

Summary: Grissom finally gets what he want, even if it's after a very badly happening.

Categories: [CSI](#) Characters: Ensemble, Gil Grissom, Greg Sanders, Greg/Grissom, Jim Brass, Lars Sanders, Lill Sanders, Marck Sanders, Mick Sanders, Mrs. Margaret Grissom, Nicholas "Nick" Stokes, Original Character(s), Papa Olaf, Peter Wardon(OC), Sam Sanders, Sara Sidle, Warrick Brown

Genres: Het, Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Angst, Brain-Insane, Dark Themes, Drama, Extreme Dark Themes, Friendship, Future mpreg, Hermaphrodite, Het, Hurt/Comfort, m/m, Non- Con, Out Of Character, Rape, Rape off scene, Stalker, Tear Jerker

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Series: None

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Story Notes:

This is my first CSI fic, so please don't flame but give helpful reviews. Flames will be flushed down the toilet

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Chapter 1 by Spikewil

"Where is Grissom? He hasn't arrived yet. It's not like him to be late," Warrick said as he stood up. Catherine and he had been waiting for the others to start their daily meeting. Catherine shrugged her shoulders noncommittally. Warrick was about to leave Grissom's office to find his missing team members when Greg and Nick entered and sat at the conference table in their usual places.

"Catherine, Brass called! We have a rape case!" Sara announced emotionally, closing the office door behind her with a slam. "Grissom's our vic," she added in a hushed voice, causing Greg and Nick to gasp loudly. Warrick was too perplexed to respond, standing immobile next to Catherine whose eyes had widened in shock at the unexpected news.

"Greg, you're going to the Desert Palm Hospital. Warrick, Sara you will go to Brass and Nick and I will take the crime scene," Catherine instructed, rapidly taking command of the team. Their boss needed their professional help and support. There wasn't any room for error.

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Greg hurried towards the hospital and entered Grissom's room. The man lay on the bed, his face pale and tear tracks on his cheeks. Greg's heart ached as he watched his friend's pained eyes flutter open. A brief flash of recognition lighted his eyes. "Greg?"

"Hey, Griss," Greg said softly while smiling, hoping it would calm the older man. "What happened?"

"I heard a noise and went to look in the alley," Grissom whispered. He had witnessed a woman being assaulted, never thinking twice about stepping into the dangerous situation and interrupting the assault. He had stepped into the alley without thinking about his own safety. The other man's strength had surprised him and the memory of being overpowered by him was threatening to overwhelm him. His breathing was speeding up and he couldn't stop his tears from falling. Strong arms were wrapped around him again, restraining his movements. Startled,

Grissom struggled against them, not realizing Greg was trying to comfort him.

"Shh. I'm here. Nobody is going to hurt you any longer," Greg whispered softly while trying to hold the man in his arms. He had often dreamed about holding this man in a loving embrace, but he had never pictured this scenario.

Grissom finally stilled at the familiar sound of Greg's voice and quietly accepted the young scientist's comfort. The warmth and tenderness from his younger team member was soothing but too tempting. He couldn't let his personal feelings for Greg interfere with their job. It was going to be painful and embarrassing but it was unavoidable. A shiver traveled across his body before he pulled back from Greg's embrace. "You need to perform the rape kit on me," he said, in a calm and neutral tone.

Greg nodded and grabbed the kit. He started with Grissom's back and found several cuts and bruises. Bruises, which were shaped in the form of fists and the cuts looked like they were made by a flick-knife. After taking the necessary photos, he took some of the blood on his friend's lower back. He collected several fibres and hairs. Greg reached the older man's lower waist and gasped loudly when he saw blood dripping from a small crevice behind Grissom's balls. He gently lifted the ball sack and exposed a vagina. "Grissom, you're a hermaphrodite?" Greg asked surprised.

Grissom had frozen during Greg's examination him, especially when his secret was out. He whimpered when cool air brushed his lower body.

"I need to take some cultures of the cervix to make sure you don't have any STDs. Do you have all the female parts or just the vagina?" Greg questioned.

"All," Grissom mumbled embarrassed.

"Then I'll have to check you for pregnancy as well," Greg said and began gently working on Grissom's body.

Grissom closed his eyes and lay on his back, spreading his legs. Of all his team members, he wished that Greg hadn't been chosen to perform this task. Forced to reveal his secret, any hope of his closely guarded feelings for the man being returned was now lost forever. He winced when he felt Greg softly touch his vagina to finish the rape kit. Grissom whimpered when Greg's finger only managed to slip in to the first knuckle and began crying again when the young man closed his legs and covered him with a blanket.

"You need to see your doctor in two weeks. The doctor will have the results of the tests by then," Greg instructed his friend and waited until he received a small nod.

Greg finished the rape kit and quietly told his friend that he would be outside waiting for Catherine, trying to give Grissom some privacy. When he stood outside, he drew deep breaths before sitting down. It didn't take long before Catherine and Nick showed up. "How is he?" Catherine asked.

