

Alpha Garrett: A Baby for Christmas

[1,912 words]

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Harmony

She'd been up half the night with labour pains, but they were so irregular that it wasn't considered active labour. Garrett had rushed her off to the pack hospital at the first contraction. She'd been sleeping and had woken up to gasp in pain, and he'd been awake instantly. They knew their son was due any day now.

She'd seen him actively assess her several times each day over the past week, had glared at him at one point only to have him smile and apologise, state he was just concerned about her. She'd had false labour three times in the past two weeks, and he was no longer working from

the office in the city, but from here in the pack.

She'd been told that Alpha pups could come hard and fast or be long and agonizingly painful. A part of her had not liked either option, but she had a feeling it was going to be the second one. As did Kristen, she'd finally gone into active labour at sunrise and her contractions were now regular and evened out, getting a little closer together with each one, but their boy wasn't

due for many hours by Kristen's prediction.

Garrett was right there, he wouldn't even go to his office in the packhouse, to do any work, even knowing their pup wasn't going to be here for many hours. He'd just stared at her when she'd told him to go and do some work, there was no need for him to sit around all day and watch her. Kristen would tell him if things picked up.

Melody, Anya and Connie were all also in this room, and they'd all chuckled at her, and shaken their heads. She'd seen this with Wyatt, Ryan and Dallas, they'd not left the hospital with their

Mate in labor either. It was just how they were, part of their nature, she'd been told.

The look on Garrett's face was enough to tell her he wasn't going anywhere at all, so all of them spent the day in the hospital. Garrett sent the girls home that night when she was still in labour at 8pm. She was tired and annoyed and Kristen was now staring at

her unhappily. She wanted to run some more tests, because she'd been in active labour for 14 hours and

non-active for six prior to that.

This was, in her opinion, not a good thing. She was standing there with her twin sister and both of them were assessing her. They'd both applied pressure to her abdomen to determine the position of her baby, conferring with each other about their thoughts. She now had fetal

monitoring to assess the contractions for the next two hours, and then they were coming back to check her cervix. It wasn't fully dilated yet even after all of this time.

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* Paint

She could see Garrett was watching them closely, and he didn't look too happy. She wasn't

happy when they assessed her cervix two hours later, and it was still the same. They did an

ultrasound and not only measured the size of the baby's head but her pelvis as well. Both

Kristen and her sister Nayomi had sighed after conferring between themselves, then they had

looked at her, looked at Garrett.

"The baby is not going to fit through your pelvis, Harmony. We believe you have what is called CPD or Cephalopelvic Disproportion. That means your pelvis is too small for you to deliver naturally, so we're recommending a cesarean."

She'd just stared at them for a moment then asked If her baby was in danger?

"No, he's looking to be good and strong, from the monitoring, no signs of distress, but your labour is not going to progress to the final stage, so it's best if we deliver him by a C-Section, for your health not his."

She looked at Garrett, he looked worried, and she reached out and took his hand. "I'm sure it

will be fine.” She’d stated.

“I’ve performed many C–Sections Garrett, Harmony is in good health, it will be fine.” Kristen had told him “I’ll go and prep for it now, both Nayomi and I will be in the room to deliver your

son.”

“Alright, can I be there?” he’d asked.

“We’d prefer *not*,” she’d stated, “Only those necessary in the operating room you know this.”

He’d looked at her and sighed a little *on* the heavy side, and she’d smiled at him “Women have cesareans all the *time*.” She’d reassured him, she’d wanted to give birth naturally, but it just wasn’t going *to* happen. She was also tired and a part of her just wanted it to all be over and done with as well. She’d been awake since midnight, and it was now 10pm.

She was wheeled *to the* operating theater and Garrett leaned down and kissed her temple. “I will be right here the entire time.” He told her, his mother and father were also there now, as was Ryan, who was going into the operating room with the doctors, was already scrubbed up and in that room waiting on them, something about keeping her calm, because she didn’t have to be fully sedated for the procedure and that kind of freaked her out a bit.

She looked at him as they set up around her, and he smiled at her. “It will all be fine.” He told her, and she heard that southern drawl roll out of him, and felt herself start to relax, he sat right next to her bed and had a hand on her shoulder the entire time. **She** understood that was

his way of keeping her calm.

