Summary: Tony and gibbs start a family a littel faster then they both wanted or is it
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"Fuck Me!" Gibbs yelled.
"You want it harder, don't you, you fucking bitch," panted Tony while his dick was buried in Gibbs who was on his back with his legs propped up on Tony's shoulders.
"Make me feel it," said Gibbs, with his hands tied to the headboard behind his head.
"You are such a cum bitch, you know that?"
"God, faster!" Gibbs barked, as Tony talked dirty to him. Tony picked up the speed and now was slamming Gibbs into the mattress.

Tony and Gibbs had been screwing on and off for a while now. Normally they only got together after a rough case for either one. After Tony's first undercover case, Gibbs came over to Tony's apartment with beer and pizza, Tony's favorite food. One thing led to another, and they fucked like rabbits. After it was over, they said it was a one-time thing and Gibbs left. Well, a few weeks after that, there was a hard case for Gibbs and again, he showed up at Tony's and they did not even eat, they just fucked. Both men wanted more from each other, but afterwards Gibbs would always bring up Rule 12 and he would always leave. Not that Tony didn't want him to stay and not that Gibbs did not want to stay, he did.

The moment Gibbs laid eyes on Tony, he was smitten and for Gibbs, that is a lot. They started working together and the attraction turned to love but neither of them told the other. If this was what happened, then so be it. Both men were happy. Both men wanted more, but neither of them knew how or what it would be.

"Talk to me, make me feel," Gibbs said, almost in tears from the pain. Tony had put nipple clamps on Gibbs and they were very tight. Gibbs liked it a little rough. Whichever one had a bad case was the one that would bottom that night. This time Gibbs did not even let Tony use lube, he wanted it hard and rough. Tony was naked when Gibbs came calling; he opened the door and just dragged him in. He knew this case had hurt Gibbs. The Watson case. How could a father and husband do something like that to their whole family, for a lousy 2 million dollars? A drop in the bucket as far as Gibbs was concerned. Nothing was worth that.

Family. The only thing Gibbs ever wanted for himself. Then lost, when he lost his wife and daughter in a car crash while driving to the family ranch. The road was icy and an 18-wheeler ran them off the road. Gibbs wanted to kill the driver but he got life in prison.

Sure, Gibbs had his family. It was rather large really, two brothers and one sister. Gibbs was the oldest. His real father had died at the time of childbirth, in fact, while giving birth to him. He was the only child ever to live from a male pregnancy. His mom later remarried and he took the last name of Gibbs. It was the only father he ever knew and he could not ask for a better man. Sadly, cancer took him a few years back. Lucky for him, his bother and brother-in-law ran the Gibbs family ranch. It was still a working ranch. His real father had made sure that all his millions went to Jethro and his mother. That was where the name Leroy came from and to this day, the only person ever to call him that was his grandmother. She was a very formidable woman. This was where he got the saying "the second B is for bastard" since for her, the second B was for bitch. She had died from natural causes many years ago.

"God, Tony, oh god!"
"You feeling me now? You piece of shit."

Tony got off on fucking Gibbs and it was a turn on to talk dirty to him. To watch Gibbs, the man of steel, at least to the rest of NCIS he was, but to Tony he gave up control. It was kind of a shock for Tony the first time Gibbs bottomed. Tony always felt Gibbs was a top but that night Tony made Gibbs bottom to forget the pain he was feeling from the case.

"GOD, GOD, GOD!"

Gibbs was not touching himself. He was not able to. Tony would keep fucking him until he came. The only thing between Gibbs and Tony and a lot of sweat was a condom. What both men did not know was the one they were using had a rip in it.

"TONY! Ok, god, I'm"

It was all Gibbs could get out when he shot straight onto his body and face. Tony reached down and undid the cock ring and he came a moment later. Tony fell onto Gibbs and slipped out. Gibbs was still tied but grunted from the void in his raw ass.

"God, Boss, you were hot tonight."
"OK, untie me"
"On it boss." Tony undid each shackle. Gibbs rubbed his wrist while kissing Tony's mouth.
"You better now?"
"Yes, thanks. I just"
"Don't boss, I don't think I can fuck you again tonight. That was rough."
"Thanks. Now get off me so I can get a shower and go home."
Gibbs wanted to say, untie me and we can take a shower together, then slow it down, and make love. But he couldn't. Tony was a man with many friends and lovers. He had a date every other night, either male or female. It was another thing between them that they were not exclusive. Both knew when the other had a hard case. Normally it was after an undercover case for Tony and a case that involved children for Gibbs. Gibbs got off the bed, walked into the bathroom, and jumped into the shower. Tony, not paying attention, took off the condom and threw it in the trash. Tony used the washcloth next to the bed, wiped himself, and got himself relatively clean. He then stripped the bed and changed the sheet. In the middle of this, he saw a Gibbs walking out with a towel around his waist and drying his hair.
"Damn, you're fast."
"Hey we got a little sweaty. I'm not sleeping in that." Tony really wanted to say, "No, I wish you were staying and we can curl up in it."
Tony fell for Gibbs the moment he started working under his control. The head slaps. Not that Tony was into pain, but in his eyes, it was not painful but loving. He worshiped the ground that Gibbs walked on. He knew that if Gibbs said "Jump off the cliff." Tony would do it.
Tony made the bed but watched Gibbs get dressed and watched his ass disappear behind the jeans Gibbs had on that day.
"Ok, well, I guess I'll see you in the office tomorrow."
"Sure boss. Night."
Both men wanted to kiss the other but did not dare show affection since they thought other wanted it to be a fling. Gibbs walked out and Tony heard the front door open and close. Tony looked at the clock and saw it was only 11. He got out of bed, jumped in the shower and stopped off at the one dance club. He did not drive but he took a cab instead. That night, Tony drank a little and went home with some guy. He needed to get Gibbs out of his system but it did not help. The whole night Tony saw Gibbs hammering him.

Gibbs had not been paying Tony any more or less attention but the following month was slow, they did not have a real case for almost 5 weeks. On the last case, Gibbs could hardly keep his stomach contents from coming up throughout the whole case. In the bunker, looking at the perfect wife books and everything, Gibbs wanted to take Tony and show him how to make a perfect life together but neither of them could. Then Tony spent that one night in the hospital for a mild concussion and it almost killed Gibbs. He stopped by, but all the smells were just making him sick. He couldn't stand it so he left soon after but he made Abby sit with Tony. Abby was the only person that Gibbs had ever told about him and Tony and how he wished it were more. Gibbs was shocked that she did not ask any questions, she just listened to Gibbs go on and on about him and Tony and how he wanted more, but knew that Tony would never want more. Gibbs just could not keep a damn thing in his stomach. He was never sick; the germs were not that stupid. He just brushed it off as nothing and he went about his day. After Tony got out of the hospital, he went home and the next day, he just knew that something was wrong the first moment he stepped into the bullpen.
"Boss? You ok?"
"Yes, DiNozzo. I'm fine. Why?"
"You look like hell."
Gibbs walked over and slapped him upside the head as he practically ran to the bathroom for the 10th time this morning. Tony soon followed and heard Gibbs puking his guts out.
"Boss, you don't sound ok. Let me call Ducky."
"NO!" Gibbs barked before his last purge. There was nothing left in his stomach now, maybe it would be better. If not for the coffee, he would not have anything to vomit this morning. He was running late and he could barely get himself out of bed.
"Boss, really."
"Damn it, DiNozzo! I'm Fine! Now leave it be, ok."
Gibbs finished washing out his mouth, and then stood almost nose to nose with him.
"Please. I'm fine."
Both men saw the love and hurt in the others eyes but neither of them acted or dared to act, let alone at work.
"Fine. But if you're not better tomorrow, I'm calling in the big guns."
Tony smiled and got a head slap as he turned around and walked out of the restroom. Gibbs leaned against the sink, wanting to throw up again but fighting it.
*~*~*~*~*~
"Is Gibbs Ok?"
"He said he was fine."
"Tony, he was sick all week!"
"That does it. I don't care. I'm calling Ducky."
Tony picked up the phone and started dialing.
"Who you calling DiNozzo?"
"No one Boss."
Tony dropped the phone
"I hope not."
Gibbs got behind his computer went to take a sip of his coffee and almost puked from the smell. Ok, he thought, that cuts it he knew something was wrong.
"I'm going to see Abby about the results on that one case."
"What case is that?" Tony being bold asked but got no reply from Gibbs.
Gibbs in the elevator hit the button for the sub-basement. The morgue was the last level in the building. It also had a private entrance for bringing in bodies and taking them out. It was what let air in. Gibbs got there and walked into the room.
"Yes, my dear boy. Thank you and I will take care of that."
Ducky hung up the phone.
"That had better not been DiNozzo."
"And why is that Jethro? The boy cares about you. More then he lets on, I think?"
"Ducky, not again. There is nothing there."
"Still. Have you tried?"
"Ducky."
"Fine. Sit."
"I'm not sitting on a slab."
"Then my office, please."
Both men walked into the office. Gibbs sat in a chair and Ducky got his private bag. He pulled out a thermometer stuck it in Gibbs' mouth. The thing beeped after a minute and Gibbs pulled it out while Ducky was getting a needle.
"What's that for?"
"I'm taking some blood, Jethro."
"It's only a bug, it will go away."
"How long have you been sick?"
"About a week."
"And you're just coming to me now?"
"I figured it was going away."
"What made you change you mind?"
Ducky rolled up the Marine's sleeve and drew the blood.
"Well, Tony pointed out for only being back for a day, that something was wrong."
"Smart boy. Very observant."
"Best damn investigator I have seen in some time."
"Do you ever tell him that?"
Gibbs just gave Ducky his famous stare.
"It does not work on me, Jethro."
"Whatever."
"Ok, so what made you change your mind?"
"Even coffee was making me sick."
"Ok, this is serious."
"Oh thanks, Ducky. Who will see this?"
"Only me and Abby."
"Do we have to?"
"Quiet you. Abby is nothing but discretion and you know that."
"Ok"
Ducky looked at Gibbs. He was not running a temperature. His blood pressure was a little high but nothing to worry about. He drew blood but that would take some time. Ducky was thinking of anything.
"Um, Jethro. I have got to ask this question since you and I both know that you have that special condition."
"No, Ducky. I play it safe each time."
He did not want to tell Ducky about Tony or any other male partners; even if Tony was the only person he was having sex with at all. Hell, he knew Tony went out at night after he was there. It was like clockwork. Every time. It killed Gibbs to watch it.
"Still. Accidents can happen. Answer the question, please."
"I'm not sure."
"That many or that few?"
"Ducky! Really."
"Jethro, I'm a doctor and we have had this talk. I know that you have had both kinds of partners. Hell, that one..."
"Ok, about a little over a month ago, I guess."
'Male or female, please."
'Male. And yes, I was on the bottom."
"Jethro. You know that is dangerous even with a condom. They can break so easily with male on male play."
"Still that person did not say anything."
"So you trust this person?"
"Yes. He would have said something."
"Was he paying attention?"
"Yes Ducky. It was right after the Watson case."
"Can I ask the identity of this person to check with them?"
"No, you cannot. I draw the line there."
"Fine. Well, I will be right back"
Ducky left the room and went out to the main morgue area. About two minutes later, he came back with a specimen cup and a EPT test.
"You have one handy?"
"Well, after a few years ago when we had that one case with all the dead Petty officers that ended up being pregnant, I keep a few just in case."
"I'm not taking a test, Ducky. I'm fine."
"Jethro. Pee in the cup now, please."
Ducky handed him the specimen jar.
"Really, Ducky, it will go away in a few weeks."
"Now, please."
Ducky glared the Gibbs glare at him and it was just as effective.
"Fine." Gibbs took it, unzipped and pissed in the cup. Then went into the little office bathroom and finished up while Ducky ran the test. Gibbs could not hold in the dry heaves and started heaving in the bathroom after he zipped his fly. After finishing, Ducky's back was to Gibbs and he couldn't see anything.
"And like it would be?"
"Well, good news or bad?"
"Just out with it, Ducky."
"Well, the good news is that you're pregnant and the bad new is that you're pregnant."
What little color was there was ran from Gibbs' face. The phone rang and Ducky picked it up.
"Yes. I will send him up right away."
Ducky hung up the phone.
"Dead Marine at Norfolk.
"Jethro, will you be ok?"
"Let get the move on, Ducky."

Gibbs was his old self again. On the elevator ride up to the bullpen, he could not stop thinking about what Ducky had just told him. Fuck, he was careful. Unless Tony wasn't paying attention. Shit! Tony. How the hell? God, he needed to think.
"Get the truck; I'll meet you out there."

Gibbs knew the risk. He knew the statistics. Every person with *Hannmor Syndrome* had died and the baby died. He was the only child ever to live through it. He needed to think. He went to his desk, grabbed his gun and keys and met the team at the car. As they drove, he called Morrow and asked for a week's vacation time after the case was finished. Morrow was a little shocked, but since he has been trying to get Gibbs to take a vacation for years, he gladly approved it. Gibbs called his friend who was a travel agent, and she booked a private jet to fly him home. Home. He always missed home but never talked about it. He did not have a lot of pictures on the walls of his house, but his team wouldn't know. None of them ever been to his house, except for Ducky. Tony had stopped over once or twice but never saw the house; he only really saw the basement.

They pulled up on the crime scene and found out that the bed the body was in was on a Destroyer.
"Boss, what about..." Tony did not even finish, but he got a head slap.
"Right boss, you're fine."
Gibbs walked past them and went aboard.
"Tony? Is he ok for this?"
"Probie, who knows with him? He says he is, then he is."
"TODAY people."
The team walked on the ship and Gibbs was as green as can be. So was Timothy McGee who had just joined their team full time.
"Boss, you look like shit." Tony leaned in and whispered when the others were not around.
"Thanks, Tony. I'm fine, really."
Gibbs went about taking pictures as Tony sketched. Kate interviewed and Tim was bagging all the seaman's things. After a good three hours on the ship with Gibbs running to the head at least six times, he disembarked. Tony followed stowing the gear.
"Gibbs, you sure you're ok?"
"Yes. I'm fine and if you ask again, you will find a pink slip tomorrow," Gibbs barked. Gibbs was pushing him away right now. He was not sure how Tony would react to being a father, let alone from a guy. It was something out of Tony's movies. They got back to NCIS and after going through about three hours worth of paperwork, they ruled the death of the sailor a suicide. Gibbs told his team to go home and he stayed at his desk. He was finishing up his report when Tony walked over and sat on the edge of his desk.
"Boss?"
"DiNozzo, I'm fine. Leave it alone."
"Fine. I was just going to say, want to catch a beer?"
"Not tonight. I'm not in the mood to be social."
"Boss, I meant beer. Nothing more."
"No, really. I have things to do."
"Fine. Just do me a favor."
"What?"
"Call if you need anything."
Gibbs stood up and looked into Tony's eyes yet again.
"What DiNozzo? Are you my mother now?"
Gibbs grabbed his stuff and left NCIS. He drove to the private airport and boarded the plane. He did not even go home.

On the flight home, Gibbs had some crackers. Ducky had said it would help. He did not even tell Ducky where he was going. Gibbs just had a million things to think about and when he went home to the ranch, he
was himself. He was not Leroy Jethro Gibbs, the NCIS Hard Ass Marine. He was just a good old boy. The Ranch was a working ranch. It was almost coming out of Dallas, really. It was huge. It was run by one of his brothers and his brother-in-law. His family loved him and knew about him playing for both teams. His family had always been close. He was only really their half brother but none of them saw him as anything less then a brother. At home, he was always the one taking care of them. Till he joined the Marines at the age of 17, he was always watching them all. He had graduated early due to an accelerated program and all the honors courses he was in.

He never let his team know any personal things. Gibbs was an honor student in Math and English, as well as Literature. He had a college degree. He left the Marines and joined NCIS but went to school at night for the first 3 years and got his BA in Literature. He always loved the classes. His favorite was Shakespeare's sonnets. He never showed his softer side. He had many a dream of laying in a field on the ranch some place, sitting there with Tony leaning on him, reading Tony sonnets from the great Shakespeare, Frost, all of them. Spending hours upon hours just watching the leaves and grass blowing along.

Gibbs started to think of a baby coming out of him. He was Leroy Jethro Gibbs. he was not going to die and he was not going to loose the baby. Hell, if he had to move back to the ranch, he would. he was not going to let the statistics win. He would find a doctor out here. He was sure that Ducky knew someone in Texas. Hell, he was sure Ducky knew almost every doctor in the world. every time they went to an ER or a hospital, they always asked about Ducky. He was going over what his sister went through for his nieces and nephews. There were so many of them now. Both his brothers had children. His one brother, Mitchell and his partner, Bobby, had two little children. one they adopted from Russia, Samantha Lyn and the other was Bryan Thomas. They had taken him in as a baby who was born to a crack-addicted mother. at first he had many medical problems, but now Bryan was 5 and Samantha Lyn was 9. His other brother, Leonard, they called him Lenny for short. He was married to a lovely woman, Linda, with two children, Timmy, age 6 and Lis, really Lissette, age 3.

His sister Susan was his little gem. He always spoiled her whenever he was around. She always knew he would stick up for her and she could get away with anything with him. She married Bret and now has the last name of Finstine and has 4 children. Benny, the eldest, age 12 and taking after his Uncle Jet already. a Marine, tried and true. Then came Lyn, she was age 8 and she was the angel of all the children. Their next child is William and he has a hearing problem. He is 80% Deaf. This and the fact that his mother, or Nana, was deaf, that all the children and grandchildren knew ASL. Finally, the surprise of the family was Raymond or Ray who was only 10 months old.

