

Breathe

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Breathe

by [TCGeek](#)

Summary

During childbirth, being told to breathe wasn't exactly... helpful, to Angie.

Notes

I usually post over on ffnet and deviantart, but I've noticed this site's Trauma Center section is severely lacking, so here I come to fill it up!

"Breathe deeply... In... and out..."

"This... isn't helping."

"I'm sure it's not, but I'm trying to distract you."

Angie sat on the edge of her hospital bed, attempting to follow Derek's directions though her mind was cursing him silently. She exhaled sharply and leaned back, one hand coming to rest on the bed behind her and the other holding the small of her own back.

Seated in a chair just opposite her, both of Derek's hands came to rest on his wife's extremely pregnant belly, attempting to find a place to rest them in between the monitors that the staff had strapped to her when they had arrived.

"Remember – this is your *fault!*" she cried, end of her sentence cut off by a forceful shriek and a loud hiss through her clenched teeth.

Derek nodded. "I'm aware, and for the millionth time, I'm so sorry." he said, eyes over on the fetal heart monitor to coach her through. "This contraction is at its peak, baby is fine, all downhill from here..."

Angie shot Derek the look of death at the insinuation, still breathing heavily to attempt to abate the pain.

"If you think... that any part of this... is downhill... please remember – I still have to push out... a *friggin baby.*"

Derek smirked, careful not to laugh as in her current state, she possessed a super human strength that he was certain would allow her to tear his arms from his torso, if she pleased.

"I know, Angie. You're superwoman right now, and I'm so proud of you."

Derek leaned forward and placed a sweet, lingering kiss on her forehead. Angie smiled briefly when he pulled away, tears welling in her eyes as he looked on with concern.

"I'm so ready to meet him. But this *sucks*, Derek." she whispered, Derek's smile quickly fading into a frown.

"I know, I can't wait. But it doesn't make it any easier to see you in pain like this."

He leaned forward, bringing his head down to her stomach. "You get out here quickly and stop torturing your mother!"

Angie rolled her eyes with a smile when Derek sat back up to look at her. It was adorable watching him attempt to discipline their unborn child, but his lack of authority even as their son ruined his mother's insides made it clear that she would likely always be the bad cop in parenting.

"I just need a break!" Angie exclaimed, her body hunching forward over her giant stomach. Another contraction had come with barely a moment in between, her husband now nearly crumpled to the floor as his wife's nails dug in between the tendons of his hand to produce a searing pain that he tried to suffer through but didn't dare complain about.

"They're so... close together!" she cried out in between forceful breaths, whimpering at the incredible amount of pain. "I can't... do this... anymore!"

Much to Derek's relief she released his hand, though unfortunately it was in favor of grabbing his collar, which she used to drag him up to her until they were nose to nose.

"GET THIS DAMN THING OUT OF ME RIGHT NOW!"

Derek scrambled to pry his wife's claw hand from his shirt, successful only when she released it as her contraction subsided and she began to cry.

"Oh, honey... Hey, don't cry..." he cooed, quickly moving to sit next to her on the bed and wrap his arm around her protectively. Her head dropped onto his shoulder while she ignored his plea, tears flowing freely in the exhaustion of having been in constant pain for nearly fourteen hours.

"First of all, there is nothing in this world you cannot do. I know you are tired and fed-up, but you have never let any battle get the best of you, and I have a hard time believing this will be any different."

"I need to push!" she groaned again, hands gripping her belly with another sharp hiss.

"Breathe, sweetheart. It'll be time soon."

"No Derek, I mean I need to push – the baby's coming!"

"Now?!" he yelped, pushing the call light for the nurse. "Come here, I've got you." he said, hooking an arm around her back and one under her legs. He swung her into the bed and helped her to lay back, fluffing the pillows for her to try to help her get as comfortable as possible while trying to birth a human.

"Oh no... you sit this thing up as high as it will go! I am not going to be one of those women that lays down to try to give birth! Fold me in half so I can shoot this thing out!"

Derek chuckled with a shake of his head at his wife's determination, his finger pressing the button to raise the head of the bed for her. Her game face was on, fire back in her eyes for the first time that day as she prepared to 'shoot out' their first child any minute.

He loved how delicately she put things.

Derek grew annoyed when minutes passed without a response to their call for help, his wife feeling the famous pressure that was going to make her start pushing whether someone was around or not. This was the peril of going to the small hospital that they requested, hoping that it would be a more intimate experience, and most importantly, devoid of anyone they used to work with.

