

A Christmas Miracle by Xanthe



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Story Notes:

Author's Notes: I'm not sure what to say about this one. It's completely insane, but I hope it gives you a laugh as you rush around trying to get ready for Christmas. I wanted to post something light and fun today. This story is a sequel to **Puppy Love** – but you don't have to have read that to get the gist of this (although it probably helps!).

Many thanks to: 🧑🏻‍🎓 **tejas** for the beta, and 🧑🏻‍🎓 **nikitariddick** for the audiencing and encouragement.

Christmas Day, 2:13 a.m.

Tony was just dropping off to sleep again when he heard it. It was a thin, high-pitched wail. He lifted his head, holding his breath hopefully. The wailing stopped, but that was just a pause apparently, because then it started again, louder this time, rising in pitch and volume and punctuated by little sobs along the way.

Tony glanced at the clock on the nightstand: 2:13 am. He thumped his head back down on the pillow with a groan.

"It's your turn," he said, elbowing Gibbs in the ribs. There was no reply. Tony turned over

and poked at the mound in the bed beside him. "Hah! Don't give me your 'I'm a heavy sleeper, I've snored through aerial bombardments in foxholes in war zones' routine again," Tony growled. "I know you're awake."

"S'not my turn," Gibbs mumbled into his pillow.

"Yes it is. I got up half an hour ago."

"That was to use the bathroom."

"No it wasn't."

The sobbing stopped. Tony looked at Gibbs. Gibbs looked at Tony.

"D'you think if we just lie here, very still, without making a sound, he'll go back to sleep?" Tony whispered.

"Has that ever worked before?" Gibbs asked sceptically.

"Ssh!" Tony put a finger over Gibbs's mouth. Gibbs just rolled his eyes. There was silence for...one second, two seconds, three..."WAAAAAAHHHHH!"

Gibbs shot Tony his incredibly irritating 'I told you so' look.

"It's definitely your turn," Tony hissed. "If it wasn't before, it is now."

"How the hell is that fair?"

"It isn't," Tony said smugly, turning his back on Gibbs and pulling a pillow over his head. He heard Gibbs sigh and get out of the bed. He hadn't even reached the door when the loud wailing sound was joined by another, softer, mewling cry.

"Your turn too now," Gibbs said smugly from over by the doorway. He disappeared through it just in time to avoid being hit by Tony's well-aimed slipper.

Tony sighed and got out of bed wearily. This was the third time tonight; he was beginning to despair of ever getting any sleep. He pulled on his bathrobe and went into the next door bedroom.

Gibbs was sitting in one corner with Tom, cradling the three month old baby in his arms and preparing a bottle of infant formula for him. Tom was an unnaturally hungry baby, in Tony's view, and seemed to spend every waking hour (and plenty that should be sleeping hours) guzzling down the contents of a bottle. Although Tony had to admit that when his infant son wasn't hungry, he was an exceptionally good-natured baby and mostly spent his time smiling and charming everyone he met.

"How is it possible for one baby to eat so much?" Tony asked, watching as Gibbs gently placed the nipple of the bottle in Tom's mouth, and the baby sucked down hungrily, as if he was starving and hadn't just been fed a couple of hours ago.

"Takes after his father," Gibbs said, with a meaningful look at Tony. Tony rolled his eyes and turned to the occupant of the other crib, who was grizzling quietly to himself. A pair of vivid blue eyes studied him suspiciously.

"It's me – your father," Tony told Jack firmly. "Don't give me that look of disapproval. I gave birth to you." He winced at the memory. Ducky had been absurdly cheerful for a man about to do the first ever caesarean on a male patient.

"You won't feel a thing, my dear Anthony," he'd said, waving an ominous looking scalpel in the air. "I must say it's a refreshing change to be bringing life into the world instead of investigating the causes for it ending."