Gibbs' mother never pressured him for more children since his first wife and child died in the car crash. His first wife was the only wife that any of the family really liked and with good reason. The others were only after his money. Both had cheated on him. There was a fellow agent that was almost a wife but Gibbs stopped that right away. He was never getting married again. He did not care but then, he met Tony. And, well, if the laws were only different and he could be sure that Tony would even want him. Fuck buddies was one thing and for Tony, that was about all Gibbs figured he could handle.

Gibbs fell asleep in flight. It was a 6-hour flight to Texas and he had not slept in a while, with the news and such. The next thing he knew, the steward was waking him. A private driver met him at the airport and was to take him to the house. After being greeted on the tarmac, he got into the car and they drove out to the ranch. It was well after 1 am now, central time. Any of his team or the few Marine buddies Gibbs still had, would never guess that Gibbs was a family man at heart. Ducky was the only person that even knew about the ranch and family. Ducky was his oldest friend and been there through all his marriages. The car pulled up at the gate and Gibbs got out and was going to walk the half mile up to the house. He hit the pass code and the gate opened up. He walked through the gate and it closed.

Gibbs stood at the driveway for a moment smiling at the sight of the house. He loved this place but he already missed his life back on the east coast. His cell phone went off. he looked at it and saw that it was Tony. He opted not to answer it. He then proceeded to walk up to the house. It was a long walk but he needed again to get some thinking done in his head.

He came to the front door and much like his house, it was unlocked. There was one large house that had 15 bedrooms and the whole family lived there. He was the only child that did not live there. Hell, he was the only one not involved in the family business. Even Leonard, who was a CPA, did the books and all their personal accounts. Susan was a lawyer, but was the ranch's lawyer and she knew most every kind of law
they would deal with. He opened the door and 4 dogs came running out of the living room, barking. "Shhh" Gibbs barked back and they all knew the man's tone and just started jumping up and down to get attention.

Gibbs saw a light on in the kitchen. He walked that way, followed by the dogs and found his mother pouring two cups of coffee. She would always know when he was coming home even if he never told her. It was part of the bond that they had.

'Mom'

'Jethro, what brings you home?'
'I really don't want to talk about it just yet.'
'That's fine. Give your mother a hug and kiss then.' Gibbs walked over to kiss his mother and gave her a hug.

'So, who is it?'

'Mom, really. Not tonight. I had a long flight and we had an early case and well...' 'Yes, Jethro. I have not heard from you in a week and you show up at the house. I am not complaining, but a mother knows these things. Here, sit. Tell me.'

'Mom.' Gibbs did not want to talk about it just yet, but his mom would not let it rest. He knew that she would not tell anyone, not even any of his siblings. When you told her something, it would go to the grave with her unless you let it out. Gibbs sat at the kitchen bar as she made him a sandwich to eat 'Mom, I'm pregnant.' Beverly Gibbs stopped making the sandwich and dropped the mayo jar. Gibbs pulled her out of the way so it did not hit her feet and now his mother was in his arms crying. She knew that he had the condition and had hoped that even though he played for both teams that he would never have to go through it. Not because it was not a joyous thing, but it was life threatening and his real father had died from it.

'You're sure?'

"Yes, Mom. Ducky did the test this morning. I just needed to get away.'

'And the young man?'

'Not now, Mom. Really.'

"Who's there?" came a male voice coming into the kitchen. It was Bobby, who was getting up to go to work and heard the crash.

"Jethro," Bobby said, as well as signed.

"Hey, Bobby," Gibbs did the same. Beverly could read lips but both men could see she was in no condition to do that

'Mom, go up and go to bed. I'll clean this up.'

"Thank you, Jethro.'

Gibbs' mother kissed both her sons, since in this family, if you were an in-law that meant you were family, no matter whether you were male or female. You were a brother or sister no matter what your last name was. Gibbs went to the cupboard and started cleaning the mayo mess up. Bobby grabbed a rag and cleaned the counter.

"So how long you staying?"

"Not sure. I have a week but my boss has been after me for years to take a real vacation."

"Must be a big deal for you to come home."

"Yeah, kind of."

"Well, I'm late for work. You ok?"

"Yeah, I will be."

"Well Bro, I'm a phone call away if you need anything."

"Thanks, Bobby."

Both men hugged and Bobby finished cleaning up and left for work. Gibbs was tired, but he did not want to go to bed yet. It was now 2:30 am and his cell phone went off again. It was Tony. again

"Gibbs."

"Boss, you ok?"

"Fine. I told you."

"I know, but I stopped at your place."

"Why?"
"Sue me. You were sick and I bought you chicken soup."
"Really?"
"Yes, really. Where are you?"
"Tony, if I asked you to drop everything and fly to a place that you did not have a clue about, what would you do?"
Silence. Shit. Gibbs did not want this, he wanted Tony to say, "Sure. When and where?."
"Tony?"
"Yeah. Sorry. Sure, when and where do you want me to meet you?"
"Just be at Laramar airport at 8 am and there will be a plane ready to bring you where I am."
"Boss, where are you?"
"Home."
"No, Boss. I'm standing in your living room."
"Really?"
"Yes, really. You find this hard to believe?"
"Right now? Yes, a little."
"Boss, are you ok?"
"I will be in a few hours. Tony, go now. I will have a plane there for you within the hour. By the time you get here the sun will be rising."
"Boss, look, I'm tired. Can it wait?"
"Yeah, sure, not a problem. Sorry."
"No, fine. Let me run home, make it an hour and half. I want to pack a few things."
"No, don't worry about anything."
"Boss, I need clothing."
"No, you're right. Sure. Ok, yeah."
Gibbs just wanted to hold him and tell him. Hold him, make love to him, his true love. He knew he would never do this if there wasn't part of Tony in him right now, and all the hormones were making him feel all weird.
"Boss, you sure you ok?"
"Yeah, if it is any prize, I have not retched in a few hours."
"Yes, that makes me feel better. Do you want anything from your house?"
"Nope. I am home and have all I need here. And once..." Gibbs stopped.
No not yet. He wanted to talk to Tony, not scare him before he even got there.
"Cool. See you soon, Boss."
"Night, Tony."
Gibbs hung up the phone. Gibbs rarely called Tony by his first name, it was always his last name. Gibbs dialed the phone, called Morrow, and left a message that Tony would be taking vacation. Morrow was one of Gibbs' oldest friends and he never abused the relationship but now he needed a favor and it was giving Tony vacation with him. He knew Morrow would not be happy but hey, it gave Kate and Tim bonding time. He had heard from Abby that although Tim liked her, he really liked Kate. He made one more call.
"Ducky."
"Jethro, is everything ok?"
"Yes, Ducky. Sorry to call at such an hour."
"Jethro, are you really ok? Nothing wrong with the pregnancy so far? I want you to come in and."
"Ducky, look you asked about who the father was and if they knew. Well, no. He does not know and well, DiNozzo."
"I had a feeling. Well, will you tell him?"
"I'm home, Ducky."
"Do you want me to come over? I would say share a pint with you but."
"No, Ducky. HOME, home."
"Oh, good idea. Get a way from it all for a few days."
"Yeah. Look, I'm bringing Tony out."
"Jethro, does he even know that side of you?"
"No, but well, I'm not losing this baby, Duck. I will give him a choice. I'm calling to let you know that he
might give you a heads up and to tell him everything you can."
"That is not a lot. Just that you broke just about every rule, just like now, and I have no doubt that you will
be the first male to live. I will do everything I know how to do, to help that."
"Thanks, Ducky. Look, I just wanted to give you a heads up. I'll let you go. I have to have a plane for him
in an hour and half."
"So soon?"
"Just got here and he called and I took a chance."
"You're not wrong, Jethro. He wants you and has for some time."
"Night, Ducky."
Gibbs hung up the phone and called the people he needed to call, to get a plane ready in an hour and have
Tony brought out. He wanted a plane that had a bed if possible, but on this sort of notice, it would not be
easy, so a seat that would convert to a bed at the least and then he could sleep on the plane. Then he would
have a car at the airport waiting to bring him here.
Gibbs poured a cup of coffee, went out to the porch, and watched the goings on of the ranch. It was
sleeping. He heard movement. He looked up and saw his niece coming out.
"Uncle Jet!"
"Hey there honey, why aren't you in bed?"
"Dog woke up me."
"Come here, honey."
His little niece, Lis, climbed into his lap and fell asleep lying on him.

Tony left NCIS that day and drove home. He knew Gibbs was not well and he wanted to take him, tuck him
in and hold his hand till he got better. Tony was pacing around his place and he just had to check on Gibbs.
He drove over to the deli, picked up some chicken soup and then went to Gibbs' house. It was not even 8
pm, his car was not there and all the lights off. He went in, sat on the sofa for a while and then fell asleep.
He just was taking in Gibbs' scent. It was right there, the sawdust, the musk, Tony was smiling when he
woke but it was well after 11 pm and he tried Gibbs' cell.
"Answer, damn it!"
"Damn it, Boss! Where are you? You're not home and it's past 11. I
hope your ok. Call me and let me know that you're ok. I'm worried about you."
Tony put the phone down, poured himself a bourbon and started to polish off Gibbs' bottle. When Tony
could barely see the clock, it was now 2:30, Tony tried again and this time, Gibbs picked up.
"Gibbs."
"Boss, you ok?"
"Fine. I told you."
"I know, but I stopped at your place."
"Why?"
"Sue me. You were sick and I bought you chicken soup."
"Really?"
"Yes, really. Where are you?"
"Tony, if I asked you to drop everything and fly to a place that you did not have a clue about, what would
you do?"
God, Tony had wanted to hear those words for years now. He was shitfaced, reeling with the sound of
Gibbs' voice and trying to sound sober.
"Tony?"
"Yeah, sorry. Sure, when and where do you want me to meet you?"
"Just be at Laramar airport at 8 am and there will be a plane ready to bring you where I am."
"Boss, where are you?"
Tony was now sitting he could not support his weight any longer with the news of Gibbs asking him to
come to some place unknown.
"Home."
"No, Boss. I'm standing in your living room."
"Really?"
"Yes, really. You find this hard to believe?"
"Right now? Yes, a little."
"Boss, are you ok?"
"I will be in a few hours. Tony, go now. I will have a plane there for you within the hour. By the time you get here the sun will be rising."
"Boss, look, I'm tired. Can it wait?"
"Yeah, sure, not a problem. Sorry."
"No, fine. Let me run home, make it an hour and half. I want to pack a few things."
God, he had to sober up. Ok, call a cab. Tony made a checklist in his head. Call Morrow and tell him a family thing came up.
"No, don't worry about anything."
"Boss, I need clothing."
"No, you're right. Sure. Ok, yeah."
Tony was now totally lost. Gibbs told him not to worry about anything. The same Leroy Jethro Gibbs who had a 1980 sofa and 1970 bathroom.
"Boss, you sure you ok?"
"Yeah, if it is any prize, I have not retched in a few hours."
"Yes, that makes me feel better. Do you want anything from your house?"
Tony wanted to retch now.
"Nope. I am home and have all I need here. And once..." Gibbs went silent. Tony wanted him to finish it, he wanted to hear Gibbs say, "I love you. Get here now."
"Cool. See you soon, Boss."
"Night, Tony."
The phone went dead. He called a cab because he was in no shape to drive. Then he called Morrow and explained it to voice mail. When the cab got there, Tony told him to make it quick and he'd get extra. They drove to his house and he packed for everything thing he could imagine. He had no clue what the weather was like. It was summer but still he had no idea where he was going. Tony packed and his cab took him to the airport. When he got there, a Lear jet was waiting for him. They took his luggage and showed him where he could lie down and sleep for the flight. Tony was just floored that Gibbs could arrange something like this so fast without say, Abby' help.
Tony fell asleep and before he knew it, a nice hot stewardess was waking him. Funny, he did not even notice her until he had her cleavage in his face and she was almost forcing herself on him. Tony looked at his watch, it was after 4 am and he figured the sun should be up soon. She showed him the limo waiting for him. He saw an older person opening the door and noticed that it was just barely sunrise.
"Excuse me."
"Yes, Mr. DiNozzo?"
"You know who I am?"
"Yes, Mr. Gibbs sent me to pick you up."
"Oh, um, what time is it?"
"Quarter after 6."
"Oh, so central time?"
"Yes, and welcome to Texas."
"Texas. What the hell?"
"Well, sir, if you would get in the car, we can go out to the Gibbs homestead."
"Oh, yes. Thanks."
They got in the car and Tony started to nod off again but he heard the man call and tell Mr. Gibbs they would be pulling up soon. Tony had seen nothing for miles but fence. They came to a front gate where the man hit a button and a moment later the gate opened. The limo drove up to the front door and there was Jethro standing and holding a little girl that could not be more the 3 or 4. Tony's heart sank. He was here to meet Gibbs' real wife.
The driver opened the trunk and removed Tony's bag.
"Tony."
"Boss."
"NO! Here, I'm Jethro."

"Ok, Jethro. What's going on. Who's the kid?"

Before Gibbs could answer, he was kissing Tony with fire and passion and the little girl was between them. Tony had dreams about this, even to the point of imagining that they had kids. Gibbs put his free hand behind Tony's head and drew Tony in for the kiss. Yes, they would kiss when they had sex but it was never real kissing. It was just what it was. Now this was real. This had fire and love and even passion behind it. Both men could feel the other wanting to crawl inside the other.

The little girl in her uncle's arms started to stir. Gibbs broke the kiss when he felt her move under the pressure of Tony and him being so close. But neither Gibbs nor Tony wanted to break the kiss. "Boss." Tony just got a glare. "Sorry, Jethro."

"Uncle Jet, who this? He my new uncle?" The 3 year old asked plainly. Tony wanted to hear the word "yes".

"How about we all go in and start making breakfast? Everyone should be up soon. Heck, I'm shocked that Mitch and Bret are not up already."

"Jethro? Can you please?"

"Later, Tony, later," Gibbs said. His eyes more then his words indicated that all would be revealed in time. Tony just grabbed his bag and walked into the house. Gibbs walked upstairs and showed Tony the one of the guest rooms. "Just put your stuff in here. You can unpack later because I need help in the kitchen to cook for everyone."

"How many is everyone, Bo, I mean, Jethro? I'm not that great of cook."

"Can you scramble eggs?"

"That I can do."

"Good. About 2 dozen eggs need cooking."

The little girl was watching the new man with her head on her uncle's shoulder. Tony made funny faces at her and got her to giggle. Gibbs just smiled and took them to the kitchen the back way. Tony kept thinking about how huge the house was. Even larger then the one he grew up in.

"OK, Lis, how about you help Tony over there breaking the eggs open. No shells, ok?"

"Ok, Uncle Jet," the little girl pulled a stool over next to Tony and started cracking eggs open. Tony helped and fished out the few shells that Lis got in the eggs.

"Lis is it?"

"Yes, sir," she said, signing and speaking.

"Why are you signing?"

"My mother is deaf, Tony. That's how we talk around here. When you talk to her make sure you're looking at her. She is great with reading lips."

"Ok, good to know," Gibbs was making some kind of dough. They heard dogs running around down the stairs and in walked a handsome man.

"Hey, Bro," Mitchell walked into the kitchen. "Hey. Name's Mitchell and you are?"

"I'm Tony. I would shake," Tony held up his hands full of eggs. Mitchell saw the little girl next to Tony, smiling and looking at Tony the whole time and not at the eggs.

"So, sleeping in?"

"Yeah, Bret is on his way."

"I'm what? Oh hey, Jet. What brings you home?" Both men were getting coffee.

"Needed time to think."

"Who's the new man? Hey. Name's Bret."

"Hey, Bret. I'm Tony." Both men sat at the island watching Tony.

"You two could help you know."

"We are making sure it is done right."

"Get your ass in here now and make the gravy!"

"Yes, Sir!" Mitchell snapped to attention. He was an army boy, he joined, served his 4 years and got out. He walked over and started making sausage gravy. Bret started making bacon and sausage. Gibbs was now working on pancake batter.

