

Summary: David starts having weird cravings, and Evan jokes that he's pregnant. What if he really *is*?

Categories: [Stargate: Atlantis](#) Characters: Carson Beckett, Dr. Parrish, Elizabeth Weir, Evan Lorne, John Sheppard, Rodney McKay

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Unbeta'd

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 1605 Read: 141 Published: 06/27/2012 Updated: 06/27/2012

Story Notes:

It's not my fault - it's another prompt from clwilson2006. This time the prompt was for MPREG stories, and her prompt was: "*SGA, Lorne/Parrish, ice cream cravings*". Also, I've A) never been pregnant (for those of you that don't know me, I'm a guy) B) never had an epidural and C) have no idea what a cesaerean feels like. Plus, I made some "pregnancy generalizations". They're not meant as a slam or derogatory, so please don't take them that way.

## 1. [Chapter 1](#) by squidgie

### Chapter 1 by squidgie

"*God*, this is good," David says as he licks at the double scoops of pistachio ice cream sitting atop an old-fashioned waffle cone (four boxes of which the SGA shipped across two galaxies without managing to break - at least not many). Taking another lick, he moans lightly, then notices Evan's expression and shoots him a questioning look. "What?"

"Nothing," Evan replies.

A few beats later, David darts his tongue out for another lap at the treat and smiles as he watches Evan's eyes follow the trail of his tongue over the frozen dessert, his grin growing as he watches Evan try to subtly adjust himself. David waggles his eyebrows, causing Evan to laugh.

"You've certainly had a thing for ice cream the last couple of weeks," Evan comments.

Thinking back, David asks, "Have I?"

"Seriously? David, you *made me* go get you ice cream in the middle of the night last week. *Remember?*"

David gives his partner a look. "*I did?*"

Shaking his head and chuckling out a laugh, Evan says, "Wow... First you were sensitive to smells. *Then* you started craving ice cream. *Now* you're having memory loss. You *do* realize you sound *exactly* like Miranda when *she* got pregnant, right?"

David laughs so hard he nearly loses the remains of his cone. "*Pregnant?*" he coughs out.

"Who's pregnant?" Rodney asks as he's walking by Evan and David's table, his tray laden full with dinner.

"I was just teasing David, here," Evan says. "It's starting to sound like my neighbor in San Francisco did when she got pregnant." He starts ticking off the symptoms, "Fatigue, memory loss, weird..." his voice trails off as David steals the pickles off his sandwich, "...food cravings."

Rodney puts his tray down. "How long has this been going on, Parrish?" he asks, voice *far* more serious than David thinks should be.

"He's *not* pregnant, McKay. Though lord knows, not for trying..." Evan laughs at the admission, blushing adorably as David catches his eye.

"Seriously," Rodney asks again. "*How long?*"

David tumbles the combination of pickle, cone, and pistachio ice cream in his mouth as he thinks. "I'm not sure... Maybe two, three weeks?"

"And you have the ATA gene, right?" Rodney asks, getting a nod David.

"Oh god..." Evan says, David watching the blood drain from his partner's face.

"And *didn't* the Botany department just get some new tools from Radek about a month ago? Some stuff we'd found in one of the Ancient storage rooms?"

David swallows noisily. "Yes," he says, voice barely above a whisper, his face now as pale as Evan's.

"*That's* where it went," Rodney says while rolling his eyes. He taps his radio impatiently. "Carson."

"I'm right here, lad," Carson replies, waving from three tables over. He gets up, joining the trio a few seconds later. Before anyone can respond (David and Evan still holding shocked faces, unable to speak, while Rodney studies David intently), Carson says, "What is it, Rodney?" Carson looks at Evan, then David, smiling and saying, "David, lad... Ya look like you're positively *glowing*."

Seconds later there's a thunk, Carson immediately hitting his radio, commanding, "Medical emergency in the mess hall," and goes to Evan's side, who fell from his chair after losing consciousness, David yelling, "*Evan!*" before trying to stand, stopped only by a sudden wave of nausea.

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Three hours later, David is at Evan's bedside in the infirmary when the soldier finally wakes up. "Oh my head," Evan groans.

"Hey," David says, gripping Evan's free hand. "Let me go get Carson," he offers encouragingly, then disappears, coming back a few seconds later with the doctor.

"First of all," Carson says, "you're fine, son. Seems like you just fainted."

Evan eyes grow, settling on his partner a second later as memory of the mess hall incident comes back to him.

"Ya, love... About that," Carson says, eyes darting from Parrish to Lorne, then back again. "Seems that there was a little mixup in some tools that Radek gave the botanical department. There was a... A *fertility* tool-"

"Looks just like a trowel," David adds, trying to be helpful.

"-but *definitely not* for *gardening*," Carson finishes.

After an audible gulp, David locks eyes with his partner. "I'm... I'm pregnant," he says.

David watches as Evan's eyes roll back into his head, and the man passes out again.