"Not good. He was brutally raped," Greg managed to croak out, leaving out the hermaphrodite part for now. They would find out soon enough after examining the results of the rape kit.

"I want to see him," Nick said and was about to step inside when they heard an emotional cry of pain. Greg immediately stood up and raced back into the room, only to see Grissom ripping up the pillow he had been hugging while he continued crying.

Nick was surprised to see Grissom leaping into Greg's arms, but decided to keep quiet about it, disturbed by Grissom's obvious distress. "Grissom, we're here. Is there..." he started, anxious to

help his colleague and friend. A mournful wail interrupted him and Nick could see the older man cowering at the sound of his voice and seeking refuge by burrowing himself deeper in Greg's embrace.

In the meanwhile, Greg had managed to rearrange himself against the headboard of the hospital bed with a crying and whimpering man in his arms. His tears came as well as he cried for Grissom's pain, remembering his own pain from so long ago.

Catherine didn't know what to do. Her boss was breaking down in front of her and in Greg's arms. It looked like the man would only trust Greg. Grissom had confided in her about his crush on Greg and now, as she watched the two men, she knew Greg felt the same. The only thing she could offer them was some privacy. With a small nod of her head, Catherine urged Nick to leave the room and she closed the door behind her. Then, by tacit agreement, they stood guard and made sure no one else came in.

By the time Warrick and Sara arrived, Catherine was still holding the rape kit Greg had performed. They tried to enter the room, only to be stopped by Nick. Although puzzled by their colleagues' silence and Greg's absence, Warrick and Sara didn't call them on it and sat down on the uncomfortable hospital chairs nearby.

Meanwhile, Grissom had eventually calmed enough to leave the safety of Greg's arms and shuffle his way into the small hospital bathroom, urged by the need to get rid of any traces of his attacker and feel clean again. Greg heard the splash of running water that indicated Grissom was in the shower and settled himself in the hospital bed. He knew that the man would want to sleep as soon as he returned. Victims of abuse usually had to deal not only with pain and shame of the assault but also nightmares and fitful sleep. There wasn't any room for doubts; Greg knew he had to help his friend and secret crush in this difficult time. Having made his decision, Greg grabbed another pillow and propped himself against the headboard, waiting for Grissom to come out of the bathroom. He would spend the night with him and let the older man sleep in his embrace to make him feel loved and safe. He only hoped Grissom wouldn't reject his help.

Catherine, who had heard the shower as well, slowly made her way into the room, leaving the others outside. "Greg, how is he?"

"Not good at all. When the doctor gives permission, I want to take him home," Greg announced calmly, but determined. His eyes were fixed on the bathroom door.

Grissom looked at himself in the mirror and sighed. He still felt dirty after the hot shower. He had heard Greg speaking to the others earlier, surprised that he had withheld the information about Grissom being a hermaphrodite. He was grateful for the young scientist's tact but Grissom was well aware that his secret would be revealed as soon as the others analysed the contents of the rape kit. His body was still wracked by shivers and he wished he could be held in Greg's arms again, the young man had made him feel safe. But he couldn't let himself hope for Greg's affection anymore. Despite his support, Grissom was sure that the young man and his co-workers would have a difficult time adjusting to the fact he was a hermaphrodite. It had happened before. Maybe it was time for a transfer...

Grissom opened the bathroom door slowly but halted midway. His heart jumped at the realization that Greg was lying under the covers of his bed, in a silent invitation to offer him the comfort and safety he craved for. He wanted nothing more than run into bed and snuggle against Greg's warm body, but stopped himself from doing so when he noticed Catherine was in the room as well. He looked into Greg's eyes and saw the small nod. Grissom couldn't give a damn anymore and sprinted towards the bed, jumping into Greg's embrace and burrowing himself under the blankets.

Catherine's eyes widened when a hospital-gown-covered Grissom ran past her and into Greg's

embrace. She smiled; Grissom was going to be okay as long as Greg was there. She walked out of the room, determined to find the perp who had caused this.

"Guys, let's go. Grissom is staying with Greg," Catherine announced softly and guided her group out of the hospital. The group left the hospital building and moved towards the parking lot, not noticing the presence of a large bulky man standing outside in the alley near the emergency entrance.

As soon as the others were out of sight, the man walked calmly into the hospital. Stepping out of the elevator, he looked around before he walked to a nurse. "I'm looking for Gil Grissom."

"Are you family?" the nurse questioned.

"Yes, I'm his uncle," the man lied straight-faced.

"He's in room 216," the nurse answered before walking away.

Grissom stirred and opened his eyes to look at the sleeping face of Greg. He reached up and softly trailed his fingers along the relaxed face. He snapped his head up when the hospital door opened and a familiar looking man stepped inside. He whimpered loudly, causing Greg to wake up and hold him protectively in his arms.

"Who the hell are you?" Greg demanded harshly while holding a frightened Grissom and trying to protect him.