Tony saw a lovely lady, all of about 5 feet tall, walk in and watch the goings on in the kitchen. "Nana," the little girl said, hopping off the stool and running to her grandmother. All of the men turned
around and saw their mother standing there.
"Hey mom," they all signed and went back to their work. All but Jethro. He walked over and hugged his mom.
"Are you ok?"
"Fine. You need to sit, stop trying to kill yourself."
"Mom, I'm fine." The only one speaking was Gibbs, his mom was just signing.
"Who's the handsome man?"
"He Tony, he my new uncle"
Tony had been swigging his coffee and now Mitchell was wearing it.
"Sorry, dude."
"No, don't it is a lot better than when I come home" Mitchell was signing but Tony did not know what any of them were saying.
"Jethro, is he the one?"
"Mom, not now. Please," Gibbs said while signing.
"Ok, later then." she walked over to Tony and hugged him.
"Welcome. Now go over there and sit. I will not have a guest working their first day," she said as she signed. Tony could understand her words and looked to Gibbs for help.
"You heard the lady, I would not mess with her if I were you."
"Thank you mama but I'm ok. I like helping out."
"OHHH!" The men were all now watching the goings on in the kitchen.
"Shoo!" the lady said and head slapped Tony. Gibbs just smiled as Tony looked at her, then him.
"I see where you get it."
Tony tried to look at her while saying it to Gibbs so she could read his lips. Tony got up, washed his hands, sat at the table in the kitchen and watched.
"Mom. Sit. We got this today."
"Thank you, Mitch." Beverly sat and drank her coffee, just eyeing up Tony. Tony felt very weird being the center of attention for once. He heard more people coming up. There was a lovely women holding a young baby and 3 more following her.
"Morning, Mom." The lady walked in and then saw Tony at the table. Then seeing 3 men in the kitchen.
"Jethro, you're home."
"Yeah." He was beating something.
"Here. Give him to me and you go help," Beverly said to her daughter Susan.
"Hi. I'm Tony."
"Hello, Tony. Nice to meet you. This is Benny, Lyn, William and Ray." She said as she pointed to each of the children who were walking over and hugging their uncles and their dad. "Bret's my husband."
"Well, nice to meet you."
She went and started getting the plates out. The oldest, Benny, was helping set the table.
"Lyn, go up and see about waking Sam and Bryan up. I think your aunt Linda is up as well."
"Yes, Mom." Again everything was signed as well as spoken.
"You teach them sign language at a young age."
"Well, Mom's deaf so we want to make sure they can all talk to her. Do you know any?"
"Nope, but our lab tech Abby does."
The family was joined by Leonard, who ran out the door after grabbing a piece of bacon and a cup of coffee. Lis was still sitting next to Tony. Tony was entertaining all the kids at the table, while the meal was being finished. The eggs, bacon and sausage were placed on the table. Jethro was making the pancakes and Susan was pouring drinks. The last of the children had finally shown up.
"So Tony are you and my brother dating?" This time Gibbs almost spit out his coffee from Mitchell's frank question.
"Not at the table," Beverly, seeing how the question affected both men said.
"Yes, Mom."
"So how long you staying bro?"
"Not sure, about a week or so."
"Cool. We could use you out there, the north fence needs repairing."
"OK, Tony and I would love to help out." Gibbs said, while looking at Tony.
"Yeah sure."
"No, you will do no such thing. You need rest," Beverly signed.
"I'm fine, Mom." Tony saw where Gibbs got his stare from while the whole family was wondering why and what was going on.
"Fine. I will take it easy."
"Good. Now Tony, how long have you been working with Jethro?" She turned the conversation to NCIS and what they did and such. The time was coming up on almost 10 and between Mitch and Bret cell phones were going off. Linda's was also going off about a few calves that were due for delivery, that were in quarantine and a few births. The kids had cleared the table and the adults were clearing the kitchen when Bobby walked in, went over to Mitchell and gave him a kiss. Then he made a quick plate and sat at the table in front of Tony. Tony was just taking everything in and trying to size everything up.
"Hey, name's Bobby. Must be Jethro's friend."
"Yeah, Tony. Nice to meet you." Tony was just staring at him, thinking about how he just kissed another man in the kitchen.
"Relax, we're a couple. That man over there is my husband." Bobby was signing now.
"Yeah, unfortunately," Mitchell chimed in.
"I can always leave you."
"You know better, Momma would hunt you down, she likes you better." They all got a chuckle out of the banter.
Beverly was watching Tony and making it look like she was feeding the baby, Raymond.
"OK, well, we got to run. Nice to meet you Tony, see you at dinner." Mitchell kissed Bobby, Bret kissed Susan and they both ran out of the house. The kids were taken to their school by Susan on her way to work. The kitchen was empty except for Bobby who was still eating, baby Raymond, Billy and Lis. Tony was sitting there trying to be invisible but people kept watching him. Gibbs was now sitting next to him.
"So, what's your plan for the day Bro?"
"Thinking about taking Tony out to see the lake."
"Me come go swim," Lis and Billy started asking.
"No, you two. We can sit by the pool. Uncle Jet and Tony need to be alone." The kids were not happy because they loved their uncle Jethro and loved to be around him since he was never home.
"Please?"
"Maybe later guys, ok? Tony and I really need to talk about some stuff."
"Jethro, he is the one?" Beverly said in sign.
"Mom, please." Gibbs signed back without speaking. Bobby watched what was going on.
"OK, kids. Let's go get our suits on." Bobby cleaned his plate, washed it and took all the kids up the stairs so they would not being in the middle of the fight that might ensue.
"Jethro, just answer the question. I'm worried about you."
"Mom, please let me talk to him first. He, well, it is complicated."
"So I am right?"
"MOM!"
"Boss, do you want me to leave?"
"No, Tony. We're leaving. Thanks, Mom." Gibbs kissed the top of her head and showed Tony out of the house to a barn they had a few yards away.
"Boss?"
"Tony, please. Jethro. Here I am Jethro."
"Sorry. It is force of habit more than anything."
"OK. What?"
"Why did you not tell us about this place?"
"Ducky knows about it, he's been here once, a very long time ago." Gibbs was thinking back about how he had known Ducky all his life. Never asked, but Ducky was the one that delivered him from his father. Gibbs stopped at the door to the barn and looked into Tony's eyes. Gibbs was lost in the moment, neither of them could escape, nor did either of them want to.
"Tony this is me, the real me. I just like personal stuff to stay personal. I trust you all but well..."
"Shh, Jethro. I get it. Oh and Bobby's cute." Tony smiled. Gibbs just shook his head and they walked into the barn. Gibbs readied his horse and a spare that they had. He tacked them up and Tony got on one horse and Gibbs got on his own. Gibbs led the way. Even though the kids all went to a school with an accelerated program, it was the middle of the summer. Gibbs and Tony were not running or cantering, they were just walking. It was getting hotter and hotter out.
"Tony, this ranch has been in my family for years. My Dad's family." Tony was taking it all in. He never heard Gibbs talk about any family at all, let alone his. After about a 2-hour ride and both men sweating like hell, they came upon a lake. It was fenced in to keep the animals out of this area.
"My dad had this built years ago. The cattle can use the other side but this side is for the family to swim."
There was a nice sandy beach and the water was lake color.
"Nice, but I did not bring my suit."
"So? You think I did?" Gibbs tied his horse up, got him water from the lake and did the same for Tony's horse.
"Now Jethro, what the hell is going on? You fly me out in the middle of the night to talk and... What?"
"Can we at least get in the water? I am sweating like a pig." Gibbs could see Tony visibly getting pissed. Tony watched Gibbs shuck his clothing, neatly fold each piece, walk out on the small dock that was there and dive in. Tony did the same. He swam up on the other side of Gibbs. It was deep so that they could not stand.
When Tony came up from the water, Gibbs smiled. He swam closer, smiling his devilish smile and kissed Tony while treading water. Tony, while longing for the kiss, pushed him away.
"No. Talk. Gibbs, look I..."
"Ok, but not here, I'm cool on the dock OK."
"Fine but damn it, I want answers!"
"Fine." They went over and climbed out on the ladder. Since they had no towels, they both just sat on the edge and dangled their feet in the water.
"Ok, Tony, look." Both men moved so that they each had one foot in the water and were looking into the others eyes. A lot was said without words, as their eyes met.
"OK, Tony, what we have been doing is a lot of fun. I like it a lot more than I ever figured that I would."
"Yeah, ok. We fucked. Tell me you did not fly me halfway across the US to say it's over?" Tony was trying to act like it was ok and that none of this meant anything.
"No. Tony, relax. Look I'm trying to say I suck at this. Two failed marriages and almost 3."
"What?"
"This, Tony. You, me."
"There is no you, me."
"I know. Like I said, I suck at this."
"What are you trying to say, Jethro?" Tony was hurting now. He wanted to say, "I love you, Jethro." but he could not form the words. Gibbs was the same way. He knew he did not want to hurt Tony and he was about to. He thought Tony would flip out about everything.
"Tony, I wanted you to meet my family for a reason."
"They're great. You should have told me more about them."
"Yeah, you're right. I hope that you will forgive me."
"I do and always will."
"God, look, why is. This making me so hard."
"Well, so are you." Tony smiled both men looking at Gibb's rock hard erection
"So are you, Tony," Gibbs said and now attention "Tonyiloveyou" Gibbs blurted out, not at all Gibbs-like.
"What?" Tony was lost and distracted.
"I love you, Tony. There it's out." Tony could not form any words. All the moisture had left his throat.
"Tony?" Gibbs was now scared that Tony did not share his love. Both men were dried off now from the hot Texas sun. Gibbs did not see it coming but Tony attacked him, he pushed him over and latched onto his lips. Now hardness pressing against hardness and both men were fighting for a spot. Gibbs let out the first sound.
"UMM." Gibbs was now getting his bearings and moved his one hand to Tony's ass and the other to Tony's erection.
"OH god, Boss!"
"No, Jethro."
"Jethro. Pull it please," Tony was begging for release now. Gibbs satisfied him. Tony's hand was now pulling Gibbs, matching the motion on top of Gibbs' hand. Both men were moaning and panting, and not letting the other really breath from the endless kiss.
"AHHHHHHH," Tony yelled as he shot his load between them. Tony was moving his hips and Gibbs also shot his load between them, from the movement of the hands and Tony's hips. Both men let the others mouth go and now they were both hot and sweaty and panting. Both were tired and just wanted to curl up but Gibbs knew that they would be burning soon.
"OK, Tony, in the water now."
"No, just want to lay here."
"Tony, if you don't, we are going to burn. So either we'll go in the water and I'll finish telling you what I have to tell you or we'll rinse off, ride back and I'll tell you at the house, with who knows who around. I am sure Mom will bombard you with questions."
"What's wrong, Jethro? Please, tell me you're not dying." Gibbs got quiet, turned away and rolled into the water. Tony's heart was now up in his throat from Jethro's lack of answer. Tony looked at the water as Gibbs poked his head up.
"Jethro, you're dying, right?"
"Tony."
"No, you are. That's why you're telling me this now."
"Tony, get in the damn water!" Tony flopped into the water. He poked his head up and they both swam over to where they felt the fine, silty lake bottom under their feet.
"Tony, this is going to sound weird and you will need time. Call Ducky, he will answer any questions you have."
"God, I knew it. You are dying." Gibbs could see tears forming in Tony's eyes. Gibbs took a hand and wiped one away.
"OK, listen to me. I am not planning on dying, ok? I just found you, I'm not letting you go."
"Then, what? What's the matter?"
"Tony, I have a condition. It is called Hannmor Syndrome. Only about 1 out of 4 billion get it. Up until me, it has been."
"God, Jethro. Why you? What makes you so special?"
"Tony, I will not let it take me away form you and our children." Tony's mouth again went dry as can be.
"Tony, this syndrome only appears in men. It means "Male Mother" in Norwegian. It was named after a scientist there about 100 years ago."
"Boss, you said children."
"Yes, Tony. You remember the Watson case?"
"Yes, that was intense, and then after...""
"Yes, after, well, you and I had sex."
"Yes, it was great."
"Yes, well the condom must have broken, since, well, Tony, I'm pregnant." Tony was just staring at the man in front of him.
"Um, Jethro? Newsflash! You're a guy." Suddenly Tony got a head slap from behind.
"Duh! Ya think, Tony? "Male Mother" ring a bell?"
"You're a guy," Tony said again.
"Yes, we have established that. You just made me cum form my cock, very good."
"Um, Jethro, how can you be pregnant? You're a GUY!"
"Yes, the syndrome I have, well, I also can get pregnant and that night was the last time I had any kind of sex. At least for one of us."
"Look, we are not..."
"Tony, I'm not bitching. I hated watching you walk out every time and go to some club and go home with someone else."
"Then, why didn't you stay?"
"You never asked."
"You never gave any indication that you wanted to."
"OK then, we both suck at this part."
"Jethro, how can you? You mean that you're carrying my? I mean, you have a baby in?"
Tony could not finish a sentence, each time coming up with more and more things to ask. He started to hyperventilate.
"OK. Breathe. Tony, you need to breathe." Gibbs started helping Tony out of the water and up onto the beach. Tony did not see when Gibbs stepped away over to a cabinet that was covered in plants and he got out a towel. Gibbs walked back and started drying and dressing Tony, who was beginning to calm down a little. Just the motions from the drying and dressing was calming for Tony. Tony was a very tactile person, he always liked to be touched or be touching someone.
"OK, can you speak now?" Gibbs kissed him lightly and began getting himself dressed.
"Jethro, you're not joking? This is not some kind of sick joke?"
"No, I'm not. It runs in my family. My biological father died giving birth to me. I am the only living child ever from this syndrome."
"So, you're going to die if you give birth?"
"No, I will not let that happen."
"How can you stop it? Oh god!" Tony sat on the ground. Gibbs' cell phone went off, he looked at the caller ID and the display said Ducky.
"Gibbs...yes. Ducky, I just told him...not well...ok." Gibbs stooped down to Tony's level and sat on the ground with him.
"Ducky wants to talk to you."
"Yeah, sure, right." Tony was out of it. "Ducky..." There was a long pause where Tony almost wasn't breathing. Gibbs did not let go of Tony, he just kept rubbing circles on his back. "Yes, ok, but....ok, good to know. What about...yes, ok. I'll make sure of that. This is for real right, Duck? You're not both trying to get me and then Abby'll jump out and say surprise...Thanks. Ok, here he is." Tony handed the phone back to Gibbs, who took it but did not let go of Tony. Tony leaned into the rubbing and then laid his head in Gibbs lap.
"Thanks, Ducky. Not sure when but....you did what...Ducky, I wish you would have waited....yeah he knew about it when he and I, well, ok, I guess. I'm sure he will be calling soon. Thanks, Ducky." Gibbs flipped the phone closed.
"What's wrong?" Tony sat up, taking Gibbs' hand and looking into his ice blue eyes. Gibbs took his other hand and cupped Tony face.
"Ducky told Morrow about my condition and that I am expecting. Morrow knew I had it when he and I fooled around because I told him, so I'm sure he is putting two and two together and getting four, since I brought you out here."
"Oh god. the whole office will," Gibbs' hand now more firm on Tony's face, snapped Tony out of the rant. "No one knows anything. They only will know what we choose to tell them."
"Jethro. What does all this mean?"
"Ok, first, Tony, I have loved you for some time now. I just figured you did not have feelings for me. You never asked me to stay"
Tony was about to say something but Gibbs put one finger on Tony's lips and silenced him.
"I am going to have this child. I would like you to be a part of that life, but I will understand if that is a little much for you and you decide to bail. I will not hold it against you and you can fly back and be in the office Monday." It was now Saturday.
"We both suck at relationships and I'm sure we will fuck it up somehow, but for now, just know that I am not going to die and that in 8 months or so we will have a baby in the world."
"God, Gibbs. I just don't know what to say or do. This is all a little much. First you tell me something that I had hoped you would have told me the moment I met you. Then you tell me that me fucking you, since sorry, that is what it was, I would rather have it be more, but boil it down and it was a fuck."
"Yes, you're right, it was. Give me time and I will make love to you and make you cry from what I can do to you and what I hope you will do to me."
"OK, slow down, Tonto! Then you tell me that from that fuck, you are carrying my child. A male is
pregnant with my child. This is a lot to wrap my head around."
"Well, what do you want me to do? Tony, I can't leave you out here. You will never find the house again. Hell, it could take weeks to find you out here. We try not to use this pasture that much."
"I don't want to be alone, at least I don't think I do. No offense, I like your family, they all seem cool and tried to make me feel welcome, but I felt like I was under glass and right now, I just need to think." Gibbs looked up at the sun and then down at his watch. It was almost 3 in the afternoon.
"Well, Tony, we can stay out here, but you're getting red already and I did not bring sun block, like a stupid person. I should have known and thought ahead."
"Oh, my Marine was not ready." Tony got a head slap and smiled at it.
"Tony, what do you want?"
"Time to think."
"Ok, I'll take you home and you can stay in the room. I'll just tell everyone you're not feeling good."
"What'll they think?"
"Only my Mom knows. She is, well, I got the gut from her."
"She is a lovely woman. Can I ask you something?"
"Anything."
"Ok, so you were. I mean, well, your father carried you. How is your Mom, your Mom?"
"OK. Well, see, Dad, the one that married my mother and I have his last name, had a small fling with the man who later became my father. The man who gave birth to me was a good friend. I do not really know the dynamic there, I never asked. The man I knew as my Dad raised me and was my Dad. My Mom is my Mom and well, they are all, I guess, half brothers and sisters."
"So your one brother Mitch, is gay?"
"Yeah. He and Bobby have been together for like 8 years now, I think. They adopted the kids some time back."
"Jethro, look, I just need some time. I want to talk to Ducky."
"Fine, then we'll go home and I'll take you to your room and you can lock out the world. When you're ready you will come out."
"Can I ask one more thing?"
"Ok, what?"
"Does it have to be the guest room?"
"What room would you like?" Gibbs was hoping for the obvious.
"Yours."
"Tony, look."
"If you say no, then say no. I don't need an explanation" Gibbs gave Tony another head slap.
"Listen, I was not going to say no. I was going to say, are you sure? I will end up there tonight to sleep."
"I know, but."
"Tony, you have always been welcome in my bed."
"Then why did we always fuck at my house?"
"Never figured you'd want my old hard as a rock mattress."
"What happens when we go home? Do we live together or what?"
"Well, let's get past this first, then we can talk about that. You need to think, then think. We'll get you fed then you can think."
Tony just leaned over and kissed Gibbs. Gibbs' hand did not leave Tony's face and his other hand let go of Tony's and cupped the other side and ran his hand through his hair.
"OK, let's get back. It will be time to start dinner and everyone will be coming home. Let's get you hidden fast."
"Thanks," Tony said almost looking away in shame.
"What?"
"I feel weird, I guess."
"Don't. I'm the freak here."
Gibbs stood up and helped Tony up. Then they walked over to the horses, Gibbs helped Tony get into his saddle and they both rode back to the house. The house was still empty. Jethro's mom was in the kitchen cooking something. Ray was up for a nap with Bobby and Billy and Lis were off with their dads out feeding
something or another.
"Mom," Gibbs flicked the lights and signed.
"Did you tell him?"
She could see written on Tony's face, the hurt and sorrow. "Shoo. You go away now," Beverly said to her son.
"Look Mom, he just wants to think about things."
"I know and I will let him. But I want."
"Mom, look. I know you want to mother him. He asked to stay in my room, is that ok?"
"Where else would he stay?" she asked. She only signed, Jethro was speaking aloud as well.
"Well, the guest room?" Gibbs got a head smack from the 5-foot woman. Tony cracked a smile.
"There. That is better. He smiles. Ok, you! Out of the kitchen, I will send him to your room in a moment."
"Yes, Mom," Gibbs turned to Tony, "She wants to talk to you alone. I will meet you in the guest room, then walk you over to my room."
"Ok," Tony said softly, "How do I?"
"Just look at her. She is good, and don't yell. She is deaf, no matter how loud you say it."
"Got it." Gibbs pecked his cheek and walked up the back stairs. She motioned for Tony to sit down. She spoke and signed, "Are you ok, Son?"
"Fine, Mama."
"Please call me Mom or Momma, Mama makes me feel old."
Tony listened to what she said, processing it. He did not want to seem rude and ask her to repeat it.
"Ok, Mom"
"Much better. Honey, it is a lot to take in. We are all here if you want to talk, but just do me one favor, ok?"
"I'll try."
"Don't shut out the world. He needs you more than you know."
"I know and I need him."
"Good start. Just a word of warning, he is a bastard to the core." she smiled as did Tony. She got up and made Tony a sandwich and a glass of fresh milk from some of their cows. She then sent him up to the room.
Tony got lost and almost ran over Bobby.
"Hey there, partner. Where's the fire? Better not let Momma catch you with food out of the kitchen."
"No, really, she gave it to me."
"Oh, must be big. She never lets any food be eaten outside of the kitchen or dining room. So what's up?"
"Bobby, right?"
"Yup."
"I'm trying to find Jethro and the guest room he first showed me where I put my stuff."
"Well, let's check his room, then we can look in the guest wing."
"What are you doing up here? Don't you help out on the ranch? Sorry. I ask too many questions."
"Not a biggy, partner. No, I work for the Fort Worth Police Department. I'm a CSI ballistic expert. I guess Jethro and I are the only two that don't have something to do with the ranch. Even Leonard does, he does all the books."
They came to a big room, knocked on the door and got no answer. Bobby poked his head in.
"Damn, this place is huge."
"Yup. Well, the whole family lives here. Momma is big on family. She wants all her children to live under one roof. Hell, I remember the first time Mitch brought me home, I got lost and it took me a hour to find a bathroom. But I've never left since then. Jethro is the only one that got out and does not live in the house. But now since he is bring home a person, I'm guessing he's moving home soon." They came to the guest wing. "Yeah, bro, you down here anyplace?"
"Yes," Jethro came out of one of the r
Chapter 2: And Baby Makes...