Thankfully Gibbs had been there to keep an eye on proceedings, but Tony had blocked most of the rest of the birth out of his memory. The one part of it he *did* remember was when Ducky had placed a blood-stained Jack in his arms, and Tony had been hit by a sensation of love so strong it had taken his breath away. He was still reeling from it when Tom had been handed to him a few minutes later, and he'd felt it all over again.

Now Jack waved his tiny arm irritably in the air and knocked his favourite teddy bear onto the floor. His face registered a moment's shock and then creased into a look of utter dismay. He opened his mouth and let out a massive wail of distress.

"Okay, okay, I'm on it, Jack!" Tony said hurriedly, bending down to pick up the bear. "Ow!" He stood up, rubbing the back of his head from where he'd been assaulted by a tiny fist. Jack was now grinning at him toothlessly through the bars of his crib, his hand still raised in mid-air. "If that one takes after me, this one is all you," Tony complained to Gibbs, placing Jack's teddy bear back in the crib.

"You know as well as I do that when Abby ran their DNA she found it was a mixture of both yours *and* mine," Gibbs said, looking down on the baby in his arms with a tender expression. "They have DNA from both their parents – just like any other babies."

"Yeah, but all the other babies in the world have one female and one male biological parent," Tony muttered.

"Well, we could have that conversation again about which of us was the female in this conception, but I think you already lost that argument, by, you know, getting pregnant in the first place," Gibbs pointed out.

Tony glared at him. Jack began to whimper softly, and Tony lifted the baby from his crib and rocked him in his arms. Jack gazed up at him happily from big blue eyes. "Hey, monster boy - you're okay," Tony crooned affectionately.

Jack smiled at him and made a little gurgling sound in the back of his throat. Jack, in contrast to Tom, was a much quieter personality. He was also a lot less easygoing, and Tony could see that he'd be locked in endless battles of will with this one when he got older. He had a stubborn streak a mile wide.

"He's not hungry," Tony said, abandoning an attempt to feed the baby when Jack shook his head and pushed the bottle away. He lifted the baby up and sniffed his diaper. "And he

doesn't need changing. He was just crying because he likes having me run around after him – and again, I say, he's just like you." He glared at Gibbs again. Gibbs grinned at him.

"Aw – he's just messin' with you," he said, with a little chuckle. "He knows how to play you, Tony."

"Well they both know how to play you," Tony retorted. "One look, and you come running. One smile, and you melt. When they're fifteen and rampaging through the house playing loud music, I'll be the one kicking their asses, not Daddy Soft Touch over there."

Which was weird, because everyone had assumed that Gibbs would be the disciplinarian father and Tony would be the indulgent one. Instead, Tony had discovered that he was a stickler for routine and set bedtimes, whereas Gibbs was the one who was completely in thrall to the tyrannical twins, as Tony had taken to calling them, and happy to cater to their every babyish whim.

Tony glanced around the room – there were two hand-carved, wooden cribs, made with loving care by Gibbs. Each of the cribs had a wooden mobile dangling over it, again, made by Gibbs. In fact, nearly every item of furniture in the room had been hand-made for the twins by their doting father, and some new teddy bear or item of clothing seemed to appear in the boys' bedroom every day, smuggled in by Gibbs when Tony was looking the other way.

Tony sat down on the rocker and slipped his finger into Jack's mouth. The baby sucked on it for a few seconds, gazing up at his father innocently. He had a little shock of dark hair, unlike Tom who was blond. Tony wasn't sure if he was disappointed or pleased that they weren't identical. He sometimes wondered if they were boys for a reason – whether it was something to do with the fact that he and Gibbs together didn't have the right chromosomes to produce girl children. He had made the mistake of pondering this out loud once, only for Abby and Ducky to end up trying to outdo each other with their bizarre theories on the biological mechanics of the twins' conception. Tony didn't like thinking about the mechanics – because he remembered the reality of it, and it hadn't been mechanical at all.

He glanced over to find Gibbs looking at him, a fond little smile on his face.

"What?" Tony asked.

