

The Birth of an Angel

Summary: AU where Roe is able to get pregnant and has her first child with Rahim. And the whole gang is present.

“Breathe, hayaat qalbee, it’s done,” Rahim whispers into my ear, his fingers still laced with mine. One kiss on top of the other, he places them along my forehead, erasing the sweat droplets that had accumulated. I manage a small smile, my head drifting from one side to the other as I try to regain even an inch of energy after what had taken place. The sound of a baby crying in the background causes newfound pride and joy to wash over me.

“How –,” is all I manage to say before I hear the others burst into the room.

“Give me my niece!” Sydero shouts, far more energetic than I expected. I slowly open an eye, wanting to laugh at the scene before me. The doctors and nurses attempt to corral everyone back out of the room, but no one is paying much attention to them. In Sydero’s arms is a small bundle that everyone is overly interested in inspecting.

“It’s so small,” Zillah points out, Amari hitting his arm harshly.

“It!? They!”

“Technically, ‘it’ is still politically correct,” Zillah argues back.

“Wait, wait, I want to hold the baby,” Bradley whines, trying to push his way to Sydero’s side. I glance over at Rahim, who doesn’t seem the least bit concerned with the others, his eyes focused on me, his thumb rubbing circles against my hand.

“Why is it that everyone else gets to see the child before the parents?” I question with a small, tired chuckle.

“Shh,” Rahim whispers, placing his forehead against mine, “I need you to regain your energy.”

“Let me hold my niece ... or nephew,” I hear my uncle shout, “let me hold the child.”

My eyes meet Rahim’s again, “Rahim,” I whisper, “is something wrong?” A tear rolls down his cheek as he draws back. His gaze leaves mine and rests on the ceiling and then over at the group cooing over the newborn ... our newborn. But Rahim’s behavior puts me on edge, my heart slowing as I try to figure out what could have happened. Did the doctor say something? Was I in danger? Was there something wrong with our child?

Before I can speak about my worries, Rahim chokes on either his laughter or his sobs, surging forward and capturing my lips in an unexpected yet passionate kiss. The intensity

causes me to waver though I happily return it, thanking Rahim mentally for when he anchors me back down by resting his hands on my cheeks.

“I’m so damn happy,” he sobs once he pulls away, “this moment is beyond perfect.” I nod, rubbing tears from my own eyes.

“And you know what’ll make it even better?” I question, and he silences me with a wide smile.

He turns to the others, clearing his throat, “the mother would like to hold her child.”

I watch as the others immediately calm down, and the room grows silent as Uncle Matheus walks towards me, caring little for the tears that rest upon his cheek. Gingerly, he passes my child over to me, and my breath catches in my throat as I look down at their small face. I couldn’t breathe properly, nor speak. In my hands rested the smallest, most fragile being I had ever seen. I feel Rahim kiss the spot below my eye, kissing away a tear that I hadn’t realized I was shedding.

“Rahim,” I manage to say, tugging on his sleeve, “Rahim it’s our baby.” The words fall out as I cry, hugging my newborn child close to my chest, attempting to calm down, but I was unable to. I was holding my child. After nine months of walking around and experiencing every emotion and worry, here they were, resting in my arms.

“Do you want to hold them?” I ask Rahim, who, for the first time in a very long time, managed to look scared. His arctic colored eyes widen, and his fingers shake as he fights with himself.

“Are you okay, Rah?” Chris questions, all eyes on him. Rahim takes a frightened step back, wanting to form words but failing.

“Hey,” Sydero finally says, “you’re not him. You’ll be the first dad in our little group with actual sense.”

“Second,” Uncle Matheus coughs, clearing his throat.

“Come on, love.” I continue to encourage Rahim back to my side, carefully placing the gurgling baby in his arm. It feels as if the room suddenly holds their breath, all of us wanting to see what happens.

“They have your eyes,” Rahim chokes, bringing the child closer to his chest.

“You both pretty much have the same color eyes,” Bradley whispers, and a chorus of shushes soon follows. Bradley attempts to defend himself, causing the others to set their attention on him as I continue to stare on at Rahim.

He collapses in the seat beside my bed, looking up at me with wide eyes brimming with tears ready to be spilled once again, “we have a child. They are so beautiful,” he sobs, placing his forehead on mine.

“You’re going to be an amazing father,” I whisper to him, and he shakes his head, the fear from before entering his eyes.

“I ... I don’t know how to.”

“Eh, it’s learned through experience,” Uncle Matheus tells him, I pull back and look over at him, noting the hint of pride in his voice as he looks me over. “It takes a lot of work, and you’ll mess up, but you’re supposed to. I’ll be there for you, mijó, anything you two need. I’m there.”

“I can babysit!” Amari says far too cheerfully, “just call me Auntie Amari.”

“I’ll help, something tells me that Amari’s energy will only go so far,” Chris chuckles, “I at least have the patience to deal with crying.”

Zillah throws his hands up and shakes his head, “I’m not a fan of kids, but I’m here with the alcohol.”

“And board games,” Bradley shrieks. My eyes rest on Sydero, who is looking between Rahim and me, a rare genuine smile on her face.

“I guess I’ll have to woman up and show my relative how life is supposed to be lived,” Sydero snickers, hiccupping as a tear rolls down her face. “Usually I’d say fuck parents, but you guys are going to be amazing.”

“Language,” Uncle Matheus shouts.

“Oh, please,” Zillah scoffs, “by the time we’re done with the babe, they’ll know how to curse in five different languages.”

“No, you won’t,” Amari argues, “you will not taint that baby.”

“Or what?” Zillah asks, prompting another argument to erupt as Rahim passes our child back over to me, rolling his eyes. I watch as he gathers the others and beckons them out of the room, the doctors and nurses coming over to speak to me upon seeing the chance. Once they’re done, Rahim returns to my side, studying me like he usually does.

“Penny for your thoughts,” I murmur, feeling sleep grab hold of my bones.

“I’m scared,” he starts, “but every time I look at you, I feel the opposite. I look at you, and I feel like I can do nothing wrong because I have you at my side. But.”

“Shh,” I whisper, “our child is going to be amazing and will do amazing things. And it’s going to be in part because of you, their handsome and fearless father whose ready to sacrifice everything for them. You’ll see.”

“Sleep, hayaat qalbee,” Rahim whispers, softly grabbing my hand and placing a featherlight kiss upon it.

“Sleep would be nice,” I say, my eyes drifting closed, I focus on the peaceful aura around me and use it to lull me to sleep.

“I’ll be here when you awake. I love you,” is the last thing I hear before my world goes dark.