

Summary: Under what circumstances would Warrick lose his cool?

Categories: [CSI](#) Characters: None

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Brain-Insane, Complete, Crack, Crack fic, Mpreg Implied, Out Of Character

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Slight OOC, but it's all for the good of the story. All I can say is I had fun writing it.

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

### Chapter 1 by jhourdhaun

The bright Nevada evening sun shone through the wide picture windows bringing to life the very masculine and almost stark living room. Where the sun touched, the occasional pieces of art and sofa throws cast colourful kaleidoscopes across the room. The overall effect was serene and would have been the perfect cover of any beautiful homes magazine, except...

"Where the hell is he?" Warrick Brown demanded of the air as he paced carefully in his tranquil living room. "All he was supposed to do was run out and pick me up some Kung Pao chicken and chocolate sauce. A thirty minute trip max that as of now," he glanced over at the grandfather clock near the entrance of the room, "has turned into a \*three hour\* odyssey!"

The normally graceful man barely managed to avoid the chair that had been almost hidden behind the sofa. "And what have I told him about moving things? With my current sense of balance being shot to all sorts of hell, having to dodge moving furniture does not fulfill my sense of adventure."

It was pretty obvious that Warrick was not a happy man. "This is not the time for him to be off gallivanting through Vegas. Knowing Gil, he probably stopped to observe the inner workings of some heretofore-unknown ants that live in casino walls and seem to thrive on beer nuts and unnaturally watered-down liquor." Nor was he a rational man at the moment. "If it weren't for him wanting all of this in the first place, I could have gone out and bought my own Kung Pao. Hell, I probably wouldn't even want the stuff in the first place! This is definitely all of his fault!"

"What's all of my fault, Ricky?" Gil Grissom questioned as he leaned casually against the doorway on the opposite end of the room. "And what are you doing up and pacing? Didn't the doctor tell you to stay off of your feet?"

"Yeah and he also told me to try to ease up on the worrying because of my blood pressure, but thanks to my inconsiderate partner, that's out the window."

Gil arched an eyebrow and tilted his head in that "are-you-sure-that-was-what-you-really-meant-to-say" way he usually reserved for probable suspects and Catherine when she was talking about sex or when Sara asked him out on dates. "Inconsiderate?" Utilizing all of the grace that Warrick seemed to have lost over the past few months, Gil walked over to his expansive lover and gently guided him to the sofa and helped him sit down.

Warrick sighed as a pillow was eased behind him and he leaned back in relief. "Okay, so if you brought me my chicken, maybe the word might be a little undeserved."

"A little?" Gil began massaging Warrick's shoulders, kissing the side of the warm chocolate neck. "I went across town to your favourite Chinese restaurant, stood in line for almost twenty minutes, got caught in "We Will Rock You" opening night traffic, \*and\* came home to you cursing my name and it's only a \*little\* undeserved." His arms curved around Warrick's neck and he smiled

as the younger man's arm returned the embrace. "What's really wrong, baby?"

Warrick sighed and closed his eyes. He was still shocked at how well Gil knew him. Sometimes he felt that those slightly myopic eyes could see into his soul. "I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't be taking this out on you." He nuzzled back into the embrace. "Ever since this began, you've been wonderful. I just..."

"You just what?"

"I just haven't been able to get comfortable today. I can't sit down cause I hurt. I can't lie down because I hurt. I can't move around cause I h--"

"You hurt," Gil joined in on the litany with a slight grimace as his hand slid down lower and rested on his lover's stomach. "I'm so sorry, baby. If I could take it all away, you know I would. But..."

"You can't. I know. I just wish it would..." Warrick suddenly went totally rigid.

Grissom jerked back and looked down at his spouse in shock. "What the hell was that?"

Warrick looked a little shaken as he tried to calm his newly erratic breathing. "I'm not sure, but it didn't feel too good." He looked back at the older man. "Maybe I should go and lie down."

"Yeah, okay." Gil shakily helped Warrick up and together they slowly headed in the direction of their bedroom. "Once I get you settled, I think I'm going to call your doctor. If I felt that as strongly as I did, it must have been agony for yo..." Gil trailed off as Warrick stopped in the middle of the room, doubling over and grimacing in pain as the sound similar to a water balloon hitting a target filled his ears. "Ricky? Is this what I think it is?"