The man, who hadn't expected someone with his victim, stopped in his tracks. He started moving backwards towards the door and failed to notice the door opening behind him. The incoming nurse bumped against him and the tray of medication she was holding in her hands fell on the floor with a loud clatter. Startled, the man hurriedly left the room and ran out of the hospital only a few moments later.

The nurse followed him and ran to the nurse's station to sound the alarm and call for security but, by the time they reacted, it was too late. The man had escaped.

It didn't take very long for the team of investigators to find their way back to Grissom's room, alerted by the alarm that had been triggered when they were about to leave the parking lot. None of them had seen the intruder. A nurse stopped their entrance into the room, stating that the doctor had been called and that no one could visit Mr. Grissom until then.

Meanwhile, the incident had made Greg realise he was no longer willing to risk Grissom's safety and leave the man to deal with the assault on his own. They had to leave the hospital and go to a safer location where he could protect Grissom. "Come on, Sweet. Let's get you dressed. We've got to get you out of here," Greg instructed softly, not noticing that he had used his endearment for Grissom.

Grissom didn't miss the endearment, though, and he was touched that someone cared enough about him to give him such a nickname. Carefully, he got out of bed with Greg's help and began dressing himself.

"What are you doing?" the doctor demanded to know when he entered the room.

"Gil isn't safe here. I'm taking him with me," Greg announced, again not noticing he had used Grissom's first name. He began helping the older man into the clothes that Catherine had brought with her. Grissom's trembling hands were having trouble with the jeans' buttons until they were softly slapped away and Greg finished the task for him.

Greg pecked Grissom on his cheek before helping him into his sweater. The lead investigator was no longer focused on the task of getting dressed and merely reacted to Greg's instructions, closely watching his friend. The light kiss, another small piece of evidence of Greg's affection, had stunned Grissom into silence. After all that had happened and the examination the young man had performed earlier, Grissom had been sure that he had lost his chance with Greg. Acceptance and love had been rare commodities in his life. The kiss had been brief but held a promise for more and hope flared again in Grissom's heart.

Greg's hands inadvertently brushed against one of the bruises on Grissom's shoulder. The sudden pain took his memory back to the moment when large strong hands had held him down to the ground during the rape only a few hours ago and Grissom shuddered.

"Shh. You're safe. You're going to stay with me," Greg whispered. He couldn't stop the protectiveness he felt about the man and couldn't care less if anybody saw it. He would protect Griss...Gil.

The doctor had been watching the two men and realized that the younger man would be able to take care of his patient. "Very well, I'll make up the release papers and I'll give you his medication," the doctor said and walked away.

Grissom was relieved to hear that he could leave the hospital. "Where are we going?" he asked when he realized that Greg probably wouldn't take him to his own place. If his attacker could find him at the hospital, then he was sure the man would find his home.

"We're going somewhere where you and I can't be found and will be very protected," Greg answered as he made Gil wear his jacket. With his arm around Gil's waist, they stepped out of the room and into the hallway to wait for the doctor's return.

Nick, Sara, Warrick and Catherine had been waiting in the hallway. The nurse had been called away but they had been sternly instructed not to disturb her patients. The doctor had come and gone without giving them any information about their boss' condition, only assuring them he would return shortly. The only thing they could do was waiting. When the door finally opened to reveal Greg and Grissom leaving the room they were relieved and hurried to join them.

However, their initial joy at the sight of their friends died quickly. Their eyes widened and eyebrows rose as they watched Greg hugging the older man tightly. Nick, Sara and Warrick watched worriedly at the way their boss was hiding his face in Greg's neck and shivering visibly. They had dealt with rape victims before but it was hard to see how much this strong man had been affected by the ordeal. They had never seen him so vulnerable. Catherine just smiled at the twosome and nodded sadly towards Greg, letting him know of her approval.

"I'm taking him with me somewhere safe. My father will contact you when you need our help or when we need your help," Greg announced softly, making sure nobody else heard him. "I will return alone to give you what I know about the man who entered the room."

"Have you contacted your father already?" Sara questioned.

"No, but he won't say no. This isn't the first time he needs to give protection when someone is hurt badly," Greg answered calmly.

"How can we contact you?" Catherine asked.

"My father will contact you first and then set up several meetings," Greg repeated his answer while taking the papers from the doctor who had returned. "Come on, Sweet."

Three heavy thuds were heard when Nick, Warrick and Sara landed on their chairs, shocked by

the endearment. Catherine chuckled at the sight of her three colleagues staring at the two men who were heading towards the elevator.

"Dad, it's me. We're on our way to the cabin," Greg announced when he called his father the moment they stood outside. He was worried at the way Gil clutched him tightly.

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Having arrived at the cabin after a two-hour drive, Greg gently woke Gil and helped him out of the car. He guided the older man to the cabin where the door had already been opened.

A tall man was waiting for them in the doorway as he watched his son taking care of his friend. The gentle guiding by his son, the fear in the other man's eyes and the way the man clutched to his son made his heart ache. This man must have been badly hurt to react like that. He was acting in exactly the same way his son did many years ago.