"Don't worry, son," Carson says as he pats David on the shoulder comfortingly. "At least he was already laying down this time."

Carson motions David from the room babbling about prenatal vitamins, setting up appointments for regular visits, and asks, "Have ya had an epidural before, lad?" before launching into the procedure for cesarean section.

David shakes his head, taking it all in before sighing, "*Evan...*"

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**(five months into the pregnancy)**

"Doctor Heighmeyer, *please* tell Evan I'm not speaking to him."

"C'mon, sweetheart," Evan says in his most calming, soothing voice as he reaches out to stroke David's arm.

"Don't *sweetheart* me!" David barks, flinching away from Evan's touch. "You could have *told* me beforehand, you know!" he accuses as he gestures to his growing belly.

Evan sighs. "Told you that *twins run in my family?* David..." With a lighthearted note to his voice, he adds, "I *really* didn't think we had to worry about anything like that."

David cuts his eyes at Evan. "Oh, you think this is *funny*, don't you?" He taps his radio, barking, "Parrish to Radek."

"*Doctor Parrish! For the last time, I **told** you I will **not** give you fertility device. Radek out.*"

Kate Heighmeyer leans over, taking David's hand in hers. "Why does everybody *hate me?*" he asks exasperatedly.

"Baby-" Evan starts.

"*Still not talking to you!*" David yelps back.

He tries to stand, but the twins in his belly have thrown off his sense of balance. "Well don't just sit there, *help me up!*" he demands. Once up, he nods to Kate, shakes his head (damn mood swings) and pulls Evan into a hug, offers an apology under his breath, then waddles out of Kate's office.

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**(six months into the pregnancy)**

"Evan, are you awake?"

Lorne sighs, turning to his very pregnant partner. "You have to pee again?" he asks through a yawn, then starts to get up.

"No, no," David says. "I was just thinking about the babies... But now that you *mention* it..."

~\*~\*~

### (seven months into the pregnancy)

"Okay, Sheppard, so I have the duty roster finished out to-

"*Parrish to Lorne*," comes through the radio.

John Sheppard just smiles, gesturing for Lorne to respond.

"Lorne here. You doin' okay, baby?"

"***Your*** children are parading around on my stomach. Can you bring me some Tums and some ginger ale? Please?"

Evan gets up, Sheppard dismissing him with a sloppy salute. "On my way."

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### (eight and a half months into the pregnancy)

"Evan?" David calls from their bedroom. David has been on strict bed rest since he's a high-risk pregnancy, and Evan has been put on paternity leave until after the babies are born.

"Yeah?" Evan responds, walking in. He stops in his tracks as he sees David standing in front of a puddle of water, and immediately freaks out. "***Oh my god!*** Your water broke!" he screams, trying to swat the radio in his ear, but since his radio is sitting on the bedside table, the action only leads to a ringing sensation. "Carson. Carson. Gotta call Carson," he chants, running to grab his radio.

"Evan, no," David says, calling after him. "*Evan!*" he yells, finally getting the man's attention.

"What? What? What is it?" Evan asks as he runs up to David's side, his voice sounding desperate. He puts his hands on David's belly, feeling the kids. "Are you okay? Are *they* okay?" he asks.

"I just spilled my juice," David replies as he starts to giggle, pointing at the plastic cup on the floor near the spill. "You *really* thought my *water broke*?" he spits out, stomach contracting with each laugh. "*Seriously?* You *do* remember I'm *seriously* lacking in the vagina department, right?"

"Oh god..." Evan responds, dropping his head to his chest.

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"Are ya ready, lad?" Carson asks.

David looks up into Evan's eyes (really the only thing he can see of his partner, since Evan's gowned up for the surgery), squeezing the hand that holds his. "Ready," he says, tossing in a nod for good measure.

The delivery team gets to work. A few minutes into it, David feels a slight tug, then an odd pressure, and suddenly he has an armful of crying baby. "It's a girl!" Evan says, then taps his radio, repeating, "It's a girl!" to the entire mission.

Another tug, more pressure, and another baby is handed to David as Evan says, "It's *another* girl!" Evan swats at his ear again. "We have twin baby girls!" he yells into the radio, a moment later leaning into David as he sits there stunned, holding his and Evan's children.

"Congratulations, lads" Carson says above the cries. "Let's close him up," he directs to a nurse, and a few minutes later, David is wheeled in the recovery room while the babies are swept off for their first physicals, Evan heading out of the infirmary to greet the wellwishers.

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Two days later, Evan and David stand in Elizabeth's office, each one holding a child.

"You sure?" she asks.

"Yes," David says, quickly followed by Evan saying, "Yes, ma'am."

"Very well then," Elizabeth says. She pulls out the two forms, filling in the last bit of detail, then gets up and crosses to the couple. Handing over the birth certificates, she says "Isabella Louise," dropping a kiss on the first born's forehead, "and Juliana Sophia," kissing their second born. "Welcome to Atlantis."

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