After Gibbs hung up the phone, he just was not ready to go to bed, even though when he was on the phone he was practically falling asleep. He went downstairs and started working on the boat. He wanted to have a drink but he knew that would be wrong. He was pissed anyway when he found out that his bourbon was empty. He smiled remembering that Tony got shit-faced at his place before he called again while Gibbs was in Texas. Gibbs did not even notice when he passed out under the boat yet again. He was awakened by something outside, possibly his buddy next door mowing his lawn or something. Gibbs called Morrow to let him know what was going on. Tom was concerned about Gibbs returning to work, but Gibbs reassured him that he would listen to Ducky’s words of advice and follow them to the letter. If not, Tony would make it happen. Gibbs just hung around the house and did nothing all day. He called Tony 3 times. Tony answered but was distant. Gibbs heard Abby in the background and the last time, Abby answered and Gibbs said he dialed the wrong number. Gibbs worked out his frustrations on the boat.

He had just found Tony. Well, just confessed to Tony that he loved him and that they were having a baby together. Tony had taken it well considering the weirdness factor. Gibbs missed him. The smell, the sight, just everything about him. He had never missed anyone this much. It was going to be hell keeping it a secret and not always being able to see his man.

*~*~*~*~*

Tony hung up the phone and tried to get comfy in the bed. He just could not get settled. Every time he thought he found a way to get comfortable, he would miss something. Tony did not know why he could not fall asleep. He loved his bed; it was huge. It was a queen size bed with a great mattress and the thread count on his sheets was high.

Tony got out of bed, walked to the liquor cabinet and poured himself a shot of vodka. Then he walked back into the room and figured out what the matter was. The bed was too big for just him. He had been in a larger bed this past week with Gibbs and he needed his living pillow back. He did not have a damned thing with Gibbs' smell on it. He decided he could not call Gibbs because he was long asleep and this was a stupid thing to wake him for.

Tony just lay in bed staring at the ceiling. He missed Gibbs. He was just thinking about how much Gibbs had changed his life in one week.

Tony now had a family, a real family. They met him one day and they welcomed him in, like he had always been there. He now had nieces and nephews that wanted to hang all over him. In nine months or so god willing, Gibbs would give birth to his child. They would have a kid together. That information, in and of itself, was deep and hard to wrap his mind around. Tony loved Gibbs' family, now his family too. Even the hell Gibb's brother would put him through and the joking around all over. It was nice to see the other side of Gibbs. He was still the bastard and no one but Mom made him act differently but Tony never knew that Gibbs could quote Shakespeare or Chaucer.

Tony slowly drifted off to sleep while thinking about how his life had and will continue to change even more. He was really thinking about how he and Gibbs would spend more time together. Work was hell and yes, they would have nights when they slept over the other's place but they’d still have to maintain two different addresses. That would be hell. They had only been apart for a few hours and he already was having withdrawal of being near Gibbs.

Tony was not sure when, but he started smelling something. It smelled good, like bacon. He knew he was home, so it was not Mom cooking for the house, or even Gibbs getting up early and cooking for the whole estate. Tony threw on a pair of boxers and followed the smell. He walked out into his apartment. It was in a run down section of town but it was clean, and the rent was cheap. The place although small was large
enough for him. It had a living room, with a leather sofa, a huge flat screen TV and every kind of Game station. He also had a computer with a wireless network that Abby had set up for him. He rounded the corner and found Abby bouncing in his kitchen making food.

"What are you doing here?"

"Tony, Tony, Tony," Abby hugged him, "Not nice, running off and not telling me where you were going."

"Nice to see you, Abby. Is there coffee in there some place?"

"Yup, just the way you like it."

Abby handed him a fresh cup of the coffee from his favorite shop.

"So you're back now, where'd you go?"

"No place special."

There was a small table in the kitchen for eating. Tony never used it, since he would always order out or the neighbor next door that was like 80, who was like the grandmother he always wanted.

"Out with it, Tony. Where'd you go at the drop of a hat like that? Bossman split after the case, as well."

"I heard. I called him to let him know I was going out of town at the last minute and that I could not help it. He said he was too. So I called the Director."

"So what happened?"

"I had to help someone out."

Abby started to make a pouty face.

"What?"

"Tony, you tell me everything. Why so cryptic?"

"Just one of my frat brothers got into trouble and he needed help getting out of it."

"What. Ever," she started making a plate, "Eat."

"How many Caff-pows have you had?"

"Only one."

"How the hell are you this awake, at this time in the morning? What time is it, anyway?"

"11"

"I slept like shit."

"Why?"

"Not sure," Tony's cell phone went off. He went back to his room and got it, "DiNozzo."
"Hey."

"Hey, yourself," Gibbs said.

"Tony, who's that? Your food's getting cold."

"Abby there?"

"Yeah, she is making me food. I just woke up. Slept for shit."

"Me too. Well, I'll let you go."

"Thanks for calling. Miss you," Tony whispered the last part.

"Love you too," and they both hung up the phone.

Tony threw the phone on the bed.

"Come on, your food's getting cold. Then we're going shopping for an outfit for the club tonight! Then clubbing. Then, well, I'm sure you'll go home with someone."

"Maybe. I'm not really feeling like dancing."

This made Abby think.

"Tony, you love clubbing."

"Yeah, it is fun, but still, just thinking about sitting at home."

"No! You said you'd go with me and after this weeks case, they had two dead kids, I need to get out."

"I said I would and I will. Now let's eat, my belly is yelling at me."

She smiled as he put his arm around her and they walked into the kitchen.

*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

"What do you think, Tony?" Abby came out of the dressing room in Hot Topic.

"What? I'm sorry. I have to go. Talk to you tomorrow, I hope."

Tony was talking to Gibbs, well, trying too. He hung up the phone.

"Who was that, Tony?"

"My frat brother thanking me."

"So."

"It's nice Abby."

"You aren't even looking! My god, Tony! What's gotten into you while you were gone? So what you
wearing?"

"Just a pair of slacks and a shirt."

"No way! You are dressing up."

"Abby, I really do not."

Abby crossed her arms, then started to walk toward him and grabbed his ear.

"You're dressing up, damn it!"

The person behind the counter smiled.

"Fine. I give up. I'm dressing up. How about my leather pants and mesh shirt?"

"What about your eyes? You have got to make your eyes look cool."

"OK, I will do them up, Abby."

The rest of the day Tony just wanted to walk away and go hang out with his man. He felt bad for Abby, she was trying to make him happy and it just was not working. When it was time to get ready, Tony was more in the mood. He had on tight leather pants and a mesh shirt and he put eyeliner on his eyes to make them stand out more.

"Rock on!"

"You think?"

"Yes."

"Let's go."

Tony locked the door on their way out to his car. They got in the car and drove over to the club. One the way his cell phone went off and Abby picked it up and saw Gibbs' name.

"Bossman, what's up?"

"Abby. I was trying to get. Never mind, wrong number."

"Bossman, you ok?"

"Fine. Just hit the wrong number. I was trying to call Ducky about something," Gibbs hung up the phone.

"Was that Jethro?" Tony said it aloud, meaning to say Gibbs.

"Jethro? Now you're calling him Jethro? Damn, what happened to you?"

"Nothing. What did the boss want?"

"Nothing. He said he hit the wrong number and was trying to get Ducky."

"Ducky? Did he say why?"
"Relax, he sounds fine. What's the matter? You're getting all worked up."

"Nothing, just nothing."

Abby was bound and determined to get it out of him tonight, even if it hurt him. They got to the new club on Depot Circle. Abby knew the bouncer who was one of her play toys.

"Tony, he is so checking you out!"

"That's nice, Abby. Let's go dance."

Abby was now worried. Tony never turned down a hot anything. Tony walked in and started dancing out on the floor. Abby was right there with him, but she ended up trailing off with some club kid. Tony made his way off the dance floor and got a bottle of water. He was driving tonight and did not want to take any risks. What got him worried was that Gibbs was trying to call Ducky. He wondered if the baby was ok.

"What are you doing? There are all these hotties staring at your ass."

"Just dehydrated, Abby."

"Bullshit."

"I'm going right back out."

Tony jumped back on the dance floor while Abby watched. The old Tony would be up on everything. He'd be out there dancing, sucking some person's face and going home with someone. Something was wrong.

Tony saw that Abby was back on the dance floor so he reached into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone. It was about 1 am now and they had been there for a while. He had been dancing but could not shake the fact that Gibbs was calling Ducky. He knew they were friends and he would hope that if something were wrong, they would have called him. Tony was taking a sip of water, when suddenly, the bottle fell and his head was in a headlock. He found himself almost looking up Abby's dress. She pulled him from the club while the bouncer laughed as they walked out. She pulled him up to Tony's car, the whole way keeping Tony in a headlock.

"Abby! What the hell? Ouch!"

"Talk you. What the fuck?"

"Abby, let me up now. Please?"

Tony was turning red. He knew what she meant and he had been stupid not playing it up like the playboy and instead being a love-struck fool and acting all mopey.

"Talk! I'm not letting you up till you do."

Abby applied more pressure to him and it hurt like hell. She was a feisty little person, never would have thought that sweet and innocent Abby, well, not the innocent part, but still.

"Abby, you're crazy."

"Crazy, am I? You not hitting on people that are eyeing you up. You're only drinking water. You called Gibbs, 'Jethro'. Spill the beans, damn it. You know I'll keep you like this."
"Is there a problem here?" a beat cop asked walking up to them in the parking lot.

"No, officer. We're good," Abby said with a smile and her normal bounce.

"Sir? Are you ok"?

"Fine, officer. Just having a disagreement, but we're good. We'll be leaving soon."

"Can I see some ID, please?"

"Abby, let me up."

"Nope," Abby fished out Tony's wallet and handed it to the cop. She got hers out as well. Tony's had the badge and official NCIS ID. Abby just had an ID and no badge.

"I'm sorry. Just keep it down you two, ok?"

"Yes, sir. Thanks," Abby said smiling.

"Now, talk damn it," she said in hushed tones.

"Abby, I cant talk. I can barely breathe."

"If I let you up, you spill or so help me."

"Fine. Whatever."

Tony knew she wouldn't stop. She would just snoop and he didn't need all of this out for the whole office to know. Abby let go of Tony and he stood up and started to breathe again.

"OK, talk."

"Can I breathe for a moment, please?"

"Fine," Abby timed him on her watch, "OK, a minuet is up. Spill."

"Abby, if I tell you, you cannot tell anyone. Not Kate, not McGee, not even Ducky. Got me?"

"Woo! Juicy, nice." Rubbing her hands together

"Abby," Tony said firmly.

"Fine. I promise. Can I tell Bossman?"

"Well, see it's about him."

"Oh even better. No, wait, you and Bossman are knocking boots."

Tony did not say anything and looked at the ground.

"It's true! You and he, last week."

Tony still didn't look at her.
"So, your frat brother was a cover?"

"Yes."

"Ok, spill. Were you really out of town?"

"Yes, Je, I mean, Gibbs flew me out to his other home and I met the family. It was great, Abby. Everything I always wanted."

"Rock on."

Abby touched her stomach. Not sure why she was feeling ill. Might have been the 6 Yagerbommers or the 2 Red deaths she had in the club in the short time they were there.

"Oh shit, I feel like shit."

"Abby, you ok?"

Abby turned and puked. Tony held her so she would not fall over. He started thinking, his place was over 30 minutes away and her place was even further on the other side of town. The closest place was Gibbs' house. He knew Gibbs would be sleeping but oh well. Tony got Abby in the car and for lack of a better word, got a "thing" for Abby to puke in at the corner store. He drove like Gibbs and by his count, broke about 3 laws before he pulled into Gibbs' driveway. He walked her up to the front door and they walked right in. Gibbs' house was never locked.

He knew the spare room was upstairs so he took Abby up there. Once in the room, he took off all her clothes except her bra and panties and put her to bed. He got a trashcan and towel and put them next to the bed. Then he got a damp cloth from the washroom and wiped her face a little.

"You ok, Abby?"

"I'm sorry, Tony."

"Shhh. Just sleep, ok?"

"Where are we?"

"Shhh. Just go to sleep."

Tony waited till she fell asleep, then he walked to Gibbs' bedroom only to find it empty. He knew Gibbs' car was in the driveway and then thought, "Oh God, maybe ambulance came and took him away." Tony tore down the stairs to the basement and saw Gibbs passed out under the boat. Tony relaxed at that sight.

"Hey there, Sailor."

"I am not, nor will I ever be, a sailor," Gibbs sat up and hit his head, "Fuck!"

"You will have to start leaning to curb your language, Dad," Tony smiled. Gibbs scooted out from under the boat and sat next to Tony.

"Not that I'm not glad," Tony kissed Gibbs to within an inch of his life. Gibbs felt his breath being sucked out of his head. Gibbs then regained his control and started kissing Tony back. Although they weren't far
apart, he pulled Tony's head in as close as he could get and now there was no space left between their heads.

"Oh God, Tony. I've missed you."

"Me too, Jethro. Look, we need to talk."

"What? Are you ok?"

"I was going to ask you that. Abby said you were calling Ducky. The baby's ok, right?"

"Shh, it's fine," Gibbs kissed Tony again to reassure him.

"Good. You had me scared about him."

"Him?"

"I'm not calling him an 'it'. Sorry."

"OK, him is fine. So what's the matter?"

"I need to show you something."

"Tony, is that eye liner?"

"Yes, it was for the club. Look it's upstairs."

Tony helped Gibbs up and then steadied himself. Gibbs had been wanting to cry most of the day, for no other reason except Tony was not there. He knew it was the baby but still.

They walked up the basement stairs. Then Gibbs heard the snoring.

"Tony, who's?"

"Abby. She was sick and you're the closest."

"Tony, what if she finds."

"She figured it out already, Jethro. I wasn't myself. I slipped and called you Jethro, didn't dance and wasn't hitting on everything with two legs. She put the pieces together."

"Does she know about?"

"No. I didn't say a word and I'm not planning on it. That we can keep till you start showing. Just do me a favor, if you're going to cover and say you dialed the wrong number, don't use Ducky. I was scared out of my mind."

"Sorry, Tony. I screwed up."

"No, you can make it up and sleep next to me."

"What, you feeling frisky?"

"Nope. Just want to lay next to you. This shit about two beds sucks."
"I agree. We have to figure out something. Now we just have to get past Tim and Kate."

"Well, if we give it time we might not need to. They will both be breaking rule 12."

"No. I can't see Tim and Kate."

"Yup. Jethro, they so want each other."

