It turns out that nausea that lasts for more than a week is usually something more than a virus. Who knew?

Notes

I would just like to think Sleeping at Last for continuing to inspire these stories with their beautiful songs, which I highly recommend you all go check out. The title for this one came from "Joy;" the full line is "a glimpse of light in a mine of gold."

There weren’t a lot of things Sergeant Jamie Reagan could talk his wife into doing if she was adamantly against them. Going to the doctor for anything other than a routine checkup, even after being physically ill for over a week, was right near the top of that list.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to just put a call into Callahan?” he asked her through the door that Monday morning, waiting for her to make her way out of the bathroom after her third trip in as many hours.

“No,” she called back, rinsing her mouth out with water and then tossing back a cupful of mouthwash. She spit that into the sink and then made quick work of brushing her teeth before finally venturing out into the hallway, one hand pressed to her abdomen. “She’d just tell me it’s some sort of
virus, which is what I’ve been telling you for the past eight days. I’ll be fine by the end of the week, all right? Promise.”

“That’s what you said at the end of last week,” he reminded her, following her into the living room. “But you’re not doing any better, Eddie. If anything, this whole thing’s gotten worse. O’Shea told me that you had to stop processing a collar halfway through yesterday.”

“Yeah, well, O’Shea needs to keep her mouth shut,” Eddie grumbled, tying her hair back from her face and heading back to their bedroom to get ready for the day.

“She’s your partner,” Jamie defended the other woman. “She’s worried about you. So am I. I’m telling you right now, babe, nothing about this is normal. You should’ve been over this thing forty-eight hours in.”

“This is hardly the first time I’ve been sick, Jameson,” Eddie laughed, slipping into a sweater and jeans and then grabbing her sneakers from their place next to the bed. “I’ve always gotten better. I’m pretty sure I know my own body at this point in life. We’ve had thirty-three years to get acquainted, after all.”

“A lot of people always get better, Eddie,” Jamie pointed out. “Right up until the day that they don’t.”

Eddie glanced up from her shoelaces with a sigh, remembering that this concern of his wasn’t entirely unfounded. “Jamie, I was at the doctor six weeks ago,” she reminded him softly. “Everything came back normal. This isn’t like with your mom or grandma, okay? I promise.”

“I know you think that, Eddie, but we didn’t think it was like it was with my mom or grandma until the doctors came in with that look on their faces,” Jamie sighed, moving to crouch down in front of her, his hands resting comfortingly against her knees. “Look, you’re probably right. It’s probably nothing. But I’m not going to be able to sleep until we know for sure, so, please, can we just go to the doctor today, have her check you out?”

Eddie hesitated for a few moments before nodding begrudgingly. “Okay. Fine. I’ll go,” she sighed. “But you have to promise that, when she says everything’s fine, you’ll let this go.”

“Cross my heart,” Jamie promptly swore. “I’ll go call Callahan.”

Eddie drew in a deep breath and released it slowly as she watched him go, hoping beyond all hope that she’d been right about this being nothing. She didn’t know if she could handle it being anything else.

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Her general practitioner’s office was packed, mostly with people who’d somehow managed to develop colds despite the fact that the high on most days continued to surpass eighty as autumn grew nearer. It didn’t take her long to get checked in and lead Jamie into a mostly uninfected corner. The woman in the seat across from them was there with her newborn daughter, glancing around with no small amount of trepidation when an old man’s cough grew worse on the other side of the waiting room. Eddie couldn’t exactly blame her. She wasn’t a hundred percent comfortable being amidst all these germs herself, and she was a grown woman with a matured immune system.
Her appointment was at ten o’clock. At ten-fifteen, the nurse made her way out into the waiting room with a sunny smile that completely contradicted the general mood of those surrounding her.

“Reagan?”

“Yeah,” Eddie sighed, allowing Jamie to help her up from her seat and tangling their fingers together as they followed the nurse.

It didn’t take long for the other woman to document Eddie’s weight and vitals. When she was done, she shot them both a polite smile and pushed away from the desk where she’d been typing the information into the office’s system. “The doctor will be with you soon.”

“Okay. Thank you.” Eddie drew in a deep breath and smiled over at her husband when the nurse exited the room and headed down the hallway, presumably to check in on other patients. “It’s going to be fine, babe.”

“Pretty sure I’m supposed to be the one telling you that,” Jamie laughed self-deprecatingly, pressing a kiss to her palm. “How’s the nausea? Getting any better?”

Eddie nodded affirmatively. “Yeah, it doesn’t bother me for long when it hits,” she assured him. “Just long enough to panic both you and O’Shea, apparently.”

“And Dad, and Grandpa, and Danny, and Erin…” Jamie trailed off when she shot him an unimpressed look. “Hey, look, babe, they’re not going to say anything, but you turned down food last Sunday, and Erin just about interrogated me checking in on you before we left.”

“I love how my appetite is what your family knows me for. I made a hell of a first impression, didn’t I?” Eddie smiled so that Jamie would know she was kidding, then glanced away from him when the door opened and the doctor made her way into the room.

“Reagan,” Callahan greeted, shaking both their hands and then checking the file the nurse had left behind. She looked over the information for a few seconds, snapped it closed, and eyed Eddie with so much disapproval that the blonde began to feel like she was sixteen years old and had been called into the principal’s office all over again. “You do know there’s very few viruses on this entire planet that last longer than a week, yes?”

“Yes. He’s told me that frequently,” Eddie admitted apologetically. “But it’s not like this is the first time I’ve had to ride something like this out for a while. I just figured I’d wait a little longer before coming in.”

