

Revelations

By AmandaK

As John strode away, he heard Ronon break the heavy silence he left in his wake with a soft "Congratulations". He turned the corner, and Teyla's response, if any, was lost to him. Which was probably for the best, anyway.

Because, *dammit*, right now he could throttle her! Three months along, two since she'd known. Two months, where she'd let him send her out into the field time and again. He couldn't even count how often in those two months she'd gotten knocked around, fired upon, stunned, beat up...

The thought of Teyla's unborn baby getting hurt made a cold shiver run down his spine.

And to hell with what other Athosian women normally did or didn't do while expecting a child. None of them was a warrior. There might be a few policies in the USAF John quietly disagreed with, but there was a damned good reason the Air Force relieved female pilots from active duty as soon as they got pregnant. No, he'd done the right thing pulling Teyla off the team, whether she agreed with it or not.

Problem was, he thought, stepping into a transporter and punching the control panel to take him down a few levels, he couldn't really afford to lose her. Not only was she as skilled a fighter as any he'd ever met, she also knew this galaxy, knew its people, knew how to talk with them. No matter whom he replaced her with, without her they'd be nothing but a bunch of yahoos trampling all over this part of space. McKay'd insult the locals (or perhaps bore them into committing murder); Ronon was all shoot first, ask questions later; and John himself... well, he'd probably do all right if he had to. But Teyla made life... easier.

And now she'd be out of commission for the next—he did some quick mental calculations—seven or eight months... He wasn't sure how long after giving birth she'd need to recover but he didn't think two months was being overly generous.

He reached his quarters, having instinctively gone for a quiet place to get his temper under control. Stepping through the door, he took a deep breath as he recalled the hurt look in Teyla's eyes, quickly masked, when he'd ordered her off the team.

It hadn't exactly been his most shining moment as commander.

But she should've told him sooner.

He dropped off his gear, planning to clean it and take it back to the locker where it belonged later, and headed back out towards the infirmary. The doc should be about done checking Teyla over.

He arrived just in time to see Keller squeeze Teyla's shoulder. Both women were smiling, and John let out a relieved breath. Those smiles could only mean the baby was well, and its mother getting stunned by the Wraith hadn't hurt it.

Quietly, he tiptoed away before anyone saw him. They'd dodged the bullet, this time. It merely served to firm his decision in his mind. True, he could've handled the situation better, and he probably owed it to her to give an explanation later. But he'd be damned if he'd change his mind. There was no way he'd let Teyla or her unborn child come to harm under his command.

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