By eight o'clock that evening, Pam was starting to feel kind of normal. As normal as you can feel when you're still fighting off jet lag, combined with morning sickness that didn't just limit itself to morning, and the after effects of a mental image that would never leave her mind, not even with all the brain bleach in the galaxy.

Michael Scott was dating her mother. How was she supposed to deal with that?

It wasn't easy.

Jim had finally calmed her down at the office, while they watched Dwight wash their car. (That was so strangely sweet of Dwight. She was going to write this down in her wedding scrapbook as Dwight's wedding gift, not the strange turtle thing he'd left at the wedding). And Jim had been a prince all evening, fixing dinner (well, ordering in pizza), fetching her Chunky Monkey from the freezer, and cuddling her on the couch as they watched a mini-marathon of Ace of Cakes episodes.

Pam felt safe and relaxed, watching the Charm City Cakes crew make a cake that looked like a decapitated bust of Marie Antoinette, when she realized something horrible.

"Jim", Pam said, her voice full of dread, "Michael could be our child's grandfather. I...I don't want Michael to be our child's grandfather."

Jim was stunned silent. Finally, he regained his voice. "You know, as much as I respect the skills
of both Shawn Spencer and The Mentalist, I'm not a psychic. I can't predict the future; and I sure as hell never thought that Michael would hook up with your mother. But let us remember the complete and utter disasters that all of Michael's previous relationships have been. And your mother is clearly on the rebound. So you know, this thing might not last long. Years from now, this might all be an unfunny anecdote at Michael's retirement party.

"True." Pam sighed. "But what if it's not?"

"We won't let the baby call Michael grandpa. We'll come up with another name, like Paw Paw, or Gandalf...Grimace...Georgy Girl...or whatever."

Pam giggled.

Jim leaned over and gave Pam a quick kiss. "And if that happens, for our anniversary, we'll all go on Jerry Springer. You can have a smack down and yell at Michael, "YOU ARE NOT THE GRANDFATHER". It'll be epic."

"I like epic." Pam smiled. "But I love you."

"Love you too, Frank and Beans."

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