Tony went into the bathroom and washed his face to get the makeup off. Gibbs was naked already and in bed.

"Also do me a favor. No more sleeping under the boat. He's my kid too and he should get a bed. Then again, this bed is almost as bad. You're getting a new one tomorrow."

"Yes, dear."

They both fell asleep while looking into each other's eyes and kissing lightly.

Gibbs was first to rise and it took him a moment to remember that Tony was in his bed and he had slept for real that night. Then he ran to the bathroom and expelled his guts. The bathroom was the same one that was in the hall, it had a door to both the master bedroom and the hallway. Gibbs was expelling his guts and Abby was just looking at him.

"Bossman, you ok?"

"Yeah, just ate something bad last night."

"Me too. I started on the way over. So, kudos for nailing Tony."

"Abby, it's more than that."

"Well, whatever. You, him, that is cool. Can I watch?"

"NO!" Gibbs barked and Tony woke up.

"Who's there?"

"Go back to bed, Tony. Just telling Abby something."

"Abs, how you feeling?" Abby bounded into the master bedroom and jumped on the almost flat bed.

"Ouch! How do you sleep on this thing?"

"Why do you think I sleep under the boat so many times?"

"Abby, how are you feeling?"

"My chest hurts like hell."

Gibbs ran back to the bathroom.

"Well, you puked really good. I almost put bets on how far."
"Boss, you ok?" Tony was playing it now, knowing full well that all last week, till about 11 am, Gibbs was useless and in the bathroom a lot.

"Fine. I'll call Ducky later."

"The Duck Man. Ducky-a-Roony."

"Abby, please you're not helping."

"Go Tony, take care of your sick mate."

Tony started to get out of bed and then he jumped back under the covers when he remembered he had nothing on.

"Tony, really. If I looked, and I did, I can see why Gibbs likes you so much. He would kill me, so get dressed."

Tony looked at her smile, then realized he did not care, Abby was like his little sister. So Tony got out of the bed and put on a pair of boxers from one of Gibbs' drawers. He threw on a t-shirt and didn't bother with a pair of pants.

"Abby, give us a moment. We will be right down."

"Can I watch?"

"Out, Abby," Tony barked.

"Ok, I'm leaving, sheesh," she winked at him. She shut the door to the bedroom and Tony shut the bathroom door.

"Jethro, you ok?"

"Yeah, just he has better ideas for me."

"OK, well, I love you," Tony sat on the floor next to Gibbs and just rubbed his back. This seemed to soothe Gibbs.

"Will you still love me when I'm huge and fat?" Gibbs winked and Tony did not care he kissed him quickly. Gibbs knew right then that this was true love and had no more worries.

"Jethro, I'm calling Ducky. This is not right."

"No, it is. When Linda and Susan were pregnant, I did not hear the end of it from Bret and Len, and poor Mitch, he had to live with them."

"Still, there has to be some kind of shot."

"Tony, right now I just want to relax. If I do not stop by noon call him."

"OK. Think you can eat something for me at least?"

"Yeah, eggs."
"I can cook that, Mom was a great teacher," and Tony signed the singe for eggs. He kissed Gibbs' temple and went to the kitchen to find Abby going through the cabinets.

"Having fun?"

"He has nothing good to eat. What is this? Wheat Germ? Who eats that?"

"He does I guess. Now how about we make some eggs?"
Tony went to the fridge and pulled out the eggs along with some sausages for him and Abby.
"Hey Abby, think you can teach me to sign?"

"Sure," Abby signed, "Because of Bossman?"

"No, Mom."

They heard footsteps coming down the stairs. Gibbs walked in and kissed Tony.

"Cool, I want to see more."

"You're sick. You know that? Oh and Jethro, she beat me up to find out the info. She had me in a headlock."

"Oh really?" Gibbs got all mean looking and stood nose to nose with Abby.

"You wouldn't hurt me," she smiled.

"I wouldn't? And why is that?"

"Well, you need me in the lab. You would have to break in a whole new lab tech."

"Ok, you get off light this time," Gibbs wink and smiled.

"Oh God, the smell," said Gibbs. Holding his stomach and trying not to run towards the bathroom on the main floor.

"Boss, I'm calling Ducky," Abby hopped off the counter and picked up the phone before Gibbs or Tony could stop her.

"Duckman."

"Abigail. And what can I do for you this fine Sunday morning?"

"Hey, I'm over the Bossman's house, long story, and he is retching his guts out."

"Give me that phone," Gibbs barked.

"Nope," she stuck her tongue out as he ran to the bathroom again.

"Abby, let me talk to him."

"But he."
"He already knew."

"But you said."

"I know. Just let me talk to him, please. Gibbs talked to him about it last week while on vacation."

"Fine," she handed the phone off to Tony.

"Hey Ducky."

"Anthony, you should not. Oh dear, does Abigail know?"

"She beat me up to get it. Might need you to x-ray my neck," he smiled at Abby and was making the eggs now.

"So, is Jethro ok?"

"Just the same as last week."

"Oh, that. Yes, well, I am sure you did not tell Abigail about that little part."

"Little, well, yes, little fits for now."

"Well, just have him eat something. He should be fine, dear boy."

"Thanks, Ducky. Why not come over for dinner? I'll cook this great dish Mom taught me to cook."

"You took to the family, I see."

"Yup, it was a blast. So dinner? My place. One more night on his bed and I am moving under the boat."

"Please tell me he is not sleeping under the boat again, especially in his condition."

"No, not any more, Ducky. From now on not I'm letting him out of my sight. Work be damned."

"Good boy. So is 6 pm a good enough time? Would you mind if I bring someone?"

"Ducky, you dog! Not at all. Please bring anyone you want."

"Will Abigail be there?"

"Well, she is listening and making doe eyes, so I'm sure she will be."

"Then I will ask my friend, he might not want to be known."

"OK, see you at my place. You know where it is right?"

"Yes and if not, I can find out. Good day, Tony."

"So, can I come?"

"Sure, Abby, you can come."
"Come where? What's going on? I leave for 5 minutes and you're planning things behind my back."

"Well, in reality, no. You were bent over and your back is bent in the other direction. You're coming to my place tonight to sleep since I am not sleeping on that bed again."

"I said I would get a new one."

"Yes, and till then you will sleep at my place."

"I hate your place. That section of town."

"Yes but it is pretty good there, with the gated entrance and all. Really, Boss, it's only for a few nights."

"But what about work?"

"Work be damned. I'm not letting you out of my sight."

"Lover's spat."

"You be quiet. You're in enough hot water for hurting his neck."

He took the plate from her and sat at the small table. She hopped on the counter and Tony sat at the table with him.

"You know, the two of you are cute together and match perfectly. It is about damn time."

"What's that mean?"

"Please! The way you two look at each other and the head slaps. Everything fits now."

"Oh really, Miss Information and why did you not tell anyone at the start?"

"Duh. You men, you are stupid and would not see it if I wrote it in pink letters."

"Fine, whatever. So what are we doing tonight?"

"Well, you know that roast thing Mom cooked?"

"The pot roast."

"Yeah, that's what I'm going to cook for us. You and me and I invited Abby and Ducky. Ducky might bring a guest."

"I don't think so."

"Yeah, he said he was not sure."

"So, Abby you want me to take you back to your car?"

"Nope, called a cab to pick me up in a hour."

"No. Abby we'll take you back to your car. I'm being forced over there anyway and Tony needs to start
cooking soon if he wants to make the meat just right."

"You're sure I'm not going to stop anything?"

"Hell no!" Tony said. Gibbs looked at him.

"There is no way I'm having sex on that mattress, Jethro. I'm sure you had all your wives on that thing."

"OK, and your bed has not?"

"Nope. never take them to my place."

"That's risky."

"Still here," Tony flashed his smile. Gibbs had finished his few bites and went up to pack a few sets of clothing for work.

"I'm driving there myself, ok."

"Boss, I do not think that wise. You're still not feeling well."

"Boss?"

"Hey, I have to get back into the habit of saying it or McGee and Kate will find out."

"So, they are the only ones. Why keep it from them?"

"Truth?"

"Yes."

"Well, Kate and her Catholic values and I'm not sure what McGee would think."

"Well, Kate is cool with it. Please, don't let her fool you. She is kind of good in bed. As for McGee, well, I have heard some stories and let's say he has bent a few times."

"Kate and you?"

"Hey, you did not hear it from me," She looked innocent and held up 3 fingers.

"Yeah. Right. Ok, let's get over to my place. I'm going to stop and pick up the food. Abby, you drive him, ok?"

"I can drive!"

"Abby's driving," Tony said forcefully.

"Ok, Abby you're driving, but this will not work at the office. I'm still the boss."

"Hey, outside the house, you are always my boss," Tony kissed him and they all left the house.

Gibbs told Abby about the trip home and how his family took to Tony and how he took to them. As a matter of fact, on the way to Tony's, Gibbs got a call from his sister Susan. Billy wanted to talk to his uncle Tony, Bret wasn't home and he was the one who had Tony's cell number. Gibbs gave Tony's number to his sister,
who talked with him for a moment or two, then he let her go and finished talking to Abby.

*~*~*~*~

"DiNozzo."

"Uncy Ony."

"Hey there, big guy. How's Billy today?"

"Good. When back?"

"Not sure. I have to talk to Uncle Jet and I will let you know."

"Mom, talk him. gave your number."

"Oh really? That's cool. Are you being a good boy?"

"Yes. Momma want you."

"Ok."

"Susan, what's up?"

"Sorry, Tony. He has not stopped talking about you since you left."

"No, it's cool. It's great, really."

"How are you both doing? I know it is only two days and all."

"Well, good now. Things are working out. But back to work tomorrow."

"Hey, just think, he will be out of work soon."

"Yeah right! This is Jethro we're talking about."

"Yeah, ok. You're right. Well nice talking to you. I've got to run."

"Hugs to everyone," Tony hung up the phone and went about his shopping. He got all the stuff he needed. When he got home and carried all the stuff into the house, Gibbs was in the kitchen eating some crackers.

"Billy called me."

Abby had gone home to get cleaned up a little before dinner.

"Yeah, Susan called me for your number. He loves you so much."

"I know. He is a great kid. I hope ours is just like him."

"He will be. He's got us as parents. Tony, look. Is this wise?"

"Jethro, all I know is that Friday night I did not sleep well at all. I tossed and turned and last night, even on that hellish bed, I slept great."
Gibbs walked up and put his arm around his lover's waist. He nuzzled his mouth right at the nape of Tony's neck and started kissing him.

"Not fair. I'm trying to cook."

"I know. All's fair in love," Tony stopped and turned around.

"Jethro, why would Ducky ask and then when he found out Abby would be there decide he might not bring a guest at all?"

"It is who his guest is. Let's put it this way. We're not the only ones breaking rule 12."

"Who?"

"If Ducky tells then it is Ducky's business. I'm not spilling the beans."

"Do I need to apply some force?" Tony grabbed Gibbs' hard cock through his sweats.

"Oh that's."

Tony started stroking it up and down.

"God, don't start," Gibbs came right there, "Oh God, Tony."

"What?" Tony stopped and went back to his cooking.

"You're dead." Gibbs picked Tony up.

"Put me down!" Tony got pissed. Real pissed. Gibbs could tell by the way he said it. He put Tony down and looked into his lover's eyes.

"What?"

"Jethro. You do not pick me up. Not till after the birth. You cannot lift heavy things. I'm not risking it. I just could not."

Tony started getting misty eyed. Gibbs took one hand and wiped a tear away.

"Sorry, my Love. I will not do it again. I'll be a good boy. I promise. Now, can I have a lollipop?"

"Not till after I finish this and then you can suck on my lollipop," Tony said with his smile.

"You tease."

"Yup."

Tony finished it up real fast and found Gibbs asleep on the sofa. He had on a pair of Tony's sweats now and was lying under a throw. Tony moved to where Gibbs had his feet and started rubbing them. Gibbs opened his eyes at the new feeling then seeing Tony, just shut them again. Tony smiled. Tony just rubbed Gibbs feet. He remembered reading that it would help. After a short while Tony had to get up and work on something else in the kitchen. He was making the mashed potatoes from scratch and had gotten fresh brussel sprouts. Tony heard movement from the living room and then saw the movement in the kitchen.
"Hey there, handsome."

"Hey, why'd you let me sleep? I thought we had a date in the bedroom."

"You need your sleep. You're sleeping for two now."

"No fair. He is getting in the way of my eating and now my sex."

Gibbs tried to make a pouty face but it didn't work. A cell phone went off in the living room but they didn't know whose. Gibbs ran to get the phone.

"Hey, Gibbs. I can't make it after all, sorry. I got called in. How shitty is that? Some dead Navy kid."

"Abby, I don't think he died just to mess up your night."

"I know, but still."

"Abby, we will make a plate. Stop by afterwards and eat if it is not too late, ok?"

"Thanks, Bossman! See you tomorrow."

"Abby's not coming," Gibbs told Tony as he hung up the phone and walked into the kitchen.

"That sucks but well."

"What?"

"I just thought about it. This is the only table I have."

"Ok, Tony. We need to figure this out. I am not letting you go anymore. Where are we going to live?"

"Texas."

"No, not yet. I can't. Not just yet, ok?"

Tony saw the hurt on his lovers face. He stopped blending in the butter and walked over to kiss Gibbs' lower lip. Then Gibbs pushed Tony up against the wall.

"I have to."

Tony tried to say but Gibbs covered his mouth with his own. Tongue fighting for who was going to win and Gibbs was winning. Gibbs then pulled Tony's shirt over his head. Gibbs stood back and marveled at the pink, hair covered nipples before he attacked one.

"Oh God, Jethro. Make me feel you."

Gibbs smiled and bit the nipple. Not enough to draw blood but Tony moaned from the pleasure. One thing both men knew, is that they liked it rough. Tony pulled Gibbs' head into his chest more. Gibbs was not biting but kissing and licking the nipple now. Tony was very close. Gibbs could tell from the week at his Texas home. He had started noticing things about Tony. Up until now, it was just about getting off but now it was so much deeper. Gibbs didn't want to mess this up so he started kissing down and found himself on the floor in front of Tony.
"May I?"

"You better," Tony smiled.

Gibbs undid Tony's pants and pulled them down with his boxers. Gibbs licked all around the hard spitting shaft then took it all in once. The moment he took it in, he started gagging and pulled right back off and looked up. Tony was more worried than upset. He tried to stop Gibbs from trying again but he tried it again and had the same reaction except this time Gibbs got up and went to the sink. Tony pulled his up his pants and walked over to his mate.

"Hey, you ok?"

"Sorry, Tony. I just couldn't. I just wanted to gag."

"Hey, it's ok. We'll ask Ducky about it when he gets here."

"That's sad. Last week I was able to give you a blow job."

"That was last week. I'm sure it is nothing. Hey, it's ok."

'I can't leave you like this.'

"Not to worry, you can make it up to me tonight."

"It a date if he does not have other plans."

"It is all about the other man in your life. I see how this will be."

Tony put his hand on Gibbs' belly and kissed him hard. Gibbs just smiled and held Tony. Gibbs helped Tony put the finishing touches on dinner. Tony would not let Gibbs move the table out of the kitchen or move the sofa out of the way so they could use the table.

"Honey, can you get the door?"

Tony was pulling the roast from the oven and had his hands full. Gibbs walked over and opened it.

"Ducky, Tom. Nice to see you both. Please, come in."

"Jethro, here you go. Only one glass for you, my dear boy."

Ducky handed a bottle of wine to Gibbs and Tom Morrow followed behind him. Tom and Gibbs shook hands.

"So congrats are in order."

"Jethro, who was at?" Tony stopped dead and almost fell backwards. He was not expecting to see the director.

"Yes. Thanks. This nut ball was the lucky man."

"Well, you could not have chosen better. You ok, Tony?"
The director of NCIS was standing in his living room.

"Tony, are you ok?"

"No. I need to sit."

Tony walked back into the kitchen and sat where the table used to be.

"Guys, make yourselves at home. I'll get some glasses. Give us a moment."

"Yes. Tom, did I ever tell you about that one time...?"

And Ducky took his lover, and husband, in their eyes, into the living room and regaled him with a story about some time back at the early turn of the century.

"Tony, are you ok?"

"The director, my boss, is in my house. And is, I'm guessing, dating Ducky. And you could not find the time to tell me this?"

Tony was hyperventilating.

"Come on, relax. Tom is an old friend."

"Jethro, he is my boss!"

"So am I and you don't mind me in your bed."

Gibbs was now on one knee next to Tony.

"Yes. But."

"No buts. Tom Morrow is a nice guy."

"He is also one of your exes."

"Tony, is that what bothers you?"

"I just don't know. Really, Jethro. I'm sorry, I."

"Dear boy, are you ok?"

Ducky was now standing in the doorframe.

"Yes, Ducky. I'm fine. Sorry I flaked."

"Jethro, is everything ok? Tony does not look well and you're the one I am trying to examine tonight."

"No, Duck. He is just a little thrown by your choice in men."

"Oh posh, Tom is a nice friend. Been seeing him for years, off and on."

"No, it's fine. I'm good now."
Tony was not fine with it at all and Jethro knew it. Jethro shot that look to Ducky who just ignored it.

"Now Jethro, your morning sickness is not getting any better. Let me have a look at you."

Ducky took the chair and put it in the living room. Gibbs took off his shirt and Ducky started to listen to see if he could hear the baby's heartbeat.

"Nope. There is something but not making it out just yet. Jethro, I would want you working for a few more weeks, then desk duty. Then in the last trimester I want you off your feet all together."

"You better listen to him, Boss."