"Just thinkin' about this time last year," Gibbs told him. "'Cause right about now, twelve months ago, we were busy conceiving these two."

"Oh yeah." Tony smiled back at him. "Man that was a night to remember and not just because of what came out of it." He glanced down at the baby in his arms. Jack's eyelids were drooping, but he was fighting desperately against his sleepiness all the same. Tony brushed a series of little kisses onto Jack's soft head, inhaling his milky baby scent in the process.

"Yeah." Gibbs got up and came over to him, rocking a sleepy Tom in his arms as he walked. He dropped a kiss on Tony's head and sat down on the window seat next to the rocker. "I know they keep us up at night and drive us crazy, but I never thought I'd be a father again. Never thought I'd be in love again. Never thought I'd have all this, Tony." He glanced around the nursery. "Never thought a man could have it twice, and once I lost it the first time around I never expected to find it again. So this really is one hell of a miracle."

"In more ways than just the obvious." Tony grinned at him. Tom was fast asleep in Gibbs's arms, looking the very picture of a well-fed, contented, much-loved baby. Jack was looking just as happy, dozing in Tony's arms. "Has it really only been a year?"

"Yeah." Gibbs leaned over and kissed him again. "One year ago today..."

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Christmas Eve, One Year Earlier

Tony grabbed his bag and ran over to Gibbs's desk.

"You – do not be late home," he ordered. Gibbs glanced up at him over his glasses.

"Why? Somethin' special happening tonight?" he asked innocently. Tony glared at him.

"Just because it's usually you slapping the back of *my* head, does not mean it has to stay that way," he said darkly. "Just get your ass home before midnight, or..." He trailed off, trying to think of something drastic enough to incentivize his workaholic boyfriend.

"Or?" Gibbs raised an eyebrow. "You'll turn into a puppy? No, wait!" He gave Tony a sly wink, and it was all Tony could do not to slap him.

"Hah!" Tony sank back on his heels. "My days of puppyhood come to an end in..." he glanced at his watch. "Five, four, three, two, one. YAY!" He jumped up in the air. "See – this is me getting excited...and see – see what's not happening? I am NOT turning into a puppy. See this? This is me, not being a golden retriever pup. See – see it, Gibbs? See!" He ran around the room, feeling much as he did during those many times over the past year when he *had* been a golden retriever puppy. Gibbs sat back in his chair, grinning at him. "My year of being a puppy is now over!" Tony proclaimed, to the thankfully empty squad room.

"Aw, I'll miss those silky ears and that wet little nose," Gibbs lamented.

"I won't!" Tony said fervently. "And I sure as hell won't miss turning back into a naked man in the most embarrassing places – like at the mall, or in front of SecNav." He shuddered, remembering that particular moment of ignominy. "I am now, officially, no longer under the spell of a crazy old lady who somehow thought that turning into a puppy whenever I was scared or excited would be a *gift*. Remind me never to arrest anyone on Christmas Eve ever again, Boss. Especially not crazy old gypsy ladies."

"Hey – it wasn't all bad, was it?" Gibbs asked softly.

Tony grinned. "You mean the getting my heart's desire bit? Nah. That bit was okay. And you wanna know what's gonna be even better?" He leaned in close and spoke directly into Gibbs's ear. "Not turning into a damn puppy every time you get me hot and bothered." He gave a lascivious wink and drew back. "So finish up and get home asap. We have a year's worth of hot sex to catch up on." He grabbed his bag again. "Home. Soon," he ordered, turning to go in the direction of the elevator.

“Hey, Tony - wait! You forgot this!” Gibbs called. Tony turned back – and was hit in the face by something very familiar. He caught the collar and leash Gibbs had been keeping in his desk drawer in case of emergency this past year.

“Ha ha. Very funny.” Tony glowered at him. “If you’re not home soon I’ll come back here, put this on you, and drag you back myself.”