"Dad, this is Gil Grissom. Sweet, this is my father," Greg introduced and tried to make Gil let go of his shirt.

"Gil, my name is Marck Sanders and this is my wife Lill Sanders. Come in and Greg will show you your room," Marck said quietly and let them in. His gaze trailed from his son to his wife, who stood in the doorway watching the duo.

\*\*\*One hour later\*\*\*

Gil looked around the kitchen and didn't know what to do. Now that they had eaten the light supper Mrs. Sanders had prepared for them, Greg was about to return to Las Vegas. Since Greg had entered the hospital room, Grissom had found safety and comfort in the young man's presence. Greg's behaviour spoke of his protective feelings towards him and after his attacker's surprise visit at the hospital, the young man seemed determined to look after him. Grissom was seeing Greg in a different light.

"When will you be back?" Gil asked softly. He didn't want to be left alone in this cabin, too afraid to be without his protector nearby.

"What does he mean?" Marck questioned when he overheard the question.

"I have to return to let the others know what Gil's attacker looks like. The man came to the hospital," Greg replied.

"No, son, you don't. You can tell your mother what the man looked like and she can sketch him on paper. Greg, you cannot leave Gil here alone with us. He needs your guidance, just like you needed mine seven years ago," Marck stated.

Greg looked from his father to his Sweet and saw relief and hope in Gil's eyes as well as curiosity at his father's words. "Very well. Where's mom?" he agreed.

"She's in the living room," Marck answered and stepped into the living room, leaving Gil and Greg in the kitchen.

"Greg, could you...I...I use the bathroom?" Gil questioned as he looked around to see where it might be.

"Sure, let me show you where it is," Greg said and gently pushed Gil towards his bedroom. "The bathroom is connected to your bedroom. That way you don't have to wander the halls in the dark."

"Greg, thank you," Gil said reassured. "What did your father mean by 'what happened seven years ago'?" he asked curiously.

Greg had expected the question but he had hoped it wouldn't be this soon. "Seven years ago, I was raped by a friend," he whispered, pain still evident in his voice.

Gil didn't know what to say and walked towards his friend. He embraced Greg like the young man had done with him earlier. He felt Greg's arms around him and they held each other for a few moments, before Gil leaned back. He lifted Greg's chin and softly pecked him on the lips.

Greg kissed back only to stop after a few seconds and rested his forehead against Gil's. "You're not ready for this yet, Sweet. First, let's get you used to this cabin, my parents, my brothers and me. We'll see what happens later."

"I know, but do you feel the same way?" Gil asked, still scared about rejection in spite of the loving way Greg had kissed him back.

"Yes, Sweet, I have felt the same way for a long time now. Why don't you use the bathroom while I go downstairs? I need to get my mom to draw your attacker. I'll be back soon," Greg said softly, gently pushing Gil towards the bathroom.

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Chapter 2 by Spikewil

Author's Notes:

Mpreg kinda. It will be explained later. Mentions of rape, hermaphrodite, OOC'ness. It's a angst story!

\*\*\*Las Vegas Crime lab\*\*\*

"Catherine, have you heard from Greg yet?" Sara questioned as she, Nick and Warrick entered the lab after going through the crime scene.

"Yes, his father contacted me and told me they had arrived and wouldn't come unless it was necessary. He wouldn't tell me the details where they are staying," Catherine answered. "I also need to talk to you all about the rape kit Greg took of Grissom," Catherine said softly, not wanting the other to hear.

"What's wrong?" Sara asked concerned.

"I...Grissom is a hermaphrodite," Catherine said and didn't add details.

Silence.

"Where are Greg and Grissom?" Nick asked curiously, not knowing how to respond on that piece of information, even though he knew Catherine had already answered that question at the beginning of the meeting.

Warrick and Sara were glad that Nick asked a question and distracted them a bit from that piece of information they hadn't known and didn't know how to respond to.

"Like I said, Greg's father wouldn't tell me and he even warned me not to trace the phone call. It wouldn't help me at all," Catherine answered. "Let's go over the evidence and information we have collected so far. We ran the fingerprints through AFIS and we have found a match," Catherine said as she showed everyone a copy of the photo. "Peter Wardon is a criminal that had been put to jail for rape by Grissom a few years back."

"If he was in jail for rape, how come he's on the street again?" Warrick questioned.

"When I got a match, it turned out that he's an escaped convict," Catherine answered.

"After reading Brass' report on what Grissom had told him, we have missed something important. Grissom has said he saw a woman being assaulted before the attacker focused on him. But where is this woman? Brass has told me they only found Grissom on the ground unconscious," Nick replied.

"We found a bracelet and a shoe-print that could be a high heel at the crime scene," Warrick mentioned.

"So we need to find the woman. Let's see if we can make a connection between Wardon's victims and Grissom," Catherine instructed. "Anything else?"