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+8 Point:

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Even with him right there she could hear what Kristen and Nayomi were saying to each other,

asking their scrub nurses for, and it pushed her anxiety up, to know when they wanted a scalpel to cut her open, not that she felt it.

She also heard the conversation about what they needed and when they were ready to get her

baby about. And heard the machines in the room start beeping and there was quiet for almost 30 seconds, and she muttered "I feel dizzy."

There was suddenly a change in their voices, and movement about the room as she felt herself get really drowsy, and she felt like she couldn't breathe, and the last thing she saw was Ryan looking at her, "Stay awake." He was telling her, she didn't understand what was happening, but heard her baby cry as darkness claimed her.

Her eyes opened slowly, and she blinked a few times as the room came into focus, and Garrett was right there, staring down at her. His hand touched her face and she smiled up at him, though he didn't smile back. Looked a bit on the haggard side to her. "Hey." She murmured.

His lips touched her forehead and she could feel him squeezing her hand. "Don't ever scare

me like that again." He told her, his voice a little shaky.

"Huh?" she didn't understand.

"You nearly died in there." He looked down at her, and she stared up at him now wide-eyed.

"What!" she murmured "Everything was fine. I heard our son cry and everything."

"He's fine, *good* and strong." Garrett sat himself on the side of the bed. "There was some trouble getting him out, and Kristen said you had a uterine tear, and you haemorrhaged."

She was staring at him now. "Like, my mother?" she asked.

"Yes." He nodded "but they got it in time repaired the damage and saved you." he murmured "I

didn't... I didn't know what to do for you." he sighed.

She understood there was nothing he could do for her at the time. "Can I?" she started to ask

the question she didn't really know if she wanted an answer to.

“Yes,” he nodded, “our son was too big, and your uterus tore as they got him out. They were quick to fix it, saw it right away.” Garrett told her “Everything went well, though hearing it

wasn’t fun for me.”

“Our son?” she asked.

“Right there,” he pointed to a crib next to her “Do you want to hold him, are you **up to it**? Kristen is on her way. I let her know you were awake, you’ve been out a few hours.”

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+8 Paints

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She nodded, and he helped her to sit up with the bed mechanics and then walked around the bed to pick up their son. She smiled as she watched him. He was, it appeared, a natural, though she did know he’d held all of his unit’s babies, and he’d told her it would be good

practice for their own. She was just taking him when Kristen walked into the room.

“Luna, you scared everyone.” She smiled at her as she walked across the room and looked at

her. “Your boy is good and healthy, and thankfully so are you. Did Garrett inform you?”

“He did.” She nodded as she looked down at her sleeping son in her arms, touched his little.

head, he was all bundled up in a blue and white baby blanket that Wyatt’s secretary had crocheted for them.

“Are you feeling alright?”

“Mm,” she nodded and looked at Kristen “Will there be any complications from this?”

“Not that I foresee, and once Marked by Garrett and you get your wolf, it’s very unlikely to

happen again, though you’ll probably have to have a cesarean for each child, unless they are

smaller than this one. He weighs in at nine and half pounds, a big baby. It's why we had trouble."

"Oh, is that not normal?"

"No, most here have pups weigh around six to seven pounds. Likely he's going to be big and

strong like his father." Kristen smiled at her. "If you're up for it, I'll send the midwife in to help

you with your first breastfeeding."

She nodded "When he wakes up," she stated, looking down at her son.

"Are you going to tell us his name? Garrett is stubbornly silent about it, something about waiting for you to wake up and see him before announcing that bit of news." She chuckled"

Not even his mother could get him to part with it.

She looked at Garrett as he sat on the side of the bed. "You can do it now," she told him.

They'd decided to name their son after their first trip away to Cannon Beach. Where they'd seen grey whales migrating, and they had sat and watched them from the beach and their balcony at times.

They'd seen many of those giant whales out there in the ocean. As they'd shot water up out of their blowholes, and crested up out of the water, and rolled over, and their long fins and tail fins had lifted out of the water and splashed back down. Neither of them had ever seen it before, and thought it to be a truly amazing sight to see; it had been a first they'd both shared together; so they'd decided to name the son Finn after all **the fins** they'd seen and smiled at

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during the weekend getaway.

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