Tony was bringing out the roast and the veggies.

"Dinner is served."

Tony was the last to sit down. He made sure everyone had their things. Dinner was quiet. Ducky was going over things that Gibbs needed to watch out for. He talked about planning a C-section but told Gibbs that just in case, he had to pay close attention if he felt contractions to call Ducky right away.

Tony had not given any thought to dessert. After the meal, Ducky could tell Tony was just not up to the dinner party after all and he felt bad since he felt that he caused it.

"Would anyone like to go out for dessert? My treat," Tom asked.

"No thanks. I'm full," Tony said walking back in the kitchen.

Gibbs had been going to take them up on the offer but declined and showed the men to the door. Ducky felt it best to leave the new lovers alone to talk.

"Tony. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm fine."

"Like hell you're fine," Gibbs snapped into Gibbs mode.

"Really, just let it go, ok?"

"No, Tony. what's the matter?"

"Just a little heads up. I'm ok with the fact you fucked the boss. I'm even ok knowing that you might have had sex with Ducky."

"Nope. Never."

"Good. But my boss just was in my living room. I did not put on the best of shows. My place is a mess."

Tony started rambling till Gibbs walked over and kissed him to quiet him. Every time Gibbs let his mouth up Tony started to ramble more. Each time less and less until Tony stopped all together and Gibbs did not let him go.

"Now, I seem to remember I had a date with someone tonight."
"Oh really, cheating on me already?"

"Nope. Get your ass in the bedroom so I can keep that date."

"Is it only my ass you want, Tony?"

"Nope, I want this," Tony touched Gibbs' mouth and Gibbs licked his finger.

"And this," Tony twisted Gibbs nipple with all his might and Gibbs exhaled.

"And this," Tony grabbed Gibbs' cock then without letting go, pulled Gibbs into the bedroom and laid Gibbs slowly on the bed. He removed Gibbs shirt.

"Boss, this is safe, right? I'm not going to hurt the baby?"

"Well, I'm not sure."

"Then how about we not do this."

"Tony, I want you in me tonight and it's going to happen, even if I have to tie you up and sit on it," Gibbs face flashed a wicked smile.

"Oh, you think so, do you?"

"I know so," Gibbs pulled Tony down.

Tony moved over a little and slowly started kissing Gibbs. Tony had Gibbs move up to the pillows and just lay there. Tony sucked all over Gibbs' chest and bit him all over leaving marks but not caring. The only thing Tony did not do was break the skin.

"God, you're hot tonight."

"Claiming what is mine, damn it."

"If I knew what it took, I would have," Tony took Gibbs' cock in his mouth and used a little too much teeth, but Gibbs just moaned and pushed Tony down making him deep throat it. Not something Tony was ready for, but handled it like a pro. Tony then smiled and finished removing Gibbs' sweat pants. He had changed out of the cum stained ones from the hand job earlier. Tony moved and got something from his night stand.

"What you keep them there?"

"Jethro, you're the only person that I have ever done anything with in this bed, Ok?"

"I trust you, Tony. I hope you know that."

"I do."

Tony attached the nipple clamps on Gibbs and Gibbs inhaled his breath till the pain was numbed a little. Tony was kissing and licking them to help him feel better.

"Suck me now."
"Nope, tease first and open you up a little."

"Damn. You might just kill me tonight."

"Yup, but what a way to go."

Tony then reached into the drawer and pulled out two items. First, he kneeled in front of Gibbs and Gibbs applied the cock ring to him. It was a simple leather band that Gibbs adjusted so that it fit Tony just so. Then Tony took the other item. It was another cock ring but this one was a little different. He attached the first strap around the base of Gibb's cock where it is attached to the body. Then he slipped the ringed sheath over the cock and it was a very snug fit. Then Tony attached the last snap and it pinched Gibbs' cock. Tony kissed the spot and then looked at Gibbs.

"No cumming, baby."

"You evil bitch."

"Yup," Tony smiled then said, "You get to be a bastard, then I can be a bitch."

Tony licked Gibbs' balls and took one and then the other in his mouth. Gibbs was moaning and moving around.

"If you do not stop moving, I might just have to handcuff you to the bed."

"You wouldn't dare."

Tony got up off the bed and walked to the dresser drawer. Not his underwear drawer but the one he had just for these kinds of things. He pulled out a set of cuffs, each were fur-lined. He went back to the bed.

"You trust me?"

"With my life."

"Good."

Tony took one of Gibbs' arms and cuffed it to the headboard. He kissed the spot before and after he cuffed it and then did the same thing with the other arm. Then he licked all the way down before he got off the bed again and went to the same drawer to pull out a pot and a feather.

"No."

"Yup, always dreamed about what you tasted like."

Tony got back on the bed and dipped the feather into the dust and then ran the feather over Gibbs' body. Tony never knew that Gibbs was ticklish but he was trying to pull away. Tony did not over do it. He knew a little pain was good, but hurting for the sake of hurting, was not good and Gibbs wrists were getting pink.

"Relax, no more feather, promise."

"Thanks."

"Anything for you."
Tony licked a spot then kissed Gibbs, hard and wet. The flavor mixed between them, both of them moaning from the intensity of the kiss. Tony then proceeded to lick all the dust off, each time kissing Gibbs and licking and biting his lip.

"Please."

Gibbs wanted to cum. He could feel it building up and needed release.

"No, not yet, baby. Not yet. Slow, must be slow."

Tony moved between Gibbs legs. He lifted his legs and the pink puckered hole was there. Tony licked the hole, just at the surface. Gibbs was inhaling deeply. Then Tony dove in with his tongue and worked the hole. After Tony was happy with how relaxed the muscle was, he could almost get his tongue past the sphincter. Then again, 45 minutes will do that and Gibbs was now almost crying for release.

"Nope, just think, baby, how it will feel after."

"God, you are evil tonight."

"Mine. And I do not share."

"Tony, I am always, only yours."

"Yup, and I'm going to make you feel it tonight."

Tony started back on Gibbs' loose hole in front of him. Tony slowly inserted one finger. Only one finger. Tony hit the spot. He knew what way to move Gibbs now after the past week. Gibbs was trying to make Tony bury his fingers in him.

"You're not being a good boy. Do you want me to stop?"

"No, sir."

"Ok, then."

From the start they both had safe words. Not that this was anything dangerous, but they both felt that they needed to have them, just in case.

"You remember your word, right?"

"Yes."

"Ok," Tony nibbled on that small fleshy part between Gibbs hole and sack.

"Please, pretty please."

"Begging. That is good. What do you want? Tell me what you want," Tony licked that soft spot again.

"Oh God. I want you in me now."

"What do you say?"

"Please fuck me now."
"Nope."

"oh God."

Tony was just teasing that spot now.

"What do you want?"

"You in me."

"Then ask properly."

"Will you please insert your penis in me?"

"And do what?"

"Fill me with your love."

"That is correct. Me in you."

"Yes, only you ever again."

Tony liked the response and knelt between his legs. Lifting them up, he inserted himself into Gibbs and started hammering. He could hear his balls slapping against Gibbs' ass. Both men were not going to cum, not yet, because both still had the rings on. Tony could feel it building. He wanted to claim Gibbs tonight, but he wanted it to be with love and nothing else. He pulled out and started kissing his way up. Gibbs, who had tears in his eyes, was not crying yet but would be soon if Tony did not help him over. Tony walked out and got a towel from the bathroom. He got back on the bed, hit the button and let the cuffs open. He kissed each spot again tenderly and licked a little. Gibbs was again, not moving. Tony released Gibbs.

"You ready, baby?"

"Always for you, and only you."

"That's right, now on your side, please."

Tony rolled Gibbs onto his side. He had also gotten a washcloth from the bathroom. Tony then put the towel on the bed so when Gibbs shot, there would be less clean up. Tony got behind Gibbs and lined up his cock with Gibbs' ass. He reached around and unsnapped the cock ring from Gibbs.

"Hold it for one more moment, baby."

"Yes, ok."

Gibbs was having problems forming a sentence. Tony reach around undid his own ring. Tony slowly inserted his cock into Gibbs, then started kissing at the nape of Gibbs' neck and slowly moving in and out. Tony took Gibbs' cock in his hand and matched the motions.

"Oh God, oh God, ohhhh," Gibbs screamed.

Tony tenderly kissed his neck at the same time that Gibbs' ass clamped down on Tony's hard cock causing Tony to shoot his seed deep into Gibbs. More seed, but this time it would not do anything. Tony was not
sure how it did in the first place, but oh well, such is life. Gibbs was now crying on the bed.

"Shhhhh."

Tony was bringing him back. Tony left Gibbs curled up in the ball and wiped him down with the cloth. Kissing the spots. Gibbs was sobbing now.

"Shhh, Gibbs, it's ok. It's over."

"I love you," Gibbs said finding Tony's mouth.

"I love you too. Now, how about we get you under the covers, ok Boo?"

"Yeah."

Gibbs moved enough so Tony could get him under the covers. Tony climbed into bed and Gibbs latched on for dear life. Gibbs sobbed himself to sleep holding the man he loved.

Tony made sure to set his cell phone alarm to go off at 5:30 so they could get up and get ready for work.

*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

The alarm went off and Gibbs had not moved a muscle all night. Tony looked at him.

"Boo, time to get up."

"I feel like."

Gibbs ran to the bathroom. He expelled what little food was left in his stomach and his abdomen was tender and sore. Tony was next to his lover, wiping his hair back, even if it was short and not in the way. The cold cloth he used felt good to Gibbs.

"How about you come in late? I'll go in on time and you come in later."

"No, Tony. My team, I go in."

"Ok, but I warned you."

Gibbs stood up and grabbed his abdomen.

"Oh shit. I hurt."

"Boo, are you ok? Let's call Ducky. I think."

"No, Tony. I'm fine. I just think having my legs bent like that."

"Oh God. I did not even think. I'm so sorry."

"Next time we know. It's ok. I'll be fine. You're worrying too much."

"Yeah, I am. It is what we expecting fathers do. We worry. Especially if the mother is a dad himself and could die at any time."
"Had to bring that part up."

"I'm not losing you."

"Fine and what is this, with Boo?"

"Just a name. My one nanny called me her Boobbala and shortened it for Boo. I like it."

"Just not in front of the team, ok?"

"Ok, Boo."

Tony smiled and went to his closet. He got dressed in one of his fine suits. Gibbs was in his normal wear. They both had their coffee and Gibbs was puking, but not as much. Gibbs was not giving up his lifeblood, not for anything. Both kissed right before they left the building and then got in their cars and drove to work.

Tony got to work first because Gibbs stopped for his usual coffee, that he always got on the way to the office.

"Hey Kate," Tony said while looking down over the divider at her.

"Geez, Tony! Don't do that! I hate it when Gibbs does that."

"Got it. Just one more thing to keep doing."

"You are such a child. What's with you? You seem different. Much happier than normal."

"Nothing. Just had a nice week off."

"So what gives?"

"What, Probie?"

"You and Gibbs go away at the same time?"

"Not sure about him, but I had to help a frat brother that got into some trouble in NYC."

"Really? What's his name?"

"Danny Messer."

"Oh ok. It's just well,"

"What? I didn't know you cared. Let me guess, you and Abby tried to track me?"

"Yes"

"Private plane. He flew me there and back."

"Oh. Where's Gibbs?"

"I'm right here, McGee. Why?"
"No reason, Boss."

"Grab your gear. We have a case."

On the way Gibbs had to pull over once to puke, but that was it. Tony and Kate took the truck and McGee rode in the back. Gibbs was in the car by himself. After they got to the parking lot, Gibbs got into a pissing match about whose case it was, NCIS or the FBI. He had Kate interview the Commander while Tony set up surveillance around the clock on the Commander's house. Gibbs managed to hold it down because he had stopped at Ducky's on the way and and had gotten some kind of shot that helped with the morning sickness.

The case went as well as could be expected. They did not see the inside of their houses for a few days. They almost got blown up and all because of the neighbor next door. The case lasted a week. For the weekend, they were on call and ended up catching two. Each was an open and shut case. One was a suicide and the other was a B&E at the PX. Tony and Gibbs had not spent a moment with each other. Tony saw more of Kate than anyone else. Both of them had share duty and had almost been blown up. Gibbs tried to make them both go to the hospital but neither of them would go. Every other day Billy would call Tony just to say hi and tell him about riding a horse or what not.

Monday came around and both men did not what to leave their bed. They just wanted to lay there together. But they could not do that, they had to go to work. Gibbs was not keeping anything down now. The last week had really stressed him and the baby out. He had been in Abby's lab almost every morning in order to get reports for the last week. So Abby was starting to get suspicious about Gibbs and his being sick almost every day. Monday was a free day, there was no case and they were just tying up the paperwork which they had coming out of their asses. Tony had lunch in the lab with Abby, like they did every Monday.

"So Tony, you knock up the boss?"

Tony started choking on his food. Abby came around and started performing the Heimlich Maneuver on him. Finally, Tony spit the food across the room and it landed at Gibbs' feet.

"Do I even want to know why two of my people are hugging and spitting food across the room?"

"No, Boss."

"Bossman! Just asking Tony if he."

"Gibbs! Ducky needs you in autopsy."

"Hey, Kate."

"Abby, what were you going to say?"

"It'll keep."

Gibbs nodded. He locked eyes for a spilt second with Tony and then turned and walked out.

"Hey, that was my lunch!"

"I did not see your name on it, Kate."

"Right here, Tony," Kate picked up the bag and showed her name.

"Oh I figured that you just left it there."
"Yeah, for me to eat."

"Not cool, Tony."

"Hey, I have to keep up my strength! I almost got blown up."

"I was there. You were nowhere near the bomb."

"Ok, well, got to get back to work," Tony kissed Abby's cheek and walked out.

"One of these days, I might just have to kill him. Want to help me hide the body?"

"No way. That would piss off way too many people who are much better at it than we are," Abby bounced off to do a ballistics test.

Gibbs walked into Autopsy and saw Jimmy Palmer almost cowering in the corner.

"Ducky."

"Oh Jethro. Please come in my office. I found something you might want to see."

Gibbs followed Ducky into the office and closed the door.

"Jethro, I have the office tomorrow, with no one else but my colleague to help at 6 pm. Is that ok?"

"Yes Ducky. That's fine, barring we do not get a case."

"How is Tony? He will not look at me and I feel that I have wronged him somehow"

"Truth is, I think he was more pissed that it is a ex of mine."

"Oh dear. I had not even given that a thought. Young Anthony can be a little touchy about things like that. Ok. Well, I will have to make amends."

"Well, let's just say he made them that night, and we found one position I cannot be in."

'Jethro, nothing too kinky. I know your track record from that one time I had to use the wire cutters."

"Well, we can get a little out there, but this time it's different, Ducky. Hell, I like men more because I could be myself and be forceful and dominate them. With Tony it is just different. We have our moments where all we do is just kiss and make slow love. Then, like the other night, it is hard but tender, all at the same time."

"Well, you found the one, Jethro. The last one, I hope."

"I'm not going anyplace, no matter what."

"Good. Now, 6 pm sharp. She has someplace to be that night. I hope you don't mind but I have asked her to help out during the pregnancy with the delivery and all."

"No, you trust her. But I'm not going to be some freak."

"Not at all, Jethro. What do you plan on doing when you start to show? It is not far off, only a few weeks
away."

"Duck, I'm only 10 weeks or so you said."

"Well, still. Everyone is different and yes, your internal body is slightly different then a female. I still do not know exactly what might happen. With your father, he started to show a little at 13 weeks, then he really ballooned out at 5 months."

"Good to know. Since Tom knows, he keeps leaving me E-mails about taking it easy and I promised Tony I would follow your words to the letter."

"Smart man. He might have to tie you up. Jethro, what are you planning for afterwards?"

"After? Ducky, let me get through tomorrow, then we can talk about after, Ok?"

"Fine, dear boy."

Gibbs looked at his phone which was vibrating, and saw that it was Abby.

"Go. She must need you."

"Thanks Ducky. That looks like it might break that case," Gibbs said. As he walked out, Jimmy dropped all his stuff on the floor.

"Palmer, you missed a spot over there," Gibbs said while pointing to a different location and a hole in supplies. Ducky smiled and went to help the younger lad. Gibbs walked into the lab to find Tony again in a headlock by Abby.

"What the hell?"

"He will not tell me. I know there's something up. You're sick every morning, then fine by lunch and you're talking to Ducky everyday."

"Abby! Nothing is up. Now let Tony go."

"No. Tell me now."

"Boss, please. This hurts."

Gibbs rubbed his face.

"Ok. Abby, I have Hannmor Syndrome."

"I knew it! Tony, you dog!" Abby let Tony up and hugged her Boss.

"Thanks, I think," Tony rubbed his neck.

"How'd you find out?"

"Put the pieces together. I read a long time ago about the syndromes and well, then I dug into your records."

"Abby. You did not."
"Relax. I was worried and Ducky was snowballing me. So I only did it because I care."

Gibbs walked right up to her and stood nose to nose.

"If you ever."

"Aye aye, Bossman," Abby saluted Gibbs, who just stared at her with his best Gibbs glare.

"Hey Boss, what did Ducky want?"

"To let us know we have to be at the office at 6 pm sharp."

"What about?"

"Barring any case. Also, he wants to talk to you."

"Why?"

"Well, I don't know, DiNozzo. I'm not him. Why not go there and find out?"

"How did he seem?"

"Fine. Now get back to work," Gibbs winked. Tony ran out of the lab and hopped on the elevator to go down to Autopsy. As he was walking off, Morrow was getting on.