"Hodges is working on the samples I took from the crime scene, so I'll go to see him soon about the results," Sara answered.

"Okay, let's get back to work and inform me when you have an update," Catherine instructed and ended the meeting.

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Gil lay in bed staring at the ceiling. He couldn't sleep. He was too scared that his attacker would find the cabin and rape him again. He could still feel the soreness and the burn whenever he moved. The door opened and he stared fearfully at the doorway, not relaxing when it turned out to be Greg.

"Gil? Are you all right? I saw the light on," Greg said, announcing his entry. Greg watched the fearful eyes and made his decision. He closed the door and stepped into bed, embracing Gil in his arms. "Sleep. I'm here now."

Gil snuggled closer and shut his eyes. Sleep came quickly as Greg held him close. Both men fell asleep, hoping that dreams wouldn't come.

Marck had seen how his son acted around the older man as Gil seemed attached to Greg. The moment Gil was alone with him, the man panicked and Greg had to rush back to calm him down. It was going to be a long couple a weeks, maybe even months before Gil wouldn't feel frightened when he was without Greg. The stories that his son told him about the man he loved didn't match up with the man who had entered the cabin.

Lill was watching her husband walk around their bedroom before finally settling next to her. She had seen Gil's eyes and it saddened her that he looked the same way her son had looked. It still made her cry to just think of her son's rape. He had turned literally into her little boy, who was scared to be alone, who had held her hand throughout everything, especially when there were others were present. Just the thought that her son would have to do the same to a once proud and strong man was heartbreaking.

\*\*\*The next morning\*\*\*

"Mom? Is that Greg's Tahoe?" Lars asked when he stepped into the large cabin.

"Yes, it is," Lill answered and greeted her oldest son while continuing to prepare breakfast.

"But Greg only comes to the cabin if something has happened. What's wrong with our little brother? Did someone hurt him again?" Mick asked worried, who had entered after his brother.



"No, Greg is fine. It's Greg's friend that has been hurt badly," Lill said softly, not wanting her son and Gil to hear her in case they were already downstairs.

"How badly hurt?" two voices asked in unison.

"You'll see when he comes down," Marck answered instead of his wife when he entered the kitchen and greeted his two oldest sons.

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Greg slowly woke up and opened his eyes. He stared at Gil's face, which was twisted in what seemed like a nightmare. The young man tightened his embrace and began stroking the grey hair until the older man relaxed and opened his eyes.

"Good morning, Sweet," Greg said softly.

"Hi," Gil mumbled and closed his eyes again. He had slept without dreams at the beginning of the night but it had changed during the night. He had woken up several times before restlessly falling asleep again.

"Let's have breakfast," Greg said and stepped out of bed. He waited patiently for Gil to leave the bed as well. "Do you want to shower first?"

Gil nodded and stepped into the bathroom. He quickly took a shower before hearing Greg's parting words that he could be found in the kitchen. He froze and hurried his shower before dressing. He didn't want to be alone in the room. The older man stood in his bedroom listening to the sounds before taking a deep breath.

Greg hugged his brothers and sat near the door, waiting for Gil to show up. He heard footsteps and gazed at the opening towards the door.

Mick and Lars were watching as well and were very curious to see why Greg was this protective. It reminded them of their dad when their little brother was raped. They looked at each other before gazing at the doorway, where a shy, grey-haired man stood, shivering when he spotted two strangers.

"Gil, I want you to meet Lars and Mick, my oldest two brothers," Greg introduced and stood up to guide Gil to the table. The man sat down, very close to Greg before nodding his head as a greeting. He was afraid his voice would break if he talked and decided to keep quiet.

Greg watched Gil worriedly as the man hadn't spoken a word since he arrived downstairs.

Mick and Lars, however, recognized the signs immediately. "Gil, you will be safe here. We can guarantee this. You will be protected by all of us," Lars spoke gently, hoping to give the older man some courage to speak.

Gil's eyes watered and he ducked his head. Again a deep breathe before looking at Lars. "Thank you," he croaked softly, giving a tiny smile when Greg squeezed his knee encouragingly.

"You're welcome. So what do you want to do today? Want to take a small morning walk with us?" Mick suggested, expressing himself by giving a hint to join them in their routine.

Gil looked at Greg to see him nodding. "Okay," he answered, receiving five big smiles. He immediately felt good although he was still terrified out of his wits. But as long as Greg was near him he knew he would be fine.

"Let me get dressed and I'll join you in a few moment," Greg said to his family while looking Gil in the eye. "You're going to be fine. You know my family wouldn't hurt you and I'll be back in a few minutes."

Gil nodded but his heart clenched when Greg walked away, leaving him sitting at the table with the young scientist's family.

"Do you have a hobby?" Lill asked gently, taking Gil's attention away from the doorway. Two frightened blue eyes looked at her before answering.

"Uhm...I collect butterflies and cockroaches," Gil answered embarrassed, not seeing the surprised looks on their faces.