“Hmmm.” Gibbs looked intrigued. “Didn’t know you were that kinky, DiNozzo.” Then his face split into a wide grin. “I like it!”

Tony laughed and ran for the elevator. He was so excited it was all he could do not to waggle his ass around like the pup he’d turned into at frequent intervals over the past year.

Tonight was going to be special. He and Gibbs hadn’t made love properly yet – Gibbs had refused to put *that* part of his anatomy anywhere near Tony in a situation that was, by definition, about getting excited.

“Those puppy teeth are *sharp*, DiNozzo”, he’d pointed out when Tony had told him he could definitely control himself long enough to deliver a blow job without turning into a puppy. “No way I’m takin’ a risk on it!”

So they’d spent the entire year snuggling on the sofa and kissing. Which had been nice, Tony thought to himself, but no substitute for wild, passionate, full blown, bone-meltingly hot sex.

Now the year was up, the night had come, and Tony intended to enjoy himself to the full. He’d bought tub-loads of lube in various different flavours and a whole drawer full of sex toys – although when he’d shown them to Gibbs, his reaction had been to roll his eyes and point out that a naked Tony in his bed was aphrodisiac enough for him, and he didn’t need sex toys to spice things up. Tony had found that strangely romantic although he hadn’t said so.

Tony arrived back to Gibbs’s house – the house they’d shared for the past eleven months or so, ever since Gibbs had taken pity on his puppy predicament and allowed him to stay over. Tony was still surprised by how easily Gibbs had allowed him into his life – and his bed. Of course, it was far easier to allow a cute golden retriever puppy into your bed than your six foot something, thirty-something, *male* senior field agent.

For the first couple of months, Tony had just luxuriated in having his puppy ears kissed by the man he’d had a crush on for years. Then, slowly but surely, Gibbs had grown accustomed to waking up to find that puppy Tony had reverted to human Tony – a *naked* human Tony - and one thing had led to another, as these things do.

“It’s that age old love story,” Tony told nobody in particular as he went into the kitchen and began packing away the dog basket and all the other doggy items he could find. “You know, boy meets man, boy turns into puppy every so often, man kisses puppy, man eventually gets used to having puppy around,” Tony muttered happily to himself. “And now, boy no longer turns into puppy so the hot sex can commence!”

He took the armful of dog-related accoutrements into the basement and threw them down the

stairs. Gibbs could clear them away tomorrow. For now, he wanted to get ready for his big night.

“My first sex in a year! Whoopee!” Tony was about to charge up the stairs to the bedroom when there was a knock on the door. He went to open it...and found a little old lady standing on the doorstep. She was wearing a voluminous black dress and had a black and red headscarf wrapped around her head. She gazed up at him from beady black eyes.

“Agent DiNozzo?”

His heart sank. “Um...”

“Do you remember me?”

“How could I forget?” Tony plastered his most charming smile on his face. “You’re the lady who gave me this wonderful, uh, gift.”

She nodded at him politely, but her dark eyes were bright and shrewd.

“Can I come in?” she asked.

“Of course.” Tony gestured her into the hallway, grimacing behind her back. “Uh...how did you know where to find me?”

She glanced up at him, a little smile on her wrinkled old face. “Oh, I just followed the trail of breadcrumbs, my dear,” she told him.

Tony stared at her. Breadcrumbs? *What* breadcrumbs? Of course, this was why he put the ‘crazy’ in ‘crazy little old lady’ whenever he had to explain to people where his “gift” had come from.

They sat down across the kitchen table with the cups of coffee Tony made for them.

“So...how has your year been?” she asked. “Did you discover your true inner self, my dear?”

“Yeah. My true inner self is a puppy,” he grunted sourly. “Apparently.”

She gave a deep, throaty chuckle. “Well...the truth can be surprising.”

“You’re telling me. See, I’d have thought I’m more the racehorse type,” Tony mused. “You know, thoroughbred, good-looking, expensive...”