"Agent DiNozzo. A word please."

"Sir. Ducky is."

"Ducky can wait. A word please, over here."

Tom and Tony went to the one empty bay that autopsy used for loading and unloading, near the doors to autopsy.

"Tony, look. I'm sorry about the other night."

"Sir."

"Tony, I could tell my presence upset you. I never meant."

"No, sir. It was fine."

"Tony, look."

"No, Sir, look."

"No, Tony."

"No, hear me out please. I was pissed, but not for the reason you think. I'm happy, I really am for you and Ducky and I hope the two of you live a long and happy life together. It was more the fact you were Gibbs' ex."

"I see. You're sure that in the future we."
"Sir, we're good. Really."

"Ok. Thank you Agent DiNozzo, for your time," Director Morrow shook his hand and they both went there separate ways. Tony walked into autopsy and Ducky and Jimmy were finishing up inventory.

"Mr. Palmer, can you give Tony and myself a moment please?"

"Sure, Doctor Mallard."

Jimmy got on the elevator and rode up to visit with Abby. It was one of the best kept secrets that he and Abby were screwing around.

"Dear boy. Have a seat. I would."

"Ducky, is Gibbs ok?"

Tony had gotten used to calling Gibbs "Boss" or "Gibbs" at work and "Jethro" or "Boo" at home where he could. They had ordered a new bed and it had come in so slowly they had started moving things over to Gibbs house. Not that there was much to move really, just the sofa, electronic toys and the dresser. For now, the house was just big enough for them and the baby.

"Tony, look, about the other night."

"Not you too!"

"Excuse me?"

"Sorry, Ducky. Director Morrow just stopped me."

"Oh I see. And?"

"I'm ok. I really am. I was thrown. Not that I care you that you like men. Please. It was my boss. The big guy was in my house, the place was a mess, I looked like shit and well, the ex thing made me see green."

"I see. I am sorry. I should have given you warning to prepare, but he liked to keep him and myself quiet and I was not sure if he wanted to go."

"No, that night was hard but Gibbs made it up to me."

"About that as well. Tony, I want you to take it easy in the bedroom. I know Jethro can have a little kink. He has talked to me about it and I had to fix something once. But in his condition."

"Got it. I think I can hold my kink for a few more months. Ducky, I'm worried about him still working. I have been reading your notes non-stop from your page and."

"Dear boy, I will let him work for the first trimester and that is almost over. Then desk duty, if he plays nicely with the other children. I pity the office worker who gets him. Then the third trimester, I want him home. I would love him to fly home because he is always more relaxed there, but I know till the baby is born he will not leave."

"I can try and get him to fly home. I am planning to tell Kate and Tim about it. I love him to death but I cannot be on him like glue."
"Have you talked to him about it?"

"No. I know what he will say. What do you think?"

"I will not make that call, but I understand. I would talk it over with him or he would be rather mad. I know he does not want people to think of him as a freak."

"He is, but."

"I know, Tony. I know. How about a dinner party? A real one. I will not bring Tom since I am sure he would not want the whole team in on it."

"Wise. I will talk it over with him tonight and after tomorrow maybe he will like it."

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"NO!"

"But Boo."

"Tony, I'm not telling them I'm pregnant."

"Ok. And why the hell not?"

"I am not having them think of me like a freak."

"First, Jethro, you know as well as I do, that you will be showing soon. Second, they would not. Kate might look, then go oh well, and Tim. Well, it is Tim. Who cares?"

"I care."

"Boo, look at it from my point of view."

"And that would be?"

Both men were lying in bed, and leaning on the pile of pillows they had. Gibbs needed like 7 pillows nowadays to sleep too feel good and not hurt.

"Ok, look. You know I trust you right?"

"You had better, I have something of yours right here," Gibbs took Tony's hand and placed it on his belly.

"Ok, well, I can't keep an eye on you all the time. And well, sorry Boo, but you have a tendency to over do it. Like the other day Abby ratted you out."

"Snitch. I knew she would."

"Come on, let's have them over Saturday. We're off this weekend and we will have the news and stuff from the exam tomorrow."

"Do I get a say?"
"Sure you get a say. You know that you do."

"but you will tell them anyway."

"Yes."

"Do I have to like it?"

"You are too damn cute when you pout. You look just like Billy, who called again today."

"He loves you."

"Yes, I know. He is too cute. He got all gold stars in preschool today."

"Nice. He is a smart kid, he might even be better than you at investigating when he grows up. Susan tells me he is looking at everything for the details."

"Better than me? I see," Tony moved over and straddled Gibbs.

"And what happens if I start to tickle you?"

"I pee and we might have some kink, but golden showers."

"True, that's bad."

"Tony, one moment I am about to cry, the next I am running pee my brains out. And I did not drink that much coffee, I have cut back."

"To what? 3 pots?"

"No, 4."

"Nice. That is an improvement. I think this kid might come out and not want to drink milk but coffee. About that, you planning on breast feeding?"

"Oh, wise ass," Gibbs grabbed Tony, started kissing him and then started tickling him.

"Ok, I give, I give."

"I love you Tony."

Gibbs was lying on his side looking at the man next to him.

"I know," Tony gave him the wicked smile.

"Brat."

"But whose brat am I?"

"Mine."

"So you WILL invite McGee and Kate over this weekend?"
"Yes, I will do it first thing in the morning."

"Good," Tony kissed Gibbs, "and I love you Boo."

Tony moved all the pillows in the way Gibbs needed them and then held his hand for the night. The alarm went off but Gibbs was up already, the baby had him up expelling his dinner. Like every morning, the men went about their day. Tony's car was not playing nice that morning so Gibbs and Tony drove in the same car.

They walked into the bullpen. Gibbs went down to Abby's lab to invite her to the dinner thing and told her that it was a team building exercise. She nodded and went back to her work.
Chapter 3: Hormons

Tony was busy in the kitchen cleaning and putting things away. He had gotten back from shopping later than normal. He liked to shop at night when the store was empty. Gibbs did not go with him because he was not feeling very hot. Since his back was starting to bother him, he stayed home.

When Tony got home, Gibbs was already in bed. After Tony finished up in the kitchen, he went upstairs to find Gibbs in tears.

"Boo, what's wrong?" Tony sat next down on Gibbs' side of the bed.

"Nothing."

"My big bad Marine is in tears. Something is the matter."

"No, I'm fine."

"Boo, talk to me. Don't shut me out," Tony looked into the wet blue eyes of his lover for what seemed like forever before Gibbs spoke.

"I can't get comfortable. They will not let me. Every time I try, I get a cramp."

"You want me to give you a back rub?"

"Would you?"

"All but ask my prince," Tony pushed out his hands and cracked his knuckles, "Ok. Let's get you out of this shirt at least." Tony lifted up Gibbs' shirt and kissed his man. The father of his children. That brought a smile to Tony's face. He helped Gibbs lay on his belly. For now, he still could. He put a few pillows in the right spot and got out the warming lotion. He started rubbing Gibbs' back at his shoulders and working his way down. Tony was sporting wood but this was not about sex. This was about making Gibbs feel better. Tony had talked to Linda the other day and she had warned him about cravings, crying, and outbursts. With Gibbs, an outburst was a normal thing, so Tony was going to have to tread lightly. Now, with Gibbs not out in the field, it did not bode well.

"That feel better, Boo?"

"Lower, my lower back is killing me," Gibbs mumbled, "Also, Tony, don't let me forget I have to ask Ducky about getting dizzy spells. I lose my balance."

"That's normal Boo, did you take the vitamins?"

"Really? And yes."

"Well, more so for you. You have a baby in you and your center of gravity is off."

"Thanks my honey butt."

"Nope, not liking that one."

"Like I said give me time. Have to try them out." Tony kissed the nape of Gibbs' neck. When Tony was done, Gibbs was passed out and snoring. Tony moved Gibbs over a little, then he took off his clothes and climbed into bed. Gibbs moved again and was holding Tony. It was a normal thing nowadays for Gibbs to
hold Tony every night, if not sleep almost on top of him. Even with all the pillows, Gibbs had to have his
warmest and best pillow. Tony did not think that Gibbs knew it, but every morning when they would wake
up Tony would have to untangle out from under Gibbs.

That night Gibbs did not move a muscle. It was his best night's sleep. Tony had set the alarm for 5:30 am,
because he wanted to go in and work out, plus get a few other things done. Tony started moving when the
alarm went off.

"No, shut it off."

"Boo, I have to get up."

"It is still dark out."

"I know but I want to go work out and stuff."

"Did you get Captain Crunch?"

Tony was shocked at this question.

"Yes, why?"

"Good, been craving it."

"And so it begins," Tony kissed the top of Gibbs' head and pulled out from underneath him. Gibbs now was
trying to get comfy again but it was not working too well. He was still sleeping, but Tony could tell his lover
was missing his presence.

Tony threw on a pair of sweats and took his suit to work. He stopped at the coffee place like usual on the
way.

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When Gibbs' alarm went off, he hit the snooze button once. Then he got out of bed and jumped into a hot
shower. He was feeling a little shitty but was able to keep the nausea down for once. Gibbs washed up and
then got dressed. He was wearing looser, baggy clothing because although he was not really showing, he
noticed he had gained some weight. He went down to the kitchen and immediately noticed something was
wrong.

There was a note where the coffee machine would have been

"Boo, you need to cut your caffeine intake. Drink a glass of milk and don't forget to drink plenty of water"

"Damn him. I'll kill him." Gibbs looked for the coffee maker but he couldn't find it at all. He got his gun and
then went out the door and proceeded to go to the coffee shop. Gibbs walked up to the counter and the girl
behind the counter seemed scared.

"One large coffee, black, please."

"Sir, I'm sorry but we have been give your photo by a really cute man and told not to sell to you."

"WHAT!!"
"Sorry."

"No, you have to. I get coffee here almost every day."

"Yes sir and we thank you, but he gave me 50 bucks to make sure we do not sell you coffee."

"I'll give you a 100 right now to give me a cup of coffee," the girl looked at him as he pulled out five, 20 dollar bills.

"Ok, but you did not get it from me."

"Believe me, he might not see tomorrow, so no worries." Gibbs handed her the money, got in the car, and savored his first cup. Then he drove to work like normal. He arrived and parked next to Tony's car. He saw that Kate and McGee's cars were there already as well. He walked in and went right to the bullpen. It was empty so he started up his computer and began working on some old reports.

The first to arrive was Kate. She walked over and looked at him across his desk.

"How'd you bribe."

"You knew."

"Yup and here," Kate pulled out a 12 oz carton of milk, "Drink."

"Not you too."

"Tony e-mailed your diet and asked for help."

"I'm not drinking that right now."

"I'm not leaving till you do."

"You want a pink slip already, Agent Todd?" Kate could hear the tone and knew it was time to back off. She went to her desk and just glared at him. Tim was next and put bottled water on Gibbs' desk, then went right to his desk without saying a word. Gibbs glared at McGee.

After about 10 minutes, Tony came sauntering into the bullpen. Gibbs looked like he was about to pounce.

"Morning, Boss," Tony got nothing. Tony had been studying like mad with Abby and was picking up ASL pretty well, so Tony signed it.

"I'm pissed at you," Gibbs signed back.

"What?"

"You know."

"You're pissed about the coffee. Please. You need to drink less. It is..."

"Ask me first, I would have cut back."

"Fine, sorry. Forgive me."
"We'll see."

Kate and McGee just blankly staring at the goings on. Most of Tony's signing was the alphabet since he was still new, but Gibbs did not seem to mind.

"Oh and one more thing."

"Yes?"

"You owe me 100 bucks"

"100 bucks! What the hell?"

"Had to pay the lady to give me coffee," Gibbs said aloud, smiling and taking a sip.

"We are SO talking tonight." Tony went back to work on his computer. Kate and Tim just shared a glance and then went back to work as well.

That night Tony and Gibbs were sitting in bed while Gibbs went over reports that needed to be signed off before the Director could get them. Tony was reading a book he had gotten for the past holiday from a friend in New York.

"Tony, look. I'll cut back, but I need coffee."

"Then switch to decaf."

"Tony."

"Boo, I'm looking out for you."

"I know, Tony. I know," Gibbs put the folder down, and tried to move and get comfy while looking at Tony. Tony put his book down, took off his glasses and was now looking into the cold yet warm blue eyes of one Leroy Jethro Gibbs.

"Tony, how about we compromise."

"What do you have in mind? Oh, did you take your pills?"

"Yes, I did take them," Gibbs nodded. He had started taking them at bed time and not in the morning. It was easier on his stomach. Although he was not vomiting as much in the morning, he still felt like shit every morning.

"How about I drink one cup first thing in the morning, on my way into work, then decaf all day and at lunch I get one cup of the real stuff?" Tony just looked into his eyes for sincerity.

"OK, but I also want you to drink at least 3 bottles of water a day."

"Tony, I'll be going to the bathroom every moment."

"Water, Boo, or no coffee. I can give on the milk since you can take calcium pills, but I want water in your system."
"You drive a hard bargain."

"Yes, but you love me anyways."

"Sometimes I have my doubts," Gibbs said with a smile and blew a kiss to Tony. Tony just laughed and scooted down so Gibbs could lay his head on Tony's chest and then they fell asleep.

Tony's phone went off at 0400. McGee informed him that they had a case and they were meeting at the office in 20 minutes. Tony got ready to go and Gibbs started to get ready as well.

"Where you think you're going?"

"To the office."

"Get more sleep."

"Tony, I am on desk duty and stuff still needs to get done. I'm going in and getting ready for the Intel you send over."

"Fine, but just remember we have the appointment tonight at 6."

"Yup, looking forward to it. I was reading a thing online, the babies should have fingernails by now and might even have all the reproductive organs. Just cannot tell the sex just yet."

"Sounds like fun. Looking forward to it. Now get the lead out."

Gibbs was moving a lot slower these days. When he got down into the car, Gibbs had a mug of coffee waiting for him. He had noticed that Tony had put the coffeemaker back in its place. Before Tony, that was the most complex piece of equipment in the house. They rode into work and Gibbs was almost passed out on the way there while Tony drove. That in and of itself told Tony that Gibbs was starting to feel the effects of motherhood.

They got there, met in the bullpen and Gibbs started barking orders on how they were to process the scene and such. Tony just rolled his eyes and got a head slap even though Gibbs was not even looking and couldn't see Tony's face.

That afternoon Gibbs kept his word and only drank decaf. He also drank all the water he told Tony he would. But he did not drink more than one carton of milk since it was not his drink of choice. He also had one lab tech in tears and one up and just quit. Gibbs did not talk to Tony all day long. He had talked to Kate who was doing all the phone calls into the office. Not that Tony did not want to, but Kate was the go-to person on this case. It was easier to have only one person present the info to Gibbs, then all of them playing this and that, not knowing what had been said and not said.

"Gibbs."

"Look Boss, I'm not getting done any time soon. You will have to go to the appointment without me."

"Oh ok, I guess."

Tony could hear the hurt in Gibbs' voice, not that Gibbs would ever admit it, but it was there.

"I understand. I love you," Gibbs said aloud.
"Love you. Make Ducky take extra pics for me to see them."

Gibbs could hear the joy and excitement when he said the word "them". Gibbs hung up the phone, went to the vending machine and got some Oreos. He had been eating out of the machine all day. He wanted salt and vinegar chips twice already and now Oreos and there were the Twizzlers as well.

"Lab. This is Abby and you're on the air."

"Abby, off speaker phone, please," Tony said and Abby picked up the phone.

"Hey there, my father to be. What's cooking?"

"I need you to take Gibbs to the doctor's appointment."

"Why is every?"

"No honey, all is well. It's just, well, I can't get out of this and he seemed down when I told him. It is his weekly."

"Oh ok. Don't scare me like that. I want to be an aunty and spoil them to no end, then give them back."

"You evil person, you. Thanks, Abby. See you later."

"Anything for you, Tony."

"Oh heads up. He is starting the cravings."

"You can say that again."

"Oh God. What now?"

"Well, he has had, by my count when I was up there a few moments ago, one thing of red twizzlers and two bags of salt and vinegar chips."

"Ok. Thanks for the heads up."

After they hung up, Abby went bounding upstairs, since Tony said he had to be there at 6 and it was now 5:30. When she got to the bullpen, she could hear Gibbs screaming at the top of his lungs at a FNG. She knew that yell and knew not to get in the way. She felt sorry for the guy. As the yelling was going on, Tom Morrow was coming out of MTAC, and he watched as Gibbs ripped the agent a new asshole. After the agent left, Abby came bouncing up.

"You ready Bossman?"

"Not in the mood, Abby. I'm busy."

"I know but you have someplace to be," Gibbs knew what she was talking about.

"I'm not going."

"And why not?"

"Too busy, Abby."
Gibbs sat at his desk and opened the file.

"I'm sorry. What was that?" Abby said.

"I have to go over all these financial reports, Abby."

"You have your health to worry about."

"I'm fine, damn it!" Gibbs was looking at the reports again. He watched them get snatched out of his hands and held over Abby's head.

"Abby! I'm really not in the mood. Give me back the reports NOW!" Gibbs stood up and tried to snatch it out of her hands.

"Nope. Let's go Bossman."

"ABBY, NOW! Hand them over."

"Agent Gibbs. My office. Now," Tom said, loud enough for the whole office to hear. Gibbs just shook his head and walked up the stairs ahead of Tom. After getting into the office, Tom shut the door and walked to his desk while making the motion for Gibbs to sit.

"Now, would you like to explain to me why you are yelling at my staff so much today?"