“I’ll spare you the lecture I’d normally give someone in your position, because the look on Jameson’s face over there suggests you’ve already gotten it,” Callahan sighed, still shaking her head disapprovingly. “When was your last period? The date you gave Stacey was seven weeks ago. Is that right?”

Eddie pondered the question for a few seconds before nodding.

“Yes. He’s told me that frequently,” Eddie admitted apologetically. “But it’s not like this is the first time I’ve had to ride something like this out for a while. I just figured I’d wait a little longer before coming in.”

“I’ll spare you the lecture I’d normally give someone in your position, because the look on Jameson’s face over there suggests you’ve already gotten it,” Callahan sighed, still shaking her head disapprovingly. “When was your last period? The date you gave Stacey was seven weeks ago. Is that right?”

Eddie pondered the question for a few seconds before nodding.

“Okay. You do know that sort of thing’s supposed to be a monthly occurrence, right? You went to Yale, so I’m assuming you passed sixth-grade health.”

“Remind me never to hire a former classmate as my doctor again,” Eddie muttered to Jamie before once again meeting Callahan’s eyes. “Yes, I do know that, but I figured stress might’ve…”

“Unless this is the first time in your life you’ve been stressed – which would be ridiculous, we took the same economics class – then that makes no sense, because it says right here in your file that you have never missed a single cycle.” Callahan glanced back and forth between the two of them. “You
two have only been married six months, and I’ve seen how you are with each other, so there are some questions I don’t even have to ask. You,” she gestured to Eddie, “are going down to the lab. I’ll go ahead and call, let them know you’re on your way.”

“Why am I going down to the lab?” Eddie asked confusedly as Callahan reached for the phone.

The red-haired doctor shot her friend a look incredulous enough to make Eddie feel more than a little idiotic. “You’re a woman in her thirties who is sexually active and has missed a cycle. I’m having them run a pregnancy test.”

“Oh,” Eddie murmured, glancing down at her hands. “Okay.”

It was in that moment that her brain entirely froze. Unbeknownst to her, in the seat next to her, her husband’s did the exact same thing.

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“Well, you’re pregnant,” Callahan informed them bluntly over an hour later, making her way into the examination room they’d returned to after leaving the lab. “Levels of hCG in your urine sample suggest you’re around five weeks. Everything looks good. Fine, healthy, normal. In about thirty-five weeks, there will be a miniature version of the two of you running around in this world, God help us all.”

“Has anyone ever told you your bedside manner leaves something to be desired?” Eddie asked her friend, raising a brow.

“Relax, Janko, I promise I’ll be nicer when the time comes to catch the baby. Now, you’re still too early in for an ultrasound to pick up on the heartbeat. However, if you both promise not to panic when you don’t see one, I can go ahead and perform one, make sure everything’s going the way it should be.”

“Will we be able to see anything?” Eddie asked worriedly.

“You’re in luck. Took you five weeks to come in. That’s just about the earliest the gestational sac can be seen in most women. Let me go hunt down the machine and my technician. I’ll be right back.”

Eddie exhaled slowly when the doctor closed the door behind her, then chanced a glance over at her husband. “So.”

“Yeah,” Jamie murmured, smiling softly. “So.”

“I told you nothing was wrong,” she pointed out, grinning despite the fact that she remained shell-shocked by the sudden turn of events.

“And I told you it wasn’t nothing,” Jamie countered. “So, really, we were both right, wouldn’t you say?”

“Fine, we were both right,” Eddie conceded. “We’re having a baby, Jamie.” Her eyes widened. “Your family’s going to go insane the second they find out.”
“In the best imaginable way,” he assured her. “It’s been a while since we’ve had to set up a highchair for Sunday dinners. Last time was with Sean.”

“Yeah,” Eddie whispered, drawing in a deep breath as the Callahan returned, the ultrasound technician trailing behind her. “We can do this, right?”

“Yeah,” Jamie promised. “We’ve got this in the bag, babe.”

“Yes, you do,” Callahan agreed. “You’ve been mothering people your whole life, Janko, and your better half’s just as bad. Now, get up on the table,” she ordered. “There’s someone who I’m sure is real excited to meet the two of you hanging out in there.”

Eddie did as she was told, reclining and relaxing as the technician set up. Less than three minutes later, she was staring at a grainy image on a large screen, tears gathering in her eyes as she caught her first glimpse of the tiniest little human being she’d ever seen.

“Everything looks perfect,” the technician assured them with a kind smile. “I’m assuming, from the looks on your faces, that you’d like some souvenir pictures to take home, show off?”

Eddie nodded silently, while Jamie cleared his throat and replied affirmatively.

“I’ll go grab them now,” the technician promised, standing from her seat and heading for the door. “By the way – congratulations to you both.”

“Thank you,” Eddie murmured thickly, blinking back tears. One made its way down her cheek, and Jamie wiped it away with his thumb. “Oh, he’s so perfect,” she breathed, catching her husband’s hand in her own. “Jamie, we made a perfect little person.”

“I know,” he murmured against her cheek, pressing a kiss to the side of her face. “You’re doing so great, baby. I ever tell you you’re my hero?”

Eddie laughed so tearfully that the sound was cut off by a silent sniffle. “I can already tell you’re going to be his,” she countered, her other hand coming up to comb through his blonde locks.

“We both will be,” her husband assured her, pressing another kiss to her cheek. “We both will be.”

Even then, so early on into this newest adventure, Eddie knew he was right.

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