The younger man gasped and tried to straighten himself, but the misery shooting through his body wouldn't allow him that little dignity. "If ... it ... isn't ... then ... I ... don't ... think ... I ... can ... handle ... the ... real ... thing," he panted. "God ... this is ... worse ... than they said."

Gil was at a loss for what he could do. "It's okay, baby," he soothed as he managed to move them closer to their bedroom and hopefully the bed where he could rest his precious burden and then get the damn doctor over as soon as possible. "You can do this. Just remember everything you learned. They prepared you for this."

"Fuck what I learned! There was no way they could have prepared me for \*this\*." Warrick gratefully reached out for the bed and together they managed to get him undressed and situated in record time. As he was leaning back, he glared at Gil. "Like I was saying before, this is your all your fault. If you hadn't wined and dined me on Kung Pao Chicken and champagne, I never would have agreed to this. I would have made you get a dog or something. If I had just known a tenth of how much this would hurt I would have ... oh shit, here comes another one."

While Warrick had been ranting, Gil had been dialing and speaking to the doctor. The excitement of what was about to happen was evident in the shaking of his hands and the twinkling in his eyes, but no other emotion could be seen. "Yes. They're about four minutes apart. Now that I think about it, he's probably been in labour for most of the day." He listened for a few minutes as he watched Warrick breathe through a contraction. "Okay, we'll be in back and I'll unlock the door for you. I have everything ready and prepped for you - it's just waiting to be sterilised. We'll see you in a few." He hung up the phone and then moved so that he could lean Warrick against him for support. "The Doc's on his way. He said to try to stay calm and before we know it, our daughter will be here."

"Oh, yeah. That's easy for him to say. He's not feeling like he's about to be ripped apart from the inside out." Warrick began to relax a little as Gil rubbed his protruding stomach in soothing

circles. "I didn't mean it, you know. I wanted her just as much as you did."

Gil kissed the sweaty brow that rested beside his mouth. "I know, Ricky. People tend to say lots of things when they are under duress and in pain. Considering what you're going through, I'd say that was probably the nicest thing I'll hear tonight."

Warrick wheezed a little laugh and rested completely against his partner. "By the end of this, Grams will be waiting to wash my mouth out with soap." He leaned back a little more so that he could see Gil a little better. "Did you call her? We promised we'd let her know as soon as all of this started."

"As soon as the doctor gets here, I'll give her and Nick a call. They'll want to be here for the big event a..."

Warrick cut Gil off as he sat up straight in the bed, squeezing his lover's hand for all he was worth. "Oh shit! God, Giiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!"

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"Giiiiii!" Warrick yelled as he sat up in his bed. It took him a minute to register that he was alone in the darkened room. As he tried to regulate his breathing, his hands quickly sought out his rock-hard, but flat stomach. "Oh thank goodness."

"Thank goodness for what?" Gil asked as he exited the en suite. "I thought I heard you yell. Are you okay?"

Warrick had never been more grateful to feel his lover's arms come around him than in that moment. His dream had really freaked him out. "I'm okay. Just an extremely bad dream."

"It was probably brought on by the late dinner," He smirked. "Grams did warn you not to eat Kung Pao too late in the evening."

The younger man stiffened a little at the name of the food, but then relaxed. "Something tells me that we won't have to worry about that anymore. I'm suddenly turned off by the very thought of my once favourite food."

Gil was a little surprised at the statement. "Wow, that must have been some dream." He settled back down beside his lover and got completely comfortable. "Oh well, I guess we'll have to pick another restaurant to have dinner at before we go see "We Will Rock You" at the Paris."

There was a slight stiffening of Warrick's body at the mentioning of the musical they had wanted to see, but he soon relaxed as Gil pulled him closer and deeper into his embrace. A few minutes of snuggling and kissing and they were both drifting off when Warrick sleepily asked, "Gil, you haven't ever wanted kids, right?"

And that's The End.

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