"I'm fine. Just very busy and have things that need to get done."

"Jethro, I have had one person quit already and they said it was because of you. I have one person in tears and now you're yelling at Abby. Now, want to explain?"

"It's nothing, Tom. Look, I have work."

"If I am not mistaken, you have a doctor's appointment to keep. Ducky just left."

"I have way too much stuff to do tonight. I can't make it. I'll call him."

"Yeah, ok. I'm sorry, Jethro. Yes, you are a bastard, but Ducky scares me more. You had better leave the office now."

"I really."

"No. Do NOT make me order you out of the office and tell you not to return till tomorrow. I would hate to have to do that."

"Tom, I can't go too."

"Ok, that's it. Get your ass out of the building and I do not want it back in the office till next week. Got me?"

"Tom."

"It's that or you go and come back and work. I would rather you not but."

"Fine I'll go," Gibbs got up and stormed out, slamming the door to Tom's office. Tom started to think this
might not be such a good idea. He would talk to Ducky, maybe after he got back from the retreat he was taking his team on. Tom had not been happy about it at first, but after Gibbs explained it, he was willing to foot the bill and use the Gulfstream to fly the team out and back. Tom was one of the few people to know much about how the Gibbs family. He knew the ranch was about 45 minutes out of Fort Worth and that they all but own the town that is closest to the ranch. They employ almost the whole town and much of the surrounding area. He also knew that the Gibbs family took care of the town as well. They had a textile factory in town and that was where Gibbs got the dedication that he always felt to his men. He looked out for his people, much like his family made sure every person in town had a roof over their head, food in their bellies, clothes on their back and all the kids went to school.

Gibbs walked down to his desk where Abby was leaning against the side, looking up at the balcony and hoping he would come out soon. He went behind his desk grabbed his gun and walked towards the elevator.

"You coming or just sitting there?" Gibbs barked. Abby jumped up and ran after him. Gibbs drove and they arrived at the doctor's 5 minutes late.

"Jethro, you're a little late."

"Sorry, Ducky. Could not be helped."

"I hope Tom's talk helped you prioritize your day a little."

Gibbs scowled and hopped up on the table. He undid his button down shirt while Sherry rolled up his sleeve and drew some blood.

"Abby, please be so kind and run these for..." Ducky went off on all the tests he needed done on the 3 vials of blood. Then Ducky applied the warmed gel and he started.

"Ducky, take extra shots. Tony wants them."

"I will my dear boy. Now stop fighting," Ducky and Sherry were watching the screen.

"Oh, Boss. Look. Their fingers!"

"Yes, Abigail. You would be right. There. I see all 3 hands now. Very nice. They are playing with me tonight. Their heartbeats sound very strong."

"Yes. Hold that, Doctor. Right there," Sherry pointed at something.

"No, not yet, but soon. I figured it might be a boy."

"I don't want to know."

"Jethro."

"No, I do, but not right now."

Ducky could see hurt behind the man's eyes. He took the pictures of the babies and then helps Gibbs clean himself up.

"Ladies, can you give Jethro and myself a moment."

"Sure, Doctor."
"On it, Duckman."

After both ladies left while Gibbs buttoned up his shirt, he noticed a small bump around the gut. He was starting to show.

"OK, Jethro, What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Don't lie to your doctor, Jethro. I can see past your obfuscation."

"Ducky, I cannot keep from crying these days."

"That's all natural, Jethro. Don't worry."

"It is about stupid stuff. Like today, when Tony could not come."

"I see the problem. Tony was not here, so you did not want to come."

"Yes. Is that wrong of me?"

"No, it is not. You love him more than anything and want him to be a part of this. But, Jethro, he has a job, just like you."

"I know. I was not mad at him. Well, I was, but I was madder at the person for dying."

"That's ok. Jethro, your hormones are out whack. As a male, your body is not used to all the estrogen you have. Yes, you have the syndrome and every month you did have a minor period, but still. Give it time."

"And I want to eat food I've never wanted before. Like Oreos and salt and vinegar chips."

"Again, this is all normal, Jethro. Just relax. Are you taking the vitamins and such? You're drinking water?"

"Yes, and I switched to decaf."

"Oh dear Lord! No wonder the lab tech quit."

"Tony made me. If I drank the water, he would let me at least still drink decaf."

"Jethro, I will talk with Tony and let him give you 3 cups of the real stuff. I still want it a mild blend but you can have some coffee, I think."

"Thanks, Ducky. He is driving me nuts."

"He is only doing it because he cares and you seem to not be taking care of yourself."

"I am. I know what this means more then he knows."

"Yes, I'm sure you do, but look at it from his point of view. He is a new expectant father who knows that just having one baby, let alone 3 of them in your body, can kill you. He could lose the man he loves and the children all in one fell swoop."
"OK, I'll talk to him about it."

"Good idea. Now go home and get some rest. Are you experiencing any other problems?"

"Only every time I try and lay down. I cannot get comfortable."

"That is normal as well. Any pains?"

"Just my lower back."

"Ok, normal, but I want to keep an eye on that. Does Tony rub it at all?"

"Yes, almost every night. It is how I fall asleep."

"Good, he has been reading. OK. Now go home."

"Sorry, Duck. I have to get back to the office and go over paperwork."

"Jethro, your team will survive with out you."

"I know. I trust them, but hell, I need to do something."

"Then work on the boat."

Gibbs hopped off the table and started heading for the door.

"Sorry, Ducky. I need to go over the papers."

"Jethro, go home. Read them in bed or on the sofa, but go home. Clear?"

"Then how will Tony get home?"

"Timothy or Kate can give him a ride. Now, go home," Ducky walked out of the office, "Abby, please take our man home, ok?"

"I will go back to the office and get my car since I."

"I will be fine. I will go straight home."

"Ducky, give me a lift back to the office?"

"Oh yes, my dear. Need to finish a report before I leave anyway".

"Tony, can you stop and pick up some Oreos on your way home?" Gibbs was home in the kitchen, making himself a tuna sandwich. He called and left a message on Tony's voicemail. Gibbs ate the sandwich and then proceeded to go up and take a hot bath. He needed to relax. He was just sitting in the tub and he had added an aroma thing that Tony had gotten him to help him unwind.

Tony did not get back to the office until well after midnight. He was so tired that he just laid his head down at his desk and passed out since he had been going for 20 hours. He had the bag of Oreos for Gibbs on his desk. He did not know that his car was not in the parking garage and Tim and Kate had already left.
The next morning Gibbs woke up to a cold, empty bed. He did not see any sign that Tony had been there. Hell, he knew it was the worst night of sleep he had ever had because he could not get comfortable in the bed at all. When he got dressed and went downstairs, the coffee wasn't made. Tony normally set it up for the next day. Gibbs frowned. He now knew for sure that Tony had not come home. He started thinking the worst. That Tony had gone out dancing all night and did not even bother to call and let him know he was ok. Gibbs was over-reacting and thinking that Tony was scared and bolted. They had gotten rid of Tony's place, hell, Gibbs had him added to the power of attorney, and all the legal documents were signed. Gibbs drove to work, crying the whole way. He could not seem to stop. Tony had not come home and he just knew Tony was out fucking some new person and did not want his fat ass anymore.

Gibbs went right down to Abby's lab and no one was there yet. He found a dark corner in the inner office and just sat down on the floor.

Abby came in at her normal time around 0800 and threw her stuff in the office. Then she went back and checked on the test she had been running the night before. Kate and Tim both came in, not as fresh as they would like, but still functioning.

"Tony," Kate stood in front of his desk.

"What? I'm awake! Just resting my eyes, that's all Boss."

"Gibbs isn't here yet."

"Really. What's wrong?" Tony was a little freaked. He smelled and looked like shit.

"I do not know. I saw his car in the garage in it's spot but."

"So he's in the building, ok. Well, call me. I'm heading to the shower and then change clothes."

"Gods. You reek."

"Oh thanks, Kate. And you smell like roses," Tony left them and went to the gym where he kept a change of clothes in his locker. He hopped in the shower and was missing Gibbs. He missed his smell and the cuddling he started every night. Hell, he missed rubbing Gibbs' back. Tony finished up and he heard his cell phone going off. He let it go to voice mail. He had started to dry himself when Tim barged in.

"Probie, where's the fire?"

"Um, Abby needs you."

"What? The test came back and it really was the sister?"

"Yes, but that's not what she needs."

"Out with it," Tony removed the towel and started drying his hair. Tim was now looking, actually more like staring because Tony was very well endowed. Tony caught him staring.

"Want a ride, Probie?"

"Um, no. I'm, well, Abby..."

"Fine. I will be right there. Let me at least get dressed."
"OK and Kate took another agent and she is arresting the sister."

"Good." Tony pulled on a clean pair of boxers and then finished getting dressed. He looked at his phone and there were 5 calls, all from Abby. He did not bother listening to the messages since he was on his way. He finished putting on his socks and shoes and walked down to the lab. He had on an untucked blue button down shirt with a t-shirt underneath and a pair of blue jeans.

When he got to the lab, it was empty.

"Abby?" he said and got nothing. "ABBY!" he almost yelled and she came out of the inner office.

"What's the 911?"

"Tony! Come here." Abby grabbed Tony and dragged him into the office where Tony started hearing the sobbing. Tony came in and saw Gibbs in a small corner that Tony was not sure how he even fit. Hell, Tony didn't think he could get in there and he was a little shorter than Gibbs by an inch. Tony practically ran the few feet and squatted in front of his crying Gibbs.

"What happened?"

"I came in to get a form and found him like this."

"Jethro, you ok?"

"What do you care?" Gibbs said and he pushed Tony, who fell onto his butt from the way he was balanced.

"I care! Why would I not care? I love you."

"Yeah, right. Could have fooled me," Gibbs was now hiding his face. Tony could see that Gibbs' eyes were bloodshot and that he had been crying for some time.

"Boo, you know I love you."

"Yeah, right. You were out all night fucking some little young thing."

Tony was lost. He had been in the office with his head on his desk.

"I was here all night. I passed out on my desk. I just did not call. I'm sorry. When we got in it was late and I did not want to wake you."

"Yeah, ok. Right. You just don't want to be near me anymore."

"That's so not true. Hell, I have your Oreo's on my desk. Ask security! They will confirm I came into the office but did not leave," Tony put his hand on Gibbs' head and brought his face up to look into his eyes.

"Why did you not call?"

"Oh Boo. It was late. We got back to the office at about 1 or so."

"Really?"

"Yes, you can ask Mark, the night security guard."
"Really?"

"Yes really, Boo." Tony held up his free hand at Abby, in the fashion that meant if she was to repeat that, she would die.

"God, why am I crying so much?"

"Because you're pregnant."

"So." Tony just pet Gibbs' head. Abby left them alone in the office. Gibbs wiggled out of the corner and laid his head on Tony. Tony just held onto his lover, who was now trying to stop crying.

"See? I still love you. There is no one in this world I love more."

"I know. I just, well, you did not come home."

"Boo, it's ok. Let me take you home."

"No, we have a job to do."

"I'm doing it right now. Look. How about we play hooky for the rest of the day. It turned out that the sister was the one who killed the seaman."

"I did not even get to look at the financial reports."

"That's ok. Really, let me take you home and pamper."

"NO! The job comes first."

"Like hell it does. You come first in my book and I would bank all your money on the fact that Kate, Tim, Abby, Ducky and even the Director, would agree with me."

"No, I'm good. Just need to sit here for a while. Go take care of the case."

"Kate is arresting her right now. I am right where I need to be. How about a hot shower? How does that sound?"

"Only if we can do it together and we both know that will not go over well."

"No, you're right. Let's just get a washcloth. Abby?"

Abby appeared a moment later, walking through the door.

"Yes?"

"You have a washcloth?"

"No, sorry. But I have some wet ones."

"That will work."

Abby threw Tony the wet ones and went back out to her lab. Tony started wiping Gibbs' face. Gibbs just laid there in Tony's arms and that made it hard for Tony to wipe his face, but he managed. About 10 minutes
later, Gibbs tried to stand up so Tony stood and then helped Gibbs.

"My back is killing me."

"Because I was stupid and did not come home, so you did not get a back rub. Really. We can go home and I can."

"No, we have cases to solve."

"Yes, Boss." Tony kissed Gibbs' temple and they both walked out of the office, no longer holding each other. Gibbs' face was red but he walked over to Abby and kissed her head, then they both went up to their desks. Tony finished up the paperwork and Kate brought the sister in and booked her. Tim had his report done. The rest of the day was quiet. On the way home, Gibbs let Tony drive. When they got home, Tony waited on Gibbs, hand and foot. Gibbs had eaten the whole bag of cookies while at the office, so when they got home, Tony went back out. He picked up a knock off brand for Oreos and some Taco Bell and brought them home, since that is what Gibbs wanted. He was craving Tacos. When he got home, Gibbs started pouting.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Boo, not again. What's the matter?"

"You got the wrong kind of cookies."

"Sorry, but I figured that these were ok."

"No, that's fine. They'll do."

"No, I will be back. I am getting you what you want."

"No, don't worry."

"No, you need them, you get them." Tony left the house and Gibbs just smiled. He wanted the real ones but did not want to ask Tony again for them. Tony ran to the local convenience store and bought 5 packages of the cookies in question. Gibbs called and also asked for Pistachio ice cream. Since Tony had to run to the grocery store for that, he got even more Oreos. When he came back, Gibbs had run a bath and lit some candles.

"Tony, take a bath with me."

"Boo, I'm hungry. I," Tony saw Gibbs pout again, "OK Boo, but let me wash you."

"No, I'm washing you. You took care of me today and I want to take care of you."

"You're sure, Boo?"

"Yes, my Tigger." Gibbs smiled, he liked that. Tony smiled as well and thinks he found one. Tony walked up to the bedroom with Gibbs holding his hand. When they got to the room, Gibbs stood Tony in the center of the room and removed all his own clothing. Tony looked at the marvel in front of him. He noticed that Gibbs was forming a small belly and he didn't have abs any longer. He had never had a six-pack but he used to have definition. Tony put his hand out. Gibbs saw, took Tony's hand and placed it on his belly. Gibbs
smiled, placing his hand on top of Tony's.

"God, Boo. Can you believe you have 3 life forms in there growing?"

"Yes, I can. Every day I thank God that you're the father." Gibbs was now hugging and kissing his lover. Tony's hands were roaming all over Gibbs' bare and exposed back, coming to rest on his still firm ass.

"Tony, make love to me."

"Boo, I'm not sure."

"Please?"

"Boo, what about the kids?"

"Please?"

"Ok, but we have got to be very careful, ok? Nothing too rough."

"OK, I still want to bathe you first."

"I can live with that."

Gibbs took off Tony's shirt and kissed each of Tony's nipples. Not licking or sucking, but kissing and only one kiss. Gibbs stood back, looking at Tony's hair striped chest. It was Tony's best feature. Well, one of them anyway. Gibbs liked all of Tony. Then Gibbs undid Tony's belt and jeans, he pulled down Tony's pants and boxers at the same time. Gibbs licked the shaft of Tony's cock but he did not take it in his mouth. He did take just the head and sucked on that for a while. Tony was moaning loudly since he had not had a blowjob in a few weeks and this felt great.

"Oh God. If you do not stop," Tony could not finish. He started shooting a very large load. Gibbs took some of it but let most of it hit his face. He looked up at Tony.

"God Boo, thanks. You ok?"

"I love you."

"I love you too." Tony helped Gibbs up and Tony stepped out of his pants. Tony then proceeded to lick his seed off of Gibbs' face and kiss Gibbs like he was going out of style. Both their tongues were fighting for superiority. Tony broke the kiss, then walked over to tub with Gibbs holding his ass the whole way. Gibbs got in first and then Tony. Tony let Gibbs wash him. Gibbs washed every spot on Tony's body. He had used an aromatherapy of peppermint that Tony loved so much. Tony moaned at every touch because Gibbs was not making it sexual but sensual. After Gibbs finished washing Tony, he stood up and dried Tony off from head to toe. They both walked over to the bed where Tony put Gibbs on the bed face down with pillows supporting him and not putting any pressure on his belly. Tony then started his back rub for Gibbs.

"Stay with me Boo, if you want me to really finish."

"I want you in me, Tony. I want that right now."

"No Boo. I have got to work you up to that. Not tonight, I'm not just taking you."

"Hurry, please."
"Oh someone is in a hurry," Tony took a little lube and inserted one finger and moved it around. Then it was two fingers and he was scissoring in and out. Then Tony put a third finger in him. Gibbs was all but moving.

"Ok Boo. On your side, ok?"

"OK." Gibbs was so relaxed Tony had to help him move. Tony then got behind him, lined himself up, and slowly thrust into him.

"God, harder, please. Harder, make me feel it, Tony."

"Boo, slow and steady tonight. Till I can talk to Ducky, ok?"

"Just move a little then."

Tony started moving in and out. Kissing along Gibbs' back and shoulder and what part of his neck he could get to. Gibbs took Tony's hand off of Gibbs' own cock and would not let Tony touch it.

"Boo, let me."

"No, this is about you tonight."

"No, I'm not letting you."

"There, Tony. Hit there," Gibbs said.

Tony made sure to hit that spot. Gibbs could not hold back and he came without being touched. When Tony saw that and felt Gibbs clamp down, he came inside of Gibbs. Tony then slipped out and got a wet cloth for clean up. Tony licked some of Gibbs' seed and let it mix with his tongue before swallowing. He loved that liquid. He washed Gibbs up and helped him get into the right position for sleep. Tony then moved himself into the correct position and both men fell asleep.

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