"Really? Then you have to meet our brother, Sam. He collects the same, he even participates in a cockroach tournament once in a while," Mick replied, seeing surprise appear on Gil's face.

"Do I hear my name?" Sam said as he entered the cabin. He stood still when he saw the stranger sitting with his family, looking scared at him. Sam didn't like that look, he had already seen it on his little brother's face seven years ago.

"Gil is Greg's friend and shares your hobby," Lars answered and watched Sam taking an interest in Gil, who finally had looked a tiny bit relaxed.

"That's great. Finally someone I can talk to about butterflies and cockroaches," Sam responded and watched how Gil's face lit up when Greg entered the room again. He looked at his parents and brothers before nodding his head, understanding the silent conversation about Gil.

"You ready to go?" Greg asked before greeting Sam. He grinned when Gil nodded his head enthusiastically. "Let me guess, you know Sam's hobby?" he laughed loudly when his to-be-lover nodded again.

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Chapter 3 by Spikewil

\*\*\*One week later\*\*\*

"Gil? I have brought some clothes and several books and other items for you. Catherine has met my dad at a meeting to exchange information about the attacker," Greg announced when he stepped into their bedroom.

It turned into 'their' bedroom when the others found out that Gil couldn't sleep alone without having terrible nightmares. Plus it became final when Gil had kissed him softly and fast on the lips before almost running back upstairs, leaving Greg gazing at his retreating form while touching his lips with his fingers.

Sam and Lars had laughed loudly and his parents just shook their heads and told me that separate rooms weren't necessary any longer. He had blushed big time.

"What have they found out? Did they find the woman?" Gil asked curiously. He had finally began to talk more in those seven days they were staying in the cabin. The family had been very protective and that had made him safe. He was never alone anywhere except the bathroom.

"Yes, but it's not good news. They still haven't found the woman you saw being assaulted. Everyone is having their suspicions about a set-up," Greg said as he sat next to Gil on the bed.

"Oh," Gil answered dejected. "But do they know where he is?"

Greg shook his head. "Oh, I brought some stuff," he said, distracting his lover from the subject.

Gil looked at his clothes, books before his face lit up to see some of his collections of butterflies and cockroaches. "When is Sam coming?"

"Sam is picking up Simon and Papa Olaf," Greg answered. "He'll be back within an hour."

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"Why do I need to be careful with Greg's boyfriend?" Papa Olaf questioned when his grandson warned him before his arrival at the cabin.

"Let's just say that you will recognize the haunted look on Gil's face when you see him," Sam warned his grandfather and brother.

"Did they hurt him like they hurt my little scientist?" Papa Olaf asked worried and he received his answer when his grandson didn't respond.

Simon had listened to the conversation and was curious to know who Greg's boyfriend was. He hoped it wouldn't be like the last one that had the whole family send into a tizzy after his mother's jewelry went missing, especially after Greg's 'boyfriend' tried to shove the blame on Greg. That boy should have known not to mess with a family full of cops and detectives.

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Greg watched as three men left the car and walk towards the cabin. He noticed that his lover anxiously stood next to him and tried to hold his smile. His sweet wanted to discuss bugs with his brother and the man was standing next to him like a kid in a candy store. Greg watched his parents share his smile.

Sam was surprised to see Gil waiting for him with his collection. "They brought your collection too?"

"Yes, I thought maybe we could compare?" Gil asked softly, being intimidated by the large man behind Sam.

"Gil, I want you to meet my grandfather, Papa Olaf," Greg introduced as his grandfather stepped closer and his smile left when Gil started shivering.

Gil was back in the alley; his attacker towering over him, smiling at him, touching him. He whimpered as he stumbled back, dropping his items as he tried to move away from his attacker.

"Shit!" Greg cursed. He never saw this coming as he held Gil in his arms while he rode out his flashback.

Papa Olaf was shocked at how the man reacted to him and stepped back, allowing his youngest grandson to handle the older man. The haunted look in the pale blue eyes shocked him to the core, they were so traumatised, Olaf was surprised that Gil almost jumped in Greg's arms, while Sam retrieved his collection of butterflies.

"Do I look like the attacker?" Papa Olaf asked worriedly.

"No, but I think it's the way you towered over him that send him back in time," Greg responded, reassuring his grandfather. It looked like Gil was back as his lover rubbed his eyes.

"Gil, do you still want to discuss butterflies or do you want to take a nap?" Marck suggested in a soft soothing tone. He was pleased to see it worked.

Gil watched his new family gather around him, worried, and he immediately felt safe again. He stared at the large man before clearing his throat. "Nice to meet you," he finally managed to say.

Papa Olaf laughed loud, gaining several smiles at the polite greeting like Gil hadn't been in a flashback before. "I'm ready to go over the butterflies. I have several species that are rare."

The moment the subject was on, Gil and Sam were examining their collections loudly while the rest of the family watched. The two men never heard the cell phone ring or saw the worried faces of Marck and Greg as they listened to the conversation their father had with Greg's colleagues.