“Big nose,” she added thoughtfully. “Hmm, yes, I can see why you’d think that, my dear.” She patted his hand absently. Tony reached up and touched his nose. He didn’t think it was *that* big.

“However, we can never anticipate what these things will reveal about ourselves. Now tell me – did you get your heart’s desire?”

Tony grinned. “Oh yeah! I definitely did!”

She smiled back at him happily. “Good. I’m so glad. You were so kind to me this time last year, Agent DiNozzo. Many people haven’t been kind to me, you know. You were very thoughtful to an old woman, and I could see the good in you. So, I thought I’d drop by and see how the year has been for you, my dear.”

Tony sighed. “It’s been fine. I mean – not without certain challenges, but fine. Um...thank you – for the gift,” he said, flushing a little as he’d done nothing but complain about it all year.

“No need for thanks. I just want to see the truth of it in your heart.” Her eyes were suddenly gimlet sharp. “This heart’s desire of yours – is he what you truly want?”

Tony didn’t bother asking her how she knew about Gibbs. She could turn people into animals, for God’s sake! Knowing that he and Gibbs were in a relationship was probably child’s play to her...which brought an unwelcome thought into his mind. He bit on his lip and glanced down and then up at her.

“Hmmm?” She raised an eyebrow at him.

“Nothing...just – I’m bisexual; always have been, although I don’t advertise the fact. Only a handful of people know – and that’s a handful more than knew this time last year. Once your friends and co-workers have seen you turn into a puppy on a regular basis, they tend to be less fazed by your sexual preferences,” Tony told her. She nodded sagely. “But Gibbs...see, I always thought he was straight. But he seems to like having me around, and he sure as hell seems to be up for the hot sex – not that we’ve actually done that yet.”

Tony flushed to the tips of his ears, wondering why on earth he was confiding all this to her. He hadn’t told anyone else about his concerns, but he found that he couldn’t stop himself rambling on like an idiot around her. In fact, now he thought about it, he’d been the same around her this time last year too. She just seemed to have this effect on him.

“And you’re worried that you’re not really what he wants?” the old lady asked.

“Yes. I mean...it’s just...he’s had wives – a lot of wives. A hell of a lot of wives,” Tony added, for extra emphasis. “His first wife and his daughter were killed, and I guess I thought that one day he’d want to settle down again and maybe have another family. And I can’t give him any of that.”

She smiled and patted his hand again. “You just give him yourself, Tony DiNozzo, and I’m sure that’ll be enough for him.”

“Yeah.” Tony smiled back at her uncertainly. “Well, I hope so.”

She gazed at him thoughtfully. “This heart’s desire of yours – this Agent Gibbs - is he a good man?”

“Oh yeah.” Tony nodded. “I mean, he’s a bastard, and he’s stubborn and can be temperamental, and he likes slapping the back of my head – just here.” He tapped the back of his head and then broke into a big, stupid smile. “But I like it. I like all that about him. See, he’s got this deep core of sadness right in the centre of his heart, and I want to be the one who

breaks into it and chips away at it, until one day it's all gone. He deserves that. He's been through a lot."

"And you – what do you deserve?" she asked.

Tony shrugged. "I don't know. Not him, that's for sure. Never thought I stood a hope in hell with him until you came along. Thank you. Really. I mean it."

And this time he did. He reached out and put a hand on her arm. She covered his hand with her own, and he felt a strange tingling sensation. It was uncomfortable, and he wanted to draw his hand away, but that seemed rude so he left it there.

"You'll do fine, Tony DiNozzo," she told him softly. "You and your heart's desire. You're both good men, and you've both had more than your share of unhappiness. Now that's set to change."

He gazed at her blearily, feeling suddenly light-headed and woozy. She smiled at him.

"Now, I must get on. I have other people to visit. You stay here, my dear. I can see myself out."

He nodded hazily. He thought he saw her move her hand away and get up – but next thing he knew he was alone in the kitchen – and he wasn't entirely sure if she'd been