

Sofila's legs swung behind her while she laid on the couch on her belly. One arm wrapped around the pillow that was under her chin and the other was outstretched. She was scrolling through her datapad while being bored. Cole was at work and her chores were done for the day. Kriff. She would much rather be on Selen and surrounded by nature and options of things to do.

Not on a karking floating meteor rock. Sure, there were some good places to run around in or swim, but that was it. She wanted more than just those. She felt insanely restless.

With a deep sigh, she flipped onto her back. Her eyebrow rose on the screen. Out of nowhere, there were ads of baby clothing and items. Oh. They were so cute! Oh no, if she doom scrolls on this, her urge to have a baby would massively increase. Cole and Sofila was nowhere near where it would be a good time to have a kid. She knew it was going to take time and she would need to be patient. Then something clutched at her heart. A fear she did not want to think about.

What if-

"Stop." Sofila hissed at herself as she placed the datapad on the coffee table and made her way into the kitchen. She felt hungry and opened the fridge door. And stared. None of the food looked good. Not even her favorite fruits.

"Might just be bored and not hungry." She closed the fridge and groaned. Kriff. She hated being bored. Her thoughts went back to having a baby. Would she even be a good mother? Being a mother was a scary idea. As long as she doesn't become her mothe- she flinched at the thought. What if she becomes her mom? Her mother was loving, in her own way. Sure when they became difficult, she passed the children to the nannies instead of dealing with it like a mother would. But when Sofila was behaving and minding, her mother was very involved. Until the day she used the Force and it was like a flip switch. Her mother became cold. Unloving. Pretended she didn't exist as Serpens rough handled her.

What if Sofila has a hidden flip in her mind too? Maybe that was why Sofila looked just like her mother. So she would be exactly her mother's daughter. Every inch in her body trembled. What if their baby does something that flip the switch and she doesn't love her kid anymore? By that time, not only would she look like her mother but she would **be** her mother. Sofila's chest tightened and it hurts. Cole. She needed him- no, he was at work for several more hours. Buir. She could call- no. This was stupid. Somewhere in the midst of all this panic, Sofila found herself on the ground and her knees brought to her chest. Her arms were on top of her knees. How long was she on the floor? Her body ached as if she hadn't moved for hours. Her eyes burned. It was so hard to breath, it hurts to breath it-

"Sof?" His voice, kark. No. No. Not now, no- She needs to hide, she wants to hide.

"I'm my mother's daughter." Sofila sobbed as the tears overflowed.