Gil stopped talking and searched for Greg. He worriedly watched the young scientist listen in on a conversation his father had. Now he and Sam were staring at the two blond men. "What's wrong?" Gil asked when the conversation was ended.

"That was the doctor who examined your rape kit, I had sent in. You're fine. You don't have any STD's and you're not pregnant," Greg whispered.

"Pregnant?" Lill asked curiously.

Gil was startled and hadn't realized that they weren't alone when Greg told him the news. He had been so fixated on the results that he had blocked out the rest of the family.

"Only tell them when you're ready," Greg said softly.

"They need to know. They are family," Gil replied, while he stared at the floor missing all the proud looks on the family's faces.

"Okay, let's go to the living room and get comfortable," Greg said and stood up taking his lover with him.

When they were all seated in the living room, Greg and Gil snuggled on the love seat; Gil sitting between Greg's legs holding on to his hands as they rested on Gil's stomach.

"I was born a hermaphrodite with female organs," Gil told them his secret in one soft sentence.

"When you were attacked, there was a possibility that you might get pregnant?" Lill asked worriedly, even though they had the good news that it wasn't.

"Yes," Gil answered and twisted his body to be able to hide his face in his lover's neck.

"Does this mean, you have periods as well?" Lill softly continued her questions.

"Yes," Gil replied although it was slightly muffled though his hiding.

"Gil, would come with me please? We need to talk privately without these men around," Lill gently instructed and guided the man towards the Master bedroom.

Gil looked back at Greg, who was sitting shocked like the rest of the Sanders' family, watching Lill drag the older man into the master bedroom.

\*\*\*\*\*

Gil left the bedroom blushing brightly and with several items in his hands he stepped into Greg's embrace. "Could we go the bedroom?"

"Sure," Greg answered worriedly. He had been hovering near his parents' bedroom ever since his mother took Gil with her.

Entering their bedroom, Gil closed and locked the door before turning towards Greg. After hearing the explanation of the embarrassing conversation, it came to Greg's conclusion, that when they decided to go further into their relationship, he really had to be careful.

Greg leaned forward and captured the soft lips. He moaned loudly when Gil responded enthusiastically. Hands began wandering over their bodies, touching small patches of skin they could reach before the kiss deepened.

Their kiss was interrupted by a loud cough. Neither man had heard the knocking or the door opening and had been focused completely on the other.

"Sorry to interrupt," Lars said, chuckling at the red faces. "But Dad received more information from your friend Ms. Willows."

"Yeah, thanks Lars," Greg mumbled irritated. "We continue this tonight, Sweet."

"Okay," Gil answered eagerly and scared at the same time and stood up with Greg before making their way downstairs.

"Let me guess, you interrupted a make-out session," Papa Olaf deadpanned.

"Yes, I did," Lars replied, causing Greg and Gil to blush even brighter.

"Papa Olaf!" Greg whined before sitting down on the love seat, pulling Gil between his legs.

"This morning a friend of mine went back to Las Vegas to collect someone, who we think would be safer here, than there. They should be arriving soon," Marck explained before standing up when he heard his friend's car coming in the small parking lot.

He watched from the window, how the elderly lady stepped out of the car when she was guided towards the cabin. Marck opened the door and let her in. He was surprised when she signed a greeting. He signed back before guiding her towards the living room, where Gil had stood up in surprise to see his mother.

"Mom?" he questioned out loud as well as signed. "Why is my mother here?" Gil asked Marck as he hugged her and made her sit on the couch.

"We have reason to believe that if your attacker won't find you, he'll go after your family. From your files, we have extracted the names of your families living nearby Las Vegas and so far that's only your mother. Therefore we collected her and she will stay here as well as long as it will take," Marck said as well as signed.

Mrs. Grissom signed worriedly.

Gil groaned at hearing his mother's nickname for him again. He liked Greg's nickname better. "Gil, you need to tell her. She has to know," Lill said, hoping to encourage the man into telling his mother. The woman couldn't stay in the cabin while not knowing what happened to her son.

Gil nodded and sat next to her, while the others left the living room, giving mother and son the space they need. Greg however, stayed close, so Mrs. Grissom knew that her son would be all right.

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Chapter 4 by Spikewil

\*\*\*One week later\*\*\*

Marck looked at his wife while his four oldest sons pretended not hear the moans coming from Greg and Gil's bedroom. "Okay, I had enough, let sit outside." He said as well as signed, causing Margaret Grissom to smile. It did her heart good to know her son found love, even though it happened after the attack.

Upstairs, Gil was enjoying Greg ministrations to his body. The butterfly kisses on his neck trailed down to his chest where his nipples were being sucked and bitten. He arched his back when hands softly kneed his ass cheeks while that warm and wicked mouth attached itself to his cock.

"Greg!" Gil whined while his hands grabbed the blond hair and pushed him closer.

Greg played with the heavy ball sack before lifting it, showing Gil's moist opening. His mouth left the cock and dived lower, gently licking the tender flesh before pushing his tongue inside.