"I'm sorry for the wait!" a nurse chirped as she strolled into the room, her body language clearly frazzled. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Stiles?"

"Who the hell are you?! Where's my nurse?!" Angie shouted at the poor woman, gritting her teeth together in the midst of yet another contraction and an unbearable urge to push.

"I'm sorry, ma'am. The whole floor is in the middle of a big emergency and your nurse is tied up – can I help you with something?"

"What kind of emergency?" Derek queried, Angie shooting the look of death over to him.

"Don't you dare to try to go help! You're not going anywhere, Derek!"

"What?! I wasn't... are you kidding?! I'm just asking...!"

She swatted at him and he jumped just in time to miss being hit, thankful as her attention was quickly redirected to another painful contraction.

"We had a bad placental abruption and it's all hands on deck, I'm afraid." the nurse explained, attempting to break apart the couple's fight before it could escalate.

"I think the baby's coming right now – I need to push so bad!" Angie shouted at her, now doubled over again with contractions that she swore had just combined into one sustained one.

The nurse now appeared panicked, her eyes shooting to Derek who quickly grew concerned at her change in demeanor.

"I am literally the only one here right now. Everyone else on this floor is in that room trying to save that mother and her baby... I don't, uh..."

A range of expletives spilled from Angie's mouth at the news, before she became eerily calm, her eyes turning to Derek for help.

"You're going to have to do this." she said softly, his head furiously shaking in response.

"Angie, what?! I'm a surgeon!"

"Exactly! You're a doctor!"

"I haven't delivered a baby since... since residency!"

"Derek." she spat, stern expression on her face that still scared the crap out of him to that day. "I don't care if you're a fricken *pizza delivery man* right now! You're my husband, and there's nobody I trust more than you. Please – he's coming, and I..."

"Angie, I—"

"Please."

With fear in his eyes, Derek rose to his feet and sat on a nearby stool, rolling it up to the foot of his wife's bed as his mind raced. This was the one moment in life he was looking forward to not being a doctor, able to hold his wife's hand and support her while she brought their son into the world. And instead, he was placing himself into a very unfamiliar situation, the consequences of a wrong move causing harm to the two most important people in his life.

"I need your help – can you stay here and assist?" he asked the nurse, who nodded as she scrambled to set up equipment for them to work. She had them ready to go in a matter of minutes, handing a pair of gloves to Derek who pulled them on with trembling fingers.

"I'll keep a watch on the fetal monitor and support you to the best of my ability." the nurse said, moving to Angie's side. "Do you need anything before we start?"

Derek smiled. "Give her support since I can't be up there – that's all I need right now."

He turned his attention to Angie, who stared back at him with pride and love in her eyes. He was a doctor to the bone, and while the situation wasn't ideal, she somehow hadn't imagined it any other way.

"Alright, Mrs. Stiles, you've got another contraction coming – are you ready to push?"

Angie's eyes remained on Derek, who gave her the same warm, comforting smile that she swore could make her move mountains. She nodded at him as he smiled, sparkle in his brown eyes as the fear faded away and he sat ready to help her across the finish line.

"Come on, sweetheart." he said with a wink. "Let's meet our son."

-o-

"I know everyone probably says this about their kids, but this is seriously the most gorgeous baby in the world."

Angie chuckled at her husband's remark, agreeing with the sentiment.

"Yeah, but screw those jerks. We're the ones that are right."

Derek and Angie sat in her bed together, newborn son in his father's protective arms as his mother looked on at them lovingly. Exhaustion and anger had dissipated quickly the moment he was born, the sight of Derek delivering his first child with tears in his eyes something that had instantly become the highlight of Angie's life. What a team of doctors and nurses would normally do had been done instead by the two of them and the angel of a nurse that had stuck around to help, their son entering the world in a way that few would ever be able to match.

"I know that you weren't exactly thrilled about having to participate, but I think this was the perfect ending to the last nine months."

"It's not that I didn't want to participate, I was just nervous! This was my first time delivering a baby by myself, and I have to say, it is nervewracking as hell."

Angie giggled. "I know you were nervous, but who better to have delivered our son than his world-famous surgeon of a dad?"

Derek grinned broadly. "And who better to have grown and shoved out this beautiful boy than his super-nurse of a mom?"

She laughed, turning her head up to him, chin resting on his shoulder. "I guess we never have been very conventional, have we?"

Derek kissed his wife softly, eyes sparkling as he pulled back.

"Nope." he replied, eyes back on the son that had stolen his heart.

"And I hope we never are."

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