all zapped out. Pregnancy can take a lot out of a person.

Sitting on the side of the bed, I smile at my sleeping beauty. "Ten o'clock."

"Oh, wow you are really working late huh?"

"Yes. I tried to get here as soon as I could. I missed putting the girls to bed again tonight." I am a little said about that. I love to read to our daughters before bedtime. Maybe I can do that tomorrow night.

"I am going to hop in the shower and I will be out in a few minutes. You think you can stay awake?" I know she is tired, but I really need to release some of this pint up stress, and there is only one way that works for me. And it works every time.

Yawning, Arizona answers, "I will try. Hurry up will you?"

"Ten minutes." Crossing my heart, I run to the bathroom. Thinking of my wife naked, it may only take three minutes. I can bathe in a rush if I have too. True to my word, I am out and my hair is blown dryer in ten minutes. I work fast, after all, there is a naked blonde in my bed right?...Wrong?

"Arizona? Where are you?" Looking around the room, my blonde wife is no where in sight. Then, I hear something in Arizona's closet. Yes, oh yes, there is a slight noise rustling in there. Walking in the long wide closet, I smile at the sight in front of me. My wife is wearing a white
lace teddy and is holding a small box in her hands. Oh God yes. This is just what I am needing tonight.

"Did you change into that outfit while I was in the shower?" If she did, she is the best wife ever. I may award her a medal for that.

"No. I wore it to bed and fell asleep waiting on you."

Oh dear God, I was wrong. That is the best wife ever. To sleep in something so sexy but uncomfortable, just so she would be ready when I got in. That is your First Lady folks. When I have served my terms, maybe we should elect her as the next President. What do you think?

"You have exactly three seconds to get on that bed Madam President." Arizona snaps. And, of course like any good wife, I obey. I am trained...I will tell you all here and now. She wears the pants and I am fine with that. Because tonight, I am getting laid...

Laying beneath my wife, I look up into those blue eyes that look like the ocean tide. The most beautiful eyes come closer as we share a long, much desired kiss. Slowly making her way down my body, Arizona places brief, gently kisses as I arch my back in pleasure.

She continues her journey down. "You smell so good baby," Smelling my arousal, Arizona nibbled my inner thighs, and then took her first gentle swipe of my moist lips.

My hips shot off the bed at the exquisite contact. Without hesitation I spread my legs further apart. I need more. I desire more. I look down at Arizona with unbridled passion. When crsyal blue eyes connect with mine, my heart beats faster. I am so in love with her. The way she makes me feel, I can't describe it. I am the luckiest woman.

I watch as Arizona moves closer to my center. Seeing her breath in the scent of my arousal, I smile. Her thumbs gently part my swollen lips, and she twirls her tongue at the entrance.

"Oh God that feels so good," I blissfully cry out. Circling my clit gently at first, Arizona then alternated between sucking with her mouth and massaging it.

"I love it when you are this wet," my wife said as she continued her assault on my clit. Between breaths I heard Arizona say, "You taste amazing Callie."

I was quiet at first. As Arizona began working her tongue over my bud, I started to moan. The feeling is so intense. My moans become louder. I thrash my head from side to side as I grip the white silky cotton sheets. My heart pounds and I breathe erratically. The ascension of ecstasy continues to build until my body tenses, and I fall over the edge. The diabolic release I had longed for finally came.

Arizona climbed up my body, peppering kisses as she slowly came to meet my lips. We looked into each other's eyes as I feel Arizona cup my mound, and she coats two fingers in the abundance of sweet essence within my folds. We kiss slowly, tenderly, so much familiarity and love is felt between us. I can feel her gently begin to massage my aching clit, and I began to move my hips against her hand. She slips two fingers up inside as I thrust against her.

Reaching deep inside, and stroking firmly against my G spot, Arizona used her thumb and worked my clit into a frenzied state.

"Oh yes baby," I felt my body start to react more intensely, and I begin to thrust down harder on Arizona's fingers.

"Are you ready to cum baby?" Arizona understands that I needed to climax now, so she curls her fingers, stroking the spot that I need most, over and over.

I begin panting and rocking as I moan louder "Yes. Yes...I am ready to cum. Make me cum."

Flicking my clit, Arizona leans forward, beginning to suck my right nipple, and I cried out, "Arizona! Oh God!" Gasping for air, I am lost in my blissful state as my wife slowly continues her ministrations and gently brings me to a state of awareness.

We lay in each other's arms as I try to regain control of my rapid breaths. Turning my head to the side, I see Arizona watching me with a smile on her face. "That was amazing," I whispered.

"Judging by the satisfied expression on your face, I would have to agree," Arizona says as her smile widens.

As Arizona hovers over me, and tenderly kisses my lips. As we kiss my hands slip over her tight ass. She is so toned and tight, it should be illegal to have a body like hers. As we kiss, I smell the
arousal of her scent and I can wait any longer.

Flipping us over, I top my wife. Reaching for the small box, I sit up and slip into the harness with practiced ease and adjust the eight inch dildo to fit inside.

Spreading my wife's legs apart, I see that she is so very wet. "You ready for this?" Grazing the tip of the thick purple shaft against her slit, I watch for her reaction.

Arizona arches to meet me as I slowly tease the top of her entrance. "Don't tease," she whines.

The look on my wife's face is one of pleasure because she knows in a few seconds, she will be filled completely. "As you wish First Lady," I say, and then I thrust all the way in to her.

Moaning loudly, "Oh God!" she grabs onto my arms tightly. Seeing her like this is the best feeling in the world. Arizona really needed to be fucked like this and really, really hard to. Feeling my body pressed into hers, I wrap my arms around her shoulders and lay on top of her. We are intimately close and then, I start thrusting. Going deeper with every movement, I bury the long thick shaft further and further.

I felt Arizona's body convulse as the wave of her first orgasm comes over her small body. Raising up, just a little, I nip at her ear and her neck. Nipping her earlobe, I hear her moan louder. I bear down harder and pour everything I have into this moment.

"Oh Baby! Baby! Right there." She screams out as I continue to drive deeper inside, and I can feel her orgasm about to happen again. Ripping through her body, I see the waves of ecstasy rush over her once more as she thrusts to meet my movements. Beads of sweat begin to pop out as I pleasure my wife. But that's okay, she is going to remember this night for a long time. After all, not everybody gets to sleep with the President.
A Little Vacation

Madam President Chapter 10: A Little Vacation, a grey's anatomy fanfic | FanFiction

A Little Vacation

Callie POV

"Good Morning Madam President." The tall red head walks in. A smile shines brightly from the new Attorney General's face.

Standing, I reach for her hand. "Addison, I'm glad you could make it."

"There is a lot to discuss in this meeting. I hope it goes well." We stand to the side of my desk for a moment as we wait for everyone else to arrive. Today's topic is gun control. This will be my last meeting for the day. Tomorrow, my family and I are going on summer vacation. It is July, and I am ready for a relaxing two weeks in Hyannis Port.

"Me too. I don't think we've got much to worry about. There won't be many opposing members from this group." We are meeting with several families that have had children killed by gun violence. It's always a reminder to me when I meet people that have been through these hardships that, I need to hug my kids a little tighter tonight. And it also helps me appreciate the fact that I can always look around and see that someone has way more problems than I do.

"We are ready for you Madam President," Meredith peeps in.

"We'll be right there." I respond. As we start to walk over to the conference room down from my office, I think about inviting Addison over for dinner tonight. The girls are away at my parents in Miami. Tomorrow, they will fly up and we will all leave together to our long awaited vacation. So some company would be nice for Arizona and I.

"You got any plans tonight Addison?"

Looking rather downtrodden Addison answers, "My hot date canceled. So, no."

Patting my good friend on the back, I offer her the best meal in town. "You can eat with us tonight." I mean come on, who would turn down a meal at the White House. Not very many people would I am sure.

Eyeing me with an amused expression, the red head smirks, "I don't know. What are you having?"

"Meatloaf." I answer. Arizona picks the menus for us every week. Never having time to deal with that sort of thing, I let my wife tend to that. She knows exactly what I like to eat. Except tonight. Yes, tonight's dish is meatloaf. I'm not a fan of it, and I really need someone there with me to share my pain. Who better than Addison Montgomery?

Curling her lip, my friend says, "I'll pass. But invite me back over one night when you're having steak. Alright?"

Nodding as we walk our meeting, I agree to do just that. Looks like Spot will get an extra helping tonight. You really can't blame Addison. I would skip out too if I could, but Arizona would kill me.

Our meeting went well. We've got a lot of hurdles to cross, but we'll get there. An hour later, Meredith and I walk up to the residence and she gives me the agenda for tomorrow. I am only working half of a day, as I wait on our family to arrive. But, I have no meetings schedule. Thanks a really good feeling. Walking into the private residence, the intoxicating smell of a home cooked meal is appealing to my senses. That's definitely not meatloaf. It smells like...

"Hey baby. How was your day?" Arizona greets me with a kiss and a glass of merlot. There's nothing like a glass of wine to finish off the day. If only we could drink a glass together, but my wife is pregnant now, so that's definitely a "no" for the next few months.

The small sips taste simply divine. "It was good. What's that I smell?" Stretching around Arizona I look to the kitchen. The smell is taking over the room.

"I took pity on you," the blonde laughs. "I decided to cook. I made chicken parmesan."

"Thank God." Laughing I pull my wife in for another kiss. "You want to just skip dinner and go
straight to bed?" I husk in her ear. Seeing her in that black dress definitely does a number on me. Placing another tender kiss on her neck, I linger for a moment. Because I know she can be easily influenced. Her pregnancy hormones are starting to spring forth.

Pulling from our embrace, Arizona asks, "You don't want dinner?"

I know she went to all that trouble, but I really need to work off some of this nervous energy I seem to be having as of late. There's really no better way if you ask me. "I want you."

Sitting the long stem glass down in the table, I sweep her into my arms. I haven't carried Arizona like this in quite some time. She's still light and fits perfectly in my arms after all of these years.

Shaking her head, Arizona giggles, "You really are something else. You know that?"

I don't respond as I walk us to our bedroom. Pushing our room door open, I lay her on the bed and unbutton her blouse. Our daughters are gone, so it's just me and Arizona tonight. And tonight...it's going to be my way in bed. "You are mine and I'm going to fuck you my way."

The trust shown from Arizona's eyes as she nodded in agreement. I slide her pants off and gently move her to the center of the bed. Once she was comfortable and settled, I took her right hand and tied it down and then did the same to the other hand. "You look so hot like that."

"Hurry up Callie," Arizona is so turned on right now and I can see she is so wet.

I hook my thumbs into the sides of her lace panties and slowly slid them down her legs. "Spread your legs," I command my wife. She accommodates my request and I look at the glorious sight in front of me. So ready...just the way I like for her to be for me.

Tying down her ankle, I kiss it, and move to the other ankle and do the same. "There. That's exactly how I want you tonight."

She didn't expect this when her wife came home...but I like to keep the surprises coming. Taking the back of my hand, I run it down her right cheek. Leaning down, I kiss her...sucking her tongue and bottom lip. As we continue to kiss, I move to Arizona's right shoulder and begin to kiss her tenderly. The more I kiss, the more aggressive my mood becomes. I do something I rarely do...I bit the top of Arizona's shoulder.

Hearing her hiss, I continue to bite and soothe. The way her body is reacting, I don't seem to think she minds. She started to say something, but I put my finger over her mouth.

"Shh." I command.

Leaning down, I kiss my wife deeply. She eagerly sucks my tongue as I reach up to her wrists and softly drag my fingers down each arm and down to her chest. Her body arches. Releasing her bra, I find two erect nipples and give them a quick twist. The moan Arizona released encouraged me to continue on.

Not being able to stand it any longer, I leaned down, sucking one of her nipples deep into my mouth. I started running my tongue over the tip of Arizona's nipple as I pinched and twisted the other. I sucked deeper, feeling how hard it was and started to pull it through my teeth. Arizona let out a soft moan.

"Ohh, you like that do you?" I ask.

I quickly gave the same attention to her other nipple. Her breasts are amazing, and I love to take the time to worship them. "Mmmm," I said. Looking down at how red, hard, and long my wife's nipples were. Her breathing had quickened and I knew she was ready for more.

Massaging her breasts I say, "I love how hard your nipples get for me. They let me know they're mine."

Arizona's reply was a breathless, "Yes."

As I gently worked my way down, I smirked, "That's not all that's mine." I looked at her wet center which I knew by then had to be so soaked and so needy. It deserved some individual attention. Seeing Arizona this wet, made my arousal start to grow as well.

I moved to the insides of my wife's thighs...kissing and nipping as I worked my way up one side and down the other. As I got up, straddling her, I leaned down quickly, giving Arizona's nipples a good tug with my teeth so they knew they were not forgotten, and then I dragged the tip of my tongue down her body to the top of your center. Being very careful, I opened Arizona up with my tongue. My body totally reacted to how hot, wet and good she smelled.
I held her lips open wide, exposing all of her. It is all for me, just the way it should be. "You are so wet baby," I smile as I suck on her inner lips, letting my tongue play with them. Then I moved to her clit, going up one side then the other. I held Arizona open even wider, and then flicked hard by the side of her clit. This drove my wife insane with pleasure.

I can't believe how wet she is, and how wet she is making me. I hit her clit again and begin sucking her. "I know you need to cum and I know you want to."

"Yesssss I need to cum," Arizona said to me.

I hit her clit again one last time and then asked again,"Are you mine?"

"Oh god yes I'm yours, I'm yours Callie!"

Burying my face into her wet center, I claim what is all mine. I sucked her clit, devouring it all, everything she gave me.

As I let Arizona come down from her high, I walked over to my side of the bed and put on my strap on. Making sure it was on good and tight, I then walked back to her and gave her a quick kiss. Releasing one ankle at a time, I got back up on the bed.

Straddling her, I reached up and untied one wrist and then the other. Arizona's hands found the back of my head. Grabbing my hair and pulling me down into a long sensual kiss. I tried pulling back but she wasn't interested in releasing my lips. Slowly, I took my right hand, and gently slipped inside of her. My strokes were slow and deep.

I watched as I pumped in and out. Looking at Arizona, I leaned down and kissed her again. No words were said as we shared this intimate moment. Her hands wrapped around my waist and as her long manicured nails dug into my skin. I pushed harder and deeper into her. I started kissing Arizona again, and her arms found their way to my neck, holding me tight, kissing me back with such passion.

I knew it was time when her nails dug into my shoulders. Her breathing was erratic. I leaned back and watched as I continued to pump in and out of her. Our thrusts are becoming more erratic.

"Oh god I'm going to cum!" Arizona screamed.

I said between breaths, "Go ahead baby. Let it go. Cum for me."

Screams filled our darkened bedroom as Arizona yelled, "Ohh yes, god yes I'm coming."

I continued to fuck my wife hard and fast until I came and collapse on top of her. We both were completely spent.

Lying next to Arizona, I pulled her up on top of my chest. While holding my wife in my arms I whispered, "I love you with all my heart."

As we lay in bed after we both had been satisfied, I gently rub her leg with my foot. My wife has the softest skin. And, I realize that I didn't even bother to see how her day went. "Did your day go well baby? I was so caught up with your sexy black dress, the way it hugged your ass...so tight and..."

"Shh." Silencing me with her finger Arizona whispers, "You start talking like that and you'll be ready for round two." My wife chuckles and I start kissing her neck again. Have you seen my wife? Yes, there will be round two tonight, I promise you that.

Feathering soft kisses over her neck, I ask, "What's wrong with going for round two?"

"Nothing." Arizona seems distracted and I stop to see what is on her mind.

Propping up on my right arm, I get into a comfortable position. Her face has went from light to serious. Which has me a little concerned. "Okay. Lay it on me."

"I've been thinking, we are going to be gone for three weeks. And, I really hate for our Secret Service detail, like Danny, to be away from his family for that length of time. Just for us to have a vacation...that seems unfair. Don't you think?"

Arizona is serious about this. My wife is really the kindest person I know. I am not saying this because she is my wife, but everybody loves Arizona. She has the undying admiration of almost every agent, or at least that's what I've been told by the head of the secret service. I replaced the last person in that position with none other than, Richard Webber. Agent Webber now heads the
division and from what he has said, everyone loves my wife. His words were, "I've never heard a negative thing about Arizona Robbins-Torres. Nobody loves her to death and respects the hell out of her."

"Honey, it's their job. They are trained and accustomed to this...they understand." Trying to help my wife's feelings on this seems to be working. I told you, she's the kindest person I know.

"I know. I jus feel bad about them being away from their families. But, I can't wait until tomorrow. You and me sitting beside the beach...," my wife smiles.

"Me either honey. Me either. Oh, I almost forgot, Meredith said to give you this..." I slip out from under the covers and walk across the room and grab my pants lying in front of the fireplace. Reaching into my pants pocket, I pull out a list of items that we need to get started looking for...after all, we are having a baby in a few months. And, it's never too soon to start looking around.

"I had her make a list of everything we will need for the new baby. So maybe on this trip up North, we can look for some of the items." There are quite a few shops where we are headed to. I love Cape Cod and I know just the place I want to go. There is a little shop downtown Hyannis Port that I know will have several items for the baby's nursery. Walking back to the bed, I slip in and hand my wife the list. She will be so proud of me...

"Callie...really?" Arizona drops the list and gives me the look. Oh, you and I both know that look.

"What?"

Holding the piece of paper up to my eyes, I can't help but smile shyly. I do remember jotting that note on there myself. Great...Meredith probably seen it and will tell everyone.

"Mommylicious Lingerie...seriously? I'm not even showing yet Callie. And, please tell me you didn't google that and make your Meredith write that down." The look of horror is on my wife's face. Arizona is so private...oh brother, I'm screwed.

"Well, I wrote it down myself, but I did hand it back to her. She probably didn't even see it." Yea right...I bet she did. But, I am not a complete idiot. I can recover..."But you should see some of the items they have on there. It's just a suggestion...after all, I did miss Valentine's sex." My brown eyes look sad and I try my best to put on the pitiful face that gets me sex more times that I can count.

"You've had plenty of sex since Valentines Day." Arizona laughs.

"But...you would look so good in that red or black lace see through chemise. It includes a matching G-string." I don't care what Arizona says...she loves sexy lingerie. I'm not fooled by her shocked looks at all.

"And this is online?" Arizona asks.

Nodding my head, I answer back, "Yes."

"We'll see...Now, are you going to help me out again...or am I going to have to reach into the night stand and help myself?" Arizona's gorgeous blue eyes twinkle with laughter.

To be in love with Arizona is a whirlwind of ecstasy. The way she makes me feel...I can't describe it. It's just liberating. As we start to get into the heat of the moment, my darling wife, says..."Baby, did you think the girls were excited about us having a baby. Your mother said they were arguing this morning over breakfast about the entire situation. I am just worried that..."

Interrupting my wife...I will give you guys the run down of how the night went when we told our daughters we were having a baby. We sat the girls down and the table over dinner and explained everything...

Flashback

"Okay girls, we have a little announcement we need to make. And we hope your two are very excited." Watching Sofia feed spot from the table, completely ignoring me at the moment, I think, maybe she will just over look this bit of shocking news.

"Are we getting a new puppy? Can we get a tiny one?" Emma asks.

"No puppy. But we are getting something tiny. And cute, and you can hold it and love it too." Assuming someone will catch the drift, I wait for a response.
"We're getting a hamster? I love hamsters. We have one in class and I get to hold it a long. Sof, we're getting a hamster!"

"As long as it isn't another baby." Sofia replies. Oh brother, this will be a shocker and a wake up call for these two.

Without even waiting, I just dive right in and burst their pretty pink bubble. "Well Sofia, I hate to break it to you, but it is a baby. Mom is having a baby. And sorry Emma, I do not want a rat in this house."

"Fuzzy isn't a rat. She's cute."

"You can call Fuzzy whatever you want, but she is still a rat to me. And we are not getting one." I hate hamsters. Actually, I don't like any kind of animal along the lines of a hamster.

"Really? We are getting a baby?" Sofia asks. Her eyes are wide and, bless her, I don't think this is what she had in mind for our announcement. In fact I didn't think she was even listening.

"I am the baby," Emma States very plainly.

Taking her chance Arizona responds, "Yes. We are having a baby Sofia. I know you are surprised and it might take some time to get adjusted to that idea. Emma, you will always be our baby. A new baby doesn't change that."

Sofia processes everything as the table conversation gets quiet. The only one that seems unaffected by the whole ordeal is Spot, who is standing next to me. "Spot, go lie down, I am not feeding you from the table. Now go."

"Wait. Is it another girl?" Sofia asks.

I answered her question before Arizona has a chance to. "We don't know. We won't know until a few more weeks."

Looking to Sofia, Emma says, "You want a sister too." She's all smiles this one. She honestly thinks Sof wants another sister. Oh my... I do hate to see her heart broken over this. Hope Sofia's answer hits easy on the ears.

With a disgruntled look, Sofia answers, "No."

Shocked, Emma asks,"Why Sof?"

"Because it might be just like you. You bite, lick my face just like Spot, eat crayons, swallow your gum when mommy tells you not to. And last week, you tried to throw dirt on a camera man. That's why!"

Emmas face is scrunched up and yes she's mad. "He called me little girl."

"So. You are little. You're a baby!" Sofia taunts our younger daughter. Oh the joys of sister hood.

Looking over to Arizona, Sofia is mad. "Mommy she called me a baby. Am not! I'm almost five!"

"Okay girls. Stop arguing." I finally intervene. "Sofia the dirt throwing has already been addressed. Emma was grounded for that. And Emma, either you are a baby or you're not. You can't have it both ways sweetheart"

I look back down to the piece of paper beside my plate and begin reading. I am trying to read my speech for tomorrow. Yes, sometimes I bring work home. And, tonight is one of those nights. And, I cannot think with all of the fussing that is going on.

Seeing me enthralled in what I'm reading, my wife asks, "What's your speech about?"

I laugh as I look up to meet my wife's expecting gaze. The topic is rather fitting. Well, not really. "Believe it or not, my speech is on the family. Maybe we aren't the best role models to be hosting this event at Hyannis Port?"

"We're normal. Normal is a good thing Callie." Arizona retorts with a smile. I guess she has a point there. We aren't perfect, but we are normal.

End of Flashback

Answering my wife I tell her the truth. "Arizona...I'd say...no. They are definitely not excited. But, they'll get adjusted. Give them time. Now...let's stop talking about our children, and get back to
what's really important."

Her bright smile illuminates the dark room, "What's that?"

Working my way down again...I don't say a word. The further down I go...my wife's breathing becomes erratic. Judging by the soft moans I hear Arizona making...I think she get's the idea. And I've got all night to show her exactly how important I think she is. See you all in Cape Cod.
"For The Love of The Cape"

"I really don't know why it is that all of us are so committed to the sea, except I think it's because in addition to the fact that the sea changes, and the light changes, and ships change, it's because we all came from the sea. And it is an interesting biological fact that all of us have in our veins the exact same percentage of salt in our blood that exists in the ocean, and, therefore, we have salt in our blood, in our sweat, in our tears. We are tied to the ocean. And when we go back to the sea - whether it is to sail or to watch it - we are going back from whence we came."

Callie POV

Cape Cod... I am not sure why I love it so much. Maybe it's all the fun things to do, like biking, kayaking, summer theater, whale watching, and world-class golf. Maybe it is the time that I get to spend with mine and Arizona's family. Or, maybe...it's the fact that my wife will be in a bikini and I can't wait to see that. Yea, that's probably what it is.

"Do I look fat in this?" Arizona asks, standing in front of the mirror, turning to the side.

As any good spouse would do, I answer. "No. You look just beautiful." She does, it's not a lie. But, I know she is a little self conscious being pregnant and being the First Lady. Hell, I would be too. All of those cameras and reporters, trying to get a bad angle and rushing to publish it so all of America and the world will get a glimpse at our imperfections. You all already know mine. Weeks ago, I was caught with the helicopter almost blowing my shirt up a little to high...not very presidential. Can you say "Thank God" for Secret Service stepping in and blocking that photo. Oh, but the one with me bending over petting Spot...I'd like to know exactly which moron took that one.

Still not convinced, my wife questions me again. "Are you sure, cause I can change?"

I am reading a book in my chair beside the window over looking that water. A biography...if your curious. I bet you can't guess which person I'm reading about. It's beautiful, just beautiful here on the Cape. I really wanted some peace and quiet, and Arizona isn't allowing that with her constant nagging questions. Guess I will just have to prove to her that I think she's hot as hell. Throwing my book onto the floor, I stand and walk over to her. She is looking at me with one eyebrow raised through the mirror.

"I think it just needs adjusting..." Untying her bikini top, I let it drop to the floor. Oops, my mistake. "See, just needed adjusting." Turning her around, I wrap my hands around her tiny cute butt, grasping firmly as try my best to convince her she is just perfect.

"What are you doing?" Arizona laughs at my very aggressive ways.

"I am showing you that you are perfect. I love perfection. I know when something is beautiful and perfect...and I've got that in my wife. Now, lay back on the bed and I will show you just how perfect I think you are." I could make love to my wife all day, but I wouldn't get anything done. And believe me...our world is just not yet complete and perfect as we need it to be. So, an hour of sexy time every night and most mornings will just have to do.

"No, you lay on the bed and I'll show you just how perfect I think you are." Arizona replies, pushing me back on the king size bed. Sexually aggressive Arizona is hot as hell. I'm telling you all, my wife is out of this world phenomenal during sex. Just take my word for it.

Within a minute, my shorts are stripped and her tongue is making the first long, hot swipe of my wet slit. "Mmm, that feels good." Closing my eyes, I open my legs for better access. I want her to take me good, mark me as hers.

Then, without warning I hear my mother knocking on our bedroom door. "Callie, you have a phone call."

What the hell? Can't the President get laid at ten in the morning?

"Take a message." I answer back, and encourage Arizona to continue. Pulling her hair, I pull her deeper into me. We have a rhythm going, I don't want to break it.

"So you want me to tell the British Prime Minister you will call him back?" My mother asks. She seems curious on the other side of that door. Mom has walked in on Arizona and I one time, and that was enough for her. Believe me when I tell you, she almost had a heart attack seeing me on
top of my wife. Oh the memories are still fresh for us all, even seven years later.

"Oh for the love of God!" I yell out. The feeling is so intense and I can feel my orgasm starting. This is no time for him to be calling. I am obligated though, so I have to answer. "Be there in a minute," I call out toward the door. Nudging Arizona on, I pull her hair and push her into me. Arizona slips in two fingers, and I am soon pushed over the edge.

Seeing my wife walk downstairs in her bikini, I smile. Thirty minutes before, she had me writhing under her. She is a woman of many talents.

Today is a good day. We are going swimming and sailing today. We've been here for two days and the weather here at Hyannis Port is just beautiful. To be outside and breathe in some fresh air is an intoxicating feeling. One can get to feeling quite stifled inside the White House.

Later this evening, I plan to take Arizona out to eat at a very romantic restaurant while the girls stay with our parents. Yes, you heard that correct. Mine and Arizona's parents are both here. It a melting pot of diversity, but our parents get along well. Our mothers cook together, and our dads both share with the grilling. Thankfully, our parents get along, and always have. It's a good atmosphere being among family. My sister will be here tomorrow with her children, and the girls can't wait on that.

"Are we ready to go out on the boat?" I ask my daughters, who are putting a puzzle together on the floor with my dad. Arizona is standing at the writing desk, scribbling something on a note pad while the girls pack up their puzzle.

"Yes," is the overwhelming response.

"Honey, I need to be back in a couple of hours. I have to pick up some things from town while you guys swim."

A full on frown is most likely gracing my features. "Wait, I thought you were swimming with us?" Well this won't be as fun. I love swimming with my wife.

"I was, but I remembered that I had to pick up some decorations for the party tomorrow." Arizona reminded me.

"Oh God! I almost forgot!" Slapping my head, I feel like an idiot. I have no speech ready for tomorrow. What is tomorrow you ask? Well, my wife and I invited several LGBTG families here for lunch at Hyannis Port. This is going to be a big and important event.

I'm excited to be hosting these diverse families at our new summer home. Don't tell Arizona, but I put the house on hold and intend to surprise her tonight. I have got to run this past her approval, but I don't think she will mind. I want this house to be our new vacation and summer home. I fell in love with it in the last two days, and I think she has too. It's on the market at a whopping price, I might add, and it had a potential buyer, although they hadn't committed yet. So, I had my staff reach out to the owner and asked them to hold it, until I talk to Arizona.

Announcing out loud, I say, "I have got to write a speech or something...I'm just..."

My wife who is my right hand is always one step ahead of me. As always, she's prepared. "I wrote the speech. All you have to do is read it," Arizona whispers as she walks past me smiling, slapping my butt. She's the best!

Arizona POV

Today was a wonderful day. We sailed for a couple of hours. The girls got to take turns steering the boat, so they thought that was awesome. While they all swam, mom and I went to town and purchased several items that I needed for the party tomorrow.

Callie and I in route to a restaurant. She won't tell me where we are going. She knows that I love seafood, and we are in the perfect spot for fresh seafood. Maybe...its seafood. Either way, the company, alone with my wife...that's the important part of tonight. Arriving outside the restaurant, we step out from the suburban and I am quite taken back.

There is one, single candlelit table sitting over the water at this very quiet, romantic restaurant. Naturally, photographers snap our photos as we exit the suburban. Like always, we wave, donning a plastered smile. Once outside on the deck, we sit and the view is just breathtaking. It's almost dark out, but the sky still has a little light left. There are people inside the restaurant, and of course they are looking out the window at us. But, we're the only ones out here. I've learned, in politics, there is no such thing as privacy.
"I love your choice of restaurants Callie."

She immediately responds, "I wanted tonight to be all about you."

Looking down at the menu...its seafood. I knew I married the right woman.

"So, sailing was fun today. Maybe we can stay out longer tomorrow." Callie says, looking up from her menu.

"Maybe. I've got a lot to do tomorrow to get ready for our guests."

"I'll help. You and I make a great team don't you think?" Callie winks and leans in for a brief kiss. Smiling, a lean and give in to her wishes. Have you seen my wife? It's hard not to. She is gorgeous.

After we order, Callie seems a little fidgety about something. Maybe it's the people staring? Maybe it's the night air. It is a little chilly out here tonight. She just can't seem to be still and looks like she had something to say. As usual, I ask, "Something wrong?"

Big brown eyes look at me. The ones I fell in love with a long time ago. They dart between me and her hands that are placed in her lap. Somethings defiantly up, I just don't know what it is.

"Honey is something wrong."

Shaking her brown hair that is softly blowing in the night breeze, Callie furrows her brow. "No. I just have something to tell you and, I don't know why I am suddenly nervous. I mean I think you'll like it. No wait, I know you will like it. But, maybe you won't and I've already done this...so..."

My right hand lands on her left arm, to silence my babbling wife. "Callie. Whatever it is, just say it. I'm sure it's not that big of a deal. You are acting like you did when you came to me and announced that you thought about running for President. Oh God wait, your running for something else? No, you can't get any higher than this office, right? Can you, can you go any higher than the President of the United States. Cause I'm not moving again..."

Now I'm babbling, and my wife just starts smiling and laughing at me. What the hell? It's not funny. I did sign on for this, but knowing Callie, she will have us living in Pakistan somewhere doing some service work or something after her time is up in Washington.

"Shut up Moron. I'm not running for another office. And, I know what you're thinking, we are not going to Pakistan. You say that all the time, like you and I, two lesbians would survive in that world. No, I made a decision without consulting you. It's a surprise."

Now I am really nervous, Callie and her surprises can be elaborate and over the top at times. You just never know with her. "What?"

Taking a deep breath, she starts, "I put a hold on the house at Hyannis Port. I love it here and you seem to have enjoyed yourself for the last two days. I know its a sudden decision, but we need somewhere the next four years and hopefully eight, to vacation and go to. California is such a long flight back, and this is just a small flight, so I thought we could just buy that house. Our new vacation home. Maybe even retire here after I've served my term. We've always loved it here when we've visited."

I just sit and stare at my wife. Dumbstruck would be the word if I were looking for one here. "So, you want us to buy this house as a vacation home? And maybe one day move here permanently?" Did I hear her correctly? She's already talking about retiring?

"Maybe? I don't know. That's got to be your decision too. I know you love the West Coast, and I do to. Our friends are all there, but it just feels right for some reason. But we don't have to decide that now. For now, if you want it, we can just have it as a vacation home until the Presidency is over. Then we can decide where we'll move to."

Nodding, I sigh. Four years...or maybe it will be eight years. You know, that's a long time to be in the White House. As usual, the years pass by quickly, they do. The older you get, they seem to roll right past, without any remorse. One day, you are twenty-five, the next, thirty-five. It just seems to roll by all to fast. I can remember being pregnant with Sofia, and it seems just like yesterday.

But, eight years...and we may retire? My wife will retire? We're too young to retire. But, what do you do once you've obtained it all. Once you've reached the top of the ladder of success...what do you do with your time? Paint, like George W? Dear God, you all don't want to see my painting abilities, much less my drawing abilities. And, I don't want to retire...I'm a doctor...a surgeon...I
can't retire this young?

"Arizona," Waving her hand in front of my face, Callie brings me from my thoughts. My wife asks, "So what do you think about us buying the house?"

My brightest smile is in full force as I give my answer. "Sure. That sounds like a wonderful idea honey."

Callie's smile is so wide. She is truly happy. And, I am too. I just can't see my wife retiring in eight years. Can you? Callie realizes that I'm somewhere else in my thoughts and asks, "Okay. You are acting weird. Is it the baby? Is something wrong?"

Shaking my head, I reply, "No. I just can't believe you will retire in four or eight years. Can you? I can't retire that young? You can't either? Oh my God, we will be our parents...I just don't know about this..."

Callie laughs and says, "You are so crazy. That's why I love you. Honey, every President retires, but they still work and do charities, sit on boards, have their libraries, all kinds of things. I'm not going to be sitting at some retirement facility playing bingo. Hell, I'm in my late thirties. You are getting ahead of yourself there sweetheart."

Smiling at the thought of Callie sitting in a retirement home playing bingo, I shake my head at her response. I was trying to think of a hobby to take up besides painting, and she's talking about bingo. I guess I do get ahead of myself sometimes.

Shaking my head, I say "You are right. I know you will be busy. I just, retirement is for older people. Not us."

"I agree. We'll stay busy. Don't worry. We've got three children to finish raising and put through college. Remember? Therefore, you can't retire. You are going to have to work to put those three through college. You can retire when you are...I don't know...seventy maybe." Callie laughs at her words, she thinks it's funny. So funny, she snorts when she laughs. That's what I love about my wife most. She's completely human and normal. A lot different than the rest of the world sees her as.

I smile back as she has found this amusing. "That is true. And no, I'm not working until I am seventy smart ass. But, I do have some new for you...I think this one is a boy." Rubbing my belly, I decide to tell her my thoughts. I really think it is. Of course, we have no proof so I am not sure, its just a hunch. And, my hunches are always right. I told her we would have two girls, and I've got proof, just twenty minutes from here.

Callie shakes her head to indicate I am dead wrong about my hunch. "Sorry honey, It's a girl. I wish it was a boy. But, I am willing to bet it will be another girl. Don't get your hopes up Arizona." Callie pats my hand as our order arrives. She smiles at me and nods her head, oh she thinks she is right.

Placing my napkin in my lap, I answer my beautiful wife, "We'll see Callie...We'll see."

A/N: Quote at top: From remarks JFK spoke at the Dinner for the America's Cup Crews, September 14 1962.
"A Shock To The System"

"There is one consolation in being sick; and that is the possibility that you may recover to a better state than you were ever in before." -Henry David Thoreau

Arizona POV

Ugh, what could be worse than a stomach bug you ask? Try having your wife, who is the President having it. Yes, my friends, Callie has the stomach virus. The President of the United States is puking her guts out as we speak. What am I doing you ask? Holding her hair back in a ponytail, so she doesn't get any vomit in it. This situation here is far from being Presidential.

"Honey, you want me to get you another we cloth?" I ask my very sick wife.

Callie shakes her head. And, she resumes the position once again. Geez this had to stop sometime. She has been sick for two days. This is the sickest my wife had ever been in her life. Well, almost I guess. Several years back, I can't remember exactly when, Callie ate some sushi and got food poisoning. THAT was the sickest she had ever been. We stayed in the hospital for almost a week when that happened. Bad, bad memories, I can assure you. Callie is not a good patient at all.

"Here sweetie." I hand Callie a cloth to wipe her mouth. Feeling of her head...oh my, she is burning up. "Your fever is back. Can you stand up Callie?"

Once again, she shakes her head. We've been down on this floor for an hour, with my wife hugging the toilet. I am starting to get uncomfortable sitting here, but I don't want to leave her.

"Maybe we need to call the doctor and let's get something else for this. What you are taking is not working."

Callie shakes her head again. She can be so stubborn sometimes. She is probably afraid she'll get a shot or something worse. And, I think she is starting to get dehydrated. She needs to go in the hospital and get some fluids. But, you know Callie.

Thirty minutes later...

I check Callie's temperature...103. Yes, my wife is going to the Emergency Room. I call the doctor...remember, every president has one on staff and he agrees with me. He also thinks Callie is probably dehydrated. As usual, the protests begin.

"No Arizona. I don't want to go." Callie whines.

"Callie. You have to go. You are sick and I need you well. Let's face it...the whole world needs you well."

"Please...just put an IV in here. You can do that for me. I hate hospitals." She whines some more.

Shaking my head, I refuse to give into this. It is for her own good. "You are going. Now, sit up and change into this sweat shirt and pants, or I will drag you out in your pajamas and slippers. Either way...your choice Madam President."

Callie starts to throw up again. Luckily I grab the small trash can that is next to her nightstand. This time it is just dry heaves. Yes, it has gotten that far, there is nothing left to come up. She has what Sofia had last week...a good old case of the virus. It goes around this time of year. As many hands as my wife shakes, I am not surprised what she will catch.

"Okay," she finally agrees after lying back.

"Are you hurting baby?" I ask.

"No. Just sad." She replies.

"You will be back home in a day or two." I say, massaging her temples, trying to ease her pain and her mind.
Callie shakes her head slightly. "That's not it. Today was your sonogram, and I'm sick."

Oh dear lord...I have completely forgotten about that appointment. Of all the days...Today, we were supposed to find out the baby's sex. Well, so much for that I suppose.

"We can do that another day when you feel better okay?"

Callie nods. Then, she comes up with an idea. How brilliant it is...I just don't know.

"I'm going to the same hospital as your appointment. You could just have them do the sonogram in my room." She suggests.

That wasn't exactly how I pictured it happening. But, I guess it's feasible, if the doctor can work it in his schedule to come down. Where Callie is staying is in an isolated wing of the hospital. It is on the opposite side from where my doctors office is. I just hate to inconvenience anyone...just to see a picture of our baby.

"We'll see Callie." I say, massaging her head gently.

Two hours later...and your President has been diagnosed. I told you...it's the virus. It's a killer every time. Callie rarely gets sick, but when she does, its usually bad. The IV is in place and she had finally stopped vomiting. Thanks goodness for intravenous nausea and pain medicine. It's a great asset when one is at their sickest.

"Did you talk to the girls?" Callie asks.

"Yes, and they know what has happened. They will call this evening." I respond.

Sofia and Emma are staying with Mrs. Shaw at the White House. I told them I would be spending the night with Callie and would be home in the morning to see them. Thankfully, they took it well.

Callie slept for a couple of hours after lunch. I decided to lie on the sofa in her room and get some sleep also. But, my rest wasn't all that long. I was awakened maybe an hour later by my wife calling my name.

"Arizona." Callie rasped out. Her voice is so horse from all the retching she had been doing.

"What's wrong?" I answer, turning my head. This sofa feels so good, I sure hope she doesn't need anything at the moment.

"Did you get the doctor to come up and do the sonogram up here?" She asks.

I shake my head. "No Callie. I don't want to ask him to do that. I know as a doctor, it is a challenge to go out of the way for patients some times. And, this would be on of those times." I answer back. It's not like its a matter of life or death. We just want to know what we are having. But, that can wait until next week. I know what it is anyways...well, I think I do. Although my wife can't wait to prove me wrong.

Moments later...

"Yes, Madam President." The Secret Service agent and a nurse walk in to our hospital room. I sit up and look over at her. Why are they here? Did she call them? I didn't hear her say she needed anything.

"I need you to get Dr. Charlie Fryer up here this afternoon." Callie orders.

"He's a..." the nurse says and my wife's interrupts her immediately.

"A gynecologist...I know what he is. My wife has an appointment today at five and I want him to do the sonogram here, since I can't go down there." Callie states.

The nurse answers, "Yes ma'am," and leaves the room followed by the agent guarding our room door. To say I am surprised...yea, that doesn't quite cover it. I can't believe she just did that. Especially after I told her my reasons not to.

"Callie, I can't believe you did that. Now Charlie has to drag that big machine all the way up here...that's inconveniencing someone when it's not necessary."

My wife has a little more color back in her face this afternoon, thankfully. And judging by her next words, a little more pep in her step. She smiles and replies, "It's one of the perks of being President. I promise you he won't mind. We can invite him to stay at Camp David or Cape Cod...I
don't know...but I promise you he won't be mad about coming up here and doing this."

Callie's confidence bugs the hell out of me sometimes. Yes, I said it. I love her to pieces...but like all wives, I too get annoyed with my spouse. Well, maybe she's right. It really doesn't matter now because in a couple of hours poor Charlie will be here anyway. And, she has the virus...I know that poor guy doesn't need to catch that with as many patients as he has to see. Maybe I can get him to wear a mask or something.

"You want to watch some television," Callie asks, bringing me out of my thoughts.

I shake my head no. It feels good to just lie here on this sofa. They should have this in all the patients rooms, not just the VIP suites. Comfort doesn't quite describe this thing.

"I'm bored Arizona." Callie whines. She is so much like Emma sometimes.

"Well, turn the tv on honey." I reply. I know that's not what she really wants, but I just don't want to get up.

"And I am lonely." Callie confesses. See, I knew it. She wants me to come and lay with her in that uncomfortable hospital bed. No Thank You.

"I am right here baby. Turn the tv on and we can watch something." I suggest, trying to appease her. But, I know it won't work.

Callie sighs. She is quiet for a few minutes. Just as I start to close my eyes, she says, "Please come sit with me."

And, I give up. Why fight it? I don't want to get sick, but I have already been exposed...in more than one way, as Callie says. Thanks a pregnancy joke if you didn't catch that. She tells that to everyone...eye roll here incase you are wondering how funny I find that joke.

"Okay," I grunt, pushing myself up. Walking over to her bed, I press the button and let the rail down. Callie scoots over with the biggest smile and I climb in next to her. "These beds should really be outlawed." I laugh. My wife is the biggest baby sometimes. But, you really can't blame her. She is sick and needs to be attended to. If this were me, she would do the very same thing.

Callie smiles. "I will get right on that as soon as I'm back at work." She teases.

The next hour is spent watching Family Feud on the television. Yes, we like it. Sorry if you don't, but my wife finds it hilarious. And, she is pretty good at it too.

Around five o'clock, a knock comes to the door. "Come in," I answer. I know exactly who it is. And, I still hate that she had asked him to come all the way over here for this.

"Hi ladies...I heard we were moving the party upstairs." Charlie laughs, walking inside the room.

"Yes, Callie is sick. I am sorry you had to come up here and drag that machine the whole way." I apologize.

Charlie waves it off. "Oh, it was no trouble. Actually, the Secret Service agent brought it up earlier. It has been sitting in the hallway for awhile. It's no trouble at all." Charlie replies.

"See." Callie whispers.

"Shut up." I respond...kindly I might add.

"You are just mad because its a girl." My wife smiles. Oh, if only I can prove her wrong. To be able to rub it in her face...that would be a very nice feeling.

"Charlie, you might want to wear a mask, she had the virus." I remind him.

He laughs and looks over at Callie. She nods. She is a sick woman...sick and contagious. She had cooties as Emma calls it. And no one wants the cooties.

"It'll be okay. I'm around it all the time." He answers kindly.

Rolling the machine next to the bed, Charlie asks, "So, is it okay if we do the ultrasound here?"

"Yes, that's fine." I say. Callie can see the screen better if I lay in the bed with her than if I moved onto the sofa. Although...that sofa was way more comfortable. But, I digress.

We recline the bed back a little, and I slip my pants below my growing waist. Pushing my shirt up,
I wait for the cold gel...that's the part I hate the most about ultrasounds.

"Okay, it might be a little cool," Charlie says, as he squirts the gel onto my belly.

And then he starts the ultrasound. The picture is up and we can see our baby. "Here's the head." Charlie says, taking measurements. "Everything looks good."

Moving the probe, he points, "I see and arm there." he says. "And another arm there."

Charlie takes several measurements and finally we get to the fun part. What do you think we are having? Boy or Girl?

I saw it first, but said nothing. I knew Callie was looking and she couldn't tell. Her eyes were squinting as she looked at the computer screen. Bless her, she tried to look hard, but has absolutely no idea what to look for exactly.

"Well, are you ready to find out what you are having?" Charlie asks.

Callie answers, "More than ready. Go ahead and let her down gently Charlie."

I turn and look at my wife. If only she knew what I knew.

"Well it looks like you are having a boy. Congratulations ladies."

Callie looked from my face to the screen in a dead stare. Eyes wide as if she had just seen a ghost. I almost think she even stopped breathing for a moment.

"Earth to Callie." I chuckle.

Callie swallows and looks over at me. Bless her heart, my wife is in shock. She just knew this was going to be another girl. It has been our track record the last two times...she's right about that. But, as they say, the third time is the charm.

"You okay Callie?" I ask.

She nods her head. "I just knew it was a girl Arizona. I can't believe it. We are actually going to have a son."

Charlie gives me something to clean my stomach off with and he dismissed himself quietly, making a motion for me to call him later. I nod in understanding. Looking over to Callie, her face is concerning. I think she's happy. She might as well be happy...we can't change this now. We are getting a boy...like it or not.

"Are you okay?" I ask. "You are happy about this right?" She is starting to concern me a little bit. Maybe its the drugs she had in her system...I just don't know about her reaction right now.

"I just...we've never had a son Arizona. I don't know what to do with one." Callie says seriously. Hearing that, I laugh. Yes, out loud and with a lot of volume too.

"It's no different that Sofia or Emma honey. He will arrive just the same as they did. You feed him just the same as you did Emma and Sof sweetie. He will play sports, grow up to be a doctor just like his mother, and one day he will be a surgeon just like me." I smile big...I knew my words would get her attention and spark a debate.

Callie furrowed her brow. "Like hell he will. He is going into politics like me." She replied in a serious tone.

I laughed. Callie is passionate about her politics. She cracks me up sometimes. To me...and I know you all would be surprise and probably not agree, but I get tired of all the debating and arguing. Can't we all just get along? It's like football...a bunch of guys fighting over one funny shaped piece of leather. Just give them all one and let them all be happy. Problem solved. But, that would make the weekends pretty boring for some, especially my wife. She likes football, well, certain teams, not every team, and she loves politics. She's like the energizer bunny when she get's started talking about her job. It's one of the reasons I love her...and one of the reasons she drives me insane. But, I wouldn't trade her for the world.

I smile at her sweetly, pushing her hair from her face. Pulling her in close to my chest, I whisper, "Callie...never change honey...never change."

"STRENGTH GROWS IN THE MOMENTS WHEN YOU THINK YOU CAN'T GO ON BUT YOU KEEP GOING ANYWAY."
A/N: I hope you enjoyed this chapter... It was kind of fun and breezy writing it. I just still have trouble getting into this story. Maybe it's because I am writing two VERY opposite stories at the moment and find myself wrapped up in the darkness of In The Minds Eye... IDK

Anyways, see you all soon.

Up Next: "Pick Mine Please"
"Pick Mine Please"

"Long before you hear the first heartbeat or see the first sonogram, naming your baby might be what makes the pregnancy - and the person growing inside you - feel real. But of the approximately 5,000 first names in common use in the U.S. and the infinite number you could invent, which will you give your mystery child?

Luckily you have nine months to find the perfect moniker - one that sounds good when you coo it, yell it or hear it intoned at a graduation ceremony. And one that will fit a 50-year-old with a beer belly as well as it does a sweet newborn." - Do's and Don't of Naming Babies,

Callie POV

I survived. The worst two days of my life...except for the time I got food poisoning. Now that was a killer. I don't ever want to relive those days again. I can just now begin eating sushi again...all these many years later. Arizona stood by my side the entire time. Have I mentioned that I have the greatest wife? Well, I do. She's the most beautiful and gracious First Lady ever.

Now, I guess everyone has heard...we are having a boy. That subject...had been rubbed in my face since we found out a week ago. Arizona has been gloating...and I have been taking it in stride. Yes, she was right and I was wrong...for once, I might add.

As I step off the elevator, the girls greet me in the hallway. "Hi mama."

"Hi sweeties. Did you two have a good day?" I ask. They seem happy and bouncy. They must have. Noticing a piece of paper behind Sof's back, I ask pointing. "What's that?"

The girls giggle. "We've come up with some boy names for the baby." Sof informs me.

"I want you to pick mine. Pick mine please..." Emma begs.

"Hey, you can't beg, that's not fair. Mom and Mama have to choose. And, not by us begin." Sof reminds her younger sister. Oh, the joys of sisterhood. And, we are adding another one to the mix. What were we thing?

"Oh...okay." Emma replies. Then, she winks at me and mouths, "Pick mine please."

I really don't want to get into this without my wife present. And, no she's not here right now. Arizona is flying back in late tonight. She had to attend an education summit at UCLA. It was part of her First Lady duties. Although, I don't think she minded at all. Arizona has gotten more comfortable in her new skin here at the White House. She is still reserved and quiet, but she is coming around. She had to give a speech on education and several photo ops were also supposed to be thrown in. But, I know what she really went for. I have teased her, privately of course, about it. She went because one of the entertainers singing at the summit is Bon Jovi. That's all she went for...just to get his autograph. Okay, I am only teasing...but I bet you she will come back with it.

Changing the subject with the girls, I ask, "So...what are we having for dinner?" Arizona always picks the menus. She asks us what we would like and then narrows it down for us. But, I can't remember what tonight is. Dear God, please don't let it be meatloaf again. I swear, my wife does that to me when she is mad about something. I think its her new form of punishment. Piss Arizona off, get meatloaf for dinner.

"Ribs," Emma informs me. "And we get broccoli, red potatoes, a roll and a slice of chocolate cake for desert."

Well, thats good news. But, now I am curious as to why the chocolate cake. My wife hardly ever allows us sweets anymore. I put on a few pounds and had to go on a diet a while back. Dear God, don't tell anybody. But it is true...I did. Since then, Arizona cut the sweets from our meals. Probably, if I were guessing, its the fact that her pregnancy hormones are kicking in and SHE wanted the chocolate cake. Either way...we can eat in peace tonight and eat good too, because she won't be here. Just don't tell her about it.

"I don't know about you two, but I am starving." I walk toward the kitchen and the chef is bringing the plates of food out.

"Madam President," Chef Comerford nods.
She is a very nice lady. Chef Comerford has been here through the past two administrations and we were pleased to have her stay onboard with us here at the White House. Arizona really likes her. She is a mom of a young daughter. We share perspectives on the importance of healthy eating...well, mainly she and Arizona share the perspectives, I just enjoy her cooking.

As we sit and begin eating, we talk about current world events. It's a thing my wife encourages and to be honest, expects from our girls. Everyone sitting around the table, every evening, and has to tell about a current event happening in the world.

This exercise my wife started a while back provides us as parents and our kids the opportunity to engage in conversations about important issues and discuss news stories and world events. Why is that important? Well, we think it helps with active listening. This exercise also give our girls a chance to be heard and affirmed by everyone listening, which builds self-esteem, as everyone is afforded the opportunity to explain their idea to the others around the table which helps develop logical reasoning. I feel like a shrink after saying all of that.

I agree with every one of these reasons my wife has drilled into my head. Just kidding...it really is a great concept. And, even when Arizona is not here, we continue the tradition. Because if we don't, she will drill us the next morning and we will be in a world of trouble. My wife can spot a fake and a liar right off the bat.

"So, today I heard on the news that a North Dakota teen got accepted by all eight Ivy League schools. Do you know the names of those eight schools?" I ask.

Sof begins rolling them off the top of her head. "Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, Dartmouth and Brown."

Emma chimes in, "What about UCLA?"

We both look over at her. "How do you know about UCLA?" I ask. That is where Arizona has been today, but I didn't think she would bring it up, let alone remember where her mother went today. But then again, she is five years old, going on twenty.

"Mama is there. I saw a You Tube video of her speaking earlier." Emma replies.

"What?" I ask.

"Sof and I were looking up a current event and Sof pulled mommy up on You Tube...I missed her." Emma frowns. Since Arizona has was shot months back, she has been very attached to my wife.

"She'll be home tonight, and you can see her first thing in the morning." I say, trying to lighten her spirits. "But, UCLA is not an Ivy League school, just so you know. But, it is a great school too."

"I am going to Yale." Emma states. "I am going to be a doctor."

"Me too, But I'm not going to Yale. Not me." Sof adds.

I chuckle at their antics. "Where are you going to college Sof?" As if I don't already know what she is going to say.

"Boston," Sof says. "Just like mom."

Well, it looks as if I better be really close to my son, he may be the only one to take after me and get a law degree and become a politician. Yes, I think little Mr. Robbins-Torres is my last hope at that dream.

Sofia is the next one to talk about a current event happening in the world. "I read today that Syria had a chemical attack and I think it said more than seventy people are dead. And some were children. And some kids don't have parents now. Why can't you do something about that mama?"

Wow. Thats a tough question. It's not something that most of us even want to talk about. Some have even questioned if the reports are accurate and true. "Well, I don't like it anymore that you do. It is just a different world over there Sofia. But, we are trying and have been trying to work to decrease the violence in that region. But, it is not an easy thing to accomplish."

Now, do not get me wrong. I want peace, but I am not about going to war with Syria...sorry but I just can't get on board with that. I am sure others have their opinions, and I agree something needs to be done...but, I don't think military action is the answer. Look where it got us last time. After all...We can't police the world. Unfortunately, Callie Torres doesn't have all the answers for all of the problems in the world, but I am currently taking suggestions.
Sofia then asks, "Will we have a chemical attack over here?"

I can tell this is on her mind, as it is mine. "I certainly hope not. I don't intend to allow that to happen Sofia. I took an oath and will do everything in my power to keep you and everyone safe." The fact is, no place is safe anymore. Like it or not, that is the truth. We are safer here in American than most places, I think. But, attacks can always happen. I feel like we are prepared...but in reality, we could probably be doing much better on that front. We are a great nation, but there is always room for improvement in all areas of national security. But, I am not about to tell my daughter that.

Emma stays quiet on this. I don't think the harsh reality has set in that the world is a scary place yet. As the table gets quiet, Emma finally brings up her topic. And, you know it's a doozy as always. Sometimes, my wife just places her head in her hands when Emma begins.

"Mama... I got one too." Emma smiles.

"Okay...let's hear it."

"A little girl my age named Alice wrote a letter to...Where was that store at Sof?" Emma asks.

"Gap," Sofia replies.

"Yea...she wrote a letter to Gap and said that she wanted them to make some cool girls' shirts. Or, make a 'no boys or girls' section. Like only have a kids' section. That's cool. I want to write a letter to a store like that." Emma says.

"So, Alice was asking for a Gender Neutral Section at the Gap store?" I ask, being sure I understand correct. I hadn't heard about that.

"Yes ma'am." Sofia states. "We found that story today. I think it is a good idea."

Nodding my head, "I agree. I do to. And I think its great that the little girl stood up for what she believed in. That is how you make a difference in this world." See, these types of conversations are what I am talking about. Inspiring...And poor Arizona missed it. The first one where Emma didn't have something off the wall or unrelated to talk about. My wife will be so pleased to hear about this.

"No mama," Emma says. "How you make a difference in the world is saving babies. That's what mommy does. That's why I want to be a doctor just like her."

Once again...this little boy in my wife's stomach, he is my only hope people. God, I hope he turns out to take after me in some way.

"She is pretty amazing isn't she?" I say to our girls. I have to agree she is an amazing wife, mother, and doctor.

Everyone nods...they love the blonde that rules the roost around here, that's for sure.

"Can we have chocolate cake now?" Sofia asks.

"I thought you'd never ask." I wink. The cake is sitting to the side on a large glass cake plate. It is so pretty, but will look even better on our plates in just a minute. As I cut several slices, the girls devour the cake immediately and ask for a second piece. Since their mom is not here...why not grant their wishes. What could that possibly hurt?

An hour later, we are sitting around the living room, watching tv. Sofia and Emma have given me their list of boy names. They both seem to be in a better spirits about us having a new baby. And, let me tell you, some, not all, but some of the names they picked are different, some I haven't ever heard of..

Sof has on her list...Xavier, Sebastian, Caleb, Zander and Maddox. Emma had...Alden, Kyd, Sayer, Carter, Ryder.

That's a lot of "different" names. And, they both want to name the kid...Great...I am actually dreading this whole naming process. They both tried to get me to decide tonight, but I was smart. I said, "I have to wait for mommy." Yes, Arizona gets me out of more tight spots that you all know. That's another reason I married her.

As we sit and watch television...I have two sleepy girls that are trying their best to stay awake until Arizona arrives. I hate to break it to them, but she isn't expected until midnight. So, they won't see her until the morning. But, I think I will just let them sit here with me for a while, at least until they fall asleep. And then I can tuck them in their beds, safe and sound. Seeing a news flash about
Syria...it reminds me to hug mine a little tighter, hold them a little firmer, snuggle a little more. Remember, we are not promised another tomorrow.

A/N: HEY! So I updated this story again...I am on a roll.

Note: I am not political...so don't jump on that bandwagon. I just used this as a current event story. But it is a sad thing that happened in Syria.

Up Next: "Fallen Leaves"

Please note: "Fallen Leaves" might not be about the Fall of the year...although, that is a warm cozy thought. Think deep folks. It's about to get...We'll, why ruin the surprise.
"Fallen Leaves"

"Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath, And stars to set; but all, Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!" - Felicia Hemans

Arizona POV

"Mrs. Robbins-Torres, It's nice to finally meet you."

"It is my pleasure. I am very excited to be visiting your country, King Abdullah."

Today, I am in Jordan. I am on a Middle Eastern tour of four nations to encourage outreach programs and promote women's and children's health awareness. So far on this trip I have been received better than I anticipated. Being a lesbian and an American is challenging over here. It's not accepted and tolerated in many parts of the world. I picked several more modern countries to visit, and that has helped with it I am sure. But, I still get looks. Looks of disapproval and disgust from some. And, it is a shame. I am no different than anyone else, and I shouldn't be treated any different because of my sexuality.

Today is my last stop on this trip. Breast cancer awareness is the focus of this visit to the Mideast. I have met with leaders and promoted women's and children's health in an area of the world where the U.S. image has been marred by the Iraq war. My wife will meet me at Bagram Airbase in Afghanistan tomorrow. After we visit with some of the remaining troops there, Callie and I will travel to a Summit for world leaders in Germany.

Callie had several meetings and due to a scheduling conflict I came alone on this trip. Luckily I have been able to video chat with the girls and Callie every night. Of course we are on different time zones, but we still manage. Sofia and Emma are in school. Another school year finished and a new one started. So far, they love school, and I am thankful.

President Hussein and his wife Rania are gracious hosts. "I appreciate everything that you are doing to promote women's health issues, as well as children's health issues." The King says.

"It is very dear to my heart," is my reply. It is near and dear to my heart. My heart has always been about helping children. As for adults, well my mother has just been diagnosed with breast cancer a week ago and will undergo surgery in the coming weeks. She is expected to make a full recovery, it was in the early stages, but it really hits home when someone you love is stricken with the disease.

We chat a little while and take all the formal pictures. The smiles you see are real, these are genuine people. I'm glad that we have a good working relationship with Jordan. As we finish with our goodbyes, several staff members escort my team and I over to the cancer center.

"This was First Lady."

We are being taken to visit the King Hussein Cancer Center to unveil a model of Jordan's first community breast cancer screening center and announce the expansion of the partnership to additional countries in the Middle East. Today, I will also tour the facility, highlighting how it uses new technology in breast cancer care and meet with child cancer patients.

On the ride over, my secretary and I chat briefly. Looking to the window, I see that this country is beautiful. It is very different from home, but still a lovely country. Exiting the car, we walk inside. Looking around I'm impressed by what's I see. This facility is very well maintained and staffed. KHCC treats adults and kids and sees over 3500 new cancer patients every year from Jordan and the surrounding region.

As we get closer to the end of our tour, I see a little girl sitting to the side playing with a puzzle. And, you know I love puzzles. "May I sit with you?" I ask the small little brunette with an infectious smile.

The translator repeats my words and she and her mother smile and nod. They have seen me on television and in magazines they say. "Your wife is very pretty," the little girl says. Well, Callie would have been in heaven to hear that. She probably would have just stopped the tour and stayed right here. Just kidding...but you have to be careful or my wife has the tendency to get the big head sometimes.

"I will tell her you said that and I think she is too." I wink back.
The puzzle is a Europe Geo Puzzle, with all the different countries. There are no photographs taken right now, so hopefully if I mess up, no one will notice. We sit and talk for a little while, as we place several pieces to this colorful puzzle together. The little girls name is Aabirah and she has cancer. My heart goes out to her and her family. She is very thin and the dark circles around her eyes are very telling. And, you and I think we have problems. We don't...not really.

"My little girls would just love to meet you Aabirah. Would you like to see a picture of them?"

"Yes," she replies through the interpreter.

I whip my phone out, and scroll through my photos. "This is Sofia...she is your age. And this is Emma. Emma is five years old."

I watch as she studies the photos. Her eyes are glued to Emma and Sofia. Finally she looks up at me and says, "They are pretty. I like their names"

Smiling, I try and hold back the tears as I look at the very sick child in front of me. "Thank you. You are a very pretty girl to Aabirah."

Aabirah then asks, "What's that baby's name going to be." Pointing to my expanding stomach, she looks inquisitively.

"Well, it is a boy, but we haven't decided yet. No one in my family can decide on his name."

She smiles. That makes her laugh, to which I am grateful. Speaking with her mother, I learn that Aabirah has an inoperable brain tumor. Radiation didn't work very well, her mom says with a sad smile. I'm sure she knows the time frame, but I don't ask anything more.

Interrupting our brief visit, Agent Danny whispers on my ear. "Mrs. Robbins-Torres, we need to be leaving very quickly if we are going to stay on schedule."

Nodding, I stand and say goodbye to my two new friends. What the future holds for this child? I am certain that it is death. Death is a part of life, all leaves have their time to fall. But, her face...her smile...it will stay with me for a very long time.

An hour later, we are up in the air. My next stop you ask...Bagram Airbase. The nearly four hour flight seems long. But, it is nice to prop my feet up and kick back. I have several briefings that I am supposed to read up on before this Summit on Friday.

Yes...I have to take pictures, meet and greet other First Ladies at the meeting in Germany. This is not the sort of thing I like you know. However, my staff has so graciously put together a list of information on all of the world leaders wives that will be attending. It helps knowing something about these people before you are thrown into the mix, don't you agree?

As the time passes slowly, I take a short nap. I am getting more fatigued as this pregnancy continues to progress. How far along am I? Five months. Callie wasn't too excited about me traveling by myself over here, but it is October. That's Breast Cancer Awareness month. And, I needed to promote this over here. But, it won't be much longer now and she and I can finally be reunited. The plan is this...I will spend the night on the base here in Afghanistan, and tomorrow morning, Callie will fly in, have breakfast with the troops and we will be on our way to Germany. Sounds like a good plan to me.

As we get closer to our destination, my secretary knocks on the door. "Come in."

"We are getting ready to land in ten minutes ma'am."

That means it is time to get up, spruce up, and be ready to finish out this day. And I am kind of excited...and kind of nervous. When I land here, I am going on a helicopter tour of Afghanistan. Yea...I know what you are thinking...me too friends, me too. But, it's safer now than it was several years ago. Sure, there are pockets of resistance, but, I have been assured that everything we do will be monitored and I will be safe. Trust the journey...that's what Callie told me throughout her campaign. Strange...I think I've heard that line somewhere before...Haven't you?

As soon as we land, I am whisked away to a nearby helicopter. I changed into more comfortable clothing before we landed. Black yoga pants, a long sleeve Nike tshirt and tennis, that definitely beats the skirt and heels on had on earlier.

"Mrs. Robbins-Torres," the gentleman yells across to me in the helicopter. "I'm Derek Shepherd, and this is Dr. Teddy Altman on my left and Dr. Christina Yang on my right."

"Hello," I say loudly. How does anyone hear in these machines?
"And the pilot is Mark Sloan."

I look around at all the faces, Doctors out here in the field. And some days I think my job is tough. We fly around to the edge of several areas that were considered borderline safe. The conflict remains a "stalemate" Dr. Shepherd said. They estimate that thousands more troops are needed to train Afghan forces. Oh, what a tangled web we are in over here.

"Today, there are nearly 6,000 U.S. troops on the ground in Iraq," Dr. Altman says.

As I listen to them talking, they explain what I am seeing below. "Reconstructing Afghanistan has now become the largest expenditure to rebuild a single country in our nation's history," Dr. Shepherd informed me.

There are some areas that still need improving. Looking from the window, there are several men that are gathered together looking up at us. My visit to Afghanistan was not highly publicized. An itinerary was sent out ahead of time on a need to know basis. If you weren't in an important position, then you didn't need to know. It's not unusual at all for that to occur.

As we make the circle to head right, I look down at my phone. A picture of my three girls are on the screen. It is Callie that is calling me. I would answer, but there is not way in all of this noise and on this bumpy helicopter ride that I can talk to her now. I stare at the screen and watch as it finally says missed call. I will call her back as soon as we land.

The chopper behind us suddenly fires something, and my attention is taken from my cell phone to the window. A loud explosion is quickly heard and the vibration of the helicopter throws me off a little. Grabbing the side bar to the chopper, I squeeze tightly. I have not idea what is happening, but I have a bad feeling about this.

"What's going on?" I yell into the air.

"Were being targeted," Dr. Shephered replies. "Mark! Get us out of here now!"

Our helicopter climbs and begins to rise. Clearly the pilot is trying to get us out of here.

Another blast is heard behind us and I see the large Chinook fall before my eyes. Oh dear God please don't let that happen to us. I pray silently and watch as gunfire erupts at our helicopter.

And then...the moment no one dreams of happening; the strong loud blast into the cabin...Agent Danny is hit and falls out of the helicopter...the smoke, the smell of fuel...the jolt, tossing everyone around as if they were rag dolls...and then, we start to spiral down quickly.

"Were disabled," the tall man yells and leaves the front of the cockpit. Just as I hit the floor, that same tall man comes up behind me. Long strong arms surround me, and I am enveloped in a hug, my arms thrown around his neck and them pushed from the helicopter into the air.

On the way down, I watch as the helicopter I was in is burning on the ground. "Stop looking at it, you'll just get nervous." The guy says. "We haven't been formally introduced, I'm Mark Sloan."

I say nothing. Maybe I'm in shock about what has just happened. We glide down quickly with the parachute he has on his back. The fall...a little rougher than I thought it would be, was made safely as he tried to cushion it as much as possible.

We lay on the ground for a minute, gathering our breath and accessing any injuries. "You okay?"

He asks.

"I think so."

"Yea...your head looks...well, it looks bad." He pulls something, a cloth I think, from his pocket and holds it to my head. I pull away and see the blood on the white material.

"Hold it to your head. Listen, we gotta get moving, they saw us land, they'll be looking for us." He says calmly.

Nodding I stand, and unfortunately that is not a good thing. I quickly fall over, but thankfully he catches me. "I think my ankle is broken," I say with a few tears in my eyes. I felt something snap when we landed, but I guess the adrenaline rush kept me from realizing it sooner.

"Well, I sure hope your not too heavy," he smirks at me. If I was in another time or place, I would probably slap him, but since it appears to be just us, I think I will refrain from that thought.

"I am the First Lady of the United States," I quip, reminding him of my position.
To which he laughs, "I hate to break it to you but, that won't get you very far over here. In fact," he leans over me and whispers, "I wouldn't tell anyone else what you just told me."

As I open my mouth to speak, I hear a woman's voice. "Hey, Derek's hurt pretty bad and Christina didn't make it. I'm gonna need some help over here."

Mark looks at me with a serious face. It's not funny anymore apparently. I know he was trying to lighten the mood, but now, he seems to have swayed to the other side. "Come on, First Lady...let's go, we can't leave a man behind."

This day certainly did not turn out as I thought it would. Hearing Mark say that we are going to get Derek and start moving North, I lay my head over on his shoulder. My father was a Colonel. I've been raised around the military all my life. But, I haven't been in this situation before.

I remember my dad talking about helicopters. He always said helicopters are fragile machines. They require a lot of effort to stay in the air. My father would tell people helicopters are held together by hope and a couple Jesus bolts. It takes very little to damage helicopters severely I've been told. While there are plenty of procedures for emergency landings with damaged components and such, we are talking about an explosive projectile here. It went straight into the side of the massive machine. In this case, the movies are mostly right, that disabled helicopter is going down. And, the passengers are either dead, or walking as we are now.

He continues to carry me until we reach the spot where Dr. Shepherd landed. Looking down, I see there his arm is in shreds and his head is bleeding severely. He will certainly die without medical attention. Hearing someone talking some distance away, Mark quiets us. "Guys we've got to move," he whispers. They decide to drag Derek on the parachute. And as for me, the tall pilot still has me in his arms.

As we walk, I look around behind us. There are no trees much, hills and mountainous terrain are our friends. My mind wanders back...I remember Aabirah...I remember the look of death she carried. Her leaves were still falling...withering away slowly ever day. Looking around, I think...Maybe the leaves here have already fallen. Maybe the flowers have already withered away at the North winds breath. Maybe...Maybe death really does have all the seasons for its own...

A/N: Not what you expected huh? Thoughts?

What do you think will happen next? And, How will Callie take this news?

Up Next: "How To Save A life"
"How To Save A Life"

"The first time I kissed my wife, she wasn't my wife then, she was just this girl in a bar. But when we kissed, it was like, I gotta tell you, it was like I'd never kissed any other woman before. It was like my first kiss. The right kiss."

Arizona POV

"Let's stop here and rest for a minute," Mark suggested. Placing me on the ground, Teddy stopped pulling Derek's parachute to take a brief rest too. She came and sat next to me on the ground. We've been walking for a couple of hours. Mark seems to know where we are headed. I sure hope so, because it all looks the same to me.

"How's Dr. Shepherd?" I asked Mark.

Mark was kneeling over his friend. "They grew up together." Teddy whispered to me. "Best friends," she says.

I nodded and watched the interaction between the two. Both seemed to know one another very well. Derek said a few words to his friend, and both men laughed. Comrads...that's what my dad called his military buddies.

"His pulse is strong. But, we've got to get back to the base as quick as possible." Mark replied.

Here's the thing...we have no radio transmission, no way to communicate with anyone. We are literally out here on our own. This feels like a terrible nightmare. Oh, how I wish it was. I wish I were asleep and someone would have mercy on me and wake me up.

Derek mumbled something and Mark smiled sadly, nodding his head. I heard my name mentioned and I tried to make out what was being said about me.

"We've got to be very careful with Dr. Robbins. They would love to take her as a hostage." Derek whispered.

Marks reply was quiet and solemn. "I know. Don't worry...I won't let anything happen to her." Mark looks back at me and Teddy with a thoughtful stare. What is he thinking? Is he trying to figure out a way to get out of here, or is he thinking of how for us not to get captured?

Captured...that's a word that honestly frightens the hell out of me. I have to be honest, that has always been a fear of mine. I've heard horror stories from my father about service men and women being taken...ambushed, held prisoner and even executed.

I was so caught up in everything else, I didn't think about that until now...Not until hearing Derek whisper that to Mark. Take me...I'm sure they would love to find me. Could you imagine...capturing the First Lady of the United States...The President's wife. What a news story for them and oh the fame they would receive, if I were captured. As we sit quietly, many thoughts travel through my mind.

I think about Callie. God I love her so much. What if I never saw her again? My daughters... How would they deal with losing a parent so young? My mom... She's having surgery in a few weeks? What if I never see my family again after this? And, what about this baby I am carrying? A son...What if something happens to him? What if I go into early labor? What if...God, I just can't think of all the what if's. I'll go crazy thinking and imagining of the insurmountable horrors that could very easily take place out here. Then I think...I never should have come on this tour.

"We never should have let you on there," Teddy says, looking across the dirt road. We're sitting off to the side of a small hill...just the four of us.

"It was my choice." I reply. "It's no ones fault."

You know, I wasn't supposed to tour Afghanistan in a helicopter. That was not part of the deal. I was to meet the soldiers at the base and spend the night and wait for my wife the next morning. This little tour by helicopter, it was arranged this morning when I landed in Jordan. My secretary had spoken with one of the Generals over here and they assured my staff that it was safe and I was more than welcome to take a tour. So, I made the decision on my own. Callie...she doesn't even know that I was touring Afghanistan this evening, let alone where I am. I wonder if she's heard by now…
"What!"

Sitting at my desk, I am waiting on Marine One to land on the South lawn. My helicopter should be arriving any minute to take me to Andrews Air Force Base. My destination...Afghanistan. That's almost a fifteen hour flight, in case you are wondering.

"What do you mean the helicopter my wife was on crashed. Arizona isn't supposed to be on a helicopter."

I hear what my Chief of Staff is saying, and I can't believe it. There must be some mistake. Arizona was scheduled to be on a helicopter touring Afghanistan. It's too dangerous. She's...Oh my God, she's pregnant. Closing my eyes, I can only envision the worst happening.

"Madam President the helicopter tour was planned this morning, and approved by your wife and her staff. Initial reports indicate the crash may have been caused by hostile fire. The status of the passengers on board is unknown at this time. I am so sorry."

Closing my eyes on the last part, I try to hold back the tears. I would move heaven and earth to ensure Arizona is safe. This...this just cannot be happening. Is it a dream? It must be, but, I know it's not. I'm wide awake, and I can see the Chief of Staffs lips moving, but I hear no sound. Please God...let this be a bad dream...

General Davidson walks in my office, "Madam President," he says, his face a serious, very grim version of its usual. He walks to my desk and further explains the situation.

"We have an update on your wife. They are in route to the crash sight now. A call came in from the pilot saying the helicopter carrying Mrs. Robbins-Torres had come under fire and was disabled. They lost communication with the chopper very soon afterwards. We are told the helicopter behind them also went down coming under fire. The area they were in is a very hostile area." He informs me.

Hostile area...Not the words I want to hear at the moment. What if they take her? They would surely use her for propaganda. That's not to mention the unspeakable acts that would likely take place...That's my wife. That's my baby. My mind is going a thousand miles a minute...And, I'm sitting here doing absolutely nothing. But, that's about to change.

"Get an ETA on Marine One. I'm going upstairs to talk to the girls."

Five minutes later, I am sitting in Sofia's bedroom with her and Emma. They are in shock, just as I am. But, I had to be the one to tell them. They couldn't hear it at school or on the television. It had to come from me.

"Is she alive?" Sofia asks with tears in her eyes.

"Will they find her?" Emma wants to know. Her brown eyes are big, tears welling up inside as she sits beside me.

I answer honestly. This is hard on everyone, but there's no need in lying to them. I've always told them the truth. "I don't know. Search and rescue are on the way to the crash sight now. But, I promise I will come back with your mother."

That's a big promise, I know. However, one way or the other, Arizona will be back onboard Air Force One. She hasn't accomplished everything that she has in her life, for it to all end in Afghanistan. Saying those words to myself, I sit and think...This is how many parents and spouses feel about their family members serving overseas. It's a helpless feeling. The ones who serve our country are human, they are vulnerable, just like my wife is right now. Their families feel helpless, just like me. Until it happens to you, I don't think you are fully prepared for it. I don't think you fully understand it. And even then, it is a life changing experience.

Kissing my daughter's goodbye, I talk to Arizona's parents and mine on the way to Andrews Air Force Base. The Colonel, Arizona's father, wanted to come with me, but I told him it would be best if he and Barbara would fly down to Washington to stay with Sofia and Emma. They need someone that is family to be with them. Nanny Shaw is like family, but I would feel better if Arizona's parents were there. Besides, Barbara just had her first chemo treatment today...she needs her husband.

"Bring her back...one way or the other. Remember...You don't leave a man behind," Daniel Robbins says to me, his voice cracking as he speaks. This is the most emotional that I have heard my father in law be since I have known him. I understand his feelings completely. I know, once
<p>the shock wears off, I too will fall apart.</p>

Boarding the plane, I head straight to my office. Grabbing a pen and notepad from my desk, I walk back down to the boardroom. I've called a meeting with my staff immediately, to assess the situation. Walking through the door, I see Arizona's picture on the television screen. Turning up the volume, I hear the familiar voice of a CNN reporter.

"US spokeswomen Lieutenant Cindy Moore said no other details of those on board, including whether they were believed to have died, was available. Both helicopters are believed to have been shot down, although the Pentagon has yet to confirm that to the media. The President is onboard Air Force One and is in route to Bagram Airbase in Afghanistan. The flight is approximately fourteen hours and forty minutes for President Torres. Sources have told us that the President is being briefed by senior staff members and senior military officials. Dr. Arizona Robbins-Torres is a pediatric surgeon at Walter Reed and is the mother of two young daughters. She and President Torres are also expecting a third child in the coming months. We pray for the safety and health of all service members and the First Lady onboard the helicopters. May they be found, and be brought home safely. Back to you Anderson."

Turning the volume down, I toss the remote onto the large wooden table. "I need an update. What have we got?" I say, breaking the silence that had take over the room. Everyone here is in a very solemn mood.

"I'm getting General Fox on the phone now." General Davidson says. Sitting across the table, he dials the General's number. Waiting for that call to connect, I scribble a few notes...

Where was the crash exactly? Need a team to search and comb through the area.

As silly as it may sound, I sit here, drawing a heart around Arizona's name that I wrote a moment ago. Looking at the letters, it is a unique name. Unusual. Arizona...It's the name of a state...the name of my wife. She's my best friend, my confidant, my whole world. You know...The first time I kissed my wife, she wasn't my wife then, she was just this girl in a bar. But when we kissed, it was like, I gotta tell you, it was like I'd never kissed any other woman before. It was like my first kiss. The right kiss. Sitting here...I just might not be able to contain these tears for very much longer as I trace the letters in her name.

"General Fox here." The deep gruff voice comes through the speaker phone. He is well known throughout the Pentagon. He's tough, feisty, and, he is Daniel Robbins best friend.

"Jim, it's Bob Davidson. I'm here with President Torres. We need an update on the First Lady."

"President Torres, I'm sorry about this accident." General Fox says, addressing me through the phone.

Sitting up in my chair, I clasp my hands together. "Thanks General. What do you know? Are there any updates? Have they reached the crash site yet?" I ask.

His deep voice booms through the speaker. "Yes they have. A search and rescue team just arrived. However, they were coming under heavy gunfire, they only had a brief opportunity to survey the damage. It's a total loss...both helicopters are completely burned."

Hearing the words, Total Loss...I close my eyes...That. Just. Is. Not. Possible.

"A purported Taliban spokesman, telephoned the Associated Press moments ago and claim that insurgents had shot the helicopters down. He said rebels had filmed the crash site and would release the video to the media." The General finished.

I shake my head, this is not possible. I just don't believe it. "She's not dead. I want that entire area combed through. I want that crash site cordoned off." I respond back.

"We're working on that Madam President. I hope to have the area sectioned off in the next hour." General Fox replies.

"What if they got out? What if they did escape?" I ask.

The four star General, known for his tough ways answers me honestly. "Callie, Arizona would be safer on board that helicopter than to be off of it."

"And if she is wandering around out there?" I ask for clarification. I'm pretty sure I know what he is getting at.

Again, he answered me honestly. "Then she's in a hell of a lot of trouble."
Call me crazy...Call me off my rocker...Call me whatever you want. But, I will not give up. She's out there, and I won't stop searching until I find her. “Jim...I can't give up hope. That's how you save a life...you never give up hope.”

A/N: It's getting deep...Y'all ready?

As always...your thoughts? Express yourselves! I'd love to hear what you think.

Up Next: "In The Midnight Hour"
"In The Midnight Hour"

"There is an appointed time for everything. In a time for every affair under the heavens. A time to be born, and a time to die. A time to plant, and a time to uproot the plant. A time to kill, and a time to heal. A time to tear down, and a time to build. A time to weep, and a time to laugh. A time to mourn, and a time to dance. A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together. A time to embrace..."

Arizona POV

"Shh..." Mark whispered. "We need to get past these guys to get to the other side."

I am standing, balancing myself on my good leg, with my very pregnancy belly hanging in front of me. And, I am starving. Teddy had a couple of MRE's and several bottles of water in a backpack. Thankfully, she took that with her when she parachuted out. So, tonight, we all four split a meal. Mark said to think if it as steak...just close your eyes and imagine a nice thick steak. I think the desert has gotten to Mark Sloan personally. He's been here way too long.

To say that we are hungry...it's an understatement. When I get home, I am stopping with the healthy meal plans. I don't care if Callie's ass can't fit into any of her pants suits or skirts. Damnit, we am going to eat better than we have in all long time when I get back. A nice thick juicy ribeye...Dear God I could just strangle Mark Sloan for putting that image into my head. I really need to stop thinking about food. I know what it is...I think my son is making me hungry. And, I can't blame him one bit.

"Okay, so what are we going to do?" I ask. We are watching several men, who, I assume are the enemy. They are huddled together talking around a fire. They have guns and food. Personally, I'm all for an ambush. Yes, I am very serious. Food is no joking matter anymore.

Mark leans down. "You and Teddy are going to get down and stay low. I want you two to crawl around, follow the creek until you get to that tree over there. Do you see that tree?"

Squinting, I try and look. My contacts are killings me, but I can't take them out or I wouldn't be able to see my hand in front of my face. "Yes, I see it," I reply back.

"Good. Now I want you both to start, be quiet and stay low." Mark says. Looking down at my stomach, he smiles. "Well, as low as you can go."

"Funny." I reply. He and I are getting along so far. I didn't think we would, but he seems to have a soft spot for me. Maybe it's because I'm pregnant, who knows? Either way, we have to stick together.

We start crawling, and I just am over the fact that these pants cost a hundred dollars. If I can get out of here...I will frame these suckers. My "lucky" pants...that's what I will call these things.

Mark crouches low and drags Derek around behind him. Poor Derek...he is still going strong, but he is in and out of consciousness. He maybe the luckiest of us all.

"Keep going." Mark whispers behind us.

I look up to see the tree Mark had us aim toward. "Um, Mark...that tree, there are some guys over there." I whisper behind me. Teddy looks up and sees what I'm talking about.

"Shit Mark, you've gotten us into a mess. Now what?" She asks, her tone obviously annoyed.

"Hell if I know." He replies. Then, he comes up with a "genius" idea.

Hey blondie...can you swim?" He asks.

Pond water, is not my thing. It's probably infested with God only knows what. And, I'm pregnant. All I need is a brain eating amoeba to finish this tour off...that would be what killed me, not the men with the assault rifles, but a parasite.

Oh, did I mention we have guns. Yes...all four of us have one. Even me...that is amusing. Callie would laugh if she knew I was packing. My aim isn't exactly what they are looking for in the military.

"Yes...I can swim." I reply. "And don't call me blondie."
Teddy laughs, quietly of course. Mark smiles. "Okay, Arizona. Start swimming. We will cross over and meet on the other side. It's a quicker this way anyways."

Callie POV

Battle plans had to be improvised at each moment as the Rangers tried to fight their way to the crash site to secure it. The helicopters went down in Jalalabad. Some rescuers went on foot; others were part of a vehicle convoy that drove to the hostile area where the two helicopters went down. As I listen to the radios, I think no one is working fast enough.

Three hours have passed…what should have taken one hour to secure the crash site, has taken three. I am sitting around the board room table on Air Force One, my staff continuing to monitor the developments as they arrive. Video footage had been obtained by the Associated Press, and is now being broadcast on television. I watch as the flames engulfed both helicopters. Seeing these images, it stirred emotions in me that I did not know I had.

"We've got an update," General Davidson said. "They're in. Crash site is secured." He was talking on the telephone with a Colonel of the United States military that was on the ground. This search and rescue operation was being handled by the higher ups, and quite a few high ranking officials were now on the scene.

"Is she there? Have they seen her? I want to know now!" I said, demanding an answer. My patience are starting to wear thin. My authority is not taken lightly.

General Davidson asked, "Have you secured the prize? Is the "butterfly" secured?"

Butterfly is Arizona's code name. We are often referred to by our code names. Mine is Braveheart, hers...butterfly. It's fitting for my wife. Butterflies are beautiful creatures. They flutter around, winged creatures of inspiration and beauty that flutter by leaving a magical imprint on your heart. They are living proof that no matter how hideous your life is, it can still change into something beautiful.

There are other kinds of butterflies. The kind where your chest feels really tight and you have an overwhelming fluttering pain that makes it difficult to breathe. Your stomach feels queasy and you tend to feel like you're going to throw up. Your hands might be clammy and you may even have the chills and have to put on a jacket. It's the feeling you get when you're in love with someone. You almost want to avoid the person for a moment because when you first make eye contact, you get scared even though you are excited. You need to clear your throat to speak so that your voice sounds normal. You almost feel dizzy, like you're going to pass out. It's similar to feeling lovesick (that feeling you get when your crush leaves). It's like an addiction and when you don't see them, you feel like you're going through withdrawal and you can't help but obsess.

"Butterflies in the stomach" is a way of describing those nervous, fluttery feelings you might get. An imaginative writer created the phrase to describe the feeling, and people have been using it ever since. These tummy flutters are normal and happen to many people - even grown-ups. Some people believe having a few butterflies might even help you perform better by keeping you on your toes.

Butterflies begin swirling around as I wait for an answer. They bring complete and utter sickness to my stomach! Feeling completely nervous and excited at the same time, feeling like you're on the edge of your seat. All of that pretty well describes me at the moment. I hear the crackling noises from the broken communication. It's the anticipation, the rush, the now moment that I can only dream of. They have found her...I know they have. That butterfly...My Butterfly, will be carefully placed back where it belongs. And, it's not getting out of my sight for quite some time either.

"Negative on that… The "butterfly" is not secured. I repeat, the "butterfly" is not secure."

Hearing that I almost lose my breath. I just knew she was there. Where the hell is she? Oh no, what if she's..."Are there any bodies?" I ask. I knew that was a possibility, but I didn't want to think about it. No one wants to think about their spouse dying. I was so focused on rescuing her alive, I did not think or didn't want to think that she was possibly dead.

"The president wants to know are there any bodies on board the helicopters? We need more information." General Davidson says.

Once again we wait, this is taking forever. I need to be down there. I need to be on the ground, at the crash site, seeing what's going on, not stuck behind the table feeling absolutely useless.

The voice through the intercom confirms my worst fears. "Yes. Several bodies are here in both helicopters. Badly burned, they are not recognizable." He says.
And, I lose the food I had just eaten prior to this conversation. I threw up, with my staff rushing to aide me. I knew this would happen, I knew I would finally fall apart. And, I have.

"President Torres," someone says. "Get her a wet cloth now!"

Arizona POV

That was a nice long swim. The White House pool is so much nicer, cleaner, tastes better, but that route avoided us being captured. So I happily swam across, and quickly I might add. Teddy and I step up onto the bank. We watch as Mark pulls Derek onto dryland. Poor Mark, he is so tired but we got to keep moving. Teddy and I laugh as Mark drags Derek on shore. We don't tell him, but his pink boxers are showing as he bends over. Nothing here is funny but we might as well make the best of it and have a laugh.

"What's so funny?" Mark asks. "You to act like old friends, did you know each other before this?"

We both laugh and smile. You may not remember this but Teddy works at Walter Reed. She and I got acquainted a while back. We've had lunch together quite a few times in the past. That ended when Teddy was call back into the military, being deployed to Afghanistan.

"A little bit," I say. "We work together at Walter Reed Mark. Why, you got a problem with that?" I ask, teasing him.

He shakes his head no "I just thought you guys would have said something before now. We had no idea you two were previously acquainted." He answered.

"Well I don't go around advertising it," Teddy said. "But yes we are friends."

Shaking ourselves dry, Teddy helps steady me. We all take a minute to catch our breaths. That was a very long swim. Mark calls Teddy over and they switch patients, once again Dr. Sloan carries me a ways further.

"You thought about going on a diet?" Mark teases.

"She's pregnant you idiot," Teddy answers. I laugh as Mark smiles big.

"I should've known you girls would stick together." He says jokingly.

It's midnight here according to Mark's watch. The midnight hour...Does anything good ever happen after midnight? Thirty minutes further leads us into the edge of a town. Well, maybe it's more of a small city. It's so dark, I really can't tell. The buildings are tall, some lights are on, and I can see a little movement as we get closer.

"Shh... you guys stay here. I am going to see if I can find a buddy of mine. His house is a few minutes that way." He says pointing to the right. "Maybe I can get a telephone call out," Mark adds.

"Where are we?" Teddy stops Mark and asks.

"Kabul." Mark answers and then disappears into the darkness.

Mark is gone for a few minutes. Maybe twenty at the most...I'm really not sure. Derek starts rousing, causing Teddy and I to move toward him trying to keep him quiet. But, in his semi-conscious state, he has no reasoning ability.

"Derek...please be quiet," I say, rubbing his head gently. I hoped this would calm him as I softly try and reassure him with a gentle voice. But he doesn't understand, and because of his head injury he begins to fight us.

We wrestled with him, and seem to have our match. It's dark, pitch black where we are on the edge of this town. "Maybe Mark will be back soon," I whisper to Teddy.

Steps crunching on twigs...the heavy breathing...I feel a sense of relief. I know he is back. Maybe he got that phone call through. Feeling someone walk up behind us, Teddy and I turn around.

"Mark, please come help us with him," I make my request.

It's something isn't it...when you come face to face with someone you thought you knew, but as they step closer...you realize, you very so very wrong. My face falls, my smile long gone. It's not Mark. And, my worst fears have now arrived.

"I fall, I rise, I make mistakes, I live, I learn, I've been hurt but I'm alive..."
A/N:

Up Next: "As We Know It"
"As We Know It"

"As We Know It"

"In hospitals, they say you know when you're going to die. Some doctors say it's a look patients get in their eyes. Some say there's a scent, a certain smell. Some say it's some kind of sixth sense. When the great beyond is headed for you, you feel it coming. If today were your last day on Earth? How would you spend it?"

Callie POV

I am sitting in my bedroom at the bottom of Air Force One. I am alone, I want to be alone, I have never in my life be in this devastated. This plane ride will end by morning. We should arrive mid morning. Then, I guess I will have to go to the make shift morgue and see the bodies. This is something no spouse she have to go through.

"Madam President," my Chief of Staff says through the closed door.

"Go away…" is my reply. I don't want to see anybody right now. What could anyone possibly tell me to make this any better?

"There are four bodies missing from the crash site." He says. And, that's all it took for me to run to the door.

"She got out?" I ask, opening the door.

"I don't know for sure, but we think she may be one of the ones. Only one body was on the chopper that the First Lady was aboard. It looks to be a female, but there were three females and three males on that helicopter. One body was badly burned and injured. It was lying next to the crash site. General Fox said it was Agent Danny, he is pretty sure. His badge was found next to the body.

I sigh. I don't want to get my hopes up. But maybe, just maybe..."So there's a chance she's alive?" I ask.

"Yes."

Two hours later, the female's body is identified through dental records as being Christina Yang. The other body was Agent Danny. So, since no other body near there have been found, Arizona must still be alive. That's makes me happy...and scared shitless.

"They are combing through the area now. So far nothing." General Fox says. We are back in the boardroom and I'm sitting in my usual chair.

"She's out there I know she is. Keep looking." I gave the orders for them to continue searching, we are not giving up.

"I'm going to have them fan out into some of the small town areas. But I don't want to draw attention to Arizona. She's in a whole lot of danger Callie. You need to remember that." He says sternly.

I know she's in danger. But, if I have to fly an entire special ops team in here, that's what I will do. We will find her, one way or the other. As that thought crosses my mind, the General begins talking again.

"She's with a couple of experienced guys. But, they are not special ops. They don't have that kind of training. I am calling in a special team on standby, incase we need them." He says. "And, I've talk to your father-in-law, he's concerned. He should be. But, I made Daniel a promise, his little girl and grandson are going to come back, in one piece."

I nod as I hear those words. And I fully agree. "Yes they will."

Arizona POV

I wake up and my head really hurts. Looking around the room, I don't know how I have gotten here, I don't know who the man is sitting in the corner, and a little fear starts to creep in. I watch him as he watches me. His face is straight, no smile. He has a gun, a big one. My lids are so heavy...so I close them again. Sleep feels good. I can hear myself breathing and the noise lulls me into a peaceful state.
Movement... And, I hear talking outside this room... Where is this room? What kind of room is this? The walls are white, the bed has rails on both sides, then I look down at my feet.

My leg is elevated in some kind of device, a brace is on my foot. I am in pain, and have a massive headache. I look at my right arm and, some tubes are hanging out of it. I reach up and touch my head where it hurts. I feel a bandage of some kind. The man sitting across from me just stares, not moving, not saying a word. Then I hear the door open. It's dark in here, and the light from the open door causes me to squint my eyes.

"Hey," this tall, blonde haired lady says. She has a wide smile on her face. I look at her, she sure looks familiar.

"It's about time you woke up. You've been in and out for a while. Do you remember what happened?" She asks me.

I say nothing. I stare, she stares. Then she begins to explain, "Arizona...you hit your head on a large rock. A man was trying to attack us, we both tried to fight him off. He shoved you and you fell against it. Luckily, Mark and Ahmed came back in time. Are you in pain? Of course your in pain, what's wrong with me. You've moaned for hours." She says.

Placing her hand on my head, she continues, "You sure took a good whack to the head."

I continue to say nothing. Is she talking to me? She said Arizona...is that me? I feel very confused, and very sleepy.

"You don't have to be afraid, this man is our friend. He won't hurt us. This is Ahmed. Mark knows him..." She says pointing to the tall man that stands. He nods and gives me a wave. Leaning in closer, she must see some uncertainty in my eyes. "He's a good guy. He knows who you are, he knows you are well known, and he is sitting here, guarding you."

He knows who I am? Who am I that I need guarding? Who is this blonde woman that keeps talking to me?

The nice lady leans over and whispers, "You probably wonder where we are. We are at a hospital in Kabul. We just got here a little while ago. We stayed at Ahmed's home for a few hours until we could get you in here. This area is not friendly to Americans. We sneaked you and Derek in. They put you in a private room, and Mark has called the Airbase. This hospital is very small, no one except a doctor and two nurses know you are here. So, don't say anything or tell anyone who you are. We will be out of here before you know it I promise."

I look at her. She takes my hand into her hand. She stares, I stare. She looks a little confused and begins talking again.

"Hey...you okay Arizona?" Moving her left hand, she pulls a light from her pocket and shines it in my eyes. She smiles. "I swiped this from the nurses station. I guess I am a thief," she laughs. Shining the pen light from my left eye to my right eye, and then back again...she turns her head.

"Arizona?" She asks. I look at her and I just don't know how to respond. I feel lost. Completely lost. She keeps calling me Arizona...I just don't know why.

She backs up, a strange look is on her face. "Mark!" She says loudly. And, then I close my eyes. The headache becomes too much. The pain in my ankle is quite severe. I open my eyes again and the tall man is standing by the window opening the blinds. He is looking outside. The sun is shining through the glass window as I open and close my droopy lids.

This tall man walks to my bedside, his face confused as he too looks at me. I hear that name again..."Arizona...Talk to me...Arizona..." I just don't know who Arizona is.

"Give me that pen light Teddy," he says. Once again, the Intrusive light shines from left to right.

They talk...I heard several words...head lac...needs a head CT...get her out of here as fast as we can, the man says. It's a jumbled, confusing time. My head is swimming. I am not sure what is happening...but, I close my eyes, tighter this time. Maybe...just maybe, if I keep them closed for a while, this will all make sense when I open them again.

Callie POV

My plane lands...it's roughly ten o'clock in the morning. I should be greeting my wife right now, after all, that was the plan. But as we all know, plans change. The doors to the big steel plane known as Air Force One opens up and the long massive stairway is brought to accommodate my exit.
I stand at the exit door and look out...Bagram AirBase is what I see. This is my first visit to Afghanistan. I've been in the region, but this is my first visit here. This is not the visit I expected, nor one I am excited about to say the least.

Seeing General Fox, as well as several other distinguished high-ranking officials in the US military standing at the foot of the stairs, I make my way down. Halfway down I look around, it is a desert out here. It's deserted looking, depressing, and my wife is out there somewhere, on her own.

Nearing the bottom of the stairs, I am two steps from being on the ground. The general in charge steps up to greet me.

"General Fox," I say, shaking his hand. He was at mine and Arizona's wedding years ago. He and my father-in-law are very close. What I wouldn't give to go back to those days again. Back to our wedding. We were so happy...God, that feels like a million years ago now.

He smiles at me. A genuine smile, and he says, "President Torres...we found them. She's alive. Your wife is alive."

An instant smiles comes on my face. A spring is in my step now, taking over where my shoes felt as if they were lined with bricks. Nodding my head, I can't say anything. The emotions are too raw. My heavy aviator sunglasses hide the tears that are sitting on the edge of very tired lids.

"Come this way, Madam President." General Fox says, holding out his arm, showing me the way inside. It's a private office, but it is large. Six leather chairs are placed around a large round table. I sit, and everyone follows suit.

"They are in the town of Kabul," the General begins. I sit and nod. I get briefed regularly, and I realize that's not necessarily the best news. Kabul is not a safe area.

"They are at a small hospital, but it is in a very unfriendly area. We are sending in a special ops team now."

"Is she hurt?" I ask. They said hospital, so someone must be hurt.

"Yes. She cannot walk, her ankle is broken. They walked the entire way from Jalalabad to Kabul. The pilot, Dr. Mark Sloan is the one that placed the call. He carried your wife the entire way. Unfortunately, they had to take her to the hospital as well as another doctor in the group. They came under an attack and the First Lady received a severe blow to the head. They sneaked her and Dr. Shepherd into this tiny hospital. She's in a private room. They have done nothing for her but give her an IV with fluids and pain medication. The last time I spoke with Dr. Sloan, she was not conscious."

Overwhelmed doesn't explain it. I process what has been said to me. Looking around the table, I see two Generals, two Colonels, and several others that are awaiting my response. And honest to God...I don't have one.

"Um, So...how long before they arrive at the hospital?" I finally get out. My lips feel numb. She's got a head injury. She's not conscious. This is worse than I thought.

"ETA is ten minutes," Colonel Jeffries says.

"And they are going to do what...fly in? I don't know if that's a good idea," I respond. Hell, this is what got her in this shape in the first place...being in a damn helicopter.

"The team will do both. Several rangers will be dropped off by two helicopters and several army vehicles will be there as well. It would have been ideal if this could have taken place at night, but Dr. Sloan is afraid for your wife's safety. He has an Afghan informant, one we use regularly, sitting in your wife's room with a gun. She is guarded, but if anyone finds out she's there, the situation could get out of hand quickly. So, we can't wait until tonight. This has to happen and it has to happen now." General Fox says.

"You can switch the television on. The camera feed should pick up." Colonel Jeffries says.

"I hope you are alright with watching this," General Fox nods. "We didn't ask you, but we thought you would want to see what is happening."

"Yes, I want to see this," is my reply. Well, I do and I don't. I'm scared of what could go wrong. But, I want to see her. The screen comes on. We watch the rangers as they are closing in. Looking at the screen, the picture is showing a several guys sitting in a helicopter. It appears no one is talking. The Colonel turns up the volume and I am wrong, they are talking.
Okay, listen up...we've got two minutes to get in and locate her. She is not conscious, she probably won't respond. Dr. Sloan and Dr. Altman will be there. Dr. Shepherd also has a head injury. So, you four...You go to Derek Shepherd. And us four, are retrieving the First Lady. Her code name is Butterfly. Does everybody understand? There is no room for fuck ups here people. The team on the ground will storm in on my count and will provide security. Y'all got it?"

Their reply is yes. They ask a couple more questions on strategies and then the talking lessens.

Seeing them land on top of the building, the camera feed continues. Someone, another soldier I assume, is filming this for me to see. "Go. Go. She's that way," I heard someone say.

Doors knocked down, several nurses and doctors restrained, as they made their way through. Their guns are drawn and by the looks on people's faces, this is a total surprise. Then, I see the face of a tall man come on the screen. "She's in here," he says opening the door to a room. The camera zooms in closer...and I can see my wife lying in a hospital bed.

"Oh my God," I start to cry, but quickly hold it in as best I can. She's awake, I can see her eyes. This...is the happiest moment in my life.

"Mrs. Arizona Robbins-Torres," the shorter man who appears to be leading this operations says, "We are special ops and we're here to take you home ma'am."

There is some movement, some shifting of people and the camera as I watch intently. I'm glued to the screen, walking closer so I can get a better view. Arizona is lifted from the bed and placed on a cot. It looked like a portable gurney used in the battlefield. They rush through the halls and up the stairwells. There are four men toting her up to the helicopter.

Several rounds of gunfire are heard as they enter the helicopter. The teams work fast, placing both Arizona and Dr. Shepherd inside. As they take off, a sense of relieve washes over me. We listen and hear the words that make everyone in this room smile.

"We have the First Lady, and are heading back to the base sir..." Some static is heard again and then the voice I've heard this entire time, the Ranger leading this rescue mission, comes back on..."Mrs. Robbins-Torres, welcome aboard."

Turning around to look at the General, I ask, "How long before they arrive?"

"Ten minutes," he answers.

I waste no time. "Let's go, I want to be there when they land."

True to General Fox's word, two black hawk helicopters come into sight at almost ten minutes after they left Kabul. The force of the wind as they land, the turning of the long blades, it all makes my hair blow in different directions. I push my hair back, placing it behind my ears as they make their landing.

"Give them a minute to get her out and we will walk out there!" General Fox says. It's barely audible, but I nod. I heard him, just barely.

The doors open and and I see blonde hair on the stretcher. It's calmer now as the blades slow down. They ease her out and we walk to meet them.

Her eyes are closed. Her head is in a block shaped brace. I see the bandages and the blood on the side of her head. The yellow neck brace adorned around her neck is visual. She has a green thick blanket covering her body as she lies on the stretcher. I move my hand over her hand and walk beside her.

"I'm here Arizona," I say. She is asleep. I hold her pale, small hand in mine as we walk into the base.

A team quickly accesses Arizona and Dr. Shepherd, and I get an immediate update. "Her pupils are responsive. She needs surgery for her ankle, and a CT scan. We've started a round of antibiotics in her IV." The army doctor tells me.

"Dr. Shepherd needs a more complicated surgery and we can't do that here. He needs to go to Landstuhl Regional Medical Center in Germany. And I think the First Lady would be better off having surgery there as well." He says.

In no time, Arizona is loaded onto Air Force One, along with Dr. Shepherd. I see the two doctors
that were with my wife standing over to the side. I quickly stop by as I'm about to board the plane. I asked for their names earlier, to be sure I addressed them properly.

"Dr. Sloan, Dr. Altman...Thank you for taking such good care of my wife. I am indebted to you both. From the bottom of my heart...thank you." Giving them both a hug, I quickly board the plane.

I walk to the back where Arizona is located. She is in an area by herself. I ask the nurse and my physician sitting with her to be excused for a minute. As they leave, I turn around and her eyes are opened. I was told before we boarded that she hasn't talked or said anything, since her head injury occurred. She is said to drift in and out of consciousness. Taking her hand, I look into her blue eyes. She can't move due to the neck brace but, she keeps her eyes trained on me.

"Hey baby," I softly say. Tears fill my eyes. "I didn't know if I would see you again. I love you so much Arizona." Pushing the blonde hair from her face, I watch as she continues to follow me with her eyes. She looks...lost in there. Almost as if she is locked away, unable to get out. She acts as if her whole surroundings, including me are foreign to her.

"Can you say something?" I ask. "Arizona do you understand what I am saying?"

Her eyes are bigger now...she furrows her brow. Quivering lips move ever so slightly as she forms what are her first words since she received a blow to the head. Arizona looks straight at me, "Who are you?" She asks, determined to get an answer.

"What?" I ask my wife. The smile slides from my face as confusion sets in. "Do you not remember me?"

"No, I don't know who you are," Arizona immediately replies back.

Sitting beside her, I squeeze her hand tighter. This can't be right... "It's me...Callie. I'm your wife. Remember?"

Arizona looks at me...studying my face. She's thinking. I can tell she is trying to process this. I start to say something again, and she begins first.

"What's my name?" She asks.

It feels as if the air has been let out of the room. I sit up closer, getting very close to her face. Holding her hand in mine, I tell her who she is. "Honey, your name is Arizona Robbins-Torres. You are the First Lady of the United States. And, you are my wife. We have two daughters and you are pregnant with our son. See?"

I take her hand and place it over her belly. "See? He's right there."

She looks at me, a wild, strange look, and says nothing. I cannot believe this is happening. This must have something to do with the head injury. Dear God, if she doesn't remember me, or our daughters...the girls will be devastated. My mind is spinning at the possibilities that could take place. You hear about this, you read about this...but you never think it will happen to you or your family.

"I don't remember you," Arizona says, as tears come into her eyes. "I don't...I don't remember you..." Her breaths become labored and she is clearly becoming upset. I didn't mean for this to happen. As I watch her, she starts trying to move, and that's not a good idea.

"It's okay...hey, look at me. It's okay. So you don't remember...There is no pressure. Okay? No pressure. Just breath deep and relax. Alright?"

She whispers, "Okay," in a small voice. Her eyes never leave mine as she watches my every move. A few seconds pass and she asks me a question.

"Am I going to a hospital?"

"Yes. We are flying to Germany, Ramstein Air Base, and then you will be taken to a military hospital. Your ankle is broken and they want you to have a head scan."

"Hey." She says softly.

"What?" I ask, almost whispering. My head is very close to hers, as we talk.

"They said I almost died."

There was a long pause. I am not sure what to say exactly. She must have heard someone say that
along the way today.

"Yeah. You almost died." I reply. I look at her...as if I'm trying to freeze her face, locking it into my memory. Memories sure seem to be escaping us today...and I for one don't want to forget.

"What?" Arizona asks me. I know I am staring at her and I can't seem to stop.

I shake my head. "I just...I just wanted to kiss you. I haven't kissed you since Sunday. Sunday was our last kiss." I smile sadly as I reminisce that morning. I can see it vividly in my mind.

She looks at me, her brow furrowed. I know I should have not just said that to Arizona. It may spook her just like earlier. I just couldn't help myself. I've missed her. I've missed her and, she doesn't even know my name. Forget all of the fears I've had from the past day...this, is my new fear. That she won't remember me. I fear that she will never remember our children, our life together.

Arizona pokes out her bottom lip. The pout that always gets right to my heart. It tears me up inside as I watch her expression. "I can't, I can't remember our last kiss. Maybe I should remember that. But I can't, I can't remember."

I look at my wife. "I'm glad you didn't die today." I smiled. I think it is safe to say, as we know it, mine and Arizona's whole world is about to change. Pausing for a minute, I started telling her what she was most concerned about at the moment...our last kiss.

"It was a Sunday morning, you were wearing that ratty little Dartmouth t-shirt you look so good in. The one with the hole at the back of the neck. You'd just washed you hair and smelled like some kind of...flower. I was running late for a meeting, you said you were going to see me on Friday morning in Afghanistan, and you lean to me, put your hand on my chest and you kissed me. Soft. It was quick. Kind of like a habit. You know, like we've done everyday since we've been married, and would do for the rest of our lives. Then you went back reading the newspaper and I went to the Oval Office. That was the last time we kissed."

A/N:

Up Next: I Forgot To Remember
"I Forgot To Remember"

"...Nobody's memory is perfect or complete. We jumble things up. We lose track of time. We are in one place and another. And it all feels like one long, inescapable moment. The carousel never stops turning. They say we can repress our memories..."

Callie POV

We arrive at Ramstein Air Base in Germany three hours later. Arizona is the first to be taken from the plane followed by Dr. Shepherd. I walk along beside her, I really want to hold her hand but, I don't want to freak her out. After explaining our first kiss on the plane, she was quiet. I could tell she was thinking, her eyes seemed to be searching...searching for answers. I'm sure she has so many questions, she doesn't even begin to know where to start. And, neither do I.

Arizona is taken into the ER and transferred to a bed as soon as we arrive.

"Madam President, I'm Major Jeremy Hinds, neurology service chief. I will be overseeing Mrs. Robbins-Torres' head trauma."

"Madam President, I'm Major Carl Murray, chief of orthopedics, and I will be overseeing your wife's ankle repair. As soon as we get the X-rays done, we can discuss her treatment. The head lac is the more pressing issue at the moment," he says.

I hear my wife asking to remove her neck brace, her voice is pleading, begging for some relief of the tight contraption.

"Can we please take this off?" Arizona asks the nurse, as she pulls at her neck. She has been wearing that thing for quite some time. I can tell she's miserable but, there's not really anything to do about that right now.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Robbins-Torres, that brace needs to remain on until we get a head and neck CT."

She is uncomfortable lying on the backboard, and I wish there was something more that I could do. This has to be the most helpless, useless, and absolute defenseless that I have ever been.

"Where am I?" Arizona asked.

"Mrs. Robbins-Torres, I'm Major Hinds and this is Major Murray. "You are at Landstuhl Regional Medical Center in Germany. We are going to examine you. Can you tell us where you hurt?"

Arizona answers,"My foot hurts. And my head...it really hurts."

The team of physicians examine her as I stand aside and watch. Then, I hear the neurologist ask her several questions. "Can you tell me your name?" He asks.

"I don't know," she replies.

"What day of the week is it?" He asks. Once again, She has no clue. And, she begins to cry. I walk over and place my hand on hers. I want to comfort her but, I don't want to scare her.

"It's okay," I rub her hand and arm to soothe her. "You are okay sweetie."

"You are doing great...we are going to get some X-rays and scans done." Dr. Hinds says, smiling at her.

As they roll her out of the room, I ask the neurologist, "She doesn't remember anything. Is that normal? Is that due to a brain injury?"

"Yes ma'am. It very well could be due to some sort of brain injury, that is not uncommon. Sometimes just a hard hit can cause memory problems. She appears to have some issues, as soon as the tests are over, and we get a look at what we are dealing with, we will talk with her more extensively to see just how expansive the memory loss is."

We walk outside in the hallway, as she is being rolled into the imaging room several doors down. "If you would like, there is an office across the hall, you are welcome to wait in there." Dr. Hinds says. I could use a few minutes to myself, so I take him up on that suggestion.

As the minutes pass, I sit here in this office and think about the fact that I have not called anyone.
and said anything about Arizona. So, my chief of staff locates me a telephone and I call my father-in-law.

As soon as he comes on the line, his questions start. "How is she?" Daniel asks. I know General Fox probably called him already. Hearing his voice, I dissolve into tears.

"She doesn't remember Daniel. She doesn't remember me, the girls, our son. She doesn't remember being the First Lady." Crying, I place my hand over my eyes and prop against the table I'm sitting at.

"Oh Callie," he groans. "Please tell me that isn't true."

"I wish it wasn't, but it is." I say, sobbing.

I hear him sniff, I know he is crying too. As if he doesn't have enough on his plate, this happens.

"How are the girls?" I ask, trying to change the subject.

Daniel answers, "Well, Jim Fox called and told me she was found and the rescue went well. So, I turned on the news...and the girls and Barbara watched. We saw Arizona being taken from the plane at Ramstein and loaded into the ambulance. Didn't see much, but you could tell it was her by her blonde hair." He says.

I feel terrible that I did not call them sooner. I know they have been worried, especially the girls and now they had to watch it on television. But it has been such a chaotic, hectic time... thankfully General Fox was able to get in touch with my in-laws and give them the good news. But, I have to ask myself...just how good is this situation?

"Have they said anything about her memory? What kind of tests are they doing? When do you think you'll know something?" Daniel asks me.

I answer, "She's having CT scans now, then they said we should know more."

An hour later...

Dr. Murray comes in first and explains Arizona's next step toward fixing her broken ankle.

"Madam President...Mrs. Robbins-Torres, the ankle is broken...it is a clean break. Dr. Hahn's will be coming in momentarily and going over the reports for your CT scans. He and I have talked and, we feel that it would be best to perform surgery on your foot this afternoon."

Arizona says nothing. She looks over at me, with a very straight face. I think she is a little bit afraid, judging by the look on her face, so I try and give her some encouraging words.

"You will be just fine," I tell her. She continues looking at me with a lost look. I wonder what she's thinking. Then Dr. Hinds walks in.

"Madam President...Mrs. Robbins-Torres... The CT scan of the head and neck region and the spine are all clear. There's no evidence of any fractures, there is a small contusion, but other than that...nothing."

That makes me happy and sad. I'm glad that there is nothing that is majorly wrong with Arizona, but she has memory issues and other than a contusion what's the problem?

"What about the loss of memory? Is that due to the contusion?" I ask.

"It could be." He answers."We are going to ask you some questions. Is that okay?" Dr. Hinds asks looking at Arizona.

She nods her head. The neckbrace that she was wearing, that was so uncomfortable, is now off.

"You keep calling me Mrs. Robbins-Torres..." Arizona says to Dr. Hinds. I see that she has picked up on that... I hope that he is a good sign.

"Yes ma'am... I did call you that," he replies. "Let's just start with a few questions and see if you remember some things okay? And there is no pressure, you just say yes or no if you do or don't remember... and think really hard, but, there's no right or wrong answer here, just answer the questions honestly...honestly as you remember them."  

Arizona nods her head again. I sit back in my chair and watch. As I sit it to her right side, the doctor is on her left. She is facing away from me...Dr. Hinds felt that would be best, so that Arizona would not feel any pressure from me.

"Alright, let's get started. Can you tell me your full name...Your first and last name?"
"I don't know," she replies. "I know what you told me, but I really don't remember anything more." Her hands are folded in her lap and I noticed her twiddling her thumbs a little more than usual. For Arizona that's a sign of nervousness.

"That's okay...Let's just go ahead and establish the fact that your name is... Arizona Robbins-Torres. That is your full name."

She watches him and she nods. Could you imagine not knowing who you are? Not know when your name? Your whole identity just snatched away. Could anything be more cruel than that?

"Can you tell me what year it is?" He asks next.

Arizona shrugged her shoulders. Either she did not know or she did not want to say because she was afraid her answer would be wrong.

"If you know or think you know, it's all right to say the first thing that comes to your mind," the doctor encourages. Since this has happened she is more quiet, and doesn't respond or answer near as much. Which makes assessing her difficult.

Again she says nothing. Just the twiddling of her thumbs a little more intensely as she bites her bottom lip. She's definitely a little more nervous now. You've got to sympathize with her, she's nervous, she's confused, she's probably scared, and she does not remember a thing.

The next question catches me offguard. "Arizona...Do you know who the current President of the United States is?" Dr. Hinds asks my wife.

I mean really? Talk about a blow to her one's self-esteem if she doesn't remember that. Please God... After everything she and I have been through to get here...Please let her remember who the current president is.

She bites her lip. Lifting her right hand she scratches her temple and pushes her hair behind her ear. "Um... I don't know."

"All right... Do you know who the First Lady of the United States is?"

Once again, she shakes her head. She has absolutely no clue. Absolutely no memory...no idea that it is her.

"What if I show you a few pictures... Would that be okay?" He asks Arizona.

"Yes," she says. Her confused and concerned look that I see causes me to set up a little straighter in my chair. And then she notices me again...As if she just realized for the first time in a while that I have been sitting over to the side.

"Hey," she smiles. "Hey... What was your name again?"

Excitement doesn't begin to describe the that she smiled at me, but utter misery and heartbreak quickly take over at the fact that she does not know me. Obviously she remembers me from the plane... And she knows I told her my name... But she didn't remember it. I sigh...this is so painful. Again I tell her who I am as the doctor begins to show her some pictures.

"It's Callie... My name is Callie." I say, standing to get a little closer to her bedside.

"I'm sorry..." She whispers. "I forgot to remember." I smile as she says that. A deep voice brings us both from our thoughts. We both turn and look to the Doctor who now has several photographs for my wife to look at.

"All right Arizona... I want you to look at these pictures and I am going to tell you a little bit about them."

The doctors and I have already talked about this while Arizona was having her scans done. We decided if she did not remember that we would show her some pictures and tell her about them. What are the pictures you ask?

"Do you see this person right here?" Dr. Hinds asks.

"Yes" she says. Nodding, she carefully studies the picture.

"This is the current President of the United States," Dr. Hinds says.

And then she looks over at me, cutting her eyes quickly... she stares into mine. She looks at the photograph again and then back at me. She does not know what to say and neither do I. I am
about to speak but thankfully the doctor steps in.

"The person in this picture is the same person that standing right here beside you. The current president of the United States is Callie Torres, and Callie Torres is your wife."

She looks at me and I start to get nervous. The look of disbelief is an unnerving experience... And she has a look of disbelief plastered all over her face. She almost looks like she can't believe I actually won. Well to be honest, me either.

"That makes you the First Lady of the United States. And here is a picture of you standing beside your wife at the Presidental inauguration in Washington DC." He continues.

Her eyes widen... The news seems to be just as alarming as it was months ago when she and I were sitting in the governors mansion...waiting for the election results to declare me the winner. She stares at her photograph and then looks back at me again. I smile sweetly at her as she continues to stare in my direction and I finally see a very, very faint smile.

"Do you know or remember if you have any children?" The doctor asks, further investigating her knowledge and memory. She and I have already had this conversation on the plane, but she didn't know anything then, I highly doubt she'll know anything now.

She looks over at me...a waiting look, or at least it seems that way, she seems to be waiting for my response. I feel sorry for her and I help her out. I nod and mouth the word, "Yes."

She looks back at the doctors and nods her head... Still very uncertain that she does in fact have children but apparently she trusts my judgment. Or at least it seems that way.

The doctor smiles... He knows I just cheated, trying to help my poor wife out. And he says, "Do you know how many children you have?"

This is why cheating is never a good idea kids. You dig yourself a deeper hole and eventually you cannot get out. Arizona looks back at me...she needs yet another answer...and I wait... There's really not a lot else to say. I want her to remember on her own, but that doesn't look like it's happening today.

"It's okay. Callie can help you out and tell you that answer too," Dr. Hinds smiles over at me. He realizes she has no clue, so he encourages me to jump in.

Arizona looks at me expectantly, she really would like to pass this test, unfortunately she knows nothing about it. Again, cheating is not the answer remember? It is against the rules. But, I am the President, so I don't really have to go by the rules... Right? I speak up and tell her exactly how many children we have.

"We have two girls... Sophia and Emma... And you are pregnant with our third child, who is a boy... So we have two girls and a boy on the way." I answer, helping her out.

Arizona looks at me and nods. Her hand rubs across her belly. She seems to accept what I am telling her as the facts, which is a good thing. The doctor has informed me that at times, patients with memory loss will reject or not believe things that they are told by doctors and their family members. Thankfully that does not seem to be the case here.

"Can use please explain this to me?" I say. I really need a whole lot of explanation about this. This is the first time I've ever encountered a situation like this. No amount of training, no amount of counseling... Nothing, I don't think would ever prepare a person for a situation like this. And, I need some answers.

Dr. Hinds begins his assessment and, further explains how the rest of the day will go.

"Arizona it looks as if the contusion on the side of your head has caused you to have some memory issues. Further testing will be needed...I'm always hesitant to diagnose this condition to early. But if I did, I think you probably have some retrograde amnesia. The definition of amnesia is really just what it says: You're unable to recall important personal information..." He says, "...although her form of amnesia is very rare, I have seen a few similar cases."

She looks away from the doctors and back toward me. Her face is neither happy nor sad... Very little emotion is shown. Once again I smile...sadly this time though.

"We are going to stop with the questions at this point. They're going to prep you for surgery Arizona. The surgery will last about two hours and then you will go to recovery. Your wife, Callie, will meet you in recovery and then you will be placed in a private room. Do you have any questions? The doctor asks.
She looks over at me and I smile, raising my brows. "It's okay if you have a question honey. They don't mind," I say. She then looked back at the doctor and shakes her head. She looks overwhelmed… And honestly so am I.

Finally after a few moments she opens her mouth and asks the question that I for one want to know as well. "When will I get my memory back?"

And to that, the neurologist, Dr. Hinds replies, "I'm sorry Arizona, I really don't know."

You know, memories are not just… Where you left the keys? It is the essence of who we are.

"...But, I wonder if we're just keeping memories safe somewhere. Because no matter how happy or painful they are, they are our most valuable possessions. Our lives are built on our mistakes as much as our successes. They made us who we are."

A/N: Thoughts? Will something or someone make Arizona snap back?

See you soon!
That's Me Trying

"That's Me Trying"

General POV

"We are all looking for answers. In medicine, in life, in everything. Sometimes the answers we were looking for were hiding just below the surface. Other times, we find answers when we didn't realize we were asking a question. Sometimes, the answers can catch us completely by surprise..."

"Mommy!"

"Mom...you're back!"

Sofia and Emma stood in the cross hall of the White House as Arizona was wheeled inside through the south portico entrance.

Reunions are great aren't they? The chance to reconnect with loved ones. If only...you knew who they were. Arizona smiled at her two young girls latched around her neck. Looking up at Callie, she could see the concern on the brunette's face. Callie didn't want their daughters feelings to be hurt, they were so excited to see their mom. And she also didn't want Arizona to be bombarded with too much affection. Not wanting to seem rude, or hurt anyone's feelings, Arizona smiled. She tried to be nice, as nice as one could in a situation like this.

"Wow. You are very pretty girls," she smiled genuinely, looking at the two girls standing in front of her. Callie had showed her pictures of the girls, but the pictures didn't do these two beauties justice. Or, so Arizona thought.

Emma looked up at her blonde mother strangely. Then she looked back to Callie. Something was not right here. Their mom didn't seem to be the same. Sure, Grandpa Robbins had told them that their mother had been through a very traumatic ordeal and it might be best to not expect too much from her for a while. She needed time to adjust to everything and everyone. Sure...he told them all of that, but as children, they didn't understand.

Arizona and Callie had stayed in Germany for approximately four days after Arizona's ankle surgery, and then flew home. Today was their first day back in the States. They were finally home. But, what was home now to Arizona? What did that special word hold for the blonde surgeon...the First Lady of the United States. Well, what does home mean to most people? Home... That's an interesting concept if you stop and think about it.

Home is where the heart is, so many people say. And in a way this is true. For when one leaves home for a period of time, then returns to feel those same things that they experienced many years ago, then are they truly home again.

Home is a sensation that we all have when we return to a place of long ago that seems to have a direct impact on our soul that cannot be felt in any other way. It is a place that causes one to remember happenings of long ago that we went through; just by sensing them from deep inside of us. All seems to be very balanced at these moments,whether, the senses are good or bad; you are still back home. Home is where you are comfortable at the most. It is where you start your day and ends your day with. The place which listens to your loud cry after holding a fake smile whole day. The place where you think you can decorate, destroy, re innovate basically do whatever you want without anyone's permission. Home is the place which completely defines you.

Home is the bookmark for the chapters of our lives. It is the silent quick return among the fanning pages of activity and our stories drift. A place of sacred trust and freedom for our consciousness. It's the simple uncomplicated reminder of the purpose and the model of us we journey with and return to at days end.

Arizona's eyes grew wide as she looked around at the massive building. This was home? Driving up outside the White House on the South lawn moments ago, she was speechless. And, stepping into the famous historic home, it's hard to describe the feelings that she had inside. It's overwhelming, to be in a house you don't know or remember... and add to those feelings...A White House with such rich history... History that Arizona could no longer recall.

"Is she okay?" Emma asked her mama quietly. Arizona did not look okay to Emma.

Callie looked from her wife and back to her daughter. What was there to say? No, Arizona was not okay. The brunette had several talks with Arizona over the past few days. Callie felt it was best if she were straightforward... Forthcoming with information... Hiding nothing from her wife.
about their life. And, Callie wanted the same for their daughters. She intended to withhold nothing about Arizona's sickness from Sofia and Emma. And, although Arizona did not remember anything about her wife or her children, nothing of her past, there was something sincere and trustworthy about this Callie. So she agreed with the brunette's suggestions. And, the way Callie had described their life together, it did sound as if it were a good life, a happy life.

"When we get upstairs we will talk about it," Callie replied to Emma's question.

Arizona looked at Sofia… she stared at the taller girls features...there was something about her that seemed familiar. Familiarity is a generic feeling in which a situation, event, a place, person or an object directly provokes a subjective feeling of recognition which we then believe to be a memory. As a result, we recognize "it". If a soft kiss, an appreciative hug or the simple feeling of being cared for becomes familiar, then familiarity evokes and sustains love. In loving relationships that embrace emotional support and respect, familiarity produces a wonderful, fulfilling life.

She stared at the oldest girl, not saying a word. Sofia noticed and smiled sweetly at her mother. Callie watched the two, mother and daughter looking at one another...each studying the other. Did she recognize Sofia? Callie hoped she did, but wasn't getting her hopes set too high.

"Arizona...honey, we are so glad you are back." Barbara said, walking up to hug her daughter. Barbara could see the questions in the blondes eyes, so she quietly introduced herself and her husband.

"I'm your mother, Barbara Robbins and this is your father, Daniel Robbins," the older woman said lovingly. After she gently hugged her daughter, Daniel came up next.

"Sweetheart, its good to have you back," Daniel said. He kept a comfortable distance from his daughter, but patted her arm. He had seen men on the battlefield with head injuries and memory problems many times before, and it was always best to not invade their personal space. Be kind and supportive, but never overwhelm them with too much affections and emotions. They really weren't ready for that, and neither was Arizona, he thought.

"Why don't we all go upstairs," Callie suggested. She stepped behind her wife's wheelchair and begin explaining rooms and pictures as they passed them. Entering the elevator, Arizona took a deep breath. There was something about tight spaces that she now seemed to have trouble with. But, she didn't say anything. Arizona kept quiet on this tight, constricting ride upstairs in the metal box. She had Emma sitting in her lap. The smaller girl just couldn't give her blonde mother the space she needed. Callie had motioned for Emma to get out of Arizona's lap, but the blonde just shook her head at Callie and smiled. It was a little overwhelming, but Arizona saw the attachment the young child had to her. So she tried...she would try and deal with Emma being this close to her. In fact, in some ways, Arizona felt a little more secure with the children being nearby. She wasn't sure why... Again...for some reason, they brought that sense of familiarity.

As they entered the family room of the private residence, everyone was seated at Callie's request.

"Emma, please sit on the sofa and give your mother some space. She doesn't need you to crowd her," Callie said.

Little Emma was asked nicely by her brunette mother to sit on the sofa...but the child refused. Emma latched on a little tighter to the blonde.

"She's fine," Arizona said to Callie. Callie nodded, and then she began to speak.

"Okay...I'm not exactly sure where to begin...but I think we need to get a few things out in the open and understood. Mommy hit her head three days ago, and she is having some problems remembering things. She may or may not have this problem for a while...the doctors are not sure how long it will last." Callie said.

The girls looked at Arizona. She looked okay to them, although she did act different. She wasn't overly friendly and outgoing as usual, and they had both noticed that.

"She does not remember much of anything...like, living here at the White House, what your favorite food is...she has forgotten a lot because of this fall she had. She doesn't remember much about any of us, so we are going to help her. We are going to tell her some things about ourselves...things that we like and some things what we all do together. And we are all going to be patient and understanding with mommy."

Callie continued, "So I will go first and then you guys can chime in. Okay, let me see...Oh I know...We all love to watch movies together." Callie smiled. "What kinds of movies do we like?"

"Disney movies...and Sofia the First," Emma chimed in. "You and mommy make popcorn and we
watch Disney movies."

"Yes we do...that's good." Callie responded.

"I like to watch Friends," Sofia said. "You and I watch Friends all the time."

Arizona smiled. These girls seemed so well behaved...kind, and loving. How could she have forgotten them? And, watching movies did sounds like fun.

Emma whispered to Arizona, "You like a lot of butter on your popcorn and extra salt too." This made Arizona smile.

Callie continued, "So, my favorite food is...wow, there's so many," Callie said. "I guess it would be pizza. I like pizza."

Sofia spoke up next, "I like pizza too...and Chicken tenders. I love those."

Arizona looked at Emma. The little brunette was thinking. Oh, that wasn't exactly a good thing.

"I love...chocolate cake. And you like it too," Emma said. "You really like it."

Arizona smiled. How thoughtful Emma was...Which caused Callie to immediately correct her daughter. The fact was, Emma loved chocolate cake, and Arizona had them all on a stricter more balanced meal plan.

"Emma...we don't eat chocolate cake very often. You know that," Callie smiled. She knew exactly what the five year old was up to...trying to persuade her blonde mother with memory issues to want some chocolate cake.

Honestly, it sounded like, a great idea to Emma. Emma smiled back innocently. It was worth a shot she thought, why not give it a whirl and see if it produced any benefits. And, it would if the brunette would just stay out of it.

As the evening wore on, dinner was served. Arizona had taken a shower in their spacious bathroom after their family talk. The brunette had helped her wife cover her broken ankle so it would not get wet. Giving Arizona the privacy she needed, Callie waited outside until Arizona called for her. She had an AirCast boot on, and would be wearing it for quite a while. The surgery was successful, but her foot would take some time to heal.

"Something smells good," Arizona said as Callie rolled her to the table. She smelled a familiar smell. Once again...that word familiarity was creeping back into her mind and thoughts. It was a strange feeling...a good feeling...as she sniffed into the air, taking in the pleasant aroma. Scent can be a powerful memory trigger. Have you ever noticed that a particular scent can bring forth a rush of vivid memories? The smell of cookies baking might remind you of spending time at your grandmother's house when you were a small child. The scent of a particular perfume might remind you of the person you love.

Why does smell seem to act as such a powerful memory trigger? The answer is because the olfactory nerve is located very close to the amygdala, the area of the brain that is connected to the experience of emotion as well as emotional memory. In addition, the olfactory nerve is very close to the hippocampus, which is associated with memory. Some research has revealed that both young and old adults were able to recall more than twice as many memories when they were associated with an odor. Interesting.

Barbara had picked the menu for tonight. The last few days, she had stepped in and taken care of the girls for her daughter and daughter-in-law. She too was facing an upcoming battle with breast cancer, but the outlook was promising...and one can't stay focused on that, especially when there was such a pressing matter before them now. That's the way mothers are isn't it? The ability...the push and drive they have to put their issues aside, all for the sake of their children. It's what Barbara had done this week. And, it's what Arizona was doing tonight. She was trying her best...trying her hardest to put her confusion and nervousness aside...all for these two little girls, and this one unborn baby boy that she did not remember, yet, felt a sense of responsibility to. Yes, she too was setting aside her issues, just like Barbara, for the sake of her children. After all, that's what mothers do.

The food was plated in the kitchen and served by the White House staff. As the stainless covers came off of the white china plates, the smell was intoxicatingly rich. Diving into the food, they wasted little time. Everyone seemed hungry tonight, but none as hungry as Arizona. Talking with her mouth completely full, Emma begin tell Arizona some more about herself. Arizona listened...looking down at her food.
"And you have to meet Spot. He is the best dog ever. He will eat off of your plate if you let him," Emma said with her mouth full.

Hearing Emma say a familiar word..."Spot..." Arizona was called to attention.

No, it wasn't Spot the dog, per se that had the blonde mother cued in...it was the entire meal and conversation. It was Deja-Vu. What Is Deja-Vu?...That's the feeling that you have been somewhere before. This feeling of knowing is related to knowledge about the source of a memory. Brain scans reveal that as deja-vu is triggered, areas of the brain involved with decision-making are activated. One can come to the conclusion that the sensation would be more likely to activate areas of the brain associated with memory.

Emma continued to talk, and Arizona interrupted her youngest daughter. "Emma, don't talk with your mouth full. You'll get meatloaf all over your white shirt, like you did last week. I still can't get that stain out little miss."

Forks dropped, spoons fell onto the table...everyone zoned in on the blonde that continued to eat her meatloaf. Callie stared at her wife...had that just happened?

Finally, Arizona stopped and looked up at Emma. She had just recalled last weeks food...Emma's stained shirt and...Spot the dog. Why Spot you ask? Because Callie hated meatloaf...detested it to the fullest, and Arizona had caught the brunette feeding Spot her meatloaf under the table. And, then Arizona smiled.

"I remember," She said enthusiastically. "I do...I remember."

"You remember!" Callie leaped from her chair, embracing her wife. This was the happiest moment, the proudest achievement, the most glorious spectacle that Callie had ever witnessed. Kissing her wife, she hovered over Arizona's lips, barely grazing them with her own. The brunette was relieved in this moment. She was so afraid their lives were going to fall apart when Arizona didn't remember. But, she sure as hell was going to try her best to keep that from happening. What a wonderful marriage the two had.

Arizona smiled. And she couldn't resist saying, "It must be the meatloaf," she chuckled, giving her wife another kiss. "See...I told you meatloaf was a good meal choice. It jogged my memory."

Callie rolled her eyes, she couldn't help but laugh. Of all the things that jogged her wife's memory...the damned meatloaf. What she had always felt was the most useless, senseless, nastiest recipe ever invented...now seemed quite a masterpiece.

"You know what else would jog your memory..." Emma smiled. "A big slice of chocolate cake."

A/N: Okay, so I wrote this out of personal experience as I often do in my writings. Once again, my spouse woke up several years ago from being in a medically induced coma for days (brain tumor surgery) and had what could only be described as a "foggy brain" from days of being on Propofol. Which is a medicine that sedates you. Anyways, the doctor said it might take months to regain motor function and thinking and reasoning ability.

It had been a month and the foggy brain symptoms caused by the medicine just seemed to not lift. Feet shuffled as my spouse walked...it was quite a pitiful sight.

One night, we ate at a local restaurant...a TEX MEX type of menu...and a cup of salsa was consumed. One bite...the first bite, and immediately, the foggy brain disappeared as quick as it came. "I don't know what just happened," my spouse smiled. "But everything in my head just cleared."

No walker or assistance was needed when we left thirty minutes later...no shuffling of feet was seen as we walked back to the car. Instantly cured. Was it the salsa? Hell if I know...but, I will always swear by the stuff.

THIS was written with our personal experiences in mind. Probably wouldn't ever happen, but who knows. I bet you didn't think salsa would have cured the left over effects of a coma...LOL. I know, it was probably not the salsa, but we still joke about that. But just incase it was...and, if that's possible, then why couldn't meatloaf do the trick...LOL. And yes...I hate meatloaf in case you are wondering.

Remember, just when you think a situation is at its worst...don't give up. You never know...a miracle or event could happen that can change everything.
See you all soon...and KEEP SMILING!
"I Was Told There'd Be Cake"

"Let's face it, a nice creamy chocolate cake does a lot for a lot of people; it does for me." — Audrey Hepburn

The Next Day...

Arizona POV

Today is a day of appointments. Doctors appointments, and plenty of them are on the agenda for your truly. I regained my memory last night, and I remember everything. I told Callie about my time that I spent out there and she really wants to meet and thank the team of doctors that I was with as well as the special ops guys. She said she would get her staff to jump on that and arrange for them to come to the White House in a couple of weeks. I am very thankful for Teddy and Mark...those two turned out to be very good friends in a time of crisis. I know my wife would love to meet them.

My first appointment is with the orthopedist. I am anxious to get this foot on the mend, but I know it will take some time. "We're going to unwrap your foot Arizona and see how it looks today and change the dressings." Dr. Warren says.

Callie has set aside some time to accompany me to these scheduled appointments. I told her it wasn't necessary, and she seemed to be offended by my comment. Her words were, "There's no way in hell you're going without me." That seemed to be pretty clear in my book. I didn't argue, she was set on coming and I am grateful for that. I just know she needed to be working, but she seems to be in no hurry to get back in the Oval Office.

"It looks good," the doctor says as he gently turns my ankle. Examining it, things seem to be about the same. It is non-weight bearing...so I have the best ride...a wheelchair. God, I really hate those things. But, I am pregnant and I am afraid I might fall. So, wheelchair it is. On a brighter note, the girls had fun pushing me to the breakfast table this morning.

"Do you think I'll be out of this Aircast by the time I deliver?" I ask.

Dr. Warren looks at my chart. Yea...it isn't that far away, but maybe he will say yes? "I'm sorry but no. You'll be in this for several months. But, maybe you can bear weight on it by the time you deliver," he replies. That's what I thought he would say, but it never hurts to ask. At least by the time the baby is here, I can hopefully be walking...even if it's with the boot.

We walk out, well, I roll out, my wife and four agents walk...and we enter the elevator. Walter Reed is a large facility...so we have to cross the hospital and travel to a different floor. The baby doctor is next. That's always fun...we love to watch him move on the screen. He's been quite active lately, so this will no doubt be a show we wouldn't want to miss.

We are immediately taken back as we arrive, no I didn't have to wait to be seen. It's one of the perks of my wife's job. A nurse and Callie help me onto the examination table. I wore something comfortable today, so I wouldn't have to change.

While we wait, my wife scrolls through her iPhone. She's looking at news articles from various newspapers. "Can you believe this?" She asks, annoyed.

I'm lying on my back, with my feet stretched out, my stomach exposed, waiting for the doctor to do an ultrasound. Looking over at Callie, I ask, "Huh? What are you talking about."

"This article in the Times...They are saying that they don't think my administration will do anything about the two helicopters attacks. It says that I am known for a slow, gentle response to crisis situations. Who are they kidding? They don't know a damn thing about what I'm planning to do about this."

Before I respond, the doctor walks in.

"Ladies, it's good to see you again...especially you Arizona," Charlie says.

"It is good to be back home." I smile.

"Okay...so I was informed that your memory is back." He says for clarification.

"Yes, I remember everything." I say, am I wearing proudly.
Callie snorts. "Yea, she remembers everything. The menu tonight is broiled fish and broccoli."

My wife hates the nutritional meals I plan out. She secretly hoped I'd forget that part. What she doesn't know is...I just told her that's what we're having. Remember when I was in the desert...oh yes, I was hungry. I haven't forgotten my promise to myself. I am no longer guarding our meal choices...okay I will, within reason. But, as a whole, I plan to be way more lenient. Tonight's menu...yes, it is steak. And chocolate cake. Best wife and mother ever award goes right here folks.

"Broccoli is good," Charlie says as he squirts the ultrasound gel onto my belly. Callie laughs as she stands and comes up beside me.

"Yes it is Charlie. But, if you ate it every meal...you'd be sick of it too." Callie replies.

I smile innocently. Yes, I've been quite guilty of strategic meal planning. Boy will she really be surprised tonight. And, I'm not tell her a thing.

"There he is..." I say aloud as our son's images pop up on the screen.

"Our boy," Callie smiles as she watches the screen. She stares while out little man moves around. "Man, he's active." she chuckles.

"Believe me...I know," I laugh. My insides feel like a punching bag, I don't think Sofia was ever this active.

"Have you guys got a name yet?" Charlie asks.

Callie and I both shake our heads. "Nope," I answer.

"Arizona wants to wait and decide at the last minute. I've already told her my choice," my wife injects. I smile innocently once again. I didn't like the name Callie came up with...and I wasn't too keen on the girls name choices either. So I thought we would wait until closer time. And, that is driving her insane.

"Well, you'll think of a name to agree on. And, you could always go with Charlie," he says with a hearty laugh. We all laugh on that one.

"Everything looks good. I will see you in four weeks," the doctor smiles. And, just like that, I pass yet another exam.

Leaving the baby doctor, it is time to see my neurologist and have an MRI again. Oh joy...those are fun. An hour later...we are through with that appointment and consultation as well. All clear in this blonde's head. I have nothing but a contusion that is healing nicely. Once again, it's great to be alive and remember everything and everyone.

"I'm tried baby...I really want to go home and lie down for a while," I tell Callie as we walk out of the neurology department. It's been a long day and I am worn out. Callie nods, she understands.

My new agent that has been assigned to me begins pushing me toward the elevator.

"Could we go by my office for just a moment please?" I ask Agent Brooks.

"Yes ma'am," she replies. There's several things I want to get from there. And, I know now is as good of a time as any to swing by.

An hour later...We pull up at the South Portico at the White House, and there are dozens of reporters lined up. The usual press pool is assembled here, but I'm in no mood to speak with them today. However, that's just not possible. As soon as I am out of the car, questions are being yelled out and I motion for Agent Brooks to take us closer to the reporters. Might as well just go ahead and get it over with, I will be talking soon on television anyway. You better believe it...I am scheduled to be on the Ellen Show in the coming weeks. It was scheduled a couple of months ago, and after my accident, the staff considered canceling it, but I've decided to keep it, even with this broken ankle and huge round stomach. She's just coming to Washington, it won't be so bad. America will know everything about us in two weeks...I bet you all can't wait for that interview. Maybe I can get Callie to make a guest appearance?

As we stop, questions come from all different directions...

"How are you feeling Mrs. Robbins-Torres?"

"How is the baby?"

"Have you picked a name yet?"
"Have you regained your memory?"

I answer them all with short replies. Smiling, they take my picture. It's the most intrusive feeling that I will never get accustomed too, but I never try and show that.

And then Callie gets some questions fielded in her direction...

"How does it feel to have your wife home?"

"How was Mrs. Robbins-Torres appointments today?"

And, her personal favorite... "Madam President..." Judy Kight says, getting my wife's attention.

"Yes Judy," Callie answers.

"The Times had an opinion poll taken and it said that over seventy-five percent of Americans don't think you will take any kind of action against the group responsible for the helicopter accidents"

Yea...She's mad. I haven't actually asked Callie anything about that. I have no idea what she and her staff has planned. She and my dad talked this morning in her private office in the residence as mom and I got the girls dressed and ready for school. I don't know what they were saying but, dad seemed to be in a serious mood and had several maps he was holding.

"Judy...There are times to be swift to action and there are times to be cautiously aware of the entire situation before moving in to retaliate." Callie states.

"So you are going to retaliate?" The woman reporter asks.

"You'll have to wait and see like everyone else," Callie smiles. Taking the arms of my wheelchair, she pushes me inside the door.

"You okay?" I ask, patting her arm behind my shoulder.

"Absolutely fine." She says. "But, remind me to see what I can do about having Judy removed from the press pool."

She and the President don't get along very well, that I can tell you. That woman loves to push my wife buttons every time. It's frustrating and...it's also funny. I've seen them go head to head...that's a show you don't want to miss.

Dinner is served at six o'clock. Callie face as well as the girls' faces seem to be a little saddened. They don't want fish. I asked the chef to bring it up without my wife seeing it. I know...I am tormenting her, but sometimes it's all I have.

As the plates are uncovered, Callie looks and, no...it's not broiled fish and broccoli. She looks to me with a questionable face. Smiling I can't help but chuckle as I look at her and the girls expressions.

"I thought we were having fish," Sofia says.

"No fish...I've decided from now on, I'm going to be less rigorous on the meal planning," I reply.

Callie leans over and whispers, "Someone's getting hot sex tonight."

I laugh... out loud, and a nod my head. "I know," I say with a wink. We smile as we cut into our steaks and then Emma breaks the sexy, amusing moment that Callie and I just shared.

"I'm sleepy with you again tonight!" She's referring to sleeping with me and Callie, incase you are wondering. Cutting my eyes at my wife, her face is serious now. Nope, no sex tonight honey. Sorry...

Four days later...

Callie and I are in our bed tonight...wide awake. Usually we would be snuggled closely, but not tonight. In fact, we haven't snuggled together much since we've been back. Why? Emma is sleeping with us again tonight, just as she done since I've been home. I love my child, this togetherness is a little too much.

"We've not had sex in...oh my God Arizona...I can't remember now it's been so long, I'm dying over here." Callie whispers to me.
"Shh, she might hear you," I say. But, she is right. This is a record for us, we've never been this long without...you know.

Callie rubs stomach, reaching across Emma who is in the middle asleep. I'm on my back as baby boy does some somersaults in my ever growing bump. Hearing my tummy growl, Callie giggles.

"Are you hungry?" Callie asks.

"A little," I reply. I can hear my stomach and feel it growling too. I think this little boy is hungry.

"You want to go to the kitchen?" She asks me. "I think there's still a piece of chocolate cake." My wife is a temptress...that I know beyond a doubt. But, lets face it...I almost died, and I was starving out there...Of course my answer is...

"Yes."

We sneak out without being detected by Emma, who is still sound asleep in our bed. Bless her, she's snoring away, even louder than before. She is a very sound sleeper usually and tonight, that's no exception. Callie rolls me down the hall and into the kitchen. There's a small kitchen area in our private residence, so it's not too far.

Callie stands at the counter and cuts the big chocolate cake slice into two pieces. Locking my wheelchair into place, I stand and balance on one foot, holding onto the counter beside my wife. We smile and giggle as if we are children sneaking around, hoping not to get caught. I lean onto the counter and Callie gives me a soft kiss on the lips. This is the first time we have been alone. This is so needed at this moment.

"I missed you so much," Callie husks in my ear. And, I wrap my arms around her neck,

"Me too baby. You and the girls are all I thought about."

One kiss leads to another as our hands begin roaming. Touches that felt as if they been so long ago, they now bring forth new, exciting feelings as our bodies begin to ignite. Callie slips her right hand into my pajama bottoms and I feel her finger slide effortlessly into me.

"You feel like doing this?" She asks, stroking my clit slowly. As if I'd say no.

"I'm More than ready," I whisper. Our mouths meet again as tongues swirl around, tasting the uniqueness of each other. I love this woman so much and God yes...I'm always ready for sex with my wife. Even if it is in the kitchen.

"God Callie...that feels so...

"Her two fingers pump in and out effortlessly as she takes my lips for her own. I hiss, as she continues her assault and feel her make her way with kisses down my neck. And, just as things are about to reach the moment...you know that moment...the kitchen door opens.

"I want some chocolate cake too," Emma say, wiping the sleep from her eyes.

The position we are in isn't too bad, Callie is blocking the view. But, Emma looks curious and is trying to figure things out, and that's not good. Callie snatches her hand from my pants, her face is bright red with embarrassment...as is mine.

"I got the sting to your waist band fixed Arizona. Just sit down and I will get you a piece of cake," Callie nervously says, as she washes her hands.

Emma pulls up a chair. She too thinks she'll have a seat. I am sexually frustrated. I've just been left on the verge of an orgasm. And, I am just about to explode. No, I'm not the one that is open about sex in our marriage...I don't talk about sex with anyone often...but this is too much. I might die from this feeling.

Callie cuts Emma a slice from her piece and sits down too. She looks at me and Emma, and her face is still red as a beet. Poor Callie.

"I love this new mommy," Emma says to Callie, taking a piece of chocolate cake into her mouth. She looks at me and smiles... "You should have bumped your head sooner."

"Seize the moment. Remember all those women on the 'Titanic' who waved off the dessert cart." — Erma Bombeck

A/N: Yes, I like chocolate cake...lol. Maybe I should write a fanfic about food, it seems to come up a lot.
And I need a name for this baby boy. I seem to be all out of names.

Up Next: Master Robbins-Torres is born...stay tuned.
Welcoming Caleb

"Welcoming Caleb"

"And she loved a little boy very much even more than she loved herself."

Callie POV

"Callie! Oh God, I can't believe we did this again..." Arizona screams as a contraction rips through her.

Let's be realistic...Labor hurts. How much it hurts depends on your labor, your expectations (if you think it's going to be horrible, it will be horrible. Being confined to bed on a monitor with an IV can make things harder to cope with than if you are allowed or encouraged to move around. Which is the exact situation my wife is in. She's ready to deliver right now.

"You're doing great sweetie." Smiling, I try and encourage her as much as I can. But, unfortunately that doesn't help at all.

She looks at me and her eyes are on fire. She's pissed and I'm about to get my ass handed to me by the First Lady, and in front of the nurses too.

"I hate you...and I am not voting for you as President again...Aggh...Mother of God that hurts!" She screams again, and this contraction looks to be stronger than the last.

"You are dialated to 10, but we're waiting on the doctor." The nurse says to us. "Just close your legs Mrs. Robbins-Torres, and try not to push."

Yea...this sweet little nurse, she's apparently never worked in labor and delivery. Who the hell tells a pregnant woman dialated to ten centimeters to close their damn legs?

"They don't close..." Arizona says as she grits her teeth. She's a woman possessed...I swear, I've already been cursed at and she said that she will never sleep with me again. And, if that wasn't bad enough, she won't even vote for me in three years. She's brutal today folks, more than when she was in labor with Sofia. My parents and hers are here...maybe one of them can come in here and calm her down. I doubt it, but I'm gonna ask.

"Honey..."

"WHAT!" Arizona snaps. Yea...nevermind. The only person to handle her now would be the Colonel, but she'd die of embarrassment if her father saw her in the position she's about to assume. I will just keep quiet.

"Nothing..." I reply. She looks at me and, it's cold. God is it cold in those blue eyes.

"I need to push Callie..." She cries pitifully. "Please...I have to push I can't hold this baby in any longer." Her tears are real and it's heartbreaking.

For the love of God, if she hasn't just ripped my heart out. "Someone get a fucking doctor in here now!" I yell in the loudest most unpresidential voice ever. That's right, it will get ugly quick if you make my wife cry.

"Yes, Madam President..." I hear a nurse say as she runs from Arizona's room.

Another nurse brings my wife a wet cloth and she hands it to me. She looks afraid of Arizona, and I'd be too. She is the one that had to tell her we were waiting on the doctor, and Arizona couldn't push yet. Wiping her face, I feel so sorry for Arizona as she's moaning in agony.

I look away, but not for long. She pulls me by the shirt, forcefully drawing me to her face. "If you don't get this baby out of me...Caaallliiiieee!" She screams and releases me from her grip.

Arizona's pain is starting to concern me. How long is it going to take for the doctor to get here? We came in a little while ago...it is Sunday morning... and I know that Charlie is not here on Sundays but he told me personally he was on the way. Where the hell is he?

"He's here!" The nurse runs in and informs us.

"Thank God!" I reply. Trying to wrap my arms around Arizona, to comfort her, she pushes me away. I need my loving sweet wife back, so this baby has got to be born soon.
"I'm sorry I was stuck in traffic," Charlie says as he pulls his gloves on.

"Charlie...I need to push. I've got to push. This baby is ready to come out and my ass is going to explode." Arizona's explanation is graphic I might add. I've never heard her talk like that in front of another person other than myself. Childbirth will bring it out if you, that's for sure. I almost laugh hearing her say that...but I'm no dummy, or moron as my wife calls me. I keep that chuckle to myself like the obedient wife I am. Domesticated is what Arizona says I am...eyerolls for that comment.

He smiles. He knows Arizona pretty well too. It's the pain talking, she would probably give away top secret information if this would all be over with quick. "Okay...let's get started." The doctor says.

Twenty minutes later...we are on the last phase of this. She's tired...I'm tired, and I know the baby is tired.

"Alright Arizona...we need one more big push." The doctor encourages her.

She stops and nods. This is the most tired I've ever seen her. "I don't think I can go anymore," She says.

Arizona has been in labor at the White House since the early morning hours. She wanted to wait a while before coming in. She is opting for a natural childbirth. Don't ask me why, I took any drug they offered me to not be in pain. She's a trooper, I'm tell you all. So, these last twenty minutes of active pushing, although they don't seem like a long time...she's just already worn out.

"Honey...you can do this. He is almost here. You can do this, and we can meet Sebastian very soon if you'll give it another big push," I smile. NO, that's not his name. I liked it, but Arizona flatly refused to entertain the idea.

"Stop calling him that." She says, her eyes are once again on fire. My wife, as any woman would feel, hates to be picked at and teased...especially during delivery. I can't blame her at all. She was amazing and so helpful when I gave birth to Emma. But, she's definitely not sweet now that I've said that.

"You know I hate that name Callie." She whines.

Kissing her head, I smile back. "Well, then push and let's get CALEB out here and I will stop calling him Sebastian." I reply.

Again, she takes a deep breath and here it comes, a final push...And his soft cry makes my heart melt. Today, we have a son.

"Madam President, would you like to cut the cord?" The doctor asks me.

That's a sentence every child being born won't hear very often. "YES!" I respond immediately. You don't have to tell this chick twice. Taking the metal scissors in my hand, I cut the umbilical cord, and Caleb Jude Robbins-Torres is officially on his own. Welcome to the world son!

A while later, he is brought back in Arizona's room. And, so is everyone else in the family. My parents as well as Arizona's parents, along with our girls are here, and my chief of staff is here, as well as Arizona's secretary...hell we might as well have the whole White House press core here too.

"He's so big," Sofia says. She is holding Caleb and she is in love. Of course, I snap a picture of her. He is a big boy, Caleb weighs nine pounds and ten ounces. When my wife said she was big, she wasn't joking.

After a few minutes, Emma holds Caleb...with my help of course. There's no way that child is holding my son by herself. He's out wild child, to put it nicely. "I love you so much baby Caleb." Emma says, kissing his small forehead. "And I love your blonde hair too."

Arizona falls asleep as everyone visits. I don't see how she is sleeping with this many people and this much noise, but she does. And, she deserves to rest.

Our parents take turns hold the baby and pictures and smiles are very evident today. This had been a long awaited moment in our family. And, I'm glad that Arizona and I decided to try again. But, after this one...we are done. No more, that's a promise.

Hours later...After everyone leaves, it's just me and Arizona with Caleb by ourselves. And, I couldn't be any happier. This is the single best moment in my life. I take out my phone and snap a
couple of pictures of Caleb to put on Twitter. I mean, come on...That should get me some votes, right?

"OUCH! That hurt Arizona!" She just heard me say that as I write and, she apparently didn't approve.

"Well, you said you were not going to vote for me Arizona. If I lose your vote, and Spot and the girls can't vote...I've got to get votes from somewhere." I smile back. She knows she loves me and finds my charm absolutely irresistible.

I continue to type... "Welcoming Caleb"... The First Lady and I Are In Love!" My twitter feed will blow up now...yes people...its all about, votes...votes...votes. (wink, wink)

Arizona rolls her eyes. "Shut up moron." She says with a small smile.

Do you see how the First Lady treats me? She's so mean...I'm just teasing...she's the best wife ever, I love her dearly. And, she is not a bad lay either..."OUCH! Arizona!"

"Being a family means you are a part of something very wonderful. It means you will love and be loved for the rest of your life."- Lisa Weedn
"White House Blues"

"Across the oceans far and wide...We will always be right by your side...Our precious new little bundle of joy...Welcome home, our new baby boy!"

Arizona POV

"Watch your step honey," Callie says as I step from the car.

"I got it Callie," I reply in a little bit of haste.

All the reporters are snapping our photos, my air cast boot is on my foot and I am trying to untangle it from my long dress I am wearing, and Caleb is in my arms. What a nightmare scenario I am living in right now.

"Okay..I'm just trying to help. You want me to take him?" Callie asks.

Of course she wants him. The sole intention is to walk him over and show him to the entire world through photographs and videos. I know I'm being a little overprotective and extremely private...but I have just given birth yesterday you know. And today...I feel like Caleb and I are being paraded around like show monkeys. Yes, I am aware it is part of my position as the First Lady...But, I really would like to be alone, just my little family, for a little while.

"Sure," I say to Callie and hand Caleb to her. She walks toward the reporters, but stops and looks behind at me.

"Come on Arizona," Callie mouths in my direction. Damn this dress and the shoes, and the boot, and everything at this moment. Yes...I have hormones running wild. I am not normally like this, so please excuse any vulgar language and show of attitude I might have.

I catch up to my wife and son, and we walk over to the line of waiting camera flashes. Emma and Sophia walk out to meet us, and I put my arms around the girls.

"Your stomach is smaller," Emma whispers to me. Thank God no one can hear her.

"Shh...I know sweetie," I reply and kiss her forehead.

Sophia walks over to Callie and stands by her right side as Callie talks to the reporters. "Yes, Arizona, the girls and I are so excited to bring Caleb home." And, of course the questions begin...

"Mrs. Robbins-Torres, How difficult was your childbirth experience with Caleb?"

Well that's a little personal."Not so bad actually," I answer back and look at my wife with a smile that says..."You better get us out of here now chick."

"Mrs. Robbins-Torres, How long was your labor and is there anything you can us about what the first moments of his birth were like for you and the President?"

I look at my wife who hasn't moved yet..."I was in labor for a few hours, I am really not sure how long exactly. And, the first moments were sweet. Callie and I were very happy for Caleb to finally arrive. We held him and of course my wife cried," I reply.

"Was the President much help in the delivery room?" Someone calls out.

"Yes...she was terrific as always." The plastered smile I am wearing is hurting people. How much longer I can keep this up...I am not so sure. I am telling the truth, but I am telling my intimate moments of my child's birth, intimate moments that I shared with my son and my wife. But, apparently I'm not the only one to feel this way...Emma does too.

"You all sure are nosy." Emma says out loud. And, my wife, your President...takes that as a sign to leave. Yay Emma!

"We really need to get him inside...but we will see you all soon," Callie smiles a very bright wide smile.

We get inside and Emma is immediately fussed at by my wife. "Emma! You are grounded. I cannot believe you! You are not supposed to say things like that. Don't ever talk to a reporter again until we are out of the White House."
Callie's mother Lucia chimes in, "Callie, that is harsh. Don't fuss at her so."

"Mama...she just told the reporters they are nosy." Callie explains in a hyped tone of voice. And, yes...Caleb starts crying. It is time to nurse once again.

"It's time for him to eat..." I smile and take Caleb from Callie's arms. The girls and I walk on ahead to the elevator. I would like a little privacy nursing, and I make no apologies for that. And, I hear Lucia and Callie arguing behind us. Two feisty Latinas going at it in the White House is a sight to behold. Both have a temper at times. But, I do side with my daughter and mother in law on this. Emma was correct. Those reporters were nosy as hell if you ask me.

We catch the elevator and Caleb is screaming his heart out. But, he will just have to wait until we get to the upstairs residence. Finally the door opens and I walk as fast as I can to my bedroom. Right past my dad and Callie's dad I trot in a quick hurry, causing concerned looks.

"Arizona, slow down...you may lose your balance with that boot on," My father warns me. And I continue to walk without saying anything. I get to my bedroom door and Sophia opens it.

"Thanks baby," I smile. Assuming I will finally be alone...nope. Emma and Sophia want to stay. Oh brother. There just is no escape sometimes. I sit in the oversized chair by the fireplace in our bedroom and Sophia hands me a quilt. I throw it over me and Caleb and you all know what happens after that. No need for those details.

"Hey mom, did I do that too?" Emma asks, looking at my chest area. She has no idea what to call this exactly. Caleb and I are covered up, but she gets the idea.

"Yes, you nursed, just like this." I answer my youngest daughter.

"Does it hurt?" Sof asks.

"Not really." I reply.

"When I have a baby...I am not doing that." Sophia states. "That's just gross. And, I think I will only have one child."

I smile. And, then it hits me...my girls will grow up one day and be women and mothers...just like me and Callie. They will leave the nest...get married. Have children and experience what I'm experiencing right now...and I will be a grandmother. Just so you know...these thoughts should not be brought up to a woman that just gave birth twenty-four hours ago. Especially with all the hormones. Yes...you know what comes next...The Tears.

"Why is she crying?" Callie asks as she, Lucia and my mother walk in. Really...no privacy here people. They call the White House the "Peoples House"...That phrase certainly rings true today. Every freaking body is here and in my room. And, I'm crying. Because...I don't damn well know why! But, it feels good, so I'm going to keep it up.

"What did you do," Callie looks at Emma.

"Nothing. I swear." Emma says, throwing her hands up in the air.

"Honey...Don't swear. That's not a nice thing to say at your age," Lucia says to Emma.

"Oh, be quiet mama," Callie says to Lucia.

Lucia doesn't miss a beat. "Do not use that tone with me Calliope Torres. I am just trying to instill some manners into my granddaughter."

Oh for the love of God! What would it take for a few moments of peace and quiet? Really?

My mom finally chimes in. "Why don't we all give Arizona a few minutes alone with Caleb." My mother suggests.

"NO!" The girls argue.

"She needs company." Lucia looks at me and smiles sweetly, nodding her head.

Callie just looks around the room and is trying to figure out why I'm crying.

It's very common to feel weepy and moody shortly after giving birth. Having a baby can be both exhilarating and exhausting. It can bring much joy, but it can also challenge you in ways you never expected. Yep...that's me.
After birth, your body changes rapidly. Your hormone levels drop, your breasts may become engorged as your milk comes in, and you will most likely be exhausted. These physical realities alone can be enough to bring on the blues. Yep...that's me.

Often the symptoms of "baby blues" will hit forcefully within four to five days after the birth of the baby, although depending on how the birth of the baby went, they may be noticeable earlier. Yep...that's me. Aren't you all glad I am a surgeon. I can self diagnose very well.

"That's a great idea...Everyone leave and Arizona and I will spend some time with the baby." Callie states.

But, you know my mother...That was not what she had in mind. "Callie...I think she would like to be alone for a few minutes." Mom kindly informs my wife.

I hate to admit it...but yes...I do. Callie looks over at me and leans down. "You want us all to leave honey?" She asks.

I am crying and all I can do is nod. I do want to talk to Callie alone, but for the next few minutes...I just want a quiet room to myself. Just me and Caleb...just for a few minutes.

She looks a little hurt, so I reach for her hand. "I just need a few minutes. Will you come back in ten minutes?" I ask.

Callie smiles. "Of course I will. I understand...That was overwhelming out there. You just rest and I will be back in a few minutes."

As the door closes...Caleb and I are finally alone. And, I just sit and cry. I don't even know why...but I just keep crying. Caleb finishes nursing and I burp him. He is a big boy, let me tell you. All the tiny clothes Callie and I purchased, he probably won't wear for very long.

I look at my son's sleeping face and he seems so peaceful. Children are a miracle aren't they? They leave the womb that has nurtured them and protected them for so long. They are born and depend on us to nurture and care for them. I look down at Caleb. My son is healthy, my girls are healthy...we are happy. A very happy family that is very blessed.

My mind turns back to Aabirah, the young girl with cancer that I met in Jordan months back. She just passed away this morning I was told. I am here holding my child, while her mother is no doubt crying, wishing she could hold hers. Aabirah wrote me a letter a month ago. I replied with a hand written letter as well. I was told her face lit up when she received it. But, I bet it wasn't as bright as my face was when my secretary handed me her letter. I read it twice, to be sure I missed nothing. It was simplistic, in her own handwriting...and I keep it in my nightstand. I will never forget that child as long as I live.

"Hey, you feeling better." Callie asks as she walks in. Bless her. She is tip toeing inside our bedroom. I'm not sure if that's for me or for Caleb.

"Yes. I'm sorry, I just needed a few minutes." I say softly. Caleb is sleeping so good, I don't want to wake him.

"You have nothing to apologize for. This birth was certainly different from the other two. No staff...reporters...no White House back then. It's a lot on you honey, and I get that. I do...so don't apologize. You want me to take him?" Callie says.

I hand her our son. And, she is so cute with him. Callie walks Caleb over to the window and looks outside. "They are like a bunch of vultures aren't they?" She says.

"They are doing their job." I smile.

"You want to talk about why you were crying?" Callie asks.

I smile as she sits in the chair across from me. The weight of the world is on her shoulders. North Korea is acting up. Middle East tensions are high. Yet, the President wants to know why I am crying. But, she's not the President now... just my loving wife that I married and devoted my life to.

"It's probably just baby blues. There's not anything in particular that I am crying about...just crying to be crying I guess. Hormones...you remember that feeling."

Callie nods, "Yes. It's miserable. And, I had postpartum depression too. That was the worst state of mind I had ever been in."

"Exactly," I reply. My wife is the most understanding woman in the world. Easy to talk to, great
sense of humor...and all mine.

"You sure you are okay?" Callie asks.

"I am fine. I just had a moment. But, if I could get this boot off, that would be so awesome."

She laughs, "Well, look on the bright side...only two more months to go. That's eight weeks, if that sounds better."

"Funny girl...You are hilarious." I give a tight smile.

Callie then explains her ideas for this week. As crazy as they are. "So...I was thinking, tomorrow...let's kick my parents and yours out. Then, let's all pack up and go to Camp David for two weeks where no one has any access to us there."

As good as that sounds...its just not plausible.

"That sounds great Calliope. But, Lucia and my mother have planned this whole week out, even down to the meals we will eat. And, they both are taking the girls to practice and piano lessons, and Lucia said she wants to host a spend the night party for Emma and Sofia since we haven't done that yet. She said that would take the stress off of us if she handles it. So...I don't think we can kick them out. The Torres and Robbins are here for a week. A long...full...seven day week."

Callie shakes her head. "I hate my mother sometimes. She's just...I don't know if I can make it an entire week Arizona." Callie's whining is hilarious.

Laughing at my wife, I can't resist. "Hey...guess what she put on the menu for dinner tonight."

Callie shrugs her shoulders. "What?"

"Meatloaf." As I say that word, her face goes stern.

"She's definitely gonna get kicked out before her seven days are up." Callie states.

And, I laugh again. It's gonna be interesting with these two in this White House for the next seven days. Very interesting indeed. But, they love one another. Like all mothers and daughters...they have their share of arguments and fusses. But, in the end...love is still there. Just as it should be.

"All I am, or can be, I owe to my angel mother." - Abraham Lincoln

A/N: Up Next: "Stop! Or My Mom Will Shoot!"
"Stop! Or My Mom Will Shoot!"

"When you are angry or frustrated, what comes out? Whatever it is, it's a good indication of what you're made of." -H. Jackson Brown

Callie POV

"Mama!" Screaming loudly, I am shocked my mother is in mine and Arizona's bedroom. Where is the privacy factor here?

"Oh, I've seen it all before Calliope." My mother says, waving me away with her hand.

It is six o'clock in the morning. I have just gotten a shower and left my towel lying on the bathroom floor. Walking into my bedroom, the Presidents bedroom...I am naked. Nope, no clothes on at all. And my mother is in here seeing the baby. Seriously? What the hell?

"I am the President of the United States," I tell her, wrapping my robe around my body. "And, I think you should knock first before just barging into my bedroom."

"I did knock. Arizona said to Come in...so I did. You're the one that is walking around naked."

"It's my freaking bedroom! I'm allowed to walk around naked Mama!"

I have had it with the parents...ALL of them. They are driving me crazy. I swear, I may bomb a country just to make me feel better here. Stressed isn't the word for it people. And my wife...she is in another world. Like, earth to Arizona...help me out here. Nope...nothing.

"Arizona! Tell her please." Looking at my wife, I plead with her to take my side and say something.

Nope...nothing. She looks away and acts like she hasn't heard a word I have said. Oh, when mama leaves...she's going to get a piece of my mind, even if she just gave birth three days ago. We are a team...remember the vows? Well, you didn't hear them, but she said that to me..."I promise to love you and always be by your side Calliope." Yes...where is she now? Looking over at the wall, ignoring me.

"Don't bring Arizona into this, she's depressed. She has the blues...You're just testy because you're not getting enough sleep." Mama takes the baby from Arizona. She just finished feeding Caleb and mama is packing him up and taking him to her room. She's too much! He's my kid...get out!

"I am the President!" I say, reminding my mother of my status. No, I'm not bragging, but do you think Bill Clinton's mother, or George W. Bush's mother (yea, bad example I know) or even Barak Obama's mother in law walked in on them? No...I bet they didn't. I deserve the same respect.

"Yes, honey. You are the President. And, I am so proud of you. But, you really should wear clothes, because if the Secret Service had to rush you downstairs to that underground bunker earlier, you would have been naked, and that would have been embarrassing."

Oh My God...I may call Secret Service and have her removed from the premises. I look over at Arizona...and you all know. I don't have to tell you...yep...once again, she's got nothing. A blank stare and a solemn face. Baby blues my ass...I know her too well. We've been together too long folks.

Mama leaves and yes...I whip around to the First Lady...The First Silent Lady. Arizona's never been silent a day in her life. More quiet than me yes...but silent? Hell no.

"Seriously?" Waving my arms in the air, I yell..."She's driving me crazy, on purpose I think! And, you...you just sit there with nothing! Baby blues my ass...you are deliberately avoiding them until they leave. You are hiding in here, keeping to yourself and saying nothing. And they all think you're depressed!"

Arizona looks at me. And, she smiles. Told you...

"Callie...I never said I had for sure that I had the baby blues, although the first couple of days I was sad and overwhelmed. You all assumed I did. I was a little depressed. But, if I subject myself to the four grandparents that are overtaking the White House...I will require a straight jacket and
medication. So, I am staying quiet. But, I didn't lie about Baby Blues, I was sad and weepy. I was crying for a reason that day. It was real and it does happen to a lot of women."

Yea..I feel bad. I know she was upset that day. "I know you were upset the day you came home. But, I honestly was beginning to think and everyone else thinks that you are really depressed. But it dawned on me when I was naked and mama was in here and you were saying nothing...that you were deliberately avoiding dealing with our parents."

She smiles. "Well, I am."

Sitting on the bed, I say, "But you are supposed to help me Arizona. I will go crazy by myself with these people." I whine because, she'll feel sorry for me eventually.

"Save it sister...I gave birth...you deal with the parents. We had that deal a while back remember?"

Oops...we did. I do remember that. Shit just got real in a hurry. "Please..." Begging my wife usually helps. And no, I'm not embarrassed by that at all.

"Callie, we had a deal. You deal with the parents, I take care of the baby and recuperate. You are not going back on that now. That was decided before I got inseminated."

I sigh loudly. "I need sex." Yes, I just said that, but I am frustrated and I need to get off. I can feel it all boiling on me and I am ready to explode. "I know you can't, I'm not asking...I'm just being truthful. I have to tell somebody." I sound pathetic, and hopeless, and right now...I feel that way too.

"Well, you should have kicked Emma out of the bed sooner." Arizona's reply was disheartening but truthfully accurate.

"Yes I should have." I reply. And, that's the truth. She continued to sleep with us for a while and then, Arizona just didn't feel comfortable to have sex anymore. I haven't had sex since that night in the kitchen. And, I didn't get any myself. It was all my wife that received the pleasure. Well, it ended quickly, but she sure acted like it felt good. I got nothing.

Then, my wife informs me of something she heard me doing earlier in the bathroom...embarrassing to say the least. "Besides, you sounded like you were taking care of yourself pretty well in there a few minutes ago." Arizona chuckles and I turn three shades of red. If she only knew...I tried, but nothing came of it. Sad, but true.

I smile a very frustrated smile. "I tried, but I just can't get it. I have tried...and I don't know. I've never had this much of a..."

I stop talking...my wife's fingers have made their way into my robe and are rubbing my slit and the moisture there is becoming even more if that was ever a possibility. I am surprised, as Arizona slips a finger inside of me and gives me a kiss. Yes, I am lying next to her on the bed, propped up on my elbow and she is stroking my clit slowly. Heaven is what this is...I close my eyes and say...

"Oh God Arizona...keep that up please..."

She giggles, and comes closer, kissing me again. "Does that help Calliope?"

Nodding, I respond honestly. "I could take you right here...right now." Too bad Arizona doesn't feel that way.

"Oh no you won't. I can promise you that, but I will just take care of you...just relax. You're so tense honey...just relax." Arizona says, moving her delicate fingers to my most needed area. If I died right now, I'd die a happy woman.

I wrap my leg around her as her hand is doing some very good magic right now. Her thrusts become quicker and she kisses my neck. It takes absolutely no time to achieve what I have needed for a couple of months now.

"Oh...God...I'm coming baby," I come against my wife's hand, as she continues her thrusts. "Oh Arizona...that feels so...Fuck!" The waves of pleasure continue as I ride out my orgasm and she slows her movements.

"Does that feel better?" My lovely wife asks. My eyes are closed, but I know she is smiling. I nod, no words will come right now. I am totally spent and could sleep for hours after this. My body feels limp and I lay back, completely exhausted.

"Well, I will go wash my hand, while you get up and go to work. And, remember...it's your job with the parents, not mine Calliope Torres. And, just so you know...I am wife of the year for that.
I bet not too many other wives would have done that for their spouse on the third day after giving birth, with a sore ass, sore boobs, and completely exhausted from the lack of sleep and constant nursing.

"You are the best Arizona. I swear!" Telling her is not enough. She's right...she is one of a kind people. "When you get better...and we can have sex, I swear I am giving it to you just the way you want it, nothing held back." Standing up, I gather my robe and follow my wife into the bathroom.

Arizona smiles, "I've always wanted to have sex in Air Force One." Her dainty little face is so irresistibly cute.

"Deal. I'll clear out the whole damn plane." I reply as I brush my teeth. That does sound like fun...doesn't it?

My day goes well, a few meetings here and there. It's actually a quiet day to be honest. Addison came in and we had a meeting. Bailey also met with me and we had a quick lunch in my private office off from the Oval Office. I look at my watch and see that it's six o'clock. And, incase I wasn't aware of that...I receive a phone call from the Private Residence.

"Calliope...There is a slumber party about to start and your presence is requested." Lucia Torres informs me. My mother is going to be the death of me. Seriously...the death of me.

But, she's got this all wrong, that party is supposed to be two days from now I thought. "I thought it was Friday Mama?"

"No...Barbara has to leave on Friday for her treatments. So...I bumped it to tonight. So get your behind up here...I need some help."

My mother is a lawyer, just like I was before I ran for office. She's smart, loving to her grandchildren, but a pain in the ass and bossy as can be when she takes a notion.

"I'll be up in a few minutes," I say in a snappy tone. She's seriously going to make me snap.

"You've got three minutes or I am sending your father down there."

Now what do you think I'm going to do after that threat? Of course...it's less than two minutes now, and I better get a move on before Carlos Torres comes down here. Only two more days Callie...I sat to myself. I can survive anything for two more days.

Stepping into the hallway of the private residence, I am bombarded with girls. Squealing, giggling, prissy little girls. All wanting to see me, meet me, take a selfie with me. How lucky am I?

Looking to Sofia, I ask, "Where is your mother?"

"She's in her room. We've already been in there to see her." Sof answers.

"Will you go bowling with us?" Yes, there's a bowling alley inside the White House, incase you are wondering.

"Will you play tag, we have nerf guns and foam pellets too?"

"Madam President, will you let us jump on the Lincoln bed?"

"Can we go outside and look at the limo you ride in?"

"No...I want to go to the Oval Office."

"Yea!" Several scream in excitement. God, I wish is was half as excited as they all are. Their questions are fired all at once and they're relentless.

Arizona peeps her head out the bedroom door and I catch her looking. She sees that I notice her and she closes the door fast. Nope...not going to work. Sore ass or boobs...she's not making me go through this alone.

"I will be right back," I say to the ten girls that are here for this slumber party. Walking to our bedroom door, I open it to see my wife slipping under the covers.

"Oh no you don't. Get up, you've hid in here from my parents and yours and you aren't hiding and leaving me with ten screaming girls that are crazy as hell. Get up Arizona."

"Callie...I'm recuperating...And..."
"Arizona, you don't have to run around, just come outside with me and help me tame this wild bunch of kids. You are a natural with children."

She sighs and slips her long white robe back on. "Thank you," I smile.

"You owe me more than Air Force One Calliope," Arizona says tying the knot in her robe a little tighter.

"Okay...whatever you want. Just name it."

She smiles, a little mischief is in her eyes as we walk to the door. I will probably be repaying Arizona for the rest of my life. And, at this moment...I don't care.

"Girls, how about let's eat first, then the President will take you all on a very organized tour of the White House. Then, you can all go bowling, and then settle in for popcorn and a movie in the theater room. How does that sound?" Arizona gets some serious cheers after those suggestions. I told you, she's a natural.

We all walk to the dining room to eat. "You're not leaving me are you?" I ask my wife who takes Caleb from her mother and begins to walk out of the room.

"Sweetie, I have to nurse him. And, yes...I am coming back."

Maybe I seem a little out of sorts and needy, dependent even on my wife. I am usually not that way, I promise you that. But, since Caleb was born, it had been chaotic to say the least with visitors and family being here. And, I think I'm starting to stress out. My mom certainly is it helping me in that department. I personally feel she is making me worse. Hell, even Arizona hides away from the old people here. I wish I had that option. But, there is something about having Arizona close by and in charge that makes me feel so much better.

As we finish eating, Arizona walks back in with the baby monitor and hands it to Barbara. "He's good for two hours. I will be back by then, call if you need me before." My blonde wife makes a clicking sound, calling me over to her and yes, I stand and obey. I am domesticated remember...she likes that joke. Eye rolls again...

"Alright, I will go on this tour, only for an hour and then we take them bowling for an hour. Then, you hand them over to your mother and she and my mom can sit in the theater with them and watch a movie, while we go to sleep."

"This is why I married you honey." Wrapping her in a hug, she chuckles.

"You are never going to repay this."

"I will spend my days doing whatever it takes." I reply.

As we finish the tour, Arizona and I take the girls to the bowling alley. Several rounds are played and they are all still going strong too. Tough bunch if you ask me. We sit and talk while they play.

"Hey, this was my mother's idea. Where the hell is she?"

That's a good question I just asked my wife. Lucia Torres did plan this and now, she's not even helping us entertain the kids. Oh I will bet you a million dollars I know exactly where she is too. Rocking Caleb. I bet that's what she's doing.

And, Arizona seems to agree with my silent thoughts, "She's probably rocking Caleb, knowing her."

Mama I should crazy over Caleb, he is a cutie let me tell you. But seriously, if she planned this, she should be the one in charge. Right?

As we finish up the hour of bowling, a couple of the girls forgot something so we all went back upstairs. Several girls had their nerf guns out, shooting in the hallway at one another. This is a wild bunch, let me tell you. Emma was the biggest duck in the puddle as they were having a battle in the large open hallway. I smile, and ask if I can borrow one of the toy guns from a little girl named, Jillian.

"Sure," Jillian says, handing me the toy semi automatic looking weapon. It's big, and these foam pellets fly out fast too. My target comes into view as I see her walking into the hallway. Hiding behind a large column, I tell Emma to yell at her Grandmother.

"Stop! Or my mom will shoot!" Emma yells.

"What?" My mother asks.
And, I take the only chance afforded to me to unload my frustration. Yes, I shot my mother multiple times as my wife stands with her blue eyes bulging out. "Callie!" Arizona yells, as I continue my attack.

"It's all in good fun mother. See, the girls think it's funny." Knowing full well I will get an ear full, I laugh at her fury. My wife is shocked and my father is silently laughing behind her. He wishes he could have just done that to mama as well.

"Calliope! Behave yourself. You're the President!" My mother scolds me. She is shocked by my demeanor and what I just did to her. It was funny as hell, if you ask me.

Walking over to her, I put my arm around my mother, the one I dearly love and also hate at the same time. "Exactly. I'm glad you finally realized that."

She narrows her eyes and she shakes her head, mumbling Spanish words that I can't repeat due to small children being around. I am the President...she's right about that. And, don't anyone else forget it!

Walking up, my blonde wife gives me the look that says I'm in the dog house about what I just did. She knew full well she wished she'd had the courage to have done it. So, I smile. Placing my arm around her small waist, I whisper, "That was for you too."

Arizona can't help it. She starts laughing at me. I am funny, or so I've been told. I'm a likeable girl, just look at my popularity numbers, they keep increasing. Arizona stops laughing when my mother walks up.

"Barbara and I will take the girls to watch a movie. You and Arizona can retire for the evening." She's mad at me I can tell. Even Barbara smiles and winks at us as she walks by.

"You have got her so pissed off," Arizona whispers.

Shrugging my shoulders, I don't care. It was funny. "She will be fine honey. Let's go to bed." We walk toward our bedroom door, Caleb is asleep inside in a small crib near our bed. As I follow Arizona in, a stinging sensation hits my back. Turning, I see my mother and the girls laughing. Yes, she just shot me with the gun too. Payback is a bitch they say.

"You're not the only one that can shoot Calliope." Mom smiles and walks on, dropping the large plastic gun to the ground. She's brutal... and that's for sure.

My wife laughs and pulls me inside, closing the door. And yes, I am mad... "She can't do that Arizona. I am..."

The blonde of my dreams finishes my sentence for me. "The President of the United States...Yes I know honey. Now, my feet hurt and you are going to rub them. I'm cashing in on the favors you owe me. So, get to work."

My work is never done. I work day and night. All day, I protect you, the American citizens and try and make our country safer and more fair for every American. Then, I come home and night and deal with parents, screaming kids, and a wife that...

"Calliope..."

"...That I love more than life itself and would like nothing more than to rub her feet, while she kicks back and rests. Because she's given me two of the three miracles in my life and I owe her the world. She's the greatest, most beautiful and most talented First Lady we've ever had in the White House... Is that all Arizona? Did I leave anything out?...Ouch!"

Yes, she pinched me and..."Ouch! Stop! I'm the President of... Ouch!"

Yea...Never mind...You all know, and that's what counts.

Up Next: "Calming Caleb"
Calming Caleb

"Until babies learn to talk, they communicate through crying."

Callie POV

Our son has cried for weeks. Arizona said it's the colic. She and Nanny Shaw took him to the pediatrician and he agreed, it's the colic. It's terrible, I know he is miserable and his tummy hurts. And no matter what we do, we are not succeeding at calming Caleb.

"Shh, it's okay Caleb. Mama's here." Trying everything, I resort to waking him out on the Truman balcony. Maybe fresh air would fonhim some good. It's tough being little you know. He can't communicate with us and he can't say where he hurts and that makes it difficult for all of us.

"Caleb...mama feels useless. I want to help and there's just not a lot I can do." Swaying him back and forth, I finally succeed in quieting our screaming son. It's late, the girls are in bed and Arizona was called back to the hospital for an emergency.

"Yea...that's more like it isn't it Caleb. You are so sleepy, just give it up baby..."

Closing his eyes, Caleb sleeps...finally. And I just know that this is going to be a restful night for me and Arizona. Or, at least I hope it will. We've been so tired from staying up with him at night.

Laying him in his crib, I turn the monitor on and leave his bedroom door cracked a little. Caleb is two months old. Yes, it's been two months. Hard to believe I know. A long two months of no sleep and no sex. And, to be honest, were both so tired, sex has been the last thing on our minds.

Well, until now. Tonight, I planned to climb in bed with my wife and spend an amazing night together. But, it doesn't look like it's happening. She's at work and I'm all alone.

Sitting on the sofa, I flip on the television and before I even change the channel, the phone rings.

"Madam President, you are being asked to come to the Oval Office. We are having an issue with North Korea that requires you immediate attention."

The voice on the line is my new secretary, Penny Blake. She is still working late apparently. She's dedicated to the job and for being new, she's fiercely loyal, unlike my last secretary. Penny has been here a couple of weeks before Caleb was born. And, she's proving to be a real asset.

"Thanks Penny. I will be down in a minute."

Calling nanny Shaw to come and sit until I get back, I make my way to the office. Upon arrival, I am greeted by several Generals and my chief of staff. And, my secretary that I would be completely lost without.

"He is a cup of coffee President Torres."

Taking the offered cup of warm liquid courage, I smile. "Thanks Penny." And within minutes, the meeting begins.

"We need to send this guy a message," General Warren says. "Sanctions are already in place, we need more. North Korea launched what we think was a short-range Scud missile. It flew about 280 miles into the Sea of Japan. We've got to do something with this guy."

"The launch was the ninth missile test conducted by North Korea this year," General McConnell states.

"He does this. He's just testing us by deploying a missle. He's an idiot, but I'm not that worried." My chief of staff states nonchalantly.

"You're never worried, that's the problem." Another General chimes in.

"The President needs to be more tough on this guy. She's making us look weak by never responding." Yet, another view from one of my toughest critics.

My response is immediately alarming. "There is so much diversity in this room. No one knows how to handle North Korea. I need a general consensus before going forward and making a decision. Don't call me down here and then have no idea how to handle a situation!"
Yes, I screamed at everyone in my office. In some form or fashion they are right. I am reluctant to act and if I did, would it do any good? Let's face it, he deployed a missile to get attention. While I needed to know that, did it warrant a late night meeting. A late night meeting with six men arguing is not the kind of meeting I had in mind. Strategies is what we need, not grumbling.

"North Korea's two most recent missile tests have demonstrated significant progress of its missile program. North Korea has stated that it is seeking to develop a long-range missile armed with a nuclear warhead capable of striking the continental United States. The answer is not as simple as you all think. The President, as all of us are in a very volatile situation."

Smiling at General Kimble, I see he gives me a nod and he smiles back. He's always on my side. I've got some generals that would just jump the gun and go on a bombing streak if I would turn them loose. Sure, there is a time and place for that...but we are not there yet. Not by any means.

"I want to resume talks through the UN, with North Korea and then let's see what that produces. We can meet again on a couple of days. Now, everybody out please."

My snappy response was not needed, but couldn't be helped either. And I need another cup of coffee to be honest. Picking up the phone, I call Penny.

"Have you got another cup of coffee?"

"Yes ma'am. Be in there in a second."

Lowering my head in my palms, I sigh. No sleep, irritating people at work, an idiot in North Korea...you name it and I've got more problems that I'm prepared to deal with.

"Here you go," Penny says in her cheerful tone.

"Thanks," I reply. Sitting up, I take a sip, and god it feels good going down my throat.

"You look tired."

"I am Penny. I've got so much stress on me right now." Rubbing my neck, I try and loosen the knots that are there. And, it seems to help a little.

"Is you neck tight?" Penny asks.

"Um...yea it is."

My eyes are closed, but in a second I feel two warm hands on my shoulders and neck. Opening my eyes quickly, my breath hitches and I feel my heart beat a little faster. What the hell is happening?

"Uh Penny...I don't think."

"Shh, just relax. I'm great at massages. You are so tight and tense. I bet your head hurts doesn't it." Nodding, I say, "It does." What she is doing feels so good. But, I know this is a bad idea. This won't look good if anyone walked up on this scene happening in my office right now.

She bears down and soothes a very sore spot on my right shoulder. I've had that knot I know for weeks. It's the side I lay on when I hold Arizona... Oh God...Arizona. She's probably home by now.

"Penny... I need to go," I say. But she comes closer to my right ear. Standing behind me, she's lowered herself next to my face and I can feel her breath on my neck.

"Penny..." Closing my eyes, I am in a difficult position either way. Slowly back out or shove her off of me, either way, this won't go well for me if I don't handle this carefully. All I need is a secretary that would blow this all out of proportion. Nerves set in by the second as she begins whispering in my ear.

"Its just you and me. And, I can help you relieve some of this stress...If you'll let me, Madam President." I feel her lips brush the edge of my ear and cheek, and I know her red lipstick is probably smeared on my tanned flesh.

The low sultry sound in her voice shakes me to my very core. I don't cheat. Thats not me...That's not who I am. Callie Torres is not a cheater.

"Penny...I can..."
A clearing of the throats causes my eyes to open and Penny to stop her sexual aggression.

"Late night meeting I see."

The voice is my wife's. The tone is one of hurt and anger. And the look, or god the look Arizona has is unlike any I've ever seen.

Jumping up from my seat, I push Penny out of the way to get to my office door. Arizona is holding Caleb in her arms and tears are in her eyes.

"Arizona... this isn't what it looks like." That's all I can get out and I am pleading with my eyes for her to believe me.

"Send her home Callie. Now." Arizona replies in a very low voice. She turns and walks out of my office, heading back upstairs.

I could see it in her blue eyes, she does not believe me. And that pains me more than if Penny were to concoct some twisted version of the events happening in the Oval Office tonight. She came onto me. I didn't respond quickly, not wanting to cause a scene and make her do or say something that would ruin my reputation. I wanted to slowly back out of this and try and explain it to her. That idea...was obviously a stupid one. And now, I'm in deeper shit than ever.

What will Arizona do? What will she say? How much did she see? Taking a swipe at my neck, I see red lipstick in my hand.

"You want me to leave for the night?"

Penny's question brings my mind back from where it has drifted. I have stood here watching Arizona and Caleb walk away and I'm not sure how long exactly that I've been here in this one spot, frozen in time. And now, the person responsible for my wife's upset and some very inappropriate office behavior is talking to me again.

"Should I leave?" Penny asks.

"Go home Penny." Its all I can say. It's all that comes out of my mouth. Walking out of my office, I step into the hallway. I am now in pursuit of my wife. She looked absolutely devastated by what she saw. Couldn't blame her there really, if she saw her lips on the side of my face. She must have seen that. Oh god, I'm freaking out by the second and the damn elevator is the slowest its ever been.

Stepping off the elevator, I am met with nanny Shaw and her evil look. She has Caleb, yes he is crying.

"Where's Arizona?" I ask the older woman that has been with our children for a very long time. She's known me for years, but tonight, her loyalty has shifted. I can see it in her eyes too. Arizona must have told her.

"She's in the bedroom. And she asked not to be disturbed."

Her tone was harsh and her voice laced with disapproval of what she thinks I've just been doing in my office. Dismissing her response, I walk to our bedroom door and it is locked. Of course it's locked. Like Arizona would leave it open for her wife who she thinks has just been unfaithful to her.

"Arizona please unlock the door. We need to talk about this. It's not what you think." I'm failing miserably, and I know it. I can't even get my thoughts together about this. Damn Penny Blake.

"Please."

"Go away Callie," she responds and I can hear her crying. I think it's safe to say that Calming Caleb will be much easier than Calming Arizona tonight.

"Please. Just unlock it and I will explain everything. Whatever you think..." And then, I hear the door unlock and a bag is in my wife's hands. "What...where are you going?"

Arizona looks at me defiantly. "I'm not going anywhere. You are. Here is some of you things. It's a big house...find another bedroom."

Clearly, Calming Caleb will be without a doubt much easier than Calming Arizona. Looks like it's going to be a long night but, I'm not going anywhere.

They say...
"Most misunderstandings in the world could be avoided if people would simply take the time to ask, "What else could this mean?" — Shannon L. Alder

A/N: Thoughts?
Forgive Me, For I Have Not Sinned

"Forgiveness is the best form of love. It takes a strong person to say sorry. And an even stronger person to forgive."

Arizona POV

Callie looks at me defiantly. And then she has the nerve to say, "I'm not leaving?"

Hearing Callie's words, her voice, I am infuriated. How could she do this to me? To us? Has our marriage been a joke this entire time?

Sure, there have been lots of women and men that have thrown themselves at my wife over the years. It comes with the territory. To my knowledge, she's never slipped. To my understanding, Callie has never cheated. I won't lie, she's gregarious and outgoing...and on a few occasions, Callie has been what I felt, a little to friendly with women in the past. It's her personality, she has to watch herself or what she does and says can come across as flirtatious, even if she doesn't mean for it too. We've had discussions about that before. And, since that time, she's been more aware of her actions, her mannerisms, and Callie has done better at keeping herself in line. But now, what I just saw, maybe...just maybe that line wasn't as straight as I thought.

Affairs happen in politics they say. Maybe it does. Maybe some wives overlook their partners indiscretions. But, that's not who I am. And, that's not my wife. If the tables were turned, she'd be furious.

I cannot control my anger. Questions that bubble just under the surface arise in full force, erupting like a volcano. "How could you do this to me? To us? We have three children. I just gave birth to your child two months ago!"

Callie begs, "Arizona, please let me explain."

"Explain? You don't have to explain. I saw everything! Everything!" Screaming at the top of my lungs, I can't help it. I did see it all. Every painful second of it.

Shaking her long dark locks, she says, "Arizona please calm down...it wasn't what it looked like."

"Oh it wasn't? You could have fooled me Callie Torres! How long have you been sleeping with her? She's been here two months, how long did it take? Huh? Answer me!"

Callie sighed. "I've never slept with her. Arizona...I haven't..."

"I saw you. You had your eyes closed Callie. You cannot stand here and lie to me...You were enjoying what she was doing. Her lips, they were on your cheek, you've still got the damn red lipgloss to prove it!"

Feverishly, she wipes off the remaining evidence of her ill fated decision. She didn't have to sit there and allow that to happen. Silence is often an admission of guilt. Is it in this case? What do you think? My wife's silence is deafening. I'd say she was guilty as hell.

"You were enjoying it. And if I hadn't walked up on you two, you would have probably had sex. Who knows, maybe you have... judging by what I saw...their is a comfort level there that should not be. And, no...you will not be sleeping in my bed tonight...Madam President."

Slamming the bedroom door in Callie's face felt good, and bad. We need to talk but I'm so mad. But, how do you talk about this? Without getting angry?

"Arizona..."

I hear Callie's pleading voice on the other side of the door and it brings me from my thoughts.

"Arizona, I'm still out here and I'm not leaving until we talk." If there is one thing my wife does well, it's persistence. She never gives up. I say nothing back. No response is required from me as far as I'm concerned. What can she possibly say...

"I'm sorry, Forgive me, I have not sinned Arizona. I didn't sleep with her. I've never slept with her. I don't cheat. That's not who I am." Callie's voice breaks. Sobbing outside the door, I hear her slide down to the floor. I know, because...I'm son the other side of this locked door. And I'm on the floor too.
And, I can't help but comment, "But I saw your face. You were lost for a moment. It felt good, you were enjoying it. I know that look Callie. I've put that look on your face myself...many times. It's the look of pleasure. You lost yourself for a few seconds there. With her."

My own voice cracks and now I'm crying. My wife's cries come louder through the door. My words must have struck a chord. I'd love nothing more than for this to have never happened but, it did. And no, I won't sweep it under the rug and pretend I didn't see what I saw. She was enjoying the massage, the kiss, more than she will ever admit.

Callie finally says, "Arizona, Yes, I closed my eyes. I'm tired...my shoulders and neck hurt. She did massage them and I told her to stop. I swear. I just... she didn't stop. I was trying to think of how to get out of situation without causing a scene. I kept thinking, what if someone saw that. What would they think?"

Exploding in anger I yell through the door, "That you are sleeping with your secretary!"

"I know...I know..." Callie croaks out in agony.

Callie adds, "This is the worst situation that I've ever been in, and I swear I was trying my hardest to figure a way out without causing her to get defensive and concoct a fabrication."

Callie's words cause me to laugh. "Cause her to get defensive? What about me? Did you care about what I would have thought?"

"Of course I care Arizona," Callie fires back in defense of her feelings. "I wasn't thinking clearly Arizona!"

"Because you were enjoying it! You make me look like a fool. I signed up for this Callie Torres. I signed up to follow you to the White House. It was not my dream, it was yours. I signed up and agreed to it, but not this. And, I don't think I want to do it anymore."

Yes, I realize what I just said. And I meant it too. This job is so public, so invasive in way of privacy, I won't be drug through some embarrassing situation because my wife can't control herself or her secretary.

"What?" Callie asked. "What are you saying?"

I level with Callie and give her my heart and how it feels at the moment. "I have given speeches...for you. I have hosted parties...for you. I have traveled the US and around the would...for you. For your presidency, and I'm not doing it.."

Loud banging begins on the other side of the door. My head is slightly hit, the door is jarred. Her incessant bang causes me to rise. "Open the damn door now! I refuse to have this conversation through a closed door!"

Callie apparently didn't like how I felt. Well, I didn't like what I saw. So, maybe we're even. "I said no. You can go sleep in another bedroom."

"Dr. Robbins...It's Agent Starling. I need this door to remain unlocked in case of emergency. If you don't unlock the door..."

And, I just go ahead and resign myself to the fact that, like always, Callie Torres gets her way. "No need to say anything more Agent Starling. It's unlocked." I turn the lock and step back. And it's a good thing I did. Callie opened the door wide and then slammed it shut.

"What do you mean you're not doing it anymore?" Her voice is raised and she's angered by my words.

"Just what I said. I've done everything for you, supported you, helped you...all to get you here. It hasn't been an easy ride either. My sexuality, as your has been exploited. We've been many a joke on late night tv. It's been a struggle, honestly...I was proud and happy to do it for you. And then,
you go and have a nice little romp with your secretary. You've made me look like an idiot Callie!"

"Sit, please just sit." Pulling me to the chair in front of the fireplace, we sit facing one another. Callie begins to explain, "You saw what you saw. I won't discredit that. But you were not in my mind. You weren't in my heart. You can't make judgements on that. I know what I was thinking, not you. I had my eyes closed...it didn't mean I wanted to sleep with her. She brushed her lips, barely a kiss, I won't discredit that. I was there. I know what the hell happened. I told you, I was trying to think of how to get out of that. I was slow to react...I'm tired Arizona. I don't know if I'm cominous or going these days, everything is crazy. Especially with us getting no sleep."

"Just shove her away! Push her aside! Fire her on the spot! But don't sit there and close your eyes and look as if you could melt to putty because it felt so damn good! You chose wrong! You fucked up! And, I don't deserve it!"

Sitting with her right hand covering her chin, she has tears in her eyes. She's thinking of what to say. But, hasn't it all been said already? Haven't enough excuses and arguments been repeated by both of us...over and over?

"I'm sorry." Callie replied. "I never meant it like that. I would never hurt you."

"You're sorry...That's not goog enough." I respond. "Did you lead her on? Have you given her the wrong impression? Or is this out of the clear blue? Is this another Erica situation?"

Erica Hahn was my wife's secretary when Callie was a first term Governor. And, Mrs. Hahn and my wife were friendly. Now that's not a bad thing necessarily, you just can't be too friendly. But, Erica took things the wrong way. Callie on her part, did nothing wrong. She did not cheat. She was just Callie being Callie. It was somewhere along the way, Erica developed feelings and by the time she expressed it and acted on those feelings, Callie had herself a nice little fiasco. She turned Erica Hahn down and asked her to resign. Thankfully, it was smoothed over and my wife was able to keep things from escalating to an all out media frenzy. Callie got by, by the the skin of her teeth on that one. She's just too personable, to nice, winks way too much, and has a very contagious laugh and smile. Believe me, you would want to assume she's flirting with you...when she's just being friendly. And, I can't help but wonder, is that what was happening with Penny?

"You have to keep a professional distance between yourself and..."

Interrupting me, she is hurt by my questions, and she has no hesitation in her words. "I have not flirted with her ever. I have not lead her on in any way. I've been nice, but professionally, that's all Arizona. I've kept that professional distance. This isn't another Erica Hahn situation..."

"Mom..." Hearing Sof knock on our door, I get up from my chair. Wiping my tears, I tidy myself up before I answer. "Sweetie, why are you up?" I ask.

"I had a bad dream," Sof responds sadly. Sometimes she has nightmares since I was away in Afghanistan. And, we just deal with them when they arise. That little trip was tough on all of us. I just got my walking boot off last week, and my ankle still feels very unstable.

"Okay...well, let's get you back to bed," I smile at the very sleepy child standing in front of me. Wrapping my arm around our oldest daughter, we walk toward her room. Leaving Callie sitting in our bedroom was easy...and hard all at the same time. Does that make sense? It does to me at least. We walk inside her bedroom and Sofia slips inside the warm covers.

"Mom, will you stay with me please..."

She's scared and I know it's a bad habit to start. But I give in. "Sure. Until you fall asleep." Lying on the bed with my daughter I close my eyes. I see the Oval Office scene replay in my mind. Is she telling the truth? Was she that stupid and that slow of a responder?

Hearing the bedroom door open slightly, I look over to see the face of my wife. Puffy eyes and all, she stares at me and Sofia. "Go to sleep Callie." I say in an annoyed tone of voice. Shaking her head, she says, "I can't. We need to talk," Callie whispers.

Whispering back, I say, "I'm done. I said I was done and I meant it."

Closing my eyes, I let out a long sigh. I am done talking about this. I need to sleep. Nanny Shaw took Caleb for the night. The one night he's away, and I can sleep. And yet, sleep evades me. I'm sure it will also evade my wife. What a night. First a pile up on the interstate causes multiple casualties and two patient I worked on tonight died. Then I come home to a screaming baby and poor nanny Shaw was worn out from dealing with Caleb all day. So I do the proper thing. I gave
her the night off and took Caleb. Deciding to go for a walk, I made my way to the Oval Office. Mrs. Shaw said Callie had a meeting. And, as we can all tell...it was so very important. Callie and Penny...The President and her secretary...who would have thought it. Seeing that...I must say, a little piece of my heart was ripped out in the process. And, I just need some time.

A/N: Interesting...isn't it? How would you feel in either wife's shoes? What would you do if this were you in this situation?

And, you thought you would have to wait for a chapter Smiley714.
"Forgive Me Not"

"Forgive Me Not"

"i felt her absence. it was like waking up one day with no teeth in your mouth, you wouldn't need to run to the mirror to know they were gone"
— James Dashner, The Scorch Trials

General POV

So what's behind the mystery of yawning? Taking a look at what this bodily motion, it simple to understand. Yawning is an involuntary action that causes us to open our mouths wide and breathe in deeply. We know it's involuntary because we do it even before we're born. Any other facts or reasons behind the contagious action of yawning, doesn't really matter does it?

"Hey baby," Arizona whispered to Sofia.

Yawning big, the oldest child stretched out her arms. "Morning mom."

"Don't yawn, or I will start yawning too. It's contagious." Arizona laughed, and sure enough, a yawn came from her own lips. Contagious...every time.

Two slender bare feet were placed on the carpeted floor. Dazed still from the nights sleep, Arizona took a couple of steps forward. Brain fog, that's what she had. Two more steps and...Tripping unexpectedly, the First Lady was now tumbling onto the floor...and her wrist was stinging with pain.

"Callie!" Arizona yelled.

She had jumped up when Arizona fell over her legs. "Oh God...I'm sorry honey. Are you alright?"

Sofia had seen the whole scene play out through her sleepy state of awareness. She was confused, as she should be. "Mama...what are you doing sleeping on the floor?"

A Pillow, blanket...blue pajamas with the presidential seal embroidered...Callie looked to her daughter and had no words. Really...no words. What was there to say? Confession? Tell her that, she'd screwed up so bad and she couldn't be away from Arizona...so she slept on the floor?

The President of the United States...sleeping on her daughter's bedroom floor because she was so upset, so needy, and scared as hell that her wife wanted a divorce. She wanted to be near Arizona. She needed to talk. Fix this somehow. Knowing if she allowed Arizona space, only a great divide would continue to grow between them, Callie didn't think space was a good option. But, was that her decision?

"Are you okay?" Callie asked her wife.

"I am fine. Just fine." Arizona pulled herself up and left Callie and Sofia in the bedroom alone. She had fallen asleep. Arizona didn't mean to sleep all night in Sofia's bed, but she was just so tired. And, Callie was on the floor...how stupid did the brunette think she was? Where many would have found it endearing and humbling for their spouse to have done that, Arizona wasn't falling for it...not this time.

Silence at breakfast...what a way to start the morning. Silence served with pancakes, bacon and sausage, hash browns...silence filled more of Callie's body than the breakfast sitting on her plate. The desire to eat was minimal, the desire to fix her problems...so very great. But, it takes two people to work out a problem, and in this situation, one person wanted no more of the situation. Callie either kept her head down or she looked at Arizona. She knew her wife was mad. Furious even, and she had a right to be. This wasn't the first time an incident like this had occurred, although...Callie had been innocent back then. Now, she was not. She had waited too long...enjoyed that little massage too much, and was slow to turn her secretary away. And, to be honest...she hadn't even dealt with Penny Blake yet. She dreaded that conversation having to take place. It could turn into a volatile issue if it wasn't handled properly.

Arizona spoke for the first time since they were seated. "I will take him Mrs. Shaw. Can you just get the girls ready and accompany them to school this morning?"

"Yes dear," was the older woman's reply.
Taking the two month old from the nanny's arms, Arizona left the breakfast table without saying a word to Callie. She had to tend to the baby...Caleb was hungry too. Bottle in hand, Arizona rocked the growing baby boy, the view of Washington was in the large picture window as she stared outside. It was snowing, and the bitterly cold made snuggling inside with Caleb a welcoming reprieve. Arizona had one appointment today at the hospital, a consultation was planned for a potential surgery patient later this evening. Other than that, her schedule had been cleared to accommodate her wife's needs. She was to attend an AIDS panel and summit today with Callie. But her heart want quite in it.

Nanny Shaw looked at the President...her President, with a disappointing look. Callie knew better than that. She was better than that. Mrs. Shaw had been with this family since Sofia was small. Callie was always the outgoing one...the life of the party. The older woman had always felt that Arizona had lived her life in Callie's shadow, especially since the brunette ran for governor of California and then as President. And, Arizona was too good for that too. But, it wasn't her place and she had kept silent on her innermost feelings.

"Girls go and get dressed." Callie said, looking at Mrs. Shaw's stares. Stares that honestly made Callie wish she were hidden underneath the table. Stares that caused shame and sadness. When Emma and Sofia left, Callie said, "Go ahead. Say what's on your mind. I'd rather know than have you just glare at me."

Nanny Shaw never changed her expression. "You knew better than that last night. What were you thinking Calliope?" Speaking this intimately, using first names...it happened on occasion. Mainly when she was having an issue with the brunette that had hired her years ago. She respected Callie, but she wasn't afraid of her at all.

"She came onto me," Callie said. "I didn't lead her on in any way."

"Did you fire her?"

Shaking her head, the brunette answered, "No."

Mrs. Shaw sighed. "Arizona doesn't deserve this. You disrespected her and you need to do whatever it takes to make it right. And I suggest you start by firing your secretary. Apparently the temptation there is too great for you."

Looking in the full length mirror thirty minutes later...Callie's form fitting black dress and heels that accentuated her calf muscles were stunning on the Latina. Callie Torres had a gorgeous body and legs that were so well toned and defined. She radiated beauty, no matter the wardrobe choice. And today, she was the same as always...beautiful. "You can do this," Callie said to herself as she adjusted her outfit. "It's Arizona...she will listen, just start the conversation up again."

Walking in where Arizona still sat holding Caleb, Callie broke the silence hovering over the upstairs apartment of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. "I will see you in an hour...we have the AIDS panel and summit, remember? You're supposed to introduce me."

Nothing. No words, no looks, nothing. Arizona was silent, rocking their son as they looked at a toy that had captured his attention. Callie waited for a minute, two, and then three. And still...nothing.

"Arizona...please talk to me. We need to communicate and fix this. We can fix this. I made a mistake...one mistake and I feel..."

Glaring at her wife, Arizona stared into the dark chocolate eyes she had loved since she first saw them. "I feel I want to be alone," Arizona stated in a very matter of fact tone. "I want some space. I have to process this. I need to process. Everything, our marriage, our life together...I need some time to think. Alone."

"I need to talk...I need to..."
"I said, no." Gritting her teeth, Arizona shut down this conversation.

Seeing she would get no where with the angry blonde, Callie removed herself from the plush beige sofa. Stepping into the cross hall, the brunette dialed her Chief of Staff and requested that she and Vice President Bailey be in her office in thirty minutes. Desperate to avoid any potential scandal after firing Penny, Callie needed advice and a sympathetic ear.

A long, thought provoking walk to the Oval Office came. Yes, she would fire Penny. But, was that going to cause a problem for her presidency? Even more concerning than that...Was Arizona asking for a divorce? She sounded that way last night. How would that affect their children? Her presidency? The more she thought on the way to her office, the more nauseous became.

Callie found herself in the company of some great predecessors as she continued her stroll around the White House. It was portraits, former occupants of the White House, the People's House as Arizona called it. This house didn't belong to them, it belonged to the American public. The White House opened up for tours daily, although security was tight. But at seven-thirty in the morning, it was unbelievably quiet and people were scarce. Looking at the former Presidents' portraits, she scanned their faces. Callie knew the names, their administrative abilities. Her wife loved history and her passion for reading was extensive, much more than Callie's, and Arizona had filled her in on the little things that Callie had missed, the secrets that all these great men had.

Stopping in front of Kennedys portrait, she had read and she remembered Arizona telling her about his well known love of women. Affairs. Secrets that really weren't secrets. His family, his staff, even his wife knew of his indiscretions. How could they not know? How could someone so brilliant and so smart, not have control over their sexual impulses. How could they not keep their marriage bed sacred and undifiled?

"You and I are nothing alike," Callie whispered to the portrait staring back at her. They weren't. She loved her wife more than that. And then, as she started to walk, she was startled by the voice behind her.

"President Torres. Surprised to see you out here. May I walk with you to your office?" The red heads voice was clear and Callie swallowed hard. Damn...did this woman not give up?

"I'd rather be alone," Callie replied curtly.

"If it's about last night..."

Before she could finish, the Vice President entered the long hall. "Madam President...I was on the way to your office when I saw you... Why are you here?" As usual, Bailey sized up the secretary. All secretary's in fact. Not all, but the majority were after one thing...gaining an advantage. And what better way than with the gorgeous Latina President. Bailey had seen it numerous times in politics. It was all the same story. And unfortunately, only a few politicians remained unscathed after years of serving in office.

"I was on my way to my office. Walk with me please." Callie looked with a smile that Bailey knew all to well. She didn't want to be alone with the other person standing there, which was Penny.

"Go ahead Mrs. Blake. We will see you in a few minutes," Callie said. Penny looked at her boss, she had no choice. Callie was different today than she had been the past. The brunette was always laughing, joking...she was friendly. And some times, she even complimented Mrs. Blake on her attire. But, in fairness, Callie complimented a lot of people, not just Penny Blake. Seeing her boss's attitude and demeanor had changed, Penny felt she knew why. She now blamed Arizona. Callie wasn't different until last night when Arizona walked in on them.

"That's going in Callie?" Bailey asked when they were finally alone.

Meredith Grey had been the President's Chief of Staff since day one. She handled Callie totally. Just tell her the problem or suggestion, she got it done. But, for the past few months, she had to be on leave due to sickness. Last nights meeting with the generals about North Korea was Merediths first full day back at work. Her nickname was the Spin Doctor. She had been with Callie through all the campaigns as governor and as President. Meredith Grey could any problem, and twist it to meet her boss's needs. And Callie knew, she would fix this with Penny too.

Ten minutes later, it wasn't pretty in the Oval Office. "You what?" Bailey asked for clarification.
Hearing Callie explain last night's situation, Bailey was livid. And Meredith was thinking of a solution to a possible impending scandal.

"She came onto me," Callie retorted.

"What is wrong with you. You should have threw her out. Not sat there and enjoy it!"

"I know...I just couldn't think," the President replied, flopping down on the gold sofa in her office. She was a complete idiot in this situation and there was no going back and changing that. No Spin Doctor could fix the problem she now had with Arizona.

"Well, I'm sure Arizona is mad." Bailey said.

"You don't know the half of it," Callie mumbled. Laying her head back, she wanted this nightmare to go away. Penny created it, Callie allowed it, and Arizona was pissed as hell about it. What a mess indeed.

"Well, I think the first thing is to ask Mrs. Blake to resign," Meredith stated.

Callie shook her head. "She's not resigning. I'm not that lucky. This will be another Erica..."

"Not it won't. Give me today and I promise you, she'll resign," Meredith stated. "And, she won't say a word when she leaves." The Spin Doctor was in the building. And what a tangled web she would weave with Penny Blake.

"What are you going to do?" Bailey asked. "Because Miranda Bailey won't be part of anything illegal."

Callie chuckled. She was straight laced as she could get, that Miranda Bailey. She was always there to inject honest wisdom. And, the brunette loved her friend for that.

Meredith looked at Callie and explained her idea. "When you leave to go to the AIDS summit, a little misappropriation of funds and some missing paperwork will happen. She can leave quietly and quickly, or face the consequences. And believe me, she will want to resign."

Callie smiled. "That could work."

"That's illegal...I didn't just hear that. I know I heard something completely different..." Bailey walked to the long windows behind Callie's desk. Once again, she was a party to another situation caused by a woman that could not keep her feelings for Callie Torres bottled up.

A knock on the door illicited a swift response. "Come in," Meredith called out.

Arizona's secretary stepped inside. "Mrs. Robbins-Torres won't be attending today. But, she sent me as her replacement to introduce President Torres at the AIDS Panel. And I just want to say Madam President that I won't let you down. This is an honor and..."

"Great..." Callie replied, her tone filled with annoyed vibes. She was stuck with Lexi Grey...also known as Little Grey to everyone at the White House. She was Meredith's little sister. Much younger than Meredith, Lexi was a newbie. Wet behind the ears, but so eager to learn and this new job she had just landed was exciting.

"There was no one else?" Callie asked Meredith, whispering so that little Grey didn't hear her.

Meredith shrugged, "Bailey could go..."

Bailey walked across the room. She wasn't going and, she felt this was Callie's punishment. 
"Well, it's your own fault," She said. Leaning down, Bailey smirked at her friend. "You deserve Little Grey."

"Madam President you ride is here," Agent Starling announced, breaking the meeting apart.

Bailey imparted some words of wisdom for her friend. "Sounds like you better get going. But here's my advice Callie... Order her some flowers. Cook her a meal, surprise her. Take her to Camp David, she likes it there. Hell, its winter break next week...take a vacation. Do something...I don't know. I mean...I don't cheat on my husband so I really have no idea how to make it up but..."

Callie narrowed her eyes. "I did not cheat," she said, gritted teeth shining through.

Bailey, true to her nature said, "Well, you didn't stop the advances and got caught...it's close enough." Take no prisoners, never hold back...that was your Vice President.
Five in the afternoon came quicker than Arizona had anticipated. She had spent much of her day inside the private residence. Callie was gone all day, the summit, meetings, and as most days, they didn't see each other until the evening hours. And today, it would be no different.

"You look lost in thought," Teddy said. Popping in the First Lady's office, the blonde surgeon wanted to stop by a second and speak to her friend.

"Oh hey, come in." Arizona sat back in her chair. Teddy had just returned from Afghanistan a few weeks ago. She was happy to be back at the hospital and have a more normal life.

"Stressed?" Teddy asked, taking a seat in front of Arizona's desk.

"Yea...this patient I just finished seeing is requiring a lengthy surgery next week and, I'm not sure that he will make it through the entire procedure. He's weak...mighty weak."

"Postpone it until later maybe…" Teddy asked.

Knowing it had to happen sooner than later, Arizona shook her head. "He needs it now, but I postponed it until next week. He's just too weak. Makes you thankful for healthy children."

"Yes it does. So, how's your kids? Caleb still not sleeping?"

Laughing, Arizona said, "No. He is not. The girls are good, but he's still crying."

Teddy laughed. Screaming babies and running a country, and having a full time career...that's enough to cause any mother stress. "Callie is a lot of help I'm sure...as much as she can be," Teddy added.

Arizona nodded. "She is." Looking back down at her paperwork, she didn't really want to discuss Callie. Sure, she was a wonderful mother, but as for a wife...Arizona was still questioning that role.

"You okay?" Teddy asked. Arizona certainly didn't act okay. They had been through a lot in Afghanistan, solidifying a bond between the two that would forever remain. They talked at work, a lot. And as always, Arizona leveled with her friend.

"Last night. I had Caleb and I decided to walk him around and I knew she had a meeting...and I walked in on Callie and her secretary. Callie was sitting at her desk and her secretary was massaging her shoulders and she was kissing Callie's cheek." Blurt out what had happened, Arizona broke down and cried.

"What did she do? Was she participating...I mean did she…"

Arizona sniffed. "She had her eyes closed. She was so lost in the moment. You should have seen her Teddy. I cleared my throat and Penny, the secretary broke away. I mean...am I not enough for her? She makes me look like an idiot. I don't deserve that."

Agreeing, Teddy said, "No, you don't deserve that. She didn't say anything?"

"Just that it wasn't what it looked like. She said she was trying to decide how to handle the situation and what to do about Penny. She said she told her to stop but she wouldn't. How hard was it to shove her off? I'm pretty sure I could have done that, you know?"

Teddy was disgusted. She had been around Callie Torres briefly, although she didn't know her all that well. However, she didn't think too highly of the the President after this. "Have you two sat down and talked?"

"A little. I'm just so mad, I can't hold a conversation with her for long without screaming. Callie said she had never slept with her. She said she had not led her on. But, I saw her...She was lost in the moment. Had I not walked up, I know it would have went further. I'm just tired of doing this you know. I've followed her around the world, put my career on hold many times, all for her. I'm just...I don't want to do it anymore."

"Arizona, are you saying what I think you're saying? Are you wanting a divorce?"

Arizona sighed. "I don't know. But, I know I don't care to be an active participant in her administration, not anymore. I never wanted any of that, she did. Out of love and respect, I did it. For her. For her career. She made it and rose to the top, when no one thought she could. And I am
proud of her achievements, but I don't care to participate any longer. I've contributed and, I've been repayed in the most humiliating way. And, this isn't the first time...we've been through a similar situation before. I just need some time to think, without her around."

"So what? What's the solution? I mean...separate? The media will have a frenzy with that. How would that work? Has this happened with any President before?" Teddy had questions that were difficult to answer.

"Many Presidents have cheated on their wives. Their spouse just overlooked it. I don't know how it will work teddy." Arizona replied, rubbing her temples.

Teddy asked, "Has she had an affair in the past? You said you've been through this before…"

Answering honestly, the First Lady said, "Not that I'm aware of...no. When she was governor of California, her secretary developed major feelings...way more than a crush and it turned into a fiasco of sorts. Callie asked her to resign and then she and Meredith smoothed things over. She's the Spin Doctor, as they call her. She's gotten Callie out of many a jam over the years. It all worked out back then, but it wasn't exactly the best time of my life."

Teddy had just one last question. "What does she do to invite this unwanted attention?" It was a good question wasn't it?

Arizona answered honestly. "It's her personality. It's what attracted me to her. And unfortunately, it attracts others else as well." Her cellphone rang, and it was Callie's number. Typing a quick text back, she placed her phone back down.

"Well, I wish I could say something or do something but, I'm not sure what that would even be." Teddy's face was frowned, lines across her forehead were clearly visible. She would love to be more help to her friend. But whether she knew it or not, she had already done more than enough.

"You have. I've not really had anyone to talk with about this. Being in politics, you learn to keep things to yourself and be closed off from the public. Deal with your issues in private...and that not easy. Just listening has been a major help Teddy. Thank you."

Forty-five minutes later, Arizona walked in the private residence. Callie and the girls were sitting at the table talking. They had waited on her tonight. A large vase of red roses sat in the middle of the table, a small card attached to the green ribbon.

"Hey," Arizona spoke in general to everyone at the table...her little family.

"Mama got you some flowers," Emma beamed. "They smell good too."

Looking over to her wife, she offered a tight smile. Caleb was lying in his bouncer on the floor between Callie and Sofia. Arizona couldn't help but smile. He was so sweet, so innocent, and quite a handful.

"Can we eat now?" Sofia asked Callie.

"Yes. Let's eat." Standing, the brunette walked in the kitchen and came back with one of Arizona's favorite dishes."I made dinner. I hope you like it." The lid came off and the smell of herbs filled her wife's senses. It was her favorite dish. Callie had taken the time to prepare it, just for her. "It smells good," Emma said.

"I'm ready to eat," Sofia added.

Once again, the meal was quiet...well, Arizona was quiet. The girls were out of school tomorrow and winter break was all next week. The chatter intensified as Emma and Sofia talked about anything and everything with their mothers. Arizona was quiet, but joined in on occasion. She had made a decision on the way over and that decision weighed heavy on her mind.

Sitting by the fireplace in the main living room an hour later, she and Callie were entertained by their daughters and the animated PlayStation video games.

"Sofia! Let me have a turn!" Emma shouted.

"You already went, it's my turn!" Sofia retorted. Sisters...never getting along, yet, loving each other with an unending love.

"I'm going to put Caleb to bed," Arizona said as she stood. Caleb was asleep, peaceful and quiet for once. And, Arizona thought it best to get packing before he woke up.
Callie had to talk to her. This silence, no communication...it wasn't them. They, did not do this. This wasn't their marriage. As soon as Arizona came from Caleb's room, Callie took her chance. Pulling her wife to the side in the cross hall, Callie begin to explain some things.

"Arizona...we need to talk. This cannot keep going. I can't stand this...I need to talk to you. We can't live together and not communicate, that's not us. We don't do that. I am sorry for what happened. I want you to know that...Penny was asked to resign today. It's all been taken care of. I should have done more. I just panicked and yes...I will just come out and say it...I was lost in the moment. I confess. And for that...I cannot tell you how sorry I am. I will spend the rest of my life making this up to you baby. I'm sorry."

Rubbing her wife's arms, arms that were folded tight, Callie continued, "There hasn't ever been any that we can't get through together. Please forgive me. Can't you do that? Can't you forgive me?"

Arizona's eyes never strayed from their intended target. Looking Callie in the eye, she said, "I don't know if I can. I don't know if I even want to."

Callie's brow furrowed, concern and anguish was written all over her face. This was new. Arizona had always come around by now. "I'm sorry. I don't sleep with her. I did not cheat."

"It was still a betrayal. And it hurts Callie. And I need some time. I don't know how long, but I need some time away from you...from this place. I've decided...the children and I are going away for winter break. We're going to my parents house in Florida. I don't want you to come, I want to be alone. And I am asking you to respect my wishes on this."

"That's a week! I'm supposed to not see my children for a week?" Callie was not happy about this, not in the slightest.

Arizona replied immediately, "You can see them when we get back. It's only a week."

She knew it was coming. It had to be coming, so she might as well ask. "Are you divorcing me?" Callie asked.

Tears started to fill her eyes. How could she live without Arizona? To hell with her reputation and her Presidency. Her marriage was more important. Sometimes it takes a little sobering up, a little heat added in just the right spot, to make people see what's really important. No, it wasn't her job, her political career...What if she didn't see her children everyday? What if her wife decided to live across the country from her? What if she never got the chance to hold Arizona, one more time. Callie could feel her wife's absence already. And she hadn't even left yet.

As her mind raced with questions and thoughts, Arizona answered, "Callie, I've questioned our marriage, and everything we've shared. I've questioned my role as a wife. Did I not shower you with enough love? Maybe I didn't give you enough attention, I thought I had. But I know this...I don't want to pretend to be the happy First Lady, smiling for the crowds while inside, my marriage is a joke...a sham."

"Arizona, our marriage isn't a sham, it's not a joke. I took those vows same as you. I meant them, same as you. I've never cheated, I swear I've been faithful. I lost control for a minute, but nothing happened. That doesn't make me right, it doesn't make this easy, but it makes me human. You are enough, you've always been enough for me. I'm the one that has failed you. But Arizona we have kids. We cannot do this to them."

Seeing tears in the blonde's eyes, Callie added. "I never meant to hurt you...but, you don't believe that. Do you?" She could see that Arizona didn't. But, Callie wanted to hear it.

"Callie, I know you didn't mean to hurt me, but you did. I appreciate the fact that you finally admit you let go and lost yourself. But I keep thinking, if I hadn't walked in...what would have happened. And before you say nothing...think hard, really hard. Could you have said no to her? In that moment, if things had escalated, are you a hundred percent sure that you would have said no?"

Taking a deep breath, Callie thought about her wife's question. She knew the answer. She'd been here before remember? "Yes, I would have not let it get to that point."

Arizona stood emotionless. After a minute of silence, the blonde doctor once again said, "One week in Palm Beach. My parents are coming too. I want to be alone to think. Now, I'm going whether you are onboard with the idea or not. But, Emma has some separation anxiety, so I will need your support and help her to understand. And, I fully expect to get just that, support, and nothing less."
She could be tough. Hard. Straight to the point, and Callie knew she meant business. Nodding, she had no other choice here. Callie had to comply. Arizona was well known to put her foot down when she got enough and well, she had more than enough after this. Callie didn't want to be separated from her wife, her children...for a week. But she thought, what was a week compared to a lifetime without this woman. Without her children everyday.

"Can I at least call you daily?" She couldn't stand the thought of no communication at all for a week. That's a long time...

"Callie, they're your children too. You can call them as often as you wish."

"No Arizona...I meant you."

Sighing, the blonde said, "That's not how this works."

Callie burst into tears hearing that. Everything comes apart at some point. We all will. It's the law. It's what we're designed to do. We have to face it, and accept it, and try to hold it together for as long as we can. Seeing her wife come undone, Arizona was taken back. Callie had never done that before. She'd never fell apart like this before. But then again, she and Callie had never been in this exact situation before. Similar, but not exact and, that's makes a huge difference. Separate for even a little while is different. It's humbling...for both sides really.

"Please..." Callie sobbed. She could not stand being separated, and have no communication. If you think about an eggshell...it will never go back together. A window will never un-break. It's called the Second Law of Thermodynamics. It's also called life. Stuff rarely comes together, but it'll always come apart.

Callie was broken in that moment. This was new. Arizona had never done this before. The thing is, she hadn't even left yet, and Callie was already feeling the loss, the absence, the pain. On some level, maybe she needed to experience this, feel this, go through a situation like this to make her realize that, what she had...her marriage, her wife, her children...it was something that was not to be taken for granted.

Staring at the broken woman before her, Arizona knew it was not in keeping with her original plan. But, she allowed Callie one small leeway. "Okay," she agreed. "You can call me once a day, but no more."

Let's face it, it wasn't her original plan but, love doesn't die immediately. Even when you are hurt, pained, wracked with agony and or grief over a situation, love doesn't die. It doesn't. It's not a faucet to turn on and off as you please. It's still there. Love is love...and no matter how hurt you are, for a while at least, love will still remain.

"Love. Not the kind you see in the movies or hear about on the radio. The real kind. The kind that gets beaten down and bloody, yet perseveres. The kind that hopes even when hope seems foolish. The kind that can forgives. The kind that believes in healing. The kind that can sit in silence and feel renewed. The real kind of love. It's rare..."
— Chelsea Fine, Sophie & Carter

A/N: Thoughts?

Up Next: 'Till I Hear From You
'Till I Hear From You

'Till I Hear From You

"There are times in our lives when love really does conquer all. Exhaustion, sleep deprivation, lack of sexual intimacy, anything really. And then there are those times when it seems like love brings us nothing but pain."

Arizona POV

The first day of winter break in Palm Beach went great. I haven't left my room or my bed since we arrived. And now, day three is beginning. However, today is a new day. A different day. Another day that I cannot deal with and I'm not even sure why. I am lying in my old bedroom in my parents vacation home, crying. I woke up at five o'clock this morning, I slept maybe thirty minutes...and the tears started and they just won't stop. And the thing is, I'm not sure why. I didn't take Callie's phone call last night when she asked Sofia to pass me the phone. I just said I would call her back, but I never did. I haven't spoken to her since we arrive to be honest.

I handed Caleb to Mrs. Shaw this morning when she came in my bedroom to retrieve him. He left happily, and then...for me, the crying resumed. She asked me what was wrong before she left, but I said nothing. It's nothing...I'm just sad. Depressed a little. And, so very tired yet, I cannot sleep. Sleep evades me. Caleb slept most of the night last night, but he also slept with me. Maybe that's why.

I haven't told my parents anything about Callie. I thought it best. I wanted a week free of hassles, free of stress, sleep is on my agenda...I don't care if I even leave the house today or get out of my pajamas. I just want to be me...if I even know me anymore. I can't explain it. You would not understand it, and my plan is this...I'm going to just lie here and block out the rest of the outside world.

"What's this I hear about you telling Callie you want a divorce? No President in office has ever gotten a divorce. There will be no divorce." My father, Colonel Daniel Robbins has spoken, and he is a man to be taken seriously. Barging into my bedroom, he flips on the light and he stands at the foot of my bed. "It's noon Arizona. Now get yourself out of that bed. What's happening with you?"

"Daddy, this does not concern you. And, I'd appreciate it if you would just get off my damn back!" Screaming at my father is something that has never happened before. My mood today is so different.

Mom comes in and sits down beside me. "Honey, Mrs. Shaw said you were crying earlier and it doesn't look as if you've stopped. Talk to us and tell us what's wrong. You haven't left this room since you got here. I'm worried...We want to understand and help you."

Daddy starts once again. "Yes we want to help and we also want to understand why you are contemplating a divorce? Do you know this could could ruin Callie's career? She's a first term President. How can she get reelected after this stunt you've pulled? And...Why did you tell her she couldn't come with you?"

My father is just as I knew he would be. All about Callie and her career. Yes, he and Carlos shelled out a lot of money and fought hard for her to get to this office. It was their achievement too. I understand exactly what he is saying. And, right now...I don't give a damn. "I want to be alone daddy. Alone...alone! Don't you understand that? Now dry out!"

That definitely was not the wisest thing to say to my father. He starts in on me once again. "She's got...no scratch that, you've both got a dinner on Saturday with the French Prime Minister at the White House. She can't entertain that couple by herself. How will that look with you on vacavation in Palm Beach while she's in Washington? You've got responsibilities Arizona. You agreed to this. You agreed to support her. That's how a marriage works. It is your job to support..."

"How do you know all of this? Have you been talking to her? You're all going behind my back now?"

Mom answers me immediately. "Arizona, no one is going behind your back."

"You are!" I can't believe my parents. Sure, they love Callie. Well, my dad probably more than my mom. She loves Callie but will always side with me. But daddy is all politics, all about Callie, and definitely not on my side in this situation. Which is why I didn't want to say anything.
"Exactly. You weren't there!" I yell. He wasn't there. He didn't see what I saw. He has no right to come in here and even bring this up to me.

Daddy walks over and sits behind my mom. "Arizona, don't scream at me. Listen and calm down...you are the First Lady of the United States. You have a responsibility that cannot be set aside or placed on hold. It doesn't work that way, you knew that when you signed up for this. Yes, I heard what happened. And, I want to hear your side. Your feelings. But, from what I've heard so far, it doesn't sound like she participated in this. I've had women put me in very precarious situations and I didn't cheat on your mother."

"Daddy, her lips were on Callie's cheek. She had her hands on my wife's shoulders...Callie had her eyes closed. She was enjoying it."

"Arizona, Callie has her hands full with North Korea. Syria. Russia. She's got the weight of the world on her shoulders...if she was enjoying the massage, it didn't have anything to do with sex. Look, you should know this... the brains physiology slows down. Sleep deprivation, being out of a normal routine, stress...it all causes the body's reaction time to slow down. The body gets run down after a while, it's natural. What I'm trying to say is that Callie was slow to respond yes, she closed her eyes...yes, but that didn't mean she had sex on her mind. It felt good, same as if someone massaged my shoulders for a minute. I'd close my eyes and relax too."

"Arizona, we understand you being upset, but we think this is a little drastic...a divorce? Are things worse than what we've been told? If they are, and something is happening that we are in the dark about, then help us understand. Tell us, talk to us..."

"I don't know what to do..." Crying, I am so conflicted. My head is spinning. I feel...Discombobulated.

"Come here sweetheart." Taking me in her arms, mom wraps me up and I just melt, completely falling apart. "Daniel...I really would like to talk to Arizona alone."

"Pumpkin, I'm on your side. I know you think I'm not, but I am. I just think you are overreacting. You have every right to be upset, but to leave and throw everything down, even your marriage..."

Again, mom says, "Daniel she understands your point. Now go check on Sofia and Emma...they are begging to get in the pool."

After my father leaves, I begin to hyperventilate. I feel so out of control right now and my breaths are shallow. "I can't...I...I need..."

Taking my hand, mom says, "Breathe Arizona...just calm down and breathe..."

It takes a few seconds but I finally catch my breath. Mom is my best friend, she's always been here for me. And, she never fails in support. "Arizona...maybe you and I need to call a doctor in while you are here in Palm Beach. We can keep it quiet if you rather, I would understand that. But honey, I think maybe this is a case of postpartum depression. The crying, the mood swings that is so unusual for you, not wanting to get out of bed, the insomnia...do you see trend going on here? Or is it just me? I only want to help you help yourself. Your are my interest, not the White House, not Callie...but you."

Maybe she's right. Maybe that explains some of my problems since I've been home. I don't feel like myself, I don't always feel in control of reactions. It started the day I came home, the crying, the emotions, the sadness. And it has steadily gotten worse. Some days I'm fine, and some days I'm not. I've tried to hide it...well, up until now.

"Maybe I could see somebody..." I feel like worthless and embarrassed for even saying that.

"Please just keep it quiet..."

Mom replies, "Honey, it won't get out. I will have a doctor called into this house and you won't have to leave. No one will know if you wish to keep it quiet. I understand that and I don't blame you there at all."

The media would tear me apart, so I really want this to be low key. Late night talk shows just love
to rip us apart. And I can't handle that, I really can't.

"Mom, do you think I'm overreacting about Callie like daddy said?"

"Arizona I was not there. I don't know what was in her mind. But, she's never been unfaithful that I'm aware of. Has she?"

Responding, my answer is, "No. We went through the whole Erica Hahn debacle several years ago. This reminded me of that, and I know she didn't cheat then. But, mom I have just been thinking maybe things would have went further if I hadn't come in when I did."

"I honestly don't think she would have an affair. I will say this, she's the life of the party. She's outgoing, she is a bit of a winner..." Mom winks at me and I smile. She's trying to lighten my dark mood.

"But, Callie has never displayed any reason not to trust her, that I've seen. But, I also am not married to her. You'll have to judge that solely for yourself. However, I can say this, I've seen the way she looks at you. It's pretty clear, she loves you. According to her parents she's been very worried about you. To be honest, I think she would be faithful no matter what circumstance she was presented with."

"So I overreacted?" Knowing she will tell me the truth, I ask and wait for the her response.

"Have you overreacted? Well, to some extent, maybe you have. But I'm not by any means disregarding your feelings. It was a bad situation. I know. I've been there myself. Your father had a secretary, well, it was when you were small. She made so many passes at him it was embarrassing. One day, I walked in his office, he was at the Pentagon at that time and, she was hovering over his desk, her arm on his shoulder. It was inappropriate. And she was trying to make a move, I firmly believe that. But, what I did, was address her, and then him in private. It could have looked bad, if I chose to see it that way. But I didn't. Because I trusted him."

Nodding, I think about everything my mother has said. Maybe she's right. I should have trusted my wife more than that.

"Sweetie, I think whatever is going on with you, is causing a little more emotions than normal. And, that's nothing to be ashamed of. Seeing Callie and her secretary caused you to be upset. And, I acknowledge that. I would have been upset too. But, blowing up and leaving, not taking the time to rationalize and talk...that's not you. You are one of the best communicators I know. It's just not normal for you. And, we'll get it figured out. I promise."

Taking a deep breath, I let out an audible sigh. Maybe mom is right. "I just want to lay in bed the rest of the day. Can you turn the light off and..."

Barbara Robbins doesn't let me off the hook that easily. "Nope, I can't let you do that. You're getting up, getting a shower, and getting dressed. Then, you will come downstairs and spend some time with your children. They've been missing you."

As the next day has arrived, and I find myself very nervous. I can hardly keep my eyes open, yet I cannot sleep. Mom and I are sitting in my dads study downstairs while Dr. McLeod looks over my chart that was brought over from Walter Reed. Perks of being the First Lady is that there is no waiting...ever. My staff had a doctor brought over to see me. And, with him...came my wife. She's here, sitting with our children and my father in the living room. Mom said she explained to Callie that she thought it best if it was just me and her in here with the doctor. She thought I would speak more freely if it was.

The doctor has asked me a series of questions...and I have felt like I've answered them all well. He wrote down a lot of things that I said and, never seemed to judge me one way or the other. I appreciate that in a doctor. I try and be that way with my patients. I told him everything without qualms. I didn't want him to help me but I also didn't want him to not help me. Dr. McLeod listened patiently and empathetically while I poured out my heart.

"Okay, Mrs. Robbins-Torres,"

"You can call me Arizona," I said smiling. We've been talking for over two hours about everything happening in my life, I think a first name basis is sufficient.

"Arizona...I've been through your chart. Many just assume that it's "baby blues". They assume that it will go away and they'll get over it. Postpartum depression affects three million women a year in the US alone, or roughly fifteen percent of childbirths. Never assume it will go away in its own. The timeline and severity of your depression makes me suspect it might actually be postpartum depression."
"So now what?" I ask.

"Well, you're not breastfeeding any longer so, I think I will start you on some antidepressants. And, I want you to take an ambien at night to sleep. Let's start there first, and if you feel you want to, maybe some therapy would be in order. That's entirely up to you."

An hour later, I am lounging by the pool as the girls splash around. It's a heated pool, and the warm water I know feels so good. I'm lying on a lounge chair, soaking up some needed sun. Looking over to my right, I see Callie walking in my direction. I really didn't expect to see her, I didn't think she would come. I must have been crazy to even believe that she would not find out. And, that she wouldn't come down for this.

"Can I sit with you?" Callie asks in a soft voice.

I nod, "Yea." A long sign escapes my lips. I took the antidepressant and I feel the same. I know it will take a few weeks to get into my system. I feel a slight depressed feeling hovering over me, slowly draping me with a thick black vale.

We sit in silence, watching the girls play. I want to say something to her but, maybe she doesn't want to talk to me. Can I carry on a conversation and not yell at her?

"I know we need to talk about some things, and when you feel better we will. But, today...let's just focus on resting and taking a break. A break from our problems. Okay?"

Callie's words cause me to look over at her. She's staring straight ahead, her face looks so tired, worn.

"Why did you come?" I ask. Meaning no harm in that question, I can see she took offense to it anyway.

"Why wouldn't I have come? You're my wife, they are calling a doctor to see you, your upset...Arizona of course I would come. I would have already been here but you wanted to be alone."

"I didn't mean it like that Callie. I just...I know you have a full schedule and you don't have time for this and..."

Still my lips with her finger, she looks at me with the most painful smile I've ever seen. "Arizona, my family is and will always be my top priority. You come before this office. I was a wife and a mother before I became President. And, when I leave Washington, I will still be a wife and a mother. So, as far as you are concerned, I will always have time for you. No matter what my job is. Because, I love you."

Her smile, the smile I've known for years shines through when she says she loves me. I know she does. And, I know I feel the same way too. It's her, it's always been her.

"I love you too Calliope."

Because I do. And although I still hold some feelings that I know I need to sort out, and I still feel hurt and upset by what I saw, I also think maybe my mother has a point. Maybe I did overreact by bringing up divorce and by leaving. I have responsibilities that, I can't deal with right now, and I know Callie will understand that. She always has understood my reluctance of the job she now has. I just need a little time. I will move past this, I know in time I will.

I feel a hand on mine, patting gently. Looking over, my wife stares with a sincere look. "Hey, stop thinking so hard. Just...relax. Why don't you go lie down for a while and see if you can sleep?"

The ocean breeze, the overcast sky, the girl's laughter in the background, I've stayed in bed already. I'm not going back for a while at least. Taking her hand, I say, "I'm fine. It's peaceful out here. Let's just sit here and listen to the waves...Just for a while."

Callie smiles. "Then that's what we'll do. I won't make a move at all, 'till I hear from you."

"We're always looking for ways to ease the pain. Sometimes, we ease the pain by making the best of what we have. Sometimes, it's by losing ourselves in the moment. And sometimes, all we need to do to ease the pain is call a simple truce."
State Dinner Debacle

"Good evening, everybody. Bonsoir! Please, have a seat. I have now officially exhausted my French." - Barak Obama

Callie POV

State dinner...you either love them or hate them. There's no middle ground. Dinner guests are selected by the president, the State Department, and the National Security Council. I've wanted to establish a better working relationship with France. I was not nervous on my wedding day - absolutely no jitters, no cold feet then. But, I'm anxious now. Smoothing my red colored dress, I wish I had the one person that I've relied on the past thirteen years with me tonight. She's my other half, my person, my soul mate if there ever was one.

Arizona and I flew back to Washington last night. We took Marine One to Camp David upon arriving at the airbase. She didn't want to be at the White House while I entertain the French Prime Minister and his wife. I wasn't happy with that but, I agreed. It would be awkward if she stayed in our bedroom in the private residence and in the next room or two over, I am there with the distinguished gentleman and his lovely wife from France. It would look odd and very out of place if that happened. So, I got up this morning and flew back to the White House. Therefore tonight, my date is...my father. Just lovely. I'm the President and I am bringing daddy to a State Dinner. Humiliation isn't the word for it.

As for how Arizona and I are doing, I'm not so sure. We talked about Penny and the office scene last night and, she got very agitated. Not just about Penny, but a lot of things that, I just didn't understand and still don't exactly.

Flashback

"Don't yell at me. We are going to discuss this calmly Arizona."

"I'm not yelling. You are just not hearing me Calliope."

"You are yelling. Your voice is raised." She's been screaming, no matter what she says. And, I don't know how much more I can take.

"Because you're not listening!"

"Arizona I have heard you. I've heard every word you've said. One minute you are fine and seem to understand what I've said, my explanation of things. And then, you switch gears and go another direction. For the last time, Penny is gone. She's no longer working in the White House. She was moved over to work for Senator Roberts. He can deal with her."

She closes her eyes and says, "I wish I had never gotten pregnant."

Shocked by her words, her admission of something I know she would never say, I ask, "How can you say that Arizona? You wanted to have a baby. You love him..."

She burst into tears. "Because...I was fine before I had him. And look at me know. I'm fat...I don't want to have sex and I know you do. I'm embarrassed for you to look at me. And, I know...I know Calliope that it will be soon enough and you'll find someone else."

Fears, insecurities, paranoia, and a lack of sex have found a home, a dwelling in our marriage. It scares me and I'm not sure I know what to do about any of that.

"Arizona come here..." Trying to put an arm around her, she's inconsolable. She moves away from my embrace.

"No! Because I know you hate me! Everyone hates me! Your mother hates me, she just stared at me when we landed in Washington. She's mad at me. I know she is." Once again, she switches gears and yells and we are headed in a very different direction.

She didn't want me to hold her...so I tried a different approach. "Sit. I want us to sit and talk for a minute and neither of us are going to raise our voices. Please just sit." Gently, I encourage my wife to have a seat. She's beside herself and I'm not sure I have the understanding or patience for this.

I begin with what I hope is the best approach. "No one is mad. We are all here for you. Now
I begin with what I hope is the best approach. "No one is mad. We are all here for you. Now please listen...I don't want anyone else but you. You're the one I married, the one I chose. I only want you. And you are not fat, you're beautiful. I find you irresistible and it's hard to not want to have sex. But, I understand that and I'm willing to wait, as long as it takes. Now...as far as Penny is concerned, she's gone...I have to find another secretary. But for right now, since you will be out for a little while, I am going to utilize Lexi Grey. When you come back, then she can go back to your office and I will have someone else hired by then. Someone that both of us will approve of. How does that sound?"

"It's not all about Penny." She says adamantly.

Blowing out a long exhausted breath, I brace myself for what else is to come. I have no idea, and I am at my wits end. "Alright, then what's this argument about? Huh? We've been at this for over an hour and I still don't know what you are trying to say? Maybe your medicine needs to be adjusted."

She's obviously hurt by my words that just slipped out, damn Callie. Chastening myself, I try and fix it quickly. I should not have said that, I know I was wrong. "Arizona...I'm sorry, I worded that wrong...listen..."

"How dare you say that to me! You think I'm crazy. Don't you?"

Answering immediately, I try and recover. "No. I didn't mean it like that at all. You're not crazy."

"My feelings are valid. They're important. I am entitled to have an opinion that is opposing to this current administration and the President."

"Yes you are. I've never said you couldn't."

"I feel...You are trying to shove my feelings under the umbrella of Postpartum depression. Yes, I have that apparently, but I think once I was diagnosed, you just are throwing that in my face every time I try and explain any feelings I have."

"What are your feelings Arizona? You ramble, go in circles, like you want to say one thing and then you circle around and..."

"I can't take the responsibility anymore." She interrupts me.

And, I'm confused. "Responsibility of what?" I ask her.

"First Lady. I'm overwhelmed, it's too much and I just can't handle it." She breaks down into tears once again and I sit and watch her cry. Do I hold her? Do I say, okay sure, screw my political career, you never have to show your face again in public? Really, what do I say?

Sliding up in my chair, I place my hands over hers. "Arizona, you were fine with this before you got sick. You'll be fine again. Honey, we have all discussed this. We made an executive family decision. Remember? You agreed with me and our parents that, for a while, it's fine to give up your responsibilities. You are overwhelmed right now and we all understand that. Since this depression..."

"I was stressed before this depression," she says. I know she was. Hell, I've been stressed beyond belief, I understand. I sympathize with my wife's feelings.

And I try again..."Okay...I know you were stressed before having Caleb. But now, this depression is just making your emotions and feelings much more difficult to bear. I understand that. I do. We've talked about this...Take some time and feel better, think more clearly, rest. You have every right to do that and I will support you, every step of the way. You have only been on this medicine three days. Give it a few weeks, it takes time but, you'll feel better. Maybe it will take a few months...who knows. But, you'll get there. And, when you are better, I need you to understand that, you have an obligation. I'm going to need you to be there for functions, state dinners...I do still need you to travel with me. You can cut back on your speeches, maybe not as many as you've done the past year. But honey, there's no way around this. You are part of this administration too. The people like you as much as they do me. I want you to be involved and after some time, you'll want that again too. I promise you, it's the depression talking, not you."

End of Flashback

Yea, apparently the First Lady didn't agree with that assessment last night. She left me sitting at the dining room table alone. And, she locked the bedroom door too. The sofa was a little lumpy, but I survived. Jokes aside...I'm going to need to borrow one of her pills if she doesn't get better soon. I think that she does need to see a therapist about this. On the plane ride home she said no, she wasn't interested in that. But, I think she needs to go. Maybe talking to someone other than me
and our parents would benefit her much more.

"Calliope, your father is ready."

Hearing my mother's voice, I sigh. She has decided to come and stay with us for a while, now that Arizona is sick. Barbara will be here next week, but good ole mom volunteered to stay in the meantime. Lucky us. Now, you know how I feel about that. My mom is...oh let me see, the Barbara Bush type if she takes a notion, which she usually does. She's all in my personal life and definitely she will be a problem if she can't watch her mouth around Arizona. My wife is still fragile right now, and let's face it, Lucia Torres could push a very stable and competent person right over the edge.

"Calliope! You're going to be late!"

Stepping from my bedroom, I look at my mom. She's all dressed up too. She will be attending tonight as well. She will be attending these dinners with my wife. Now, I will be dancing with my father. I can't tell you how great that feels. Okay, maybe great isn't the word I was thinking of. Sighing, I walk into the cross hall where my parents are now standing, waiting for me.

"You should smile darling, you have beautiful teeth. And, hold yourself up better than that Calliope. Wait, are your boobs really that large or did you stuff your bra? My goodness, they're sticking out of your dress way to much." Adjusting my dress, with her hands all in my personal space, my mother attempts to pull my dress up to cover my exposed breasts, and I am shocked. They're not even that exposed.

"Stop...they are covered." I say, pulling back away from my mom. Really, no one has touched these since I've been married, only Arizona gets that privilege. And let's face it, even she's not interested right now.

And, mom starts again, "Too much cleavage is not appealing Calliope. Just don't bend over."

Turning me around, mom points and asks, "And, have you got on spanx under that dress? That dress is very tight on your rear end. Maybe you need to go back and..."

Close your ears...I'm about to blow a fuse. "Mother, will you shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Just shut the hell up!" Told you, not pretty at all. My temper flares when she's around. Combine that with a very edgy and irritable wife and a lack of sex for months and this is what you'll get...A President that will yell, explode, and damn it, I forgot my spanx. This is why I need Arizona. God, why can't she just be her again?

"That's very Presidential like yelling like that. Isn't it Carlos?" Sarcasm is her tone and she looks at my father for an answer. Daddy just stands there and says nothing. The smartest one of the whole damn bunch, thankfully he stays quiet. Although, if he was more firm with my mother, maybe she would shut up for once in her life.

"I don't want to do this without Arizona. She's always here, and she would never have let me wear this without my spanx. Really, is my ass that fat in this dress?" Yes, I'm freaking out and I don't know why. Well, I do, it's because I need my wife, not my mother.

Walking in Agent Starlings says, "President Torres, the French Prime Minister and his wife are arriving in ten minutes."

"Thanks Agent Starling. I'm going to go change. I'll be back in a minute." Turning around my mother stops me from taking even a tiny step.

"You don't have time. It's not...that bad," she says looking at my butt. "It will be fine, now, let's go."

"But you said..."

Shooing me down the hall, she fluffs my dress, "It's fine. You'll be just fine. Just smile, they probably won't even notice you bottom end."

This...this right here is why I need my wife more than anything. She would help me and make over me...and...But, she's not here. And, I'm alone. And, I've got no choice but to pull it together and do this. I can do this...all I have to do is breath. Just breath...

Eight minutes later, to be precise, I take a deep breath and extend my right hand. This State Dinner is about to start and my moment is here. "What a pleasure to meet you both," I smile, giving a handshake to the French Prime Minister and his wife.
"The pleasure is ours President Torres," the tall man says with a heavy accent.

We take photos for the press, and then in a few seconds, we walk inside. I introduce my parents and they immediately hit it off, thankfully. My mother is as she always has been, graceful. Regal. Very in control of her surroundings. We are a lot alike at times and this, is one of those times.

After the arrival, I escorted the Philippes to the balcony off of the Blue Room. Together, we watched a fireworks display light up the Washington skyline.

If the four hour evening is flawless tonight, it's only because of the hundreds of hours that was invested by the White House staff. They are immaculate in every detail. No detail is too small. None is ever overlooked. The China, the toasts, the smiles, and yes, the dance with my father has left me spent and tired of putting on the facade. Underneath this exterior layer of happiness, lies a very sad woman that has an extremely difficult situation that she can hardly muddle through.

When I climb into bed tonight after this State Dinner, it is a quarter to twelve, and Arizona is lying on her back with her eyes shut. I sense that she's not asleep though, and I say, "I know you are having a hard time, but I am too." Tears stream down my face as I try and hold them back. A floodgate of emotions...emotions that I've never had before and I can't hardly contain wash over me as I lay on my pillow, my hands covering my face...and I just cry. Crying tears. Tears filled with genuine concern for my wife and I will admit, for myself.

"I can't do this Arizona. I won't make it through this without you. Tonight didn't go well and, I'm sure my critics will be screaming in the morning. And, I'm all alone...I've got...nobody." It falls, words...submerged in a fountain of tears...saying the truest feelings that my broken and aching heart and even my mind can't contain.

I feel her turn turn over to face me, the covers rising, allowing a cool breeze to enter between the heavy duvet and the mattress. I've come back tonight to spend the next two days at Camp David with my wife and my children. And then, I'm not sure how this is going to work. Will she put in to stay and not return to the White House?

I feel her staring at me, but I'm too upset to look her way. The tears continue to spill out, and then I feel two small, soft hands grip mine, pulling my palms from my face.

Arizona wipes my tears, clear liquid that now stings my tired eyes, with the lads of her thumbs. Her face, serious and sincere...she leans in and kisses my right brow. I lay still, the most intimacy we've had in months, and she dips closer, placing a soft kiss on my lips. Then, she offers a faint smile. I know she knows.

"Your mother called my mother. I already heard what happened."

I knew she knew. I express in detail my reasons for crying right now, even if she knows, I want to tell her anyway. "My heel got caught in my dress when I danced with my father. I couldn't get it out. Everyone watched as I struggled and finally, a member of the staff came and...they got it free. And, it tore the hem of my dress and at the most time honored dinner that a president will ever host. My mother said she was never more embarrassed in her life and the Philippes looked at me as if I were a bumbling idiot." Once again I start to cry. This might seem small to you, but it's huge when it's played live on the world's stage.

Looking at her, through my tears, her faint smile turns upside down. A frown, wishes of happier times crosses her face. And she says...

"I know. I'm sorry. Tomorrow, we'll go home Calliope. And Monday, I'll go to therapy."

Nodding, she wipes my tears again. And then offers me the most genuine smile. I know she's got a ways to go, and to be honest, I think I do too. I feel as lost as I've ever felt, but hearing those words from her mouth offers me the most hope, the brightest light that I've seen since we've started traveling through this dark tunnel.

"I don't want to fight anymore," she says, looking at me with the most intense stare. I know she doesn't. I don't either. She then adds, "It takes too much effort to stay mad at you."

Pushing her hair from her face, I smile. "Me either Arizona. I don't want to argue. It takes much effort to stay mad, when it's so easy for us to love."

"I don't know why we fight. It takes much too effort to stay mad at you. To dodge your skin in the hallway and leave the kitchen without bringing you a treat. It takes much too effort to stare at the sink so my eyes don't smile at you in the mirror."
It takes much too effort to look away as we undress
and lie apart in the now bigger bed.
It takes much too effort to stiffen my body
because sleepy limbs forget fights
and pride is always lost in dreams.
It takes much too effort to awaken every hour to make sure we are islands with a gulf of white
sheets separating us.
I dread the light peeking through the parted curtains
and empathise with your groans —
I didn't get any sleep either.
I really don't know why we fight.
It takes much too effort to stay mad at one another
when it's so easy for us to love.”

K.K.

A/N: Hit that review button!
Climbing Higher Each Day

"Our wounds are often the openings into the best and most beautiful part of us." — David Richo

Arizona POV

Three Months Later...

Things got very bad when I came back to the White House. I was not sleeping. I was crying for hours at a time, and would be frozen in the same spot for hours. Not very First Lady like at all. But, I am human, may I remind you. Eventually, several days later...my wife threatened to take me to the hospital and admit me because she said I was "going crazy." And that just made everything much worse between us.

However, there was a turning point days later...her name was Emma. Every night she would come into my room, (I began to sleep separate from Calliope) and Emma would come in and cuddle with me. One night, she said something that made me think...jogging me from the heavy mental fog that I felt so very trapped in.

"Mommy, I love you and I really want you to get better. I need you to get better because mama is always busy with work and has no time for me."

Those were her words, her inside thoughts that she had shared with no one other than me. And, the truth was, I wanted help but shame and disgrace kept me from reaching out once I was back inside the walls of the White House. My life, an open book for everyone to see and read was on display and I truly felt that if anyone found out, the entire world would come crashing down. And, that was anything but the truth.

Luckily I reached out to Teddy, my colleague at work. It was her that helped me get into a wonderful psychiatrist the next day at Walter Reed. I did not have to go to the hospital as my wife had suggested and be an inpatient. I was prescribed a couple different medications that I had not taken before, different from those I received in Palm Beach. I began therapy, and it literally changed everything in my life. It is now three months later and I feel much better. I am still engaging in talk therapy and my wife has even attended a couple of sessions with me here at the White House.

Luckily, thanks to Emma, I was able to see the signs of distress in her as well as myself and get help instead of continuing to push away. This is a very serious, debilitating disease no one talks about. Since my recovery, I am determined to bring this to light and give it the attention it deserves. I have a platform, why not use it? Women that experience PPD are not bad mothers. They are human, just like everyone else. They share the same feelings, same emotions, just on a different scale is all. We deserve the same respect as all the other women and mothers out there. And should not be discredited in the slightest because of our hardships.

The day I knew I was better...I remember writing on my journal, "I had a good day today". The dark cloak I had been wearing for the last while had started to become brighter. I began to be able to sleep better and the obsessive thoughts weren't always on my mind. I still had some "dark" days however, I knew I was getting better. They say our wounds are often the openings into the best and most beautiful part of us. Maybe they are, maybe that really is true.

As for how Callie and I are doing now, well...we are climbing higher each day. We'll get there, it just takes time. And tonight is our time. Tonight is date night. No, we aren't going out. We are at Camp David this weekend and it is the month of May now. What's planned for tonight you ask? Okay, you twisted my arm...I have a few things up my sleeve if you want to just kick back and watch. I'm a pro at this, you'll see...

"Don't forget the blanket Calliope!"

Rushing to grab the hunter green blanket from the back of the sofa, I open the door and my wife walks ahead of me. On my arm is a basket...yes, I am prepared. Callie deserves this and I hope that in some small way this little gesture can show her that I love her much more than our words can ever say.

"So, what's in the basket?" Callie asks.

"You'll see," I smile back, threading my arm into her's as we walk across the lawn. A little further is as far as we walk...and I stop us. "Here is good. We can see the stars really well from here."
Spreading the blanket out, I sit the brown basket down and begin pulling out...candles. Calliope loves candles. And, she likes...wine. So, once I light the candles, two long stem glasses are filled with sweet, red fluid that is oh so delicious.

"Are you romantic or what?" Callie chuckles as I pour the wine in her glass.

"Maybe..." I reply, giving her a dimpled smile.

Taking a sip of wine, Callie lies back on the blanket with one arm tucked behind her head and the other outstretched. "Care to join me Mrs. Robbins-Torres?" She asks. I smile, hearing my full name called. I am hers and she is mine, there's no other way to describe it. Hearing Callie say that, it was so reminiscent of our honeymoon night...the first night that she called me by my new name, for the very first time.

Flashback

Sex on the honeymoon is expected. It's magical, breathtaking, spectacular and oh so nerve wracking. Why am I nervous tonight? Standing in front of the long mirror in the hotel bathroom, I feel excited and nauseous all at the same time. Why? I've slept with Callie before. It's not new, every inch of her body is known to me. Yet, here I am...so nervous that I could almost pass out.

"Arizona..."

Hearing my name called I giggle and I also can't help but get another case of butterflies. My wife is so beautiful, so gorgeous, and I have no idea what she has on right now. As for me, I am wearing a white lace teddy, heels and, that's all the information you'll get out of me. Ask Callie sometime, she will gladly fill you in on the details of our wedding night.

"Are you ready? I am waiting..." my beautiful brunette calls out.

Opening the bathroom door, the large suite atop the beautiful hotel that we are staying in this week is the backdrop scene for my beautiful bride that is lying on top of the white duvet covers, completely naked...completely naked.

"You're not wearing clothes Calliope..." I smile a bashful smile at her as my eyes roam her tanned figure. God this woman is gorgeous. She doesn't need clothes to dress this up by any means. It is perfect, just the way it is.

"Exactly, Care to join me Mrs. Robbins-Torres?"

Hearing my new last name for the very first time, I can't help but smile and nod. Yes, I am ready, oh so ready. Suddenly, I'm not near as nervous as I was a few minutes ago.

"Is that a yes?" Callie asks.

"Yes." I reply.

She nods. "Good." A remote in her hand flips the music on, a slow, sensual song plays and the last words she says to me are a command. "Now, I want you to walk to me and strip, very slowly...".

End of Flashback

Snapping out of my thoughts, I see my wife lying there watching me. "Where did you go for a minute?" She asks.

"I was thinking of the first night of our honeymoon," I answer back. Callie smiles. She remembers that night. That was a great night...to say the least. And the one thing I remember from that night is this, I would forever be with this woman that I love. That I would forever be in love with this woman lying in beside me.

"Are you going to lie next to me?" She asks, one eyebrow arched up in a very sexy way that only Callie Torres can achieve.

"Nope." I say sweetly, causing her face to frown.

"I don't understand, I thought everything was okay. I thought this was supposed to be a date night and I know we haven't had sex in a long time, and no I'm not pressing you for it, although I really want to...but I was just hoping that..."

Smiling at my wife as she rambles away, I try so very hard no to laugh. There's nothing wrong
with me tonight, although I think she thinks there is. She's so edgy and continues walking on eggshells around me at times, but... I just want her to relax. And, I know just the way for that to happen. I've been married to this woman quite a few years.

"Calliope... turn over." I say, interrupting her ramblings that are so cute and adorable.

She looks at me, bewildered. Questions fill her mind as she tries to figure out what exactly I am talking about. "Arizona, I thought we were looking at the stars?"

"Tonight is all about you baby. So, turn over please."

Taking a deep breath, I can see she is a little unsure of me right now, but decides to just go with it. And as soon as she is on her back, I climb on top of my wife and begin to administer a very intense and deep massage. I know she needs this and yes, I will be the one to give it to her, not some bitch secretary that has no interest, no claim, no rights to my wife.

"Oh God that feels so good honey," Callie moans.

Her moans are the sexiest moans ever. If we were not outside and secret service wasn't around, I would probably push things a little further toward the Rated R, Viewer Discretion Advised version of events tonight. But, since we are being watch, they only get the PG version. Sorry guys... those things happen in the privacy of the President's bedroom. And believe me, they will be happening tonight. It's been long enough and Calliope and I both need this tonight. So, I'm going to have to leave our little talk at this juncture, we've got some serious love making to do. Sorry, you can't come into our bedroom tonight. You'll have to get that intimate, detailed information from my wife.

But, before I go, I want every mother out there to know there is hope, even if you feel the odds are slim... NEVER GIVE UP! Ask questions, seek help from your doctor, and always speak up when something hurts emotionally as well as physically. And, no matter how hard it is to believe... THINGS WILL GET BETTER! Have faith in yourself and love yourself like you love your baby. Just like you love... your spouse.

"Nobody will protect you from your suffering. You can't cry it away or eat it away or starve it away or walk it away or punch it away or even therapy it away. It's just there, and you have to survive it. You have to endure it. You have to live through it and love it and move on and be better for it and run as far as you can in the direction of your best and happiest dreams across the bridge that was built by your own desire to heal." — Cheryl Strayed

A/N: Thoughts? Okay... am I teasing you all now? I know... that was so mean. See you soon! xoxo
Crash Into Me

"Come sleep with me: We won't make Love, Love will make us." — Julio Cortáza

Callie POV

"Oh Arizona...this feels so good. A little more to the right." What my wife is doing right now is just crazy. Arizona is massaging my shoulders and back and I think I've just died, literally. I'm in heaven with this feeling. Her idea of lying under the stars was romantic. Her latest idea of rubbing my tense shoulders was even more brilliant.

"I'm putty in your hands," I moan. Arizona has the best hands, the softest touch. How could she have ever have thought I'd settle for less than her?

As for how we've been getting along, we've been slowly getting better in the past month or so. Therapy has helped my wife tremendously. She will talk to me now and not scream and yell. We really communicate, really verbalize what we feel and it's so liberating. I've been careful around her though, I must admit. I'm still unsure if she's where she needs to be and I don't want to hinder her progress. But oh God could I take this woman in my arms right now and make love to her.

"Right there baby," I groan as she soothes a very tight muscle in my back. Hearing her giggle causes me to turn to the left and look back at her.

"What's so funny?" I ask with a slight chuckle of my own.

Arizona smiles. "You're making sex noises Calliope."

Shes right, I probably am. But damn it feels so good. So very good. "You're that good. Even when we don't have sex, you still cause me to make the sounds."

Leaning down close and covering my back with the front part of her body, Arizona whispers, "Well, I wonder if we take this to our bedroom, could I still make you sounds like that?"

I flip over. That was an open invitation and yes, I will accept that challenge. "Why don't we go inside and see if we can work on that? I'm sure I could if you tried hard enough."

"Cute Torres...really cute," Arizona smirks. "Follow me and...we'll see..."

Gathering everything quickly, I follow my wife inside. I'm in such a hurry, I literally crash into her as she stops just inside the cabin door. "Sorry," I smile. Arizona shakes her head and laughs at my antics. I would laugh too but, I'm too busy envisioning what I'm about to do and I can't contain my excitement. I will admit...I would love to call Addison or Bailey right now and tell them that I'm about to have sex for the first time in...hell, even I can't remember. Bragging is what I do best. I know, that's so childish but, I am so freaking excited.

As soon as I step inside our bedroom, Arizona closes the door and pins me against the wall. "I can't wait to fuck you tonight Calliope." She says, with her hands on the button of my jeans. It takes a few seconds, and I am standing in only my shirt. She's ready, but not ready as me...

Hearing those words that she just said, my mouth quivers just a little. The thought of her being inside of me and the images of her writhing underneath my body, it's too much. I hate to break it to her...She's not fucking me, I am going to fuck her first. Backing Arizona toward our bed, I lie on top of her. She's a bottom tonight, she might as well get used to the idea now.

"Oh no. I'm in charge," my wife says, turning me on my back. Battling for control, we kiss and our tongues wrestle, making the most sexy dance they have ever encountered in their lives.

"I've really missed you," I whisper as Arizona kisses down my neck.

"I've missed you too baby." She replies, trailing slowly around my clavicle. And then, she unbuttons my shirt.

"I need to feel you Calliope," she says as she ghosts her lips across mine. Mere seconds from being naked myself, I start undressing her. Arizona is not keeping her clothes on for this, no way. I want her nude, wet...and ready to fuck in a few seconds.

Rolling around, skin to skin as we bare our souls, one another's kisses, touches, whispers, I think I'm the luckiest person alive right now. And then, I feel a hand slip to my core.
"You're so wet baby?" Arizona husks in my ear. I can feel my arousal, I know it won't take much before I tumble over the edge tonight.

"I need you inside of me," I groan, thrusting into my wife's hips. I need contact. I need her. Her finger glides over my slit, tracing around the edge, teasing my entrance.

"Please..."

Arizona smiles. Slipping in two fingers, I moan so loudly. "Oh Arizona..." I've never felt so much love for her in my life as I do right now. Emotions flood me and I cannot contain them. I'm so scared she will regress and I can't handle that, especially after making love tonight. Tearing up, I say, "You make me feel things baby, so many thing... but, I'm scared you'll go back to the way you were, you'll regress and I can't handle it if you do."

This isn't the time to say this, but it has been on my mind. I want her the way she was before and to be honest, she is. But, what if something triggers her and she regresses? Can I handle that? Can our marriage handle that? As soon as the words escape my lips, my truest feelings coming into light, she stills her movements with her hand but, keeps her fingers inside of me.

"Calliope," Arizona whispers, "I've been in love with you since I first saw you standing in that bar. You've been my entire world since then. I know that it scares you and I'm not naïve enough to think that my illness and my fears are just going to disappear. But, don't walk on eggshells around me. Don't think that you can't be yourself. Just let go tonight and be free."

As I look up with tears in my eyes, I really don't want to walk on eggshells around her. But, it's hard not too after all we've experienced. Arizona leans in closer so that our foreheads are leaning on one another. She closes her eyes and tries to make me feel how much she loves me, no matter what. "Calliope, I love you. I'm not going to regress. From tonight on, we're moving forward...together. It's you and me, same as always."

With that, Arizona closes the remaining gap between us and places her lips on mine, so softly and gently, our lips are barely touching.

I take a deep breath, breathing in everything that Arizona is, placing my hands on either side of my wife's face. Softly I whisper into Arizona's mouth, "Make love to me, Arizona."

Arizona pus more pressure into her kiss with those words, letting me know how much they affected her. With her hand starting to slowly massage my center again, I find my hands threading through my wife's blonde hair.

The way she kisses me as she's slowly making love to me, I know Arizona wants to show me how strong our love really is. It is strong. Our love is what has kept me going in the darkest days of my life and my career. She's my whole world and to be honest, she doesn't even know how lost I'd be without her.

Arizona begins moving down my body, each kiss placed deliberately to tease and prepare me for what is to come. When she is at my stomach, she spends a little extra time, knowing that it is my weak spot.

"Baby, please..."

It drives me crazy when my wife lightly nibles and sucks across the lower part of my stomach, a tempting preview of Arizona's excellent mouth. When I couldn't take it any longer, Arizona slid another finger deep inside of me.

"Oh God..." I moan in total bliss, unaware of anything happening around me. I am lost, and it feel so good.

"I feel you contracting around my fingers." Arizona says. I feel it too as she thrusts into me with a faster pace. Moaning, I arch my back, needing Arizona to give me an orgasm. I need to let go, I need this release.

Arizona bends down to taste me. "I will never get tired of your sweet taste, Calliope," she breaths out before going down on me again.

My wife pulls my clit in between her lips, gently suckling and spreading her tongue across it in alternating moves, as her fingers continue sliding in and out.

"Right there, keep..." I cannot string a sentence together as my mind races, my heart beats faster and my wife's thrusts are so perfectly synchronized with mine.
Arizona continues licking me, filling me with her talented fingers until I am right on the edge. And then she pulled away, not letting me reach the finish quite yet.

"Arizona..."

Before I even fully realize what was going on, Arizona moves on top of me, sliding a leg between my thighs and kissing any complaints I might have away. As my wife continues to kiss me, she begins to grind her very wet center against mine, wanting us both to cum together.

Both of us moan into each other's mouths, barely able to breathe. Arizona pulls back to watch my face in the midst of the pleasure. "Look at me, baby. Don't close your eyes." She says, barely loud enough to hear.

As we both continue grinding our hips into one another in perfect rhythm, we lock eyes and watch each other as our orgasms begin. And then, she begins to crash into me.

"Shit... Oh fuck..." I moan as I am overtaken with waves of intense pleasure.

"Oh Calliope, oh God..." Arizona groans, her eyes still looking into mine, as she is overcome by ripples of sheer satisfaction that flood her body.

"I love you Arizona," I pant as I still shake from the tiny earthquakes I am feeling.

"Me too baby," she moans. "Oh God I can't stop..."

Her body convulses and I reach up to rub her hips and back. She needed this as much as I did, that I can so clearly see as she continues coming undone in front of my eyes. God she's the sexiest thing ever, and she doesn't even know it.

As Arizona starts to come back down from one of the most intense orgasms she has experienced, she watches me. I can see she is collecting her thoughts inside of her head, in her attempt to analyze what had just happened between us.

"Don't think, just feel Arizona. Just feel...

Still catching her breath, Arizona's mouth turned up in a half smile, "I'm not analyzing...just thinking about how you could do anything to me and I would still cum harder each time."

I smile hearing her words. "Well, let's see if I can put that to a test." Flipping her onto her back, I waste no time devouring what is mine. Kissing my wife, I slowly make my way to her breasts. They've been needing proper attention and I am just the one to give it to them. Because, they are mine.

"Oh Calliope," Arizona moans, throwing her hands back and closing her eyes. I'm going to make her cum harder that she ever imagined possible in a few minutes. If you haven't ready by autobiography, I will inform you that, I was a straight "A" student. Smart. Dedicated to the task set before me. I was studious and as far as tests went, I never failed. This little test now, I promise you I can pass it with flying colors.

The following morning, I turn over and my wife's side of the bed is empty. But a smile creeps onto my face. There is a small note on her pillow. I know the handwriting, oh so well. We've done this sort of thing in the past and I know she has probably written me something sweet on that white card stock paper. Opening it, I see that...I was so very right.

Dear Calliope,

Last night was awesome. You are the most amazing wife and mother anyone could ever have. I'm so lucky to have you on this journey with me. I promise that I will love you until the end of time. And then, through all eternity.

Arizona

P.S. I left the coffee pot on in the kitchen, so you wouldn't have to wait for it when you woke up. I'm out on an early morning jog but, I will be back soon. xoxo

I sit up and can't help but smile. I got my life back, fully, last night. All the little pieces fit again. Am I still the tiniest bit nervous that it will all come crashing down? Sure, I'm human. But, I have to trust her judgement and keep the communication alive and going so that if something is happening, I will be the first one to know. There's no other way to handle a situation like this but...just stay the course and stay focused.

Looking at the clock, it's seven-thirty in the morning. It's been a long time since I've slept this late,
a sad but true fact. I have only one meeting today at eleven o'clock then, the rest of our day is free. The girls and Caleb are here at Camp David but staying in another cabin with Nanny Shaw. They like a little independence from their parents and to be honest, it was nice to have a little freedom last night too.

Hearing the front door to the cabin open and close I sit and wait. The face I will see in a few seconds will be my wife's and I can't help but smile.

"Hey, you're awake," Sofia says, peeping inside.

First, I'm not wearing any clothes. Second, I thought that was Arizona, not our daughter. And third, she walked from one of the other cabins to here by herself? Seriously?

"What are you doing here?" I ask, wrapping the covers around my body and adjusting myself so no skin is exposed.

"Mom told me to wake you up," she smiles.

And I am at a total loss right now. "What? Where is your mother?" I ask my daughter that is smiling at me with an amused expression. Kids...don't you just love them?

Sofia smiles. "On the tennis court, same as she always is every Saturday morning. She says for you to hurry up. She's waiting on you."

Rolling my eyes, I wave Sofia out of the room. "Tell her I'll be there in a minute." I thought she was coming back to the cabin after her jog. Didn't you?

However, that is my wife...she's always been the exercise enthusiast in the family. She hasn't been as of late but, I can see that spirit in her is resuming. Maybe the old Arizona is back. Maybe my life, our life, is falling into place once again. Maybe...oh who cares about the maybes in life. I have a gorgeous blonde waiting for me on the tennis court and, if she's like she once was, she'll bet me a game. And the loser is always the bottom in the bedroom. Yes, I will win this game this morning. Have no doubts... your President will come through, victorious.

A/N: Hit that Review Button!

UP NEXT: "A Thousand Words"

(Arizona has a thousand words for someone coming up and they are not pretty at all...Trouble in Paradise? Stay Tuned!)
A Thousand Words

"In Politics, a picture is worth a thousand words." - Kathleen Troia McFarland

Arizona POV

I took the day off from work today. It was only last weekend that Callie and I got reacquainted again in the bedroom, if you catch my drift. I'm sure my wife filled you all in on the highlights of that night. This weekend is a busy one for both of us, thus the reason for my being home today. Today is yet another State Dinner at the White House. This time we are entertaining the President of Mexico. That is special to my wife because she is Latina.

"Here are the dresses," my associate says, bringing in mine and Callie's evening wear for tonight's event. I am wearing a dark blue dress and Callie has chosen a long, elegant black piece that I know she will look stunning in.

"Just put them in our bedroom please," I smile and go back to reading a book to Caleb as we rock. Looking outside the large picture window, I see the tall monument in my view and I sigh. I am so much better than I was months ago but, I still am not at all excited about events like this one tonight. This is actually my first official event as I return to my First Lady duties. I got a three month "stay of execution" as my wife called it. Very funny Calliope. But, I did so enjoy those three months of flying under the radar. Sure, I had to leave the White House for therapy and trips to the doctor and Camp David, but that was about it. I felt...liberated. Now, the time has come for me to pick up my First Lady duties once again. And, I won't lie...I'm dreading it.

Reading has always been a passion of mine. Reading to Caleb is fun too. "What's that Caleb? Ooh, that's a dog. What sounds does a dog make?" No, he has no clue but I make the sounds and noises while he looks at me with an awe inspiring look. He looks at me and Callie as if we have all the answers and knowledge. And that, is anything but the truth. I don't think any parents has all the answers. Do you?

Making sweet noises, Caleb smiles and touches the book with a picture of a dog on it. He is a much happier baby now. But, he has been a little upset this afternoon. Somewhat fretful and anxious for some reason. "You want to go see mama?" I ask him and he lights up hearing the word mama. Caleb loves Callie so much. She is the only person that can get him to sleep at times. But, my wife is so busy and really doesn't have a lot of time for him, or any of us for that matter. Her schedule is so packed. However, that's the life of the president.

Walking down to the West Wing, I am greeted by several staff members. We chat briefly and then I enter Callie's secretary's office. My wife is still utilizing Lexi Grey and has seemed to grow quite fond of the younger woman. In fact, I'm pretty sure she'll keep her and I will be the one to get a new secretary. And, that's perfectly fine with me.

Lexi says, "Hi! Mrs. Robbins-Torres. Your wife is just finishing with a meeting but, you can go on in." I softly knock on the door and as I open it...oh dear Lord, I feel a little déjà vu happening once again.

"Arizona!" My wife screeches. "I...I...I wasn't expecting...you ..."

She is shocked seeing me and I am shocked seeing her with, Penny Blake. Seriously? What the fuck? I give my wife a look of disbelief as I look from her and over to Penny. A photographer was in the middle of taking their photo. Both women smiling, but Callie dropped that smile in a hurry when I walked in. My wife is stuttering and her face looks a little pale. She didn't expect to see me and I know that she thinks that I think she is up to something that isn't good. What would you think if you were me? Exactly. That's what I thought.

Senator Roberts is here too, he was in the picture too, so it wasn't just them but, that really doesn't help my feelings at the moment. I guess he felt the need to bring his secretary to a meeting with my wife. How freaking lovely.

"Arizona...it's good to see you," the Senator says with a firm handshake and a smile.

"You too Senator Roberts. If you don't mind, I would like to have a minute alone with Penny Blake and my wife. Please."

Nodding, the older man leaves and I walk outside and hand Caleb over to Lexi. "Watch him. I
will be back in a minute." I say.

Turning around, I look inside and Penny is trying to have a conversation with my wife and Callie is not looking at her but, she is looking at me. A look of terror and complete horror is written all over my wife's face. She is expecting the worse and yes, she should. I am furious. I am upset. I thought this woman was gone for good. Closing the door, I step toward the two women that seem to cause me so much trouble at times.

Trouble you ask? Yes, trouble. My wife, the one I love dearly, she causes me to be insanely jealous and quite territorial if you want to know the truth. She will choose to save face and her career over telling off this woman. It doesn't make Callie a bad person per se but, she really needs to handle things herself instead of letting Meredith handle everything. However, all politicians work this way so that they keep their hands clean. It's just another aspect of the job that I hate. That's my trouble with Callie. And, I am really tired of this woman in her office every time I make a trip down here with Caleb.

As for Penny and what trouble she is causing me? Well, let's face facts here people. She wants my wife. And, it's not going to happen. Callie is human and I am sorry but, she can only handle so much temptation. I know, I've been tempted by women myself, believe it or not. And, I will be the first to admit, your marriage had better be strong because, people that want to intervene will stop at almost nothing to achieve their goal. You can slip, before you even know it. You have to remain strong and not give in to temptation. Because, no matter how strong a marriage is...it is not indestructible. Don't fool yourself...Nothing in life is permanent.

"Penny, why are you here in my wife's office today?" I ask.

She looks at me and immediately says, "I am accompanying Senator Roberts. He said I could come if I wanted to." I can tell she doesn't like me and really, I don't care. I think I can put a stop to this if my wife can't.

"Well, let me inform you Penny, this..." pointing over at Callie I say, "This is my wife and she and I are very much in love and happy. No one will come between us, not even you. I know your kind, I've seen it many times before. Whatever game you are playing, it had better stop right now. I don't want to see you near this office, or my wife again. Do you understand?"

She smirks at me and I could really come across that sofa and make her a new face. A really pretty one too, with five fingers that would look so lovely upside her pale skin. God I hate this woman. And no, I won't take that back at all. I do hate her, and I hate her kind. You know the kind...always willing to stop at nothing to achieve the ultimate prize...sleeping with the boss. And, that will not happen here.

"Penny, I am trying to be diplomatic about everything but, you need to leave and not come back." Callie says.

"Get the fuck out, right now." I say, without any care or concern for her feelings or for my wife's administration at the moment. Yea, that wasn't nice but, I really don't care if this bites me in the ass later. I want her out right now.

I could have had worse things to say to that woman that what I said. I actually have a thousand words for Penny Blake that aren't nice at all. But, because of my title and my wife's, I think I made my point without making a scene. Callie and I have to be diplomatic you know. Even when we really don't want to.

Seeing this isn't going to go her way, Penny smiles at me and walks out of my wife's office. Once the door is closed, I walk over and turn the lock and then look back at Callie. My look is serious and her face is a mixture of concern and yes, a little bit of fear.

And she starts to explain..."Arizona, I wasn't going to take a photo with her. She insisted and Senator Roberts was here and he wanted a picture too and I was caught in a predicament and really couldn't say no. I had to and it's a situation that I couldn't get out of and..."

Silencing my wife with two fingers over her mouth, I stare into her eyes. "I have a thousand words for Penny Blake, Calliope Torres. But, she's not worth it. You however are."

Swallowing hard, Callie looks at me. Her breathing is heavy and her chest has to be pounding right now. I know...I'm being mean. But, Callie really should have insisted that woman not come into her office. That's my opinion, no matter what anyone says. I love my wife but, sometimes for the sake of keeping peace, she will compromise things that, she cannot compromise.

"I um...I wasn't..."
Callie's stuttering once again. And I say, "I'm not mad at you if that's what you think."

"You're not?" She asks me with a surprised look.

"No honey, I'm not. I just think you should have asked her to wait outside. She should not be here. But, I know you and you didn't want a scene made. You don't want to create anything to cause any harm to your career. Am I right?"

Callie nods. Of course I'm right, I've been married to this woman for a long time. She's a fireball and feisty as hell but, she also is a politician and wanting to save her image. A tough line to walk at times and oh so annoying to spouses. Ask any politician's wife and they will tell you the same thing. It's a tough job to keep a perfect image. I understand everything, but that doesn't mean that I like it.

"I don't want you to be upset." Callie states. "We had very little interaction until it was time to take that damn photo."

"I'm upset, but I'm not mad at you. I just want her gone. I want you to not compromise yourself or our marriage because you want to save your face and your career. That's not fair to me, or to you."

"I know." She says with a sad smile.

"And, I am a little jealous. Because you...are mine." Wrapping my arms around my wife's neck, I lean into her and she is pushed back against her desk. Tanned arms surround my waist and she smiles.

"I am yours. All yours. Nothing will ever change that." She says. Ghosting her lips to mine, I capture them into a soft, gentle kiss. Pulling away very quickly, I look at my watch and I hear, you guessed it, Mr. Robbins-Torres...the five month old that rules the roost at the White House.

"I guess that's my cue," I smile. "I've got a State Dinner to attend tonight. And, I need a date. You know where I can find one at Madam President?"

Callie laughs. "I just so happen to be available if you are interested. But, I expect my dates to put out. I hope that's not a problem," she smirks.

My right hand, followed by my left goes to feel my wife's very endowed chest. Firm squeezes illicit a deep breath from Callie. She didn't expect that now did she? "Sure. I'll put out but, you better be good...really good."

Turning, I walk to the door and turn back to give my wife one last look. She's staring at my behind...she's such as ass woman its ridiculous. As I close the door she yells, "Wait. Bring Caleb in before you leave. I really need to see my little boy for a minute."

Three Hours Later...

"Mommy, please stay with me. I don't get to see mama much and you promised we would put a puzzle together. I'm really tired of Nanny Shaw." Sofia whines.

Our lives are busy. Our careers are pulling us in at such a rapid rate and our children, bless them, are left with the nanny a lot. She's great, we all love Ms. Shaw. But, she's not their mother. She can't be a substitute for the real thing. And, I will be honest, I haven't exactly been there for our girls either like I should have been since I've been sick. And, Callie can't do it all by herself. It's tough being mothers and running a country. It's was hard enough with two successful careers before we arrived at the White House. Now, I feel like a complete failure. Ever been there as a parent?

"Emma, I promise I will put a puzzle together with you tomorrow. Tomorrow is Sunday. We will have all day together tomorrow."

"You said that last weekend. And, we did but then, I haven't seen you or mama much this week. I just miss you both. Sofia does too."

The heartfelt plea tugs at my heart. I don't even care about this State Dinner that I am required to attend. But, I have to go. It's my obligation, my duty. Callie really hates them too, but it's her obligation, her duty. I feel like we're missing out on so much in our girls lives sometimes because of Callie's job, but...as my father very quickly reminds me when I complain...I agreed to this. And, I did.

"I promise you, after this...mama and I will spend more time with you. We just have to get through this dinner tonight and then, we will all sit down and have a family meeting about what we can do
to improve these issues. And, you can pour your heart out and tell us your feelings. How does that sound?"

Emma smiles. She likes that idea apparently. She's just like Callie. Give her the floor, or a platform, and she can talk for hours and, lure and audience to sleep. Just kidding, my wife really does give great speeches, she's just lengthy at times.

"Yes. Let's do that tomorrow," Emma states with an excited tone in her voice.

"You got a deal kid. Now, help me zip this dress up. Mama isn't here yet and I really need to be dressed so that I can help her." I can't remember when I was fitted for this but, it wasn't that long ago. And, it's almost too big. Losing weight is part of depression sometimes and I know I haven't barely ate much in the last little while but, this dress, it could stand to be taken up just a tad. Smoothing it out in the mirror, Emma watches me and she smiles a big smile.

"What?" I ask.

"You're just pretty mommy. That's all." She replies. And that, is why I love my daughter so, so much. She may be Callie Torres made over sometimes, but she's mine.

Callie comes flying into the bedroom in a frantic sweep. "God I am late. They're on their way Agent Starling said and I am so fucked!"

"Calliope..." Motioning for her to notice that Emma is standing there, Callie turns. She just used the "F" word. And that is a no-no in front of the girls.

"Emma! I didn't see you standing there baby. I would never say that word, I just had a really bad day but, that's no excuse." Callie says, trying to be sure our daughter understand that the word she just used is a bad word.

As always, she's one step ahead of her mother. "You said it so, I think I should get a free pass too." She's a smart kid and I really want to laugh, but I don't. It's not a good word to say and in fact, Callie and I use it much more often than we should. Maybe a no cursing policy should go into effect in our house. That's probably wouldn't work, my wife would explode before the day is up if she didn't let at least one word fly out.

"I don't think that's how it works Emma," I say, jumping in to help Callie who actually looks like she's lost at the moment.

"Like hell it doesn't work that way! You will do as I say and..."

"Calliope..."

Emma smiles. Yes, another curse word escaped Callie's lips. My wife is just full of them today. "Sorry. Add that word to the list too Emma. You will get no free pass." Callie says and walks into the closet.

Emma looks at me amused. Callie is in a rare tizzy this evening. Sofia is rocking Caleb in the living room while Nanny Shaw fixes their dinner for tonight. "You want to go out and sit with Sof while mama gets ready?" I ask Emma. Hopefully she will take the cue because Callie is in rare form and really needs to be alone to settle down before this Dinner.

"I'm going," Emma says. "But, tomorrow, we're bringing up the free pass issue cause that just isn't fair."

"Done." I say, shooing our daughter out of the bedroom. My wife rushes from her dressing room once our daughter leaves, her black dress half on, half off and, she has her hair in a messy bun. The hairdresser fixed it earlier in her office and why in earth her hair looks she's been wrestling, I have no idea. She must have had some difficulty in the closet, I guess.

"Arizona..." she whines. Callie Torres is tough as nails. She has a backbone made of steel. But, put her in a rush for a social dinner and she completely falls apart at the seams. It's always been this way when she doesn't leave her office in time to get ready. It's cute and endearing, but I wouldn't tell her that.

"Calliope, your spanx are on the top of the dresser honey and your heels are sitting at the foot of the bed." I know what she wants before she even asks. Years of marriage and public office have not only groomed my wife, but me too.

Nodding, she goes to retrieve her spanx. As she puts them on she asks, "Can you call the hairdresser please?"
Looking at my watch, I can clearly see there not enough time for that and President Torres is never late. Never. And, she won't be tonight either.

"You got the spanx on?" I ask.

"Yes. Will you please call..."

Motioning for her to come to me, I take my wife's shoulders and firmly sit her down in the hair beside the fireplace. "We are pressed for time. I don't know what happened to your hair but, I will fix it Calliope."

Taking a deep breath, my wife tries to calm her nerves as I fix her hair. She is always cool and in control, unless she is running late. Then she's antsy. In a calm voice I ask, "Are you calmer now?" I know she is because she is not fidgeting as much. She is looking in the mirror while I work on pinning her hair up.

"Yes..." She replies.

Making her smile I say, "You know, I think I missed my calling. I should have become a hairdresser." I hate to brag but, I am quite good at updos.

"You would have made a great hairdresser but, I much prefer you to be a surgeon. When I'm out of office, that degree will get us further than if you just cut hair for a living."

"True..." I comment.

And, ten minutes later, my wife is all smiles once again. Callie Torres looks like, Callie Torres...perfect, exquisite hair, flawless skin and makeup and gorgeous. Was there ever any doubt? Of course not.

"So, about putting out tonight," my wife smiles at me, drawing me up close in her arms as we face one another.

"Yea?" I ask.

"Maybe we can make it a little different tonight. You...me...lying naked on the Truman Balcony having sex?"

Oh, she's risky this one right here. But, it does sound like fun, so I say, "Only if you are sure we won't get caught..."

Callie smiles. "There are so many flowers and plants out there tonight for Peña Nieto and his wife that...no one will notice us out there. But, we'll have to be quiet and remember, you can't scream..."

No place she'd rather be, than in her wife's arms, Arizona smiled and said, "I'll try..."

"There was no world, no land, no god or heaven or earth outside of their two bodies naked and trembling in the act of love." — Roman Payne

A/N: Hmm? That was interesting wasn't it? Do you think Callie will continue to keep quiet and save face? Nah...I doubt it. She'll get Penny Blake eventually. But, will it come at a price?
Truman, My Old Friend!

"Deep down, we're all animals in bed. After all, sex is an extremely primal act..."

General POV

Sex sounds may add to our sexual arousal both when we make them and when we hear our partners making sounds.

"Mmmm...mmmm...ahhhhh...mmmm... Oh God..."

It's probably also worth noting that our sex sounds change during a sexual encounter. We may start with words or moans and may be very aware of what we're doing, but as we move deeper into the experience we may lose both inhibitions and awareness of what we're doing, resulting in different kinds of sex sounds. Callie's rubbed her wife's left hip and thigh, giving the soft skin a firm squeeze as she whispered in her wife's ear.

"Arizona...is this feeling good baby?"

"Ooooohhhh...mmmm...oh yea...ooohhhh..."

When people become highly aroused and near orgasm, the increased sex sounds may be linked to hyperventilation. Hyperventilation is known to lead to anything from changes in body experience and mild euphoria to profound alterations in mood and consciousness which is the experience of a trance-like state.

The thrusting was deep and the moans were loud. Louder than Callie intended them to be tonight on the Truman Balcony of the White House. The State Dinner was behind them and after the dancing and drinks, it set the tone for what was happening now in the black darkness.

Callie smirked. "How's that for being good? You said I better be good...you enjoying this baby?"

She could not think, only feel. Callie was lying on top of her and the deeper the brunette pushed the rubber toy inside her wife tonight, the louder Arizona's sounds became.

"Yes! Right there! Fuck me harder Calliope!" Arizona screamed. So loud in fact that President Torres just knew the secret service had to hear that one.

"Shh, Arizona you have to keep it down..."

Oh but, Callie should have thought about the fact that her wife was a screamer. A very loud screamer to be honest. Didn't she know this would drive her wife over the edge tonight? Being fucked in the missionary position, legs opened wide, taking every thing offer to her, while outside...taking risks that probably hadn't been taken before by a president and first lady. Didn't Callie expect her wife's sense to be extraordinarily loud tonight?

Legs were parted as Callie lay between them, thrusting herself deeper and harder into the blonde that just couldn't seem to get enough. French manicured nails dug at the bare tanned flesh that lay on top of her. Arizona moaned as she received what her wife graciously gave her without any hesitation or mental reservation. It was sex. Love. Fulfillment. And, a thrill of excitement being taken like this tonight.

"Truman, my old friend...I'm gonna remember this night for the rest of my life," Callie said, smirking at her wife that was lost in her impending orgasm that was taking over her body.

"Oh, oh Calliope. I'm gonna, I'm cuming..." Arizona panted as she met her wife's thrusts with a frantic need.

A desire to be filled, taken, made to succumb to her wife's most daring adventure tonight. This was unprecedented...probably. There probably hadn't been too many couples that lived at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave that had done what these two were doing right now.

"Calliopppeee...Fuck!..." Arizona screamed so loud that her wife covered her mouth with her hand.

"Arizona!" Callie whined. They were seriously going to get caught. Like two horny teenagers that just couldn't help themselves.
"Keep going Callie...I'm...Oh Fuck!"

For the female orgasm to end fully and be satisfying, you need to ride it out - continue with the same stimulation until you are certain that the peak has passed. After that, depending on every individual female body, it may be necessary either to slow down or to stop completely.

"You want me to stop?" Callie asked.

Arizona clung to her wife and pulled Callie closer. "Don't you dare..." the first lady said. It was a demand...an order...a firm request. Callie Torres had better not stop and pull out or, there would be certain consequences to pay if she did.

Callie kept the pace up and her wife continued to meet her thrusts with great force. Arizona wanted it long...hard...fast...and never-ending. She loved sex with her wife and, they had just been intimate again for the past week now. However, this was a whole new level for the blonde doctor. Sure, they'd made love like this many times before but tonight, it was different, mysterious, sexy, and exhilarating.

"You are so sexy when you moan like that," Callie husked in her wife's ear. The blonde continued to moan and express the satisfaction her wife was giving to her this evening and she really didn't care who was around. Lost in her own world an inhibitions, Arizona wrapped her legs around Callie's waist and in that moment, Callie moved a little bit deeper inside her wet center.

"Fuck!" Callie groaned. She was so deep, so so deep in her wife had Arizona had just licked her neck and offered a tender love bite on her chin. And that, just spurred President Torres on.

"I'm gonna fuck you so hard baby..." Thrusting rapidly, Callie lost all control that she had over her own emotions right now. "You want it harder?" Callie said, her voice raised as she panted in her wife's ear.

"Don't stop! Don't. Fucking. Stop." Arizona moaned loudly as she felt yet another orgasm rushing through her body.

The blanket they were lying on was jumbled from the activities and Callie had brought out another quilt, but it was lying to the side of them as they were both in the throws of passions right now.

"Shit! I'm cuming Arizona..." Callie moaned as her orgasm washed over her, causing the brunette to convulse against her wife. Arizona was somewhere else as her wife came at that moment. She had just finished her orgasm and the ripples still coursed through her body. What a night, that was all that can be said about this State Dinner. As Callie came to rest on her wife, beads of sweat were visible on the blonde as well as herself.

"That was..." Callie couldn't finish her thought...it was just too damn good. Really good. But, there was another reason she couldn't finish her thought.

"Um...Excuse me Madam President..."

The voice...Agent Starling. The president and first lady...completely horrified. Callie looked back, grabbing the quilt that lay to the side and the brunette covered her and Arizona immediately.

"Don't worry ma'am...I didn't see a thing. I am not looking..." the secret service agent said. He was turned away and was allowing as much privacy as he possible could at this moment.

"What is it?" Callie asked. Arizona lay her head back. This was the most embarrassing moment of her life.

"Ma'am the Chief Justice of the Supreme court has just passed away." Agent Starling said.

He had been Callie's friend. Historical records support the position that: Fourteen presidents have appointed twenty one justices during presidential election years. Now, she would be appointing yet another one and this had not quite two years into there administration.

"Thanks for telling me," Callie said.

Hearing the door close to the outside balcony, Callie looked back down to her wife that lay on her back, her legs still spread apart as she had not yet pulled the strap on out.

"I will never be able to look Agent Starling in the eyes again." Arizona said, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath.

Callie smiled. "Well, at least he knows that we're more sexually active than most presidential couples that have lived here." They both laughed, pressing their foreheads together.
"You better get inside and place that phone call to the family before he comes back out." Arizona suggested, tucking the blanket around her tightly and reaching across the floor to grab Callie's robe.

"Hmmm. I don't want to move." The brunette whispered. She had still remained inside Arizona and ending sex this way was not how Callie wanted their night to be remembered.

"You have to. We can't stay in the position the rest of your presidency," the blonde giggled. "How about you slip on your robe and take that toy off and, I will put my robe on and be waiting for you in our bed?"

Callie smiled. Duty called. Her wife understood and, she'd resume sex in a few minutes. What a lucky woman Callie Torres was.

"See you in ten minutes," the brunette said, slipping the harness off and trying her robe. Callie quickly walked inside to place a couple of calls and left Arizona outside. Alone.

Looking up at the stars, Arizona made a wish as one star quietly fell from the sky. A simple wish that she knew probably wouldn't come true but, God did she ever hope for it. Their lives were so busy, so rushed. And, maybe, just maybe their world would slow down. But, she knew it really never would. Their former lives were a distant memory that, she'd never reclaim that life again.

Slipping on her white robe, Arizona stood and gathered the two blankets and the rubber toy that she had enjoyed mere moments ago, and she took them inside. The Truman Balcony now bare, their activities now passed, and her wife was now busy. Crossing the hall, she heard Callie's voice as the brunette spoke over the phone.

"Arizona and I are so saddened by this news..." Callie stated. Yet, another gathering, another high profiled funeral would be taking place, and another chance to see the President and First Lady out in public.

What was the First Lady's wish you ask?

As she lay there seconds earlier, the simple childhood poem crossed her mind... "Star light, star bright, the first star I see tonight. I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight."

Arizona whispered to the darkened sky, "I wish not to cry."

"There is only one thing more numerous than the stars," I say, looking up to the heavens. "And that is the darkness that holds them." - Jessica Khoury (The Forbidden Wish)

A/N: Wonder why she's sad...Don't you?
Passion of Clarity

"Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone. Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone, Silence the pianos and with muffled drum, Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come..." — W.H. Austin

Arizona POV

Callie read this poem today and tears came to my eyes...

"When Great Trees Fall

When great trees fall, 
rocks on distant hills shudder, 
lions hunker down 
in tall grasses, 
and even elephants 
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall 
in forests, 
small things recoil into silence, 
their senses 
eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die, 
the air around us becomes 
light, rare, sterile. 
We breathe, briefly. 
Our eyes, briefly, 
see with 
a hurtful clarity. 
Our memory, suddenly sharpened, 
examines, 
gnaws on kind words 
unsaid, 
promised walks 
ever taken.

Great souls die and 
our reality, bound to 
them, takes leave of us. 
Our souls, 
dependent upon their 
nurture, 
now shrink, wizened. 
Our minds, formed 
and informed by their 
radiance, 
fall away. 
We are not so much maddened 
as reduced to the unutterable ignorance 
of dark, cold 
caves.

And when great souls die, 
after a period peace blooms, 
slowly and always 
irregularly. Spaces fill 
with a kind of 
soothing electric vibration. 
Our senses, restored, never 
to be the same, whisper to us. 
They existed. They existed. 
We can be. Be and be 
better. For they existed." — Maya Angelou
Funerals are the worst. Depressing. Long. Tiring. They have endless flowers and sprays, wreaths and roses, black suits and dresses, slow, sad music and...they make me cry. Every time.

This funeral earlier today for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was the first official funeral that I have attended since becoming First Lady. And, it changed my scope on life completely. Everything about today was depressing, but it wasn't normal depressing.

This depressing was completely different; it was a feeling I couldn't describe. The entire melancholic atmosphere directly affected me from all the black clothes to the tears from the immediate family. I tried to retain my tears as I constantly told myself that "I would not cry." But, we all know that didn't work. Callie spoke and when she did, I cried. She's the best "eulogizer," as Sophia calls her, that I have ever known.

After the event today was over, I came home and sat by the window overlooking Pennsylvania Ave. And, my perspective on life shifted completely as I recalled today's events. I realize that I have taken not only my life for granted, but also the lives of those important to me.

Death is not just an end stage of a person; it goes beyond the boundaries of one's life. It affects and haunts all those who are both directly and indirectly associated with the person. Although I hate funerals, and I mean I truly hate them... I am actually proud to say that this event helped me "grow up" and understand the significance of my life a little better.

I have still been battling depression, although quietly. And, I know I still will. However, the times that I honestly thought that we would all be better off if I no longer existed in this world, after today...I now feel ashamed to have even considered that. I'm ashamed that I harbored those hideous thoughts. This evening, there's a wife and two children that have went home without a husband and father. What if that had been Callie? What if that had been Sofia? Emma? Or even little Caleb? Yes, I understand things better because, I saw their tears. Their cries. Their sorrow. I understand and I now have some clarity.

He was depressed. He was under intense pressure. And, he couldn't take the pain he felt any longer. So, the Chief ended his own life. His career. His earthly bond with his family. And, through this unspeakable act, I am made aware that my family would react much the same way as the Chief Justice's did. They'd be...distraught, grieved, and devastated and so, I've decided to focus on the positives and will no longer entertain those little thoughts that have slipped into my mind...every now and then over the past few months.

As for the positives you ask? Depends on your definition of positive really. It's six o'clock and, I bet I have some positive news that you'll all love to hear. Our parents are here! I know, I know..."Positive!" Yes, wife is so thrilled, just like you. Just teasing, she's really not too happy about all the grandparents arriving all at once. Having Daniel Robbins and Lucia Torres in the White House together is not exactly tons of fun you know.

"Arizona! I want you and the girls on the South Lawn for a picture with your mother and I in exactly twenty minutes. Before the sun goes down." My father yells to my room. I feel like a child that is living with their parents again and, it's not fun at all.

Why are they here you ask? They are here to stay with Caleb while Callie, the girls and I travel to Asia. Yes, Robbins-Torres...Part of Four is heading to the Asian continent tomorrow morning. The girls are excited to be going. And, I am too. We are taking Mrs. Shaw with us and she will watch the girls while Callie and I do our official duties while on this trip. But, we are taking several tour and sightseeing with our children. Quality time is what my wife calls it. This should be interesting.

"I feel like it's been a month of Sundays since we all were together Arizona." Callie says as she walks in our bedroom. I'm slipping on my shoes because, pictures are in a few minutes and the Colonel can't be kept waiting, right?

"I know," is my reply as I slip my arms around my wife's waist. And, she's right, it had been a month of Sundays since we've been alone with our daughter's and spent some quality time with them. Sad but true.

We sat down several days ago, as promised with the girls and had a family meeting with the girls and heard their concerns and feelings about how busy Callie and I are. They were concerned and...they had a right to be. Callie as always promised to do better but, she can't keep that promise and that's exactly why I hate promises. You can't keep them many times and, someone end up getting hurt and disappointed.

Walking into the living room, I am met with my father as well as Carlos and Lucia having a conversation about...yours truly.
"She has required a great deal of convincing to get back in her role as First Lady." Lucia states to my father.

"I know and, I'm going to have a strong talk with her today." My father replies.

"I don't want Arizona to ruin any chances of Callie's reelection that we will soon be starting up again. It's not that long off you know Daniel." Lucia says.

Interrupting the family moment, I clear my throat. "Well, I think the person you are speaking about is standing right here. If you have anything to say to me, do it now. And then, you can all get the hell out of my house. I live here, with the President and you don't. You are a guest but, I have the power to have that changed."

Callie walks in and it's so quiet, you could hear a pin drop. "What's going on?" Callie asks looking around at everyone.

My father says, "We were just going to go outside and take that picture..."

I interrupt him quickly. I am furious over this and I won't be walked over anymore. "They were discussing me Calliope. Your mother is afraid that I will ruin your chances of reelection due to my being out and taking time to get better. She doesn't like me easing myself back into my duties, obviously. And my father agrees and he is going to have a strong talk with me...I'm not doing enough as First Lady apparently...That's, what's going on in here honey."

Once again, silence fills the room and only our breathing is heard. And as you can imagine, the fiery Latina you elected, is infuriated by my words.

"Mother! I want to see you, Daniel, and Dad in my office right now!"

The private residence has an office the president uses. And I hear Callie slam the door shut. The girls unfortunately heard a little of their conversation and then they walked back to the kitchen. My mom looks at me and shakes her head. The only level headed one of the entire set of parents is Barbara Robbins. Carlos is but, he really lets Lucia take too much control.

"Maybe I should go in there?" I look at my mother as I hear my wife screaming and her mother screaming behind closed doors..."Would that help?"

Mom shakes her head. "You just stay out of it Arizona."

And, as always...I heed my mother's advice...but, not this time. Sorry. Walking to the door, I hear my wife yelling and I don't hold back, I walk on in. Entering, she looks at me but, never breaks her concentration.

"You will not come into my home and say those things! She's done nothing wrong!"

"Calliope, calm down. All I'm saying is that she isn't stepping up the way I think she should and..."

Interrupting, I say..."Lucia, I am the First Lady. I may not be the best one, the most perfect one...I may not suite you're fancy but, I would never do anything to ruin my wife's reelection when that time comes. I'm aware that everything I do and say is under scrutiny. I know that I have to be perfect. I have just started back in my role and, I am not being pushed. There are things I don't care to do but, I am doing them for the sake of my wife and her career. I'm not a child and I don't need to be treated as one. In fact, I don't think it's a good idea if any of you are involved in this reelection."

My wife agrees, which is surprising. "I think you are right honey. You are all fired, except daddy. He and Barbara, if she wants too, can stay on but, Lucia and Daniel, you two have got to distance yourselves from this. I'm sorry but, I won't have Arizona upset and I won't lose my marriage over an election. If I get four years then great. If I get eight years, that's great too. But, I don't think we can all work together this second time around. So, your services will not be longer needed but, daddy...I could still use your wallet."

I bite my bottom lip to keep from laughing. If Callie and her dad weren't so close I'd be worried but, I know his answer before he even says it aloud.

Callie's father nods. "Sure Mija. You've got my full support."

I guess it does not hurt to be a daddy's girl as they say.

Lucia turns to Carlos and says, "Carlos! She just fired me and you are still supporting this? What
about my feelings?"

Looking at his wife of thirty-eight years, Carlos says..."Oh grow up Lucia! And, be nice...they can throw you out of here if they chose too."

She looks at me and I smile sweetly. It would be my pleasure. Really. Yes, I know she hates me and right now, I'm not fond of Lucia Torres either. I've always heard that family's do fuss and argue in politics. Or that, one member of the family runs everything. A good example of that would be JFK's father, Joe Kennedy. He ran everything concerning his children's political careers. Lucia could come close to being a Joe Kennedy. Seriously.

"Fine, but I'm staying here to tend to Caleb while they are gone." Lucia states as she stares down her husband.

Callie looks at me and I shrug my shoulders. I need a babysitter and sure, she can stay. As long advice she stays out of my business. Like that's really going to happen. Mother in laws can be so annoying can't they?

"Alright. You all stay while we're gone this week but, when we get back...I better not hear another word about this." Callie says, finishing this argument.

I feel like I've let my wife down, if you know the truth. If I had not been sick, hadn't had so much depression, then maybe this would not have happened. But then again, I've always been made to feel like Callie's political career was more important than me, or us or even our marriage. Callie hasn't made me feel this way, but her mother and my father have.

And, right now...I feel like a failure. I won't tell Callie. I won't discuss it with her because she's got so much on her mind. But, I won't lie... I feel like an absolute failure in this marriage and in her career.

As I slip under the covers tonight and my wife lies beside me, my mind thinks back to when my wife's political career started. We were knew to politics, but now...feel like pros in some ways. However there are certainly some aspects that I feel a little unfamiliar with. Still.

I have tried to take politics incredibly seriously, from the smallest case to the biggest speech. I've always felt that supporting Callie is a worthwhile job; that I have nothing to be ashamed of. And, I don't. I just know I've not been here and my mother in law is not wrong about that. But, have I done something wrong in taking care of myself? Taking some time for me?

"You're thinking to much. I can hear you..." Callie whispers as she turns over and wraps her arm around me. "Go to sleep. We have to be up very early and that's a long flight."

"Okay. Sweet dreams," I whisper back to her.

"You too baby."

Lying here, my eyes are closed and my passion of clarity once again revealed. I will be better than any First Lady that's ever lived here. And, I will do it by being me. Tomorrow, I will have Meredith write something up and send it out and explain what I've been going through these last few months. There's no reason to be ashamed. Betty Ford sought treatment for her addictions. Her experience helped others and, mine will too.

I know funerals are sad and I hate them but, this one today...it was one I needed to attend. I needed to see. And a funeral and a life that I will never forget. I've got too much to do just to sit back and attend some dinner parties and look pretty. And although it's taken me a while, I've found myself and my cause as First Lady. And, I think I am far more experienced now in all the relevant ways than I was when Callie took office.

Callie Torres may have the political smarts in the family, but I have the heart for a cause that affects many women and both my family and the nation is going to feel it. Clarity...I have a little more now. Passion...I have a little more now. And, I will be remembered as a woman that lived here and made a difference in the lives of others because of my experiences. Maybe, they gave me my...Passion of Clarity.

.........................................................................................

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his
place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat."
— Theodore Roosevelt

A/N: Thoughts?
The Great Wall

"When asked, "How do you write?" I invariably answer, "One word at a time," and the answer is invariably dismissed. But that is all it is. It sounds too simple to be true, but consider the Great Wall of China, if you will: one stone at a time, man. That's all. One stone at a time. But I've read you can see that motherfucker from space without a telescope." — Stephen King

Callie POV

"The Great Wall of China is..."

"Meredith, thanks but...I kind of wanted to do this tour myself. I have been here once before you know. I have experience to share on this."

"Oh...sure Madam President. Go ahead."

We've been on this Asia Tour for several days and China is our last stop. Looking at my daughters and my lovely wife, I take a deep breath. I know what I'm going to say and I want this to me a momentous occasion for all three of them. So, I begin...

"To vastly improve your country and truly make it great again, start by choosing a better leader. Do not let the media or the establishment make you pick from the people they choose, but instead choose from those they do not pick. Pick a leader from among the people who is heart-driven, one who identified with the common man on the street and understands what the country needs on every level. Do not pick a leader who is only money-driven and does not understand or identify with the common man, but only what corporations need on every level.

Pick a peacemaker. One who unites, not divides. A cultured leader who supports the arts and true freedom of speech, not censorship. Pick a leader who will not only bail out banks and airlines, but also families from losing their homes - or jobs due to their companies moving to other countries. Pick a leader who will fund schools, not limit spending on education and allow libraries to close. Pick a leader who chooses diplomacy over war. An honest broker in foreign relations. A leader with integrity, one who says what they mean, keeps their word and does not lie to their people. Pick a leader who is strong and confident, yet humble. Intelligent, but not sly. A leader who encourages diversity, not racism. One who understands the needs of the farmer, the teacher, the doctor, and the environmentalist - not only the banker, the oil tycoon, the weapons developer, or the insurance and pharmaceutical lobbyist.


Most importantly, a great leader must serve the best interests of the people first, not those of multinational corporations. Human life should never be sacrificed for monetary profit. There are no exceptions. In addition, a leader should always be open to criticism, not silencing dissent. Any leader who does not tolerate criticism from the public is afraid of their dirty hands to be revealed under heavy light. And such a leader is dangerous, because they only feel secure in the darkness. Only a leader who is free from corruption welcomes scrutiny; for scrutiny allows a good leader to be an even greater leader.

And lastly, pick a leader who will make their citizens proud. One who will stir the hearts of the people, so that the sons and daughters of a given nation strive to emulate their leader's greatness. Only then will a nation be truly great, when a leader inspires and produces citizens worthy of becoming future leaders, honorable decision makers and peacemakers. And in these times, a great leader must be extremely brave. Their leadership must be steered only by their conscience, not a bribe."

Arizona lowers her head in the palm of her hand. I look, trying to discern...she must have a headache.

"Does your head hurt?" I ask my wife.
"Well, it wasn't that speech but, it is now." She replies in a sweet tone, and a sly smile.

The girls start giggling and, I look around to my Chief of Staff, who by the way is smirking. Even the secret service are trying their best not to laugh at whatever they all find so humerus.

"What the hell is so damn funny?" I ask.

"You are," Sofia states. "What's that's got to do with the Great Wall of China?" She asks.

"Yea...this is a sightseeing tour and your giving us a speech about a leader. Ooh... and you cursed twice so, it's my turn. Damnit. I'm hot as hell in these pants Mom made me wear."

Arizona takes our precious Emma, the child that will likely cause me to die of a stroke at an early age...and she pulls Emma to stand in front of her. And then, my sweet wife grabs the tiny bottle of hand sanitizer and hands it to Emma.

"I can't. I could die from eating hand sanitizer Mom! Like die right here in China. Like mama's speech didn't almost just kill me!"

Informing everyone, I explain, "Just so you all know, I was going somewhere with my speech."

"Where?" Sofia asks.

"Look, I was trying to make a point here. Styles of leadership are currently different between Asia and America. In case you haven't noticed, American is more prepared for the days ahead because of the leadership it has chosen."

Pointing to myself, I expect applause but, get nothing but stares. The occasional eye roll is given and, from my wife, a furrowed brow. Like she doesn't know how great I am. She was telling my just this morning while I was taking her to yet another orgasm...Ouch! Stop it Arizona!

"What's this got to do with the wall?" My wife asks.

"Well, nothing. I just made that entire speech up and wanted to give it a go. Well, what do you think? Reelection quality, am I right?"

Sofia shakes her head. "No," she says.

Emma stares at me and says, "I wouldn't vote for you."

Meredith smiles warily. And Arizona breaths out four words that I never thought she'd say, "Hire your mother back."

"You fired Abuela?" Sofias eyes widen.

"Shit you're in trouble," Emma states.

"Emma... stop swearing." Arizona warns our younger daughter.

"Okay...let's just move on and let Meredith give the freaking tour about the freaking wall." Arizona says.

"No. I am." I argue. I know this place and I want to give it.

My wife leans in closer. "Calliope Torres, I don't care who gives it but, if it's not given soon, I am leaving. It's hot. I'm tired. I'm hungry and, you're not getting any sex tonight if you drag this out and give a speech like that again."

Speeches are long and boring. Yes, given a microphone and a platform, I've never left an event without giving a good forty five minute speech. I'm known to be long winded. But, not today. Not after that warning. Hell no.

Looking at the wall to my left I say, "It's tall. The height of the Great Wall varies anywhere from just above ground level to 30 feet high. The mortar used to bind the stones was made out of rice flour. And, it winds through the mountains of china and is approximately five thousand miles long, give or take a few...let's go."

I can do short and sweet, if sex is threatened to be withheld. Make no mistake about that. I love to talk but, sex is better than public speaking. Any day...hands down...sex is better.

"Thank you," Arizona whispers as she holds my hand while we walk along the path.

I smile at her. Arizona's feisty when she takes a notion. She's got the best personality. And, as of
today...she's known as the first, First Lady that has battled PPD. Meredith released an official
White House statement this morning. It took several days for Arizona to get her announcement
perfected. The press traveling with us has questioned but, we've not commented yet.

"Here is good for a picture," I tell the girls. Our photographs will be all over the Internet and
newspapers in a matter of a few hours. But, the ones we snap with our phones are the ones I care
about. These are some precious family memories being made here today. And, the memories don't
end at the Great Wall of China either. There's more sightseeing on our agenda today.

Several hours later, we pass through the pink blossom trees to see the giant panda enclosure. We
try and ignore the clicking cameras, pretending the media is not present, as we peer over a wooden
railing where there are six pandas playfully eating bamboo.

"They are so cute! Can we take one home?" Emma asks.

"No. And, don't suggest that either please," I whisper to her. She's the kind of child that would out
right beg and embarrass us all at the Chengdu Panda Base.

As we arrive at our hotel for our last night in China, my wife is getting ready and I read while
she's does so. Scrolling through my iPad at news headlines, I see that Arizona has made it to the
top.

"The official statement released today by the White House came as a bit of a surprise. First Lady
Arizona Robbins-Torres released a written statement saying in part,..."Postpartum Depression can
affect any woman, regardless of age, ethnicity, or or socio-economic background. About one out
of every seven women has postpartum depression after giving birth. I know...I was the one out of
seven. I have PPD...."

Hearing my wife move around, I know she's about to come out. She's dressed for a very fancy
dinner party tonight. Scrolling down, I read further down the page about my wife's story. "The
sooner mothers see their provider about PPD, the better. Moms can get started on treatment to
make them feel better so they can take good care of themselves and their baby. If you are one of
the many women that suffer in silence, there is help. Opening up about postpartum mood disorders
can feel humiliating, as it makes women feel inadequate about themselves and their abilities. And,
we need to change that way of thinking. In the coming weeks, the White House will put forth an
initiative to tackle this disease and offer support to the many women like myself that have lived
through Postpartum Depression...."

My mother is probably turning cartwheels at the White House today. She will likely see this as an
embarrassment. And, I will admit, it's not something to bring out before reelection. The press may
very well eat her alive for this. But, she's confident that she can handle it and, if this is Arizona's
cause, her place to shine and make a difference then, I will support her one hundred percent.

"I'm ready. How do I look?"

Looking at my wife, she's just as pretty as the day I met her. The smile. The eyes. The hair. The
brains that accompany the beauty, it's rare to find both you know... brains and beauty, they are a
hard find.

I compliment her as I should. "You're...Stunning. Gorgeous. Sexy. Fine as can be, I could take
you right here and...."

Placing her hand the side of my face, she says..."Okay...I get the point sweetie. But...Tonight,
while we are at this fancy dinner with people that don't speak our language and don't exactly
approve of our lifestyle, you know we're expected to pretend there is a Great Wall between us.
Right? No hand holding...An adviser of yours explained that to me so that we don't cause any
problems...."

Hearing her words, I am astounded. Who told her that? "Are you saying that I'm not supposed to
hold your hand or give you a kiss because some Head of China doesn't approve of my marriage?"

"I'm not saying that. A member of your staff said that. Apparently we were too affectionate while
in Japan yesterday and...."

Interrupting my wife I say, "They knew better than to say it to me, so they said it to you.
Seriously? Give me a name and, whoever it was that said something can catch their own damn
plane back to Washington." I am mad. Whichever one of my staff said this to her will definitely be
fired.

"Calliope..."
Arizona looks at me and sighs. I know she doesn't agree with this person but, since my mother said those things about her, Arizona has been much more cautious and controlled about everything while on this trip. But, I won't compromise on this and neither will she.

"George said it," she confesses. "But just handle it when we get back and don't make any scene while on this trip. Promise?"

"I promise nothing. Arizona, I am who I am and, so are you. They know we're married. The whole world knows. And, is it right for us to keep our expression of love out of the public eye? Do you want to hide it?"

"No." She smiles. "I don't want to. I'm just telling you what the recommendations are from your staff. I never said I agreed Callie."

"Then, don't let me hear those words again. George may be my advisor but, he isn't the boss of me. I'm the boss."

Arizona chuckles and I smile. Pulling her close I say, "I don't know about a "Great Wall" but, I can show you a "Great Time" when we get back to this room tonight Arizona Robbins-Torres. That is...if you're interested in taking that tour."

"No long speeches?" She asks with a laugh.

"No long speeches," I reply. "But, I can't promise you a silent, peaceful atmosphere...it could get rough, loud, and very dirty on this tour. I just feel obligated to give you a heads up."

"I think I can handle that Madam President. As you know...I've taken that tour before. This won't be my first time." Hearing her say that, I decide to press my luck just a tad.

"Calliope!" She squeals.

Smirking at my blonde wife, I laugh, grabbing her ass with both hands, I've just given her butt a firm squeeze. "That's just a preview of what your going to be experiencing later tonight Dr. Robbins-Torres. I'm just being sure you've got what it takes.

Running the pads of her thumbs across my breasts, two nipples stand to attention. "I think I do. Don't you?" She says tracing my hardened buds in circles. She's driving me crazy and she knows it. Of course she has what it takes. Hell, she's more than I can handle in bed lately. But, as always, your President never backs down from a challenge.

"Let's skip tonight and go to bed."

My suggestion is met with amusement and a wife that is shaking her head. "No way. I love the food at these dinners. I'm eating first and then, you can bed me all night long."

They say as a marriage evolves, it changes as does the people in it. I agree with that. There are two kinds of people and, two kinds of marriages too you know. The kind that is congealed, final...and, nothing much happening. And then there's the kind that is fluid and keeps moving forward, full of love and a youthfulness that never dies. As for us, we're still alive. We are still very sexually active and, congealing isn't part of our agreement at all.

"There are two kinds of people. One kind, you can just tell by looking at them at what point they congealed into their final selves. It might be a very nice self, but you know you can expect no more suprises from it. Whereas, the other kind keep moving, changing... They are fluid. They keep moving forward and making new trysts with life, and the motion of it keeps them young. In my opinion, they are the only people who are still alive. You must be constantly on your guard against congealing." — Gail Godwin

A/N: Thoughts? Hit that review button!

Quote Credit:

"A NATION'S GREATNESS DEPENDS ON ITS LEADER" — Suzy Kassem
"To see and feel one's beloved naked for the first time is one of life's pure, irreducible epiphanies. If there is a true religion in the universe, it must include that truth of contact or be forever hollow. To make love to the one true person who deserves that love is one of the few absolute rewards of being a human being, balancing all of the pain, loss, awkwardness, loneliness, idiocy, compromise, and clumsiness that go with the human condition. To make love to the right person makes up for a lot of mistakes."
— Dan Simmons (The Rise of Endymion (Hyperion Cantos, #4))

Arizona POV

She looks perfect tonight. Her hair is raven black and styled perfectly. Her make-up looks as if it could have been applied by an expert beautician, and it was, every president has a beautician that travels with them. And her nails are manicured beautifully, she's so perfect in every way.

Her legs go on forever and are perfectly and evenly tanned. Under her dress is a set of the white lacy panties paired with the under-wired half-cup bra that matches perfectly, the bra which strains very slightly to retain its 36c occupants.

She stands 5'11” tall in her pumps and her figure has turned more heads tonight as she leaves the crowded room, moving her hips so sensually. She's a goddess. She is your President and, she's all mine.

"I'm glad that dinner is over. Now I just want dessert," Callie smiled.

"You will have to wait until we get to the hotel," I softly reply, giving her a low growling noise that illicit grins from my wife.

We are on the way to the limousine, the beast as it is called...and I can feel her undressing me with her eyes as we walk down the long hall. Our hands are intertwined. Callie gives my hand a firm squeeze without looking. My wife loves to hold hands and, I love it too. I just didn't want to cause her any problems on this trip. I never want to cause Callie any harm when it comes to politics. But, she doesn't care about ruffling any feathers and, neither do I. This is us. It's who we are. We can hold hands and kiss in public. I love my wife and she loves me. There's no shame in love...none at all.

"President Torres!" Several reporters call out.

We wave, all the while...never stopping. Stepping into the black limousine, I sit on one side of the seat and my wife is on the other, beside me.

"I think tonight went well," my wife says, looking at her phone.

"It did. Much smoother than even I anticipated. I'm actually sad this is the last leg of the tour but, I'm really ready to get home to see Caleb."

"Me too." Callie smiles and looks back at her iPhone.

"What are you doing on that thing?"

She smiles. "Putting a picture on twitter. One of us dancing..." My wife replied. "I think you should be using your social media accounts more Arizona. Especially with the upcoming election."

"I will. I'm just not as big of a fan of social media as you are honey." It's true, I'm not. I rarely get on there at all and when I do, Callie is the one that posts on my page. How Callie finds the time is beyond me.

"Well, why don't you finish posting and put that obnoxious phone away so that we can concentrate on the extraordinary night we have ahead of us. I saved room for dessert."

"Yea...well, I'm glad you did," Callie smiled placing her phone in her purse. Leaning closer she whispers, "I did too."

Exiting our car and entering the back entrance into the hotel, we are given much privacy and, privacy feels nice. Very nice.
"Goodnight Madam President. Goodnight Mrs. Robbins-Torres." The secret service agent smiles.

"Goodnight," we both reply and walk inside our suite. The girls are already asleep and the living room is dark and quiet. It's perfect...just perfect.

When we are no more than three feet apart, we both begin embracing and kissing one another. It is a prolonged, deep kiss, tongues probing and caressing each other's mouths. It's always been like this with my wife. It's something I will never tire of.

"Calliope..." I whisper. She's kissing my neck and I really need her naked right now. A naked Calliope Torres is the greatest sight in the world. One of the seven world wonders, as I often tell her. She laughs when I say that. I don't really think she realizes just how gorgeous she really is.

"Hmm?" Callie says in a low grunt.

"I am really needing you without that dress...right now."

Smiling, my wife pulls me into our bedroom and closes the door. Unzipping her dress, I waste no time getting what I want. The bra comes off immediately.

"Now you're wearing too many clothes Arizona..." Callie says, unzipping my dress as I watch it fall to the ground. A shiver shoots through my spine.

"It's cold in here Calliope..." The air must be on sixty because once my dress fell off, I literally felt chills and goosebumps all over my body.

"Well, let's get you in the bed and warm you up..." my wife giggles. Of course, I pull her to the bed and she falls down first, with me on top.

Both of us could feel the arousal growing between us as we press our bodies closer and tighter. My eyes lock onto the brown chocolate orbs that I fell in love with a long time ago. They're so familiar, and have so much love in them. We don't exchange words, just a deep, lingering, knowing look before our mouths find each other once again. A feeling of total contentment that we are both with our soul mate. The only one that completes us.

"You are so sexy," I husk in my wife's ear as I lay on top of her. It's definitely warmer now. Now, I have no complaints in that department. Unclasping my bra, Callie throws it onto the floor.

"The panties need to go too." She says with a sly smile.

I allow her to slowly take them off and then, I do the same to her. Snaking my way down her body, I pull the white lace garment from my wife's legs and toss them on the floor with the rest of our clothing. Naked is best you know.

"These are the best boobs...hands down Arizona..." Callie says. With both of her hands she cups my breasts and squeezes hard.

"How many boobs have you seen Madam President?" I am just teasing her but, I know she'll get tongue tied in a minute due to my questioning.

"I umm...I haven't seen...not that many..."

"Calliope, I'm teasing you...concentrate please..." Ghosting my lips over the brunette of my dreams, I slowly slip my tongue in between her lips, asking for permission. I know, she'll grant it...she wants this as much as I do.

"You're breasts are beautiful too you know." I say as I make my way down to take in one nipple...sucking it slowly, swirling my tongue...causing my wife to begin writhing under me.

"That feels so good..." Callie moans.

"I know baby...just lay back and enjoy..." I say, taking yet another nipple into my mouth, performing the same slow, sensual motions. Pulling on Callie's left nipple with my teeth, she hisses and I reach for the other to give her right breast a firm squeeze. It's almost painful, I know...I mean for it to be. She wanted rough...I can give her rough is she wants that.

Callie can't stand it anymore. Grabbing my head, she gently but firmly guides me down her body, between her legs.

"I'm warning you...you're about to scream baby..." I smirk.

Callie moans softly when she feels my mouth on her wet lips. "God you are wet..."
"I need you now..." My wife groans.

As I look at my prize before me, I can't help but smile. With the tips of my fingers, I lift Callie's soft lips and see a sheen of liquid emerge and glisten in front of my eyes. It trickles down her lips and, I lick it up.

Callie let's out a long, lustful moan..."Ooohhh...Oh yeah..."

I've tasted my wife before, many many times but, this is so different tonight. And, I'm not sure why. Her eyes are lust filled, she's on the edge, I can feel it. She can feel it. This is going to be a very long night...a night that neither of us will ever forget.

"You taste good baby..."

Pointing my tongue, I slip it inside my wife's wet center and she begins to meet my thrusts with her hips. "Fuck me Arizona...I just want pure sex tonight..."

That's exactly what she's getting. Raw...pure...energizing sex. Who doesn't want that?

Plunging my tongue in and out, Callie grabs my hair and pulls me in closer. "Right there...shit...that's it baby..."

Keeping up the same pace that I know she wants, I slip in two fingers and position my mouth over Callie's clt. Sucking it, its red-hot...and I've made her so hot and wet that Callie is in irreversible pleasure. As fingers glide in and out...I am concentrating on my movements when I hear a very familiar sound. I've heard it so many times before.

"Mmmm...ooohhhhh...mmm...Oh God..." Callie moans out loud. She's not so quiet either. She talks about me being a screamer...she's the screamer...just wait...it's coming...

"Yes Arizona! Right there! Fuck me harder!" Callie screams. See...every fucking time...

I oblige and give her everything I have. All that I am. And, that's all it takes really...

"I'm gonna, I'm cuming...shit!" Callie yells out in our darkened bedroom.

"Let it go baby...feel my love for you Calliope Torres."

"Oh God..." Callie moans, as the thriving, convulsing pleasure that she feels tells me that she knows exactly how I feel for her right now. There will never be another one like her. Never.

She comes down slowly and breathes out..."Oh Arizona...that was..."

"Better than your speech at the Great Wall?" I tease. She nods...hell yea...that was better than any speech my wife has ever made. Hey, I may be more reserved in this marriage but, I am quite talented in this department.

We kiss again...deeply, our breaths felt, immersed in a sea of love. When her lips met mine, I know that I could live to be a hundred, and visit every county in the world but, nothing would compare to this moment. And, for the first time since we'd had just pure sex, I finally find my voice. I need to tell her. She needs to know my truest feelings. My heart.

"I love you," I say, breaking our kiss. "Thank you for agreeing to spend the rest of your life with me."

"I love you too," Callie replies. "It was the best day of my life that day, our wedding day. I will never forget it Arizona...you make me so happy..."

We kiss again, this one longer and deeper than the last. As we lay quietly, the photographers and reporters gather outside our hotel, waiting to question us, to see us, to hopefully catch a glimpse of the First Woman President of the United States and, the First Lady. A lesbian marriage. A lesbian president. A same sex couple that has taken Washington by storm. And, a power couple that will still be here after the next reelection campaign. No, our lives will never be quite the same again after my wife's presidency but, maybe...just maybe I was called into this spot, this job...for such a time as this.

"And when her lips met mine, I knew that I could live to be a hundred and visit every country in the world, but nothing would ever compare to that single moment when I first kissed the girl of my dreams and knew that my love would last forever." — Nicholas Sparks

........................................................
A/N: Yay! I made it before the weekend was up. I didn't think that was possible. So, I'm really
busy the next couple of weeks to say the least. But, I will try and update when I can. Thanks for being patient. I won't let you down but, I really have quite a few things on my plate at the moment.

xoxo, E.B.
"Life is going to get hard sometimes. So get the fuck up and get your shit together. You're either an ocean or a puddle. Don't be a puddle. People walk through puddles like they're nothing. Oceans fucking destroy cities."

Months later...

Cape Cod

9 PM

Deciding to sneak out of our ocean side family home, I put on a hooded sweatshirt. It is dark, everyone's asleep. Caleb and Arizona are snuggled together in our bed, I know they are not likely to wake up for quite some time. Pulling my hood up, I fold my arms to keep warm against the cool night air.

The last few weeks have been done if the most stressful in my life. Maybe even some of the unhappiest in my life. My opponent is shaping up to be a rich guy from New York. He's loud, aggressive even and, has a hell of a lot of money to throw into a campaign against me.

Just this morning, I was being slandered once again because of my sexual orientation. So was Arizona. The things that have been said, 'How is it moral for two women to raise a family? What kind of representation is it that two lesbian women are running our country?' And, what kind of life are the Torres kids exposed to? That one hurt the most. Like Arizona and I would deliberately set a bad example for our children to follow. And, you know what? I've not responded to a single word that's been said. My staff has begged to give a response of some kind. My mother has called me and berated my silence. The only person to remain quiet about my failure to argue and fight back is my wife and, I have no idea why.

I'm sure you wonder, why I don't fight back? Well, I don't really know why. Maybe I'm out of steam. Maybe I'm thinking that, if I get into an argument and rhetoric about everything being tossed at me, people will see me as being as crazy as the other guy. Do you have to address every thing thrown your way? Sometimes, if you argue with an idiot, get into shouting matches, people can't tell who the idiot is. You both look rather stupid. Then again...Maybe I'm scared of not being able to control myself. Maybe this guy is pushing my buttons and, I'll snap and lose my shit. That's certainly crossed my mind.

All of the programs and progress we've made and this guy seems to want to single handily rip up what the former president and I worked so hard for. As I walk along the beach, I hear footsteps. Turning around, it's Agent Ricks and, I'm sure to be in trouble.

"Madam President. You can't be out here like this. You're alone and..."

"I can't sleep. I haven't slept in days. My wife is busy with our children and giving speeches all across the country. I've been in one direction, her in another. This is the first weekend we're together again and, I'm out here alone because I'm too afraid to tell her what I'm thinking. What I'm feeling. I'm too afraid to say, "Arizona, I'm thinking that I don't want this anymore."

Agent Ricks stands there and has no idea what to say.

"See, that's exactly what I think she'll do when I say that to her. She's going to look as lost as you do right now, and I just want to be alone. Can you just back off, follow me for a while and I'll go inside once I walk all of this nervousness out?"

"Yes ma'am." He answers.

"Thanks." I reply and continue walking. I know what you think, I'm a coward. I'm not. I just don't feel like having my wife, my children being the topic of a debate with this guy. But, deep down, I know I can't quit...even if I wanted to. If I let him win then, I've worked these past few years for nothing.

This morning, while listening to the news, I heard a commentator say that Arizona and I were an embarrassment to America and the White House, because of our lifestyle. When did being gay become such a crime, such an embarrassment? The right wing pundits pound me daily, even showing pictures of my wife and I with our children and making all kinds of gross remarks.
What's taking over our society? Where's all the hatred coming from?

Sitting in the cold sand I cry into my hands, as Agent Ricks guards me from afar. I'm starting to get depressed. I've never had depression, at least I don't remember it. I've been targeted like this before. Being in politics and being gay, it's not the first time I've encountered this type of rhetoric but, it hurts just the same. I sit a while longer by myself and the I hear a familiar voice.

"Calliope..."

Drying my eyes, I turn and see my wife standing beside me in a long sleeve caftan. She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen and, she looks concerned.

"What are you doing out here?" She asks.

"How did you know..."

"Secret service woke me. You can't sleep?"

Shaking my head, I feel tears begin to arise where I thought I could contain them yet, I cannot any longer.

"My sweet Calliope..." Setting beside me on the sand, Arizona slips her hand into mine. Her hands are soft, silky...they feel so good. I lay my head on her shoulder and she sits and holds me while I cry.

"Baby, I know you're trying to be strong. I know you hold a lot in because you think I can't handle the stress but honey, I'm fine. I'm supposed to be here for you and I need you to talk to me." Arizona says in a soothing voice.

"I want to run again Arizona but, in some ways I don't want to either. I don't like being attacked personally on television and I don't want you attacked either. So what if we're gay, I'm not ashamed of it."

"Then, get your head out of your ass and do something about all of this Calliope Torres. Fire back with a response, any response. It's certainly better than being an ostrich with its head stuck in the sand." My wife's comment catches me off guard. To say I'm surprised is not entirely accurate. Arizona can be snappy at times but, this is a new Arizona. And, she's usually not speaking to me in this manner.

"But you haven't said anything about my keeping quiet until now." I look up at her. "I thought maybe you didn't want me to say..." 

Arizona interrupts, "I want you to fight. I want you to unleash that aggressive personality, the spunky, fiery side of Callie Torres that is also kind and sweet, but fiercely defensive of her family. What's happened to her? I miss her? Can you tell me where she is? Because, I'd be happy to bring that chick back to Washington. We need her."

Chuckling at my wife's joke, I answer, "She's in here, she's just tired and majorly stressed."

Arizona cups my face. "I know she is." She tells me. "But, we've come too far to drop out of this thing now. We've have given everything to get here and I'll be damned if some asshole from New York thinks that he's going to come in and bully us. We're going forward and, I'm not moving out of that White House until it's time. And, it's not time."

"No. It's not time," I repeat behind Arizona.

"Exactly. Now are we going to do this together or are you still going to shut me out?"

Smiling, I say, "We're stronger together. You and I are a team. I'm sorry I just don't want to overwhelm you. I don't want you to feel like I am feeling right now."

Arizona and I stare at one another for what felt like eternity but, in reality it was only a few seconds.

"Turn your head Agent Ricks. I need a few minutes alone with my wife." Arizona says.

"Yes ma'am." The agent replies as he trueness around and walks away to allow us some privacy.

She kissed me softly, tenderly but, so full of passion and zest. Before I realize what we're doing on the beach at 9:30 at night, we've made out...in public but, as dark as it is, I doubt anyone saw.

"You're not wearing panties." I whisper as my hands are now firmly planted on my wife's rear.
Arizona is lying in top of me and, she sit us and giggles.

"Who needs panties Calliope?"

My life, my marriage with this woman is what keeps me grounded and sane in times like these. "Yea...I know I don't need you with any on." I smile.

"We're going to need to take this inside. It's freezing out here and I need to be warmed up and so do you, and I don't just mean the hot shower we're going to be taking. You need to lay back and let me take care of you for a change Calliope." Arizona whispers. "And, that starts with a massage after a hot shower. You're so tense, I want you relaxed and then I'm going to give you orgasm after orgasm. Sex is mandatory in this last campaign you'll be running in."

That sounds so odd but, it's true. This is the last campaign I'll ever be running in. And, I don't know how I feel about that?

"I love you so odd Arizona."

"I love you, without end Calliope Torres. Now, let's go inside."

Thirty minutes later, I am lying on a massage table in the guest bedroom. Arizona turned into a massage room and had a large table brought in a year ago. I've had to use this thing quite a bit when we are here and it's so relaxing. Our hot shower just ended and my wife is about give me a massage. She has strong hands and makes all tension in my neck and shoulders disappear. I'm always a noodle when Arizona is finished.

I hear Arizona open the oil and feel strong, sure hands work both sides of my neck and shoulders. I looked down to see her adorable bare feet, toes painted in a red color, a sensual contrast against her pale skin. I lay still, entranced with her feet until she moves around to work on my lower back. Her hands move slower and more gently than ever before, caressing as much as anything else.

The dimly lit room with lavender scented candles teases my senses and soft music plays in the background. Arizona usually goes all out during these massages. "How does that feel?" She asks me.

"Sooo gooood," is my answer. If I died now, I'd die a happy woman. Right here on this table, that's how I'd wish to go.

Arizona steps back in front of my head and her hands and arms move from my shoulders down as far as she could reach to the top of my ass. As she slides all the way down I can feel her breasts on the back of my head and shoulders. On her last pass, her breast presses on my shoulders as her hands work the top and sides on my ass.

She pulls the sheet back up over my back and turns it back from my right leg. I feel the sheet come up over my ass, she didn't tuck it down between my legs, as usual. As Arizona works my foot and ankle, she pushes my foot back towards my rear and lower back and I feel, as my legs part slightly, the sheet open onto my other leg. I think that this is a little more of a sexual massage that what she led me to believe. But, I'm not complaining at all. In fact, I'm going to kick back and see where she takes this.

With some more oil on her hands, Arizona works gently on my thigh, pushing with her palms then pulling back with her finger tips. Eventually all the way up to my ass. One palm pressing against my cheek and the other worked up the middle of my ass and then, as they started back down.

Pale finger tips move down my ass cheeks and I feel her finger pass by my hole and lips as she moves down my thigh. Involuntarily, I raised my hips to her touch and moan. That elicits a giggle from her. She knows she's killing me here. Arizona works my calves and feet some more then covered my leg and opened the sheet up on my other leg. Again the sheet was pulled back further than normal and this time, I am entirely exposed.

"You like what you see?" I smirk. My face is lying in the head rest but, she knows I'm smiling.

"It's okay..." she teases.

"It better be more than okay." Turning over, I pull her down so that her lips touch mine. "Take that back." I demand teasingly.

"You're the most gorgeous specimen I've ever laid eyes on. You are extraordinarily beautiful and, I wouldn't be truthful if I didn't say that, your body amazes me. Everyday."
Hearing her say those words, tears form in my eyes. "Now, lay back and let me finish, Madam President." Arizona says, kissing me quickly. Before I can protest, she starts rubbing my stomach.

Moving above my head, Arizona's oily hands work my shoulders and arms. She then massages from my shoulders down the sides of my breasts to my stomach and then back up between my breasts in a circular motion. With each circuit, her breasts pouring out of her white cotton robe, move just above my face. As she makes a deeper pass, I feel Arizona's chest move against my mouth and chin, pressing.

"Mmmmm, that feel so nice." I moan.

"Good. I'm glad you're enjoying it."

Her hands move down to my stomach and her breasts come in full contact with my face. Then back up and both hands now run up the sides of my left breast. She started working the sides of my left breast moving her hands together so they met at my nipple and back down. She moved to the over breast after several moments and continued massaging the same way.

"Oh God..."

"Just relax baby. Let everything and every thought go...and just...relax." Hearing her soothing calm voice entrances me and I do let go. The things she does to me, the way she touches me...God I'm a lucky woman.

"I needed this so badly..." my voice an urgent whisper. "I needed this attention."

"Shhhh...just feel..." my wife whispers in my ear.

I keep my eyes open and watch Arizona look down, making eye contact with me as both her index fingers make tiny circles on the tips of my nipples. "This kind of attention?" She smiles.

"God yes..."

"You do need some attention, Calliope", she slapped both breasts gently, tapping my nipples in the process; then deeply massaging each breast, finishing with a twist at each nipple.

My body starts to twist and squirm. Arizona commanded me to roll back over. She folded a towel and asked me to raise my hips. I obeyed my wife and she slid the folded towel under me, arching my ass in the air.

As Arizona repeated the drops of oil, she placed them top of my ass. I feel the warm oil slip down slowly, into my very slick center. Intent on making me orgasm in a few minutes, I know what she's about to do, Arizona asks seductively, "Is this the attention you were looking for?" With that, she slid both hands down the inner sides of my cheeks spreading them and my legs further apart.

"Fuck yes."

"You want me to take you like this baby?"

"Yes...please Arizona." I can feel her hands caressing me, rubbing me and, as she passes my clit, I jerk involuntarily.

I feel more oil directly onto my hole and down my wet lips. Her finger circled my ass and her other hand worked up and down my slit. "You want me to take you both ways or just one?"

"Both." I groan as her thumbs spread across my lips.

"As you wish Madam President." Arizona giggles, She moves her index finger around the rim of my ass. Oiled, it enters slow and tight, filling me with the pleasure I crave.

"Yes, oh god yes..."

"You want me to stop?" Arizona asks.

"Don't. You. Dare. Just fuck me," I submit, pushing my ass up towards her fingers.

Arizona reaches down with her other hand and slides two fingers between my lips, into my core, very deep.

"Oh my god, yessss, fuck me. Please baby...That feels so good!"

She prodded her finger deeper into me, I cant describe or even believe the sensations I'm getting
now or, how easy she slid into me. Her other hand moves faster in and out of my wet center.

"Oh fuck, I'm going to cum!" My body convulses, toes, legs tightening, blood rushing from my head. This is what I've needed and she doesn't stop. Arizona continues as wave after wave crashes over me.

"Cum mi dulce ángel," Arizona coaxed with her sexy voice, commanding me to cum as if I needed any direction. I love it when she speaks Spanish.

Juices gush out of me. I grasp and clamp the sides of the table, as my ass bucks in the air. "Fuck!" I mumble, as it bite the sheet to keep from screaming and waking up the entire house.

Finally, my wife pulls her fingers out and as I collapse on the table. "That was..."

"I'm not through with you yet Calliope."

Flipping me over, my eyes remain closed as I try and recover and then, I feel the familiar feel of a large dildo pressing against my soaked lips. "You're not the only one that can wear this thing." Arizona giggles as she positions herself on the table. I am in awe of my wife at this moment. Opening my legs, I invite her in and I'm filled seconds later.

By instinct I push towards it and, I thrust against my wife's hips as she gives me what I've needed for a while. We've been passing like two ships in the night since this campaign started and, it's been too long.

"Fuck me harder."

"I'm plan to" Arizona answers.

"UNGH...oh yea..."

"You've needed this huh?" Arizona whispers.

"Yes, oh god yes..." I match her thrust with my own.

Pulling me to a sitting position, she wraps my legs around her waist and she continues to thrust into me as we sit atop the massage table. "Damn you so wet Calliope."

"Oh shit..." I moan as the dildo rubs my clit one to many times, I begin to cum. "Shit...shit baby..." Lasting for what felt like minutes, Arizona slowly helped me ride out my orgasm, as she rubbed my back, pulling me even closer.

My eyes finally open. "Wow! That was a hot orgasm. I wasn't expecting anything like that."

"Thanks but, I'm still not done with you yet." My wife responds, pushing me from the table to stand and then as she slides down, she motions for me to climb on top of her.

Without a pause I straddle her lap and lower myself down onto her, impaling myself till our pubic bones ground together. In the newest position, I begin to ride Arizona hard, fucking her and the dildo as if my life depended on it. I let all inhibitions go and hold my hair up with one hand exposing my neck and felt Arizona's hands on my breasts pinching my hardened nipples between her fingers.

"This has to be...an everyday...occurrence. We will just...have to fly...home...every night."

Her hands pull my hips down, making each time we meet go deeper and deeper. "Oh baby..." I moan. "No more overnight stays. For either of us."

"That's impossible," Arizona grits her teeth as she thrusts wildly against my hips.

"No. It's. Not." I groan as I try and hold this conversation while some extraordinarily wild sex is happening in our guest bedroom.

"We can't always be together on this campaign trail Calliope."

Pinning her arms above her head, I lean down to capture her lips. "We can and, we will," I whisper in a demanding tone. We've spent too much time apart and I'll be damned if that's going to continue.

"Fuck!" Arizona groans. "I'm coming..."

"Me too..." I mumble.
Slowly, we keep thrusting until our organs subside. Looking down on my wife, her hair is wild and eyes alive with passion and lust. "Again?" I ask.

"You're insatiable." Arizona smiles and begins deeply thrusting one more time.

Smiling back, I laugh, knowing this will get the best of her, "They say to stress less and fuck a little more. You ever heard that?"

Shaking her head, she chuckles and pulls me closer. "I want you. All of you. I want to be inside of you. Deep inside you. And, I want you to tell me when your going to cum, hear you moan my name and then, I'm going to fuck you harder."

My eyes are opened wider than they've been all night. Is this my wife? The hell it is and, from the sound of it, it's going to be a long night.

Waking up the next morning, I'm sore in places I didn't even know existed. My inner thighs are aching. I need to exercise more, like my wife is habited to doing and maybe those positions wouldn't hurt so much. Arizona's in great shape, she's hopping around and spinning circles around me in the kitchen as we cook breakfast.

"Sore from last night?" Arizona whispers in my ear as I flip the omlets.

"That was an intense workout. What happened to the relaxation and the massage?" I smirk.

"Someone got carried away, you should control yourself better, Madam President." She laughs.

"You seduced me!"

"Like you were even complaining. You're an easy lay on that massage table Calliope. Every time."

Hearing her laugh, I shake my head. She's got it coming.

"I'll show you an easy lay..." Throwing a slice of bread toward Arizona, she ducks and it hits Sofia in the face.

"Hey!" Our oldest daughter yells.

"Oooooohhhhh...food fight." Emma screams, walking into the kitchen.

"No! Don't throw..."

It was too late. Arizona wipes the raw egg from her face while I laugh. "Where's the camera?" I smile. "You look ridiculously cute and it serves you right."

"Funny." My wife smirks and then, I find myself covered with an egg as well. Guess I had that one coming?

"Food fight!" I yell and, from that point, all hell breaks loose in the kitchen. We look like the most uncivilized people ever but, I don't care. This is actually fun! That is until Caleb starts crying.

Looking down, he's wrapped himself around my leg and, he's dripping in flour and egg just like everyone else now.

"WAIT! STOP!" I call out as I pick Caleb up. The last flying piece of food passes by my head but, Caleb and I remain unscathed. "He's scared." I announce to everyone. "Stop."

"Awe...little buddy." Emma smiles. "We were just playing."

"Its okay baby. We are having fun...messy fun." Arizona kisses chubby cheeks causing our son to stop crying and smile.

"Hey, you want to throw something at me?" Sofia asks Caleb.

He nods his little head. "Here. Throw this at her." I hand him the last remaining egg. And, he's definitely my child because what he does with it...

"CALEB!" Arizona squeals as egg covers her face yet again.

"Bullseye! That's my boy! Give mama a high five." And, he does. He loved me almost as much as I love him. "Awe...poor mommy." Frowning and poking out my bottom lip, I tell Caleb to give Arizona a kiss.
"She leans in and as he hugs her and gives her some much needed love, my wife whispers, "Tonight...you're really gonna pay."

Swallowing hard, I'm not sure if I'm excited or nervous but, either way, it most likely means I'll get laid so, we're good. Don't worry about your president because...She's got everything under control.

"Madam President." Agent Ricks says, walking into the edge of the kitchen and looking at us with a very strange and amused look.

"Yes?"

"There's a phone call for you. It's Meredith Grey and she says it's urgent."

"Okay, thanks."

Arizona takes Caleb to get washed up and the girls leave to get cleaned up as well. I pick up the phone in the kitchen. "What's up Meredith? I asked not to be distracted or disturbed this weekend."

"I'm sorry President Torres but, it could not wait. We debated on whether to call and tell you and I decided, we should tell the President. After all, these items concern you and your career. The newspapers have already printed the stories and it's circulating in the media..."

"What's circulating?" I interrupt her rambling.

"First, there's a couple of pictures circulating that show Arizona in a rather...precarious situation..."

"What?" I have no idea what Meredith is talking about.

"Pictures are going around of Arizona topless at what looks like a party at your house. Do you know..."

"NOOOOO..." Cringing, I know exactly what photos she's talking about. They were taken at a private party at our home. I thought I had the only set but apparently not. Arizona was very drunk that night and, well... that's all I'm going to say about that. But, hell, I wasn't even governor then. What's that to the American public?

"So, the photos are real?" Meredith asks.

"I'll get back to you on that. What else?" I knew my reelection campaign was going to be tough but, not this tough.

"Then, there's Penny Blake. She's come forward and claims that, you two had sex in the Oval Office and, not just one time. She says that you invited her upstairs when Arizona and the children were away one weekend..."

"That bitch!" I shout loudly. I may just have my father knock her off. Okay, you didn't just read that...move on please...

Meredith continued, "Penny's logged in the White House records as having been at work on the evenings that she's alleged these sexual acts took place..."

"I've never... I didn't do anything. She's lying! Check the cameras." I defend myself against that allegation, hell, I'll defend myself and Arizona against these allegations.

"I am. Look, I believe you Callie but, what I'm most worried about is, will voters believe you? What will these pictures of Arizona do to your image? This is bad for us, it's factors like these that your competition will use to get on top. I know you haven't given me the go ahead to issue a statement to everything that's being said but, you cannot ignore this."

My head hits the kitchen cabinet door hard. I cannot believe this is happening. "Let me talk to Arizona and, we'll call you back." I answer.

"Sure. I'll be here waiting." Meredith replies and I hang up the phone.

I'm reminded of Winston Churchill when he said, "You have enemies? Good. You've stood up for something, sometime in your life." And, the fact is that, I have. I've stood up for persons of color. I've stood up for the gay community. I've offered hope and a voice to the transgender and the bisexual communities that I've felt a need to defend. I've tied to fix healthcare and create more jobs. I have...I. Have. Tried. Yet, here I am, defending myself and Arizona against someone that, has created a fantasy or is being paid by the other side to help oust me from my current position.
Like hell I'm going to tolerate this.

Walking upstairs, I search for Arizona. She's the one person that I know I can rely on and she'll help me know what to say and what to do. "Oh, I'm sorry, I thought Arizona was in here with the Caleb."

"She's in her room." Nanny Shaw informs me. She's bathing Caleb in the tub and I check in to see where the girls are. Hearing the sound of the showers running in Emma and Sofia's rooms, I walk on to our bedroom and close the door behind me.

"Arizona..."

"In here!" She calls out.

Opening the bathroom door, steam hits me and I see my wife, fully nude in front of me as she washes her hair.

"Hey sweetie. What did Meredith want?" She asks.

Taking off my clothes, I step in to the shower with her to wash off the remainder of the food that I'm still wearing from our earlier food fight.

"Calliope...what's wrong? You have that face that..."

"There are pictures going around and your topless. That night at our house in..."

"Oh my God..." Arizona's eyes pop out. She looks sick to her stomach. "That was a private party. You weren't even Governor then..."

"I know." I reply, placing my hands in her shoulders. I know she's embarrassed. Hell, I would be.

"And, also... there's...Penny Blake." I watch as Arizona stiffens hearing that name.

"What about her?" Arizona asks with hesitation.

"She's claiming we slept together in the Oval Office and says I invited her upstairs to the residence when you and the kids were gone."

My wife looks off, averting her eyes from mine and I stand and wait for her to say something. But, she doesn't. Arizona doesn't speak.

"Arizona..."

"No. No. No, this is not happening..." She shakes her head. Grabbing her towel, she exits the shower and closes the glass door behind her. The look in her eyes concerns me and, I'm not sure what she's thinking.

Hurriedly, I wash off and grab a towel. Minutes later, I walk from the bathroom to our bedroom.

"Arizona..."

Calling out for her, I get no response. Looking around, I see that, she's no longer upstairs. I throw on my robe and rush downstairs, finding my kids and Nanny Shaw sitting around the dining room table eating cereal. Our kitchen is a disaster and after the food fight, we didn't even get a chance to eat.

"Where's Arizona?" I ask.

"She's outside." Emma points. "She looks mad."

Looking through the glass window, I see my wife standing in the edge of the sea shore. She's standing in a light tanned sweater and white pants. I'm in my long white robe with the Presidential seal on it and, I don't give a rip who sees me or captures my picture right now. My goal is to see my wife.

A couple of minutes pass and I walk up behind her. She knows I'm there because she says, "Callie, I don't know how to say this..."

Her words catch me off guard. "What?" I ask, wanting to understand what Arizona is saying. Is she upset about the pictures or Penny? I'm flipping out here and she's yet to say anything.

"Arizona..."

She shakes her head and I can tell she refuses to turn around and look at me.
"Arizona Robbins-Torres. Look at me!" Spinning her around, I stare into those tearing blue eyes that are pained with concern and fear. "Say something Arizona."

"Calliope..."

"Yes?"

They say that strong people know how to keep their life in order. Even with tears in their eyes, they still manage to say, "I'm okay," with a smile.

She still hasn't answered and again I say her name. "Arizona..."

"We're fucked..." Arizona cries. But then, in the next breath she wipes her tears and smiles, "But...we're going to be okay."

Pulling her close to me, I wrap my arms around her and she holds on...as if she's holding on for her very life. And, she right, isn't she? When you think about it, we're all fucked. I'm fucked. You're fucked. The whole departments fucked. It's the biggest cock-up ever and, we're all...fucked.

But, as my wife pointed out... we'll all be okay because, no matter what happens in life just remember, we're all fucked up...together.

A/N: Arizona naked at a party...Wonder what her mother in law will say about that? And damn, Penny. Wonder how Callie's going to fix that little problem? Stay tuned...

Quote Credit:

We're all fucked quote by: Richard Mottram
The Final Debate

"The fine art of using the most words possible to not answer a direct question."

Arizona POV

Things have been exceptionally crazy around the White House over the past few months. Callie and I, as well as our children have zigzagged across the entire U.S. and today, another one of my duties has to be fulfilled. Today I am on the Ellen Show, so wish me luck.

After hugging Ellen and a long round of applause, we sit down in the two chairs and begin our talk.

Ellen: It's good to see you again.

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: It's great to see you Ellen. I'm glad to be here. Thanks a lot.

Ellen: You look great. Is that a new hairstyle? It looks very, very nice.

Mrs Robbins-Torres: It's stillled differently is all. Thanks, Ellen.

Ellen: It's very pretty. Very pretty. (Applause.)

Ellen: So you are a natural blonde?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: Yes, exactly. Only my hairdresser knows for sure. (Laughter.)

Ellen: It looks lovely. I know you're out here, you're campaigning. Where have you been in the last 24 hours?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: I left Washington yesterday morning. I came through Michigan and then Reno, ended up in California last night. And then this morning, I spoke to a very powerful group, the Fortune Magazine's Most Powerful Women group, which was really terrific. (Applause.)

Ellen: Oh, cool. And then you came to my show because who wouldn't want to? (Laughter)

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: Exactly.

Ellen: Well, you know, this seems like a turnaround, because you were somewhat reluctant to campaign at first. Now you're going gangbusters here. You're everywhere and I've seen your face on television as much as I have my own.

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: Well, it actually is pretty much fun.

Ellen: Do you enjoy it now?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: I enjoy it a lot. I like visiting with people. Politics is a people business. If you like people, then you like politics, that's what my wife says.

Ellen: Did you have to do any sort of drills or anything, to overcome. It's not just like you're in a little theater. I mean, my God, you're speaking to the whole nation. Do you have any thing you do?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: Sure. I mean, first, I make sure I have a speech. Yes. That's the number one thing. And then, you know, I read it in front of my wife and children.

Ellen: Does your wife critique you?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: No.

Ellen: Does she give you advice? What to say or what she thinks would be best to leave out?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: Sometimes. We both do that actually.

Ellen: Let me ask you, when you watch these debates, is it hard for you? Does it make you nervous?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: Sure, absolutely. I'm very, very nervous, much more nervous than Callie is,
obviously. I watched the final debate from the very front row. And, of course, it's very different to watch it in person than it is on television.

Ellen: Your wife fumbled over her words during the final debate and the media exploited it to the hilt. She couldn't get her thoughts out it seemed. Then she looked over to you and in a minute she nodded. Just out of curiosity, what were you saying to her?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: I told her to start over. Sometimes in life when things are profoundly challenging, you have to stop. You take a deep breath and go again.

Ellen: That’s true. I mean, do you guys have fun with blunders afterwards?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: We do. We laugh about it sometimes. Sometimes, we don't laugh. (Laughter and applause.)

But actually, the fact is, she gives hundreds of speeches and she'll give three or four in a day. And, you know Ellen, after that amount of time, it's easy to make a mistake or two.

Ellen: Oh absolutely. I make mistakes on this show all the time they just edit them out. (Laughter)

We'll be right back with the First Lady right after this. (Applause.)

Ellen: Welcome back. We're back with the First Lady, Arizona Robbins-Torres. I wonder - I know how my wife is when somebody attacks me. She gets very irritated about it. I kind of let it roll off. And your wife, she seems - she goes, oh, it's politics, people just saying this or that. But do you take it a little personal sometimes?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: Yes. (Laughter.)

Of course I do. You know, it's really hard. It's much harder I think for the person who loves the candidate to hear the bad things and the negative things. Callie handles it well for the most part.

Ellen: Do you turn off the pundits?

Mrs. Arizona Robbins-Torres: Sure.

Ellen: So you don't listen to them?

Mrs. Arizona Robbins-Torres: Oh, no, I turn them off. I do however consider the media to be indispensable to democracy. We need an independent media to hold people to account.

Ellen: I agree. Oh and by the way, twitter was ablaze in the final debate night. Did you see any of that?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: No I didn't.

Ellen: We have several tweets that we want to go through. We thought they were funny. Here's the first one.

"Whoever dances off stage horse riding style to Open Gangnam - wins! #debate"

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: That's funny. (Laughter)

Ellen: That would have been interesting to watch. I would have said your wife would have one that hands down. (Laughter and Applause)

Here's several more. "The debates in my house are much louder. #debates"

"I literally think Trump has never had to listen to a woman for this long in his life. #debatenight"

"Skipped "Birth of a Nation" in theaters tonight because "Death of a Nation" is on TV right now. #debate"

"finally the whole country will watch as a woman stands politely listening to a loud man's bad ideas about the field she spent her life in #debatenight"

Mrs Robbins-Torres: Wow. What an active group on Twitter.

Ellen: Yes it appeared to be. Twitter was wild that night. Now, you met the opponents wife correct?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: We met at the debate.
Ellen: That was the first time you met?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: That was the first time we'd met. We even chose the same color dress to wear for that night. (Laughter.)

Ellen: That's right. I had a joke but didn't do it. I can't remember what it was. (Laughter.) That's right, you had the same outfit.

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: So now I just want to announce today, let people know I'm going to be wearing a blue suit Friday night. (Laughter and applause.)

Ellen: That's funny. Now, your daughters are out campaigning with you and the President.

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: The girls have been with us some. Sofia is with me tonight. And it's been really fun to have them with us as we've traveled. It's been funny and lively and I'm sure everyone can tell. And they are having a ball, it's just relaxing and fun for us to have them along when they can join us.

Ellen: Now, where will you spend Election Night?

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: We'll be in Cape Cod. We'll travel on that Monday night, get up and vote the next day, and fly in to Washington. So on actual Election Night, we'll be in Washington.

Ellen: Well, you and the President have worked tirelessly in this campaign. You've made our country a better place. And I want to thank you for stopping by on your tour. I wish you and the President the best of luck. You certainly have my vote.

Mrs. Robbins-Torres: Thanks so much, Ellen.

Ellen: The First Lady, Arizona Robbins-Torres. (Applause.)

As Sofia and I step into the suburban after finishing the Ellen Show, I catch a glimpse of a red headed woman. She's no one I know but, she certainly causes my mind to think back to not long ago when my wife had a former red headed secretary accuse her of some terrible things.

__________________________________________________________________________________________________________________

Flashback

Callie stood at the podium of our Cape Cod home the following morning after receiving some disturbing accusations about her and some damaging photographs that had been dug up on me.

"Thank you all for coming. First I want to address the photographs that are circulating concerning my wife. Those were taken at a private party at our home in California. This was before I sought public office. I personally am disgusted and disappointed that the media and internet chose to broadcast those. And I'm standing here to defend my wife. Arizona does not deserve this treatment. She has done nothing wrong. She is a wonderful wife and mother. She's been a terrific First Lady and championed for causes that many others haven't broached before. And she'll continue to do set an example for women and girls for the next four years. This will not deter us from running a magnificent campaign.

If you want to have a character debate or say something derogatory, come to me, say it about me, not my wife. As for myself, I have never had sexual relations with Penny Blake. She was asked to resign from my staff due to misappropriated funds. We were willing to let that slide if she left quietly but, she didn't so we are going to open an investigation into Mrs. Blake and the mismanagement she has incurred.

Make no mistake folks, I'm family driven. Politics is in my blood. It's a part of me. However, personal attacks on my wife don't be tolerated. And, neither will I entertain accusations that are based on lies. The phone logs and cameras, as well as the White House guest register is being released for the dates of the offenses I've been accused of. It's all there, in plain view. You can see for yourselves. I never had any affair with my secretary. The truth is, I love my wife. I don't need anyone else.

Now, with that said, I want to wish you all a wonderful upcoming week and I'll see you in Wisconsin on Friday."

End of Flashback

__________________________________________________________________________________________________________________

It all worked out. Callie knew it would. Sure, everyone has seen more of my chest than I had hoped would but, that's all seemed to die down now. My mother in law was more than upset and
my dad personally called to tell me that he couldn't believe his daughter was photographed in such a way. Well, surprise daddy. I have a wild side and I bet I'm not the only First Lady that's ever had an interesting past either.

Throughout this campaign, I have been called lots of names; Callie and I both have been in fact. We've endured unreasonable hate and unspeakable hurt these past few months. Our opponent has tried to turn our marriage and our family into something evil and unholy and that's anything but the truth. What makes a family? It's not about your skin color or your gender. Love makes a family. We are the same as you, the same as every family... there's just a little more estrogen involved I guess you could say.

As for Penny Blake, it looks as if she will have several years behind bars. Callie and Meredith set her up, but you did not hear that from me. However that's not what has sent the red headed secretary to jail. Ms. Blake is currently behind bars after allegedly taking revenge on her girlfriend with a weapon. Something about an affair and she just snapped, I don't really know the details and honestly, I don't want to. The good news is that she'll be charged and she's out of our hair thankfully.

Stepping onto the plane, Sofia and I take our shoes off and relax for a few minutes. Our next stop is...Home. I am going to make a switch in Washington. Swapping one great riding partner for another, I will be collecting my wife and leaving Sofia with Nanny Shaw and my parents. Callie and I will finish the week's tour in the state of New Hampshire.

"Mom?"

Sofia brings me from my deepest thoughts. "Yes baby?"

She looks at me with a tired expression. "Sometimes I wish we were normal. Like everyone else."

Smiling, I have to agree with her. "Me too sweetheart. Me too."

This life is a toll on political families no matter what side you resonate with. Democrat, republican, independent...whatever the political preference, the candidates and their families are real; just like you. And it's taxing but we signed up for it so, we finish it. Tuesday is Election Day. We're ready, as ready as we'll ever be I guess. Either way, Callie and I both will take what life hands us and we'll be just fine.

Hugging Sofia goodbye several hours later and give her the promise that we will be home tomorrow, Callie and I watch as she steps into the suburban with her grandparents.

Climbing aboard the massive stairs to Air Force One, Callie turns to me and says, "I never made good on that offer to give you sex on the plane did I?"

Laughing, I reply, "No. That's one political promise you've failed to deliver. And, it just might hamper my vote." Of course I'm teasing but, my face is serious.

"Race you to the top?" She asks.

"The cameras are watching honey."

Giving me a mischievous smile, my wife says, "Fuck the cameras. This is my last campaign and I'm finishing my term, my way."

As soon as we land in the state of Wisconsin later that night, I give my last and final push for this campaign. This is my last introduction for my wife as a candidate. You know, I never thought I'd say that ever, but that time has finally arrived.

My opening speech was coming to a close and I finish it with a bang. "Callie brings that optimism, that sense of promise, that certainty that a better day is before us. Under her leadership our country will be stronger. These are times that require an especially strong and determined leader. And I'm proud that my wife is that kind of leader. Ladies and gentlemen, our President, Callie Torres."

Handshakes...I've shook a thousand it seems as this day draws to a close. Smiles...My face is plastered with the same smile I've had since I stepped from the plane this morning. There's just one week left to go and I know that when this is over, Callie and I will be stronger from this; as individuals and as a couple.

"It takes a village, and it takes knowing in our hearts that it is our human right to love and be loved. We are all worthy of respect, love and equal rights. If you feel you don't have a village that you can trust and lean on, you create your own, a village made up of people who you know accept you, and will support you. Some of us must start out being our own village but I assure you
there are people waiting to accept you and support you."

As I sit and watch my wife speak, I'm filled with so much love and pride. I didn't want this particular path and journey for us. It wasn't my dream it was hers. However, I know that this is what she was destined to do. This is Callie's passion and her calling. And I've never been more proud to be an American than I am right now. She finishes with some very true words that I will forever be grateful to hear from a platform of this magnitude.

"Some of us must start out by being own village, but I assure you there are people waiting to accept you and support you....We don't choose our sexual orientation, we do choose what we do about our own self worth."

You know, it had been said...

"Choose a leader who will invest in
Building bridges, not walls.
Books, not weapons.
Morality, not corruption.
Intellectualism and wisdom, not ignorance.
Stability, not fear and terror.
Peace, not chaos.
Love, not hate.
Convergence, not segregation.
Tolerance, not discrimination.
Fairness, not hypocrisy.
Substance, not superficiality.
Character, not immaturity.
Transparency, not secrecy.
Justice, not lawlessness.
Environmental improvement and preservation, not destruction.

Truth, not lies."

And you are looking at her folks. She told me the other night that she didn't think America loved her anymore. But I know you do. This feisty Latina that I married is the woman for the job. You voted her in four years ago and we're counting on you for another four years. And I know in my heart, she'll prevail.

A/N: The next chapter is up. The next one is the FINAL chapter in this story. Go take a look.

Quote Credits:
Sara Ramirez Quote, "It takes a village..." taken from HRC Speech.

Great Leader Quote:
― Suzy Kassem, Rise Up and Salute the Sun: The Writings of Suzy Kassem
The American Dream

"The ignorance of one voter in a democracy impairs the security of all." -John F. Kennedy, speech at Vanderbilt University, May 18, 1963

Callie POV

Election Day has arrived. My team has done their homework. We know this will be tough but we're ready. And speaking of ready, my wife is ready to come for yet another round of sex this morning...

"Calliope..."

You know, sex with my wife hasn't changed at all in our four years that we've been in Washington. I was afraid we would turn into some old people that didn't share a bedroom when we moved her but, that hasn't been the case at all. We're still the same people we were when we took this office. We have the same needs, same desires and the same vision as we did four years ago. And right now, I have the same hormones and urges that I have had since I first met Arizona.

"Let me make love to you again. I am going to worship your body."

"Yes, worship me." She says in a pleading tone.

Lowering my mouth to Arizona's breasts and whisper to her at how beautiful her breasts are and how delicious her nipples taste. I begin my tortuous journey down her body using my mouth to taste and caress every inch of Arizona's porcelain skin. Lying back down with my wife, our bodies come together.

"Oh yes...yes baby...mmmm...right there..."

Arizona's breathing becomes shallow and her moans are loudly audible. I can't help but smile when she purrs in ecstasy.

As my tongue circled Arizona's right nipple she becomes increasingly aware that it was not going to take much more to make her cum. Arizona can feel my fingers stroke her wet mound locating her moist lips and then trying to find their way inside her. My wife instinctively moves her legs further apart trying to help me inside.

"You like that baby?"

Fingering Arizona with soft, slow, tender probes, I watch her mumble incoherently. I'd say she likes it very well.

Arizona couldn't take it any longer and just as she pushes my head down and it nestles between her legs.

"Don't stop Calliope..."

I use my hands to slowly open the shapely legs and place Arizona's thighs on my shoulders. With one finger I trace the soft outer lips of my wife's swollen member and apply gentle pressure spreading it open even further.

"Oh God..."

Arizona can probably feel the familiar butterflies in her stomach as she gazes upon the sight of her moist lips inviting the invasion. I place more fingers inside of her and caress her inner walls while my thumb positions itself on the tip of Arizona's swollen clit and lightly tickle it back and forth.

"Fuck!" She screams out. But, I keep going.

I move slowly up Arizona's body, continuing to finger fuck her. Giving several kisses to her breasts, I offer some tender nibbles of her immaculate flesh.

"Oh God Oh God..."

My lips suck and flick at the hard nipples. Arizona in turn reaches for my breasts and feels of my hard nipples across her palms as she strokes them. She knows this will only spur me on and that I
find it to be very erotic. She pinches and rolls my nipples between her fingers while I continue to
tongue her breasts.

"I have to have you now." Whispering to Arizona, I then kiss her passionately. Moaning into each
other's mouths as our fingers and thumbs tickle our swollen clits, I can feel my own body taken to
a higher state of euphoria. I can feel my own wetness saturating Arizona's thigh as we continue
our ministrations.

I break off our kiss and smile at her before descending downward. Groaning with anticipated
pleasure, I separate the lips and fully open Arizona's pink moistness. The tip of my tongue touches
her center and her sweet liquid gushes into my mouth.

Flattening my tongue, I stroked her center up and down firmly enough that Arizona could feel it
on her clit. This drives my wife mad as her swollen clit twitches and aches for more attention.

"Calliope...I'm almost there..."

Arizona arches her back and pulls my head to her mound trying to shove her engorged clit into my
mouth. Wrapping my lips around the swollen button I feverishly suck it I hear her come undone.
A strong tremor runs through Arizona's whole body. Her hips lift off of the bed as I suck on her
clit flicking it back and forth as my fingers probe deep inside my insatiable wife.

"Oh Fuck! Shit...Oh shit, oh shit..."

Working my fingers in and out slowly at first and then with more intensity as my tongue firmly,
methodically presses again and again against Arizona's erect clit, which was now totally exposed
from its hood. At this point my wife's groans become very loud, her body rocks with her second
orgasm and she grinds herself into my face which is totally covered with sweet juices that gushed
as the dam broke.

Slowly Arizona relaxes after the last of one of the most intense climaxes she ever had. She lays
back on the bed and I move up to her lips and cover them with my own mouth, kissing her
tenderly, deeply and letting my tongue slip past her lips so that Arizona can taste herself.

"Calliope...that was unbelievable."

Kissing me eagerly in return, she loves the sweet taste of herself on my lips. We lay on the bed,
cradled in one another's arms without saying a word as we savor the feel of our final moments
together before a very rigorous day begins.

Walking out of the voting booth several hours later, Arizona and I smile and wave. Cameras flash.
People are staring. Questions are fielding in our general direction from everywhere.

"Who did you vote for?" I whisper to my wife as we entered the black limo.

"I liked the other guy's hair...it's different." She laughed. Figures. She probably voted for that
moron.

"Figures as much. I bet the dog wouldn't even vote for me." I grumble as I stare out the limousine
window.

"Calliope, I'm teasing. I'll give you a hint. I voted for the same woman I slept with this morning.
She's the best sex in town."

"Just in town?"

"The whole world."

"Now that's more like it Arizona."

I'm not sure that's the truth but according to my wife I'm the best so we'll go with her synopsis.
See, I'm an individualist. I see things the way I see them and that's not going to change. There is
still a lot of change that needs to take place in our society. America still has brighter days ahead
and time to turn around for the betterment of everyone. Our world, even with all of its many
problems and hatred of fellow man, still had some potential left. You can't give up hope folks,
even when it all seems grim. But the truth is that I have no control over this election and the harsh
reality is that the ignorance of one voter in a democracy impairs the security of all. JFK said that
and I still stick by that to this day. It's a true statement if there ever was one.

"I need to go over both of my speeches I guess." My spirits are a little dampened, I won't lie. I'm
genuinely concerned about the outcome of this election. There's so much division and I'm afraid
that I won't be your next President if some folks have a say in it.
Arizona looks as if I've gone completely off my rocker. "You only need one speech Calliope. Just one."

That's true but which one? The waiting and suspense is too great. I know this will be the longest night of my life.

The flight back to Washington is a long one. I had time to go over everything, my acceptance and concession speeches. Opening the folder, I run across a note that Arizona has written. It is stuffed in my folder and I have to say it couldn't come at a better time.

"Dear Calliope,

I know you'll read this on Election Day. As you can see I placed it in your folder with the two speeches that I am sure you will rehearse and know by heart within a matter of hours. As of this moment, I'm not sure how the election results will turn out. Whether you win or lose, You will always be my President. I am so proud of you and all you have accomplished for our nation and our world. You've made me proud to be a part of the movements and causes that you have brought awareness to. I can't imagine this being our last few months in Washington but either way, we'll survive.

When we started this journey, you said that you would stay true to yourself and to the convictions you hold. And you have done that, every step of the way. You are a wonderful mother to our three children. I am blessed to call you my wife, my partner in life. And deep down, I know that I'll still get to call you my President for another four years.

You're biggest fan,

Arizona"

How could you not get tears after reading that? Wiping my own with the pads of my fingers, I get up in search of my bride. However, when I find her, I see she's sitting in a chair and she's asleep with a blanket wrapped around her small tired frame. Too cute to awaken, I just stare at her for a moment and then walk back to my office.

By noon, we land in Washington and once we arrive at the White House, the election results are all that is on the television in the private residence. I left for a little and walked to the Oval Office. I needed to get away from everyone for a few minutes. Okay, I really needed to get away from Lucia. Our family is here. Our parents...mainly my mother is driving everyone crazy. Okay...she's driving me crazy but, that's what family is for I guess.

Election night is the worst. Who is it the worst for? Probably for my wife. A candidate's spouse's job is largely about supporting their spouse. For Arizona there are no speeches to give, no questions to answer. It is a mime of performance of waves and gestures. And on her face will be the look of radiant relief at victory or brave composure at defeat. She is expected to say nothing and after all that hard work and it's tough to keep silent if you lose. I'd say her job is probably the hardest of all.

As nighttime sets in, our family is gathered in the private residence. The night is dark and rainy. My mother is sitting on the sofa with her ear buds in, listening to classical music while she works a crossword puzzle. My father and Daniel both sit and watch the election coverage as they drink their scotch.

The girls are sitting on the floor, Arizona is brading Sofia's hair first and then she'll start on Emma's. And that leaves me and Caleb. Sometimes I think he's the forgotten child in our family. He's growing taller every day and has a beautiful smile just like his mommy.

"Sweepy..." Caleb says with a big yawn. I'm rocking him and as I look from the television and back to his angelic face, my heart feels full enough. You know, I don't need this win to feel complete. I've already accomplished much more than many my age and I have four precious people in my life that will sustain me the rest of my days. And our life after the White House, the "afterlife," as Arizona calls it will be great once Washington is a distant memory. But, I'm not going to lie, I don't really want to lose.

The television reporters covering this call my name and it brings me from my thoughts.

"President Torres is winning the popular vote but she still needs some key states to win this election."
"She's got a slim chance here but, maybe she'll pull it off Joe."

"You know...It kind of makes you wonder Don, what's going on in the Torres White House tonight?"

My mother pulls her ear buds out. "What's going on in here tonight? We're watching them, what do they think we're doing?"

Always dramatic and full of feist, Lucia Torres causes us all to laugh. Of course we're tuned in to CNN, what other station would we be watching this unfold?

Caleb pulls my hair, he wants my attention and I lean over to give him a kiss. Don't tell Arizona but he's a mama's boy if there ever was one. Seriously, it hurts her feelings so don't tell her.

It's late and as the hours slowly tick by, all I hear is "too close to call." It's two in the morning. Seriously? Just call it. Hell, I'll take one for the team...just teasing. I know there's a process but how long can I wait up for this process to finalize? Yea...not much longer is my answer to that.

"Arizona, let's go to bed."

"Calliope...don't you want to stay up and finish this?"

"No. I want to go to bed. I'm tired. The kids are asleep. My arm is numb from holding Caleb in this position. Mom is snoring on the sofa. And our fathers are exhausted. Let's go to bed please."

Walking around and placing her arms around my neck, Arizona whispers, "You'd rather go to bed than win?"

Looking at her I laugh. "Yes. I'd rather go to bed."

Knowing that things will shape up and look better in the morning, we get the kids settled in bed and then Arizona and I finally lay down around three-thirty in the morning. My back aches and my head is pounding but sleep pulls me in.

"Calliope..." Arizona breaks the silence that hangs over our bedroom.

"Hmm?"

She turns to me and says, "You're going to win. I know it."

I don't answer my wife. I hope she knows something I don't. She's always had a keen sense of these things and I often trust her judgment. But something prevents me from doing that this morning.

Several hours later, Arizona and I get the fright of our lives. Literally. "WAKE UP! WAKE UP! I GOT FOUR MORE YEARS IN THIS HOUSE GIRL!" Emma is jumping on our bed and is screaming at the top of her lungs. My heart skips a beat as I try and focus on our daughter.

I look over to Arizona and her blonde hair is...well, it's not pretty folks. She looks nothing like you see on television Again, don't tell her I said that.

"Turn the tv on Arizona." I want to believe it but, I'm not taking Emma's word for it at all.

"I already gave you the news report. FOUR. MORE. YEARS. GIRL!" Sassy is her middle name, I'm telling you all. Four more years and I'll be gray headed if she keeps screaming at me like this.

Arizona changes the channel and the first words we hear are..."President Torres won reelection by a narrow margin. She is the first woman President and the first to ever be reelected to office. Congratulations, Madam President."

Arizona looks at me and I'm stunned. Seriously, stunned. I feel like I'm having an otter body experience. I won? I won? Hell yea...I Freaking Won!

"Congratulations, Madam President." Arizona whispers with a giggle.

Smiling as I look from the television and back to my wife, I say, "Uh...Emma...could you give your mom and I a minute alone please?"

She looks disgruntled. "Are you two going to kiss?" Emma asks, wrinkling her nose.

"No," is my solemn answer. Okay...we are but she doesn't have to know that.

"Good. Cause all those kisses are mine." She tackles me before I can say a word and the
abundance of giggles from our youngest daughter causes Arizona to laugh and my heart to swell. I'm the luckiest woman in the world. I truly am.

I won. I can and can't believe it is true. There will be no other political races after this. I'm officially a has been after four more years I guess. Some call serving the White House a burden or a sacrifice. I call it a privilege that you've extended to me and to Arizona. Yes, the presidency can be difficult and we have given up our privacy for a lifetime. But it is a deep honor to be given the trust of the American people. And, even in this crazy messed up world of ours, Arizona and I have been blessed to have the opportunity to see the very best of America and meet many amazing people that have inspired us.

Some call me crazy but I still have the American Dream. It's the dream that you can always do better and be successful. My dream was to become President and make a difference in our world. Sure, there are some that say it no long exists and to some it may not be a reality. The "dream" is not really American to me per se. It's a dream that I have for everyone of every nation, regardless of the color of their skin, their sexual orientation, or their religious belief. It's a dream that in reality may never come to pass for everyone but, you cannot lose sight of the dream. You have to stay focused! Don't let people take it from you. You deserve it. It's yours for the taking. The world is what you make of it, and you have the power to influence it and change it. You just need to make the decision, go all in (if you know it is right), last but not least, but most importantly - DO IT NOW!

After giving my victory speech, our family retreats to the green room for an official family portrait. "Where's Arizona?" Looking around, my wife is no where in sight. They are organizing us for the formal victory photograph but my wife has disappeared.

Wearing heels and a beautiful blue dress, I find her standing over by the large window alone. I know she's thinking about something...but what?

Wrapping my arms around Arizona, I whisper, "Hey...You're missing from the family festivities. There's a portrait that has to be taken and I can't let that happen without the woman behind all of my efforts. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you."

You know my wife has a certain amount of mystery about her, many people have noticed that and I can't really say that it's not true because it is. Sometimes Arizona is a mystery to me as well.

Turning to fully give herself to me in our shared embrace, Arizona smiles and says, "Madam President, you can't say America doesn't love you anymore. You've achieved it Calliope. You've finally gotten your dream."

A/N: This is the final chapter for Madam President. Thanks for the kind words for me and my family as we endured Hurricane Irma. I was touched by your kindness and generosity. I've said it before and I'll say it again, you're the best audience in the world.

Some have asked for a prequel or sequel to this story. I'll have to look into that.

Thanks for taking the time to read and to write and as always, Keep Smiling. The world is a much happier place when you do.

Sincerely,

Elisabeth Berkley

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!