Gil screamed before grabbing a pillow to cover his sounds from the others. His stomach was clenching when pleasure shots went through his body from just having Greg licking his female entrance.

Greg was enjoying Gil's sounds and felt his cock harden even more. With his free hand he fisted himself before stabbing his tongue deeper inside the moist cavern while his other hand was wrapped around his lover's cock. He managed to get a rhythm in this difficult position, but he didn't want to let go.

\*\*\*\*\*

Marck, Sam, Simon, Lars and Mick laughed out loud when they heard Gil screaming their little brother's name with Greg's moan following shortly after. The men had been discussing the couple and all were happy to know the two men found and loved each other.

Papa Olaf just rolled his eyes. He couldn't believe the fun his family was having just by hearing the screams and moans. He was more worried about Gil's attacker, the man was still loose and probably most definitely after Gil.

\*\*\*\*\*

Gil came back from his high and looked Greg, seeing that the young man was watching him. "Hi."

"Hey, Sweet," Greg said before kissing his lover. "What's wrong?"

"I...I want you in me," Gil whispered. "I want you to erase him from inside."

"I'm not sure if you're ready for that," Greg answered honest.

"I am! I need you inside me!" Gil stated serious.

"Okay, but not now. I'll make love to you tonight," Greg replied while kissing Gil. "Let's go downstairs."

"Downstairs?" Gil mumbled, when he suddenly remembered himself screaming. "What if they heard?"

"I know they have heard our noises, but the fact that they didn't interrupt again, means they agree," Greg answered, knowing fully well that if his parents didn't agree, they would have interrupted.

"Oh," Gil replied softly before stepping out of bed, blushing again when he felt Greg's eyes on his body. His cock responded by just thinking of tonight.

When they finished dressing, they walked downstairs and realized that everyone was sitting outside, trying to hide their smiles.

\*\*\*Las Vegas crime lab\*\*\*

"Guys, we tracked the perp's house and it was abandoned. Everything was a mess like they ran in a hurry," Sara said the moment they sat down.

"I also think I know where Grissom and Greg are staying," Nick stated calmly but tiredly, even though he felt giddy inside.

"Really and where is that?" Catherine questioned curiously.

"Remember when Grissom went on a case alone about two hours from here when Robbins got a head by mail?"

"Yes, I do. I got stuck with his paperwork," Catherine replied.

"Apparently Greg had told Hodges that his grandfather lives there and if Grissom wanted to say hi from him," Nick said happily.

"That's great," Catherine said thoughtfully.

"Does this mean that it could be possible that Grissom's mother is there as well?" Sara questioned.

"Yes, I think they had her picked up," Warrick replied.

"Okay, Nick, Warrick, you're going to leave for Jackpot, while Sara and I stay here just in case the attacker is still in Vegas!" Catherine stated and ended the meeting.

\*\*\*9 p.m. Sanders' cabin\*\*\*

They were kissing deeply, hands undressing the other while trying to keep contact through their mouths. Greg began walking forward, pushing Gil against the bed. A small push and the older man bounced on the bed, stretching himself out. Greg moaned at the gorgeous body before him and knelt between his lover's legs.

Gil closed his eyes and groaned when Greg's movements stimulated his cock. He hardened and opened his legs further when gentle fingers rubbed his clit. The touch was enough to send him over the edge.

Greg was amazed at the sensitivity of Gil's vagina. He had only touched the outer lips and the hidden little bundle of nerves and he just witnessed Gil climax. He smirked by just knowing that kind of information and waiting patiently for Gil to come back from his high.

Before Gil could utter a word, a long slender finger entered him and before he knew it, he was pushing back. He trashed on the bed as the pleasure was once again taking him higher, but Greg stopped when he was about to fall over the edge.

"Greg, please," Gil begged as he spread his legs even wider.

"All right, Sweet," Greg hushed. His cock positioned at the wet channel as he pushed inside slowly, stopping every time Gil tensed up. He rubbed Gil's tummy, trying to calm him down and relax again.

After a few moments, Greg was balls deep inside his lover and they both were not going to last long. "Move!" Gil demanded and wrapped his legs around Greg's waist.

Greg slowly moved as he felt the tight grip Gil had on his cock. He watched Gil's face for any sign of uncomfortably or pain, but all he saw was pleasure on the flushed face.

They found a rhythm as they both started moaning loudly and screamed each other's names when they reached their orgasm, Greg filling Gil's channel while his lover squeezed him tightly and his semen coating his chest. He leaned forward and kissed the other man deeply.

"Wow!" Greg mumbled as he gently pulled out.

"Yeah!" Gil answered softly.

"Come here," Greg said as he opened his arms.

They held each other tightly before falling asleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

Lars looked at the ceiling while listening to the couple's noises. He hoped to meet his soulmate one day too. He wanted it desperately especially every time he saw happy couples.

He had seen the longing on Sam's face as well. Lars snorted out loud. "God, I need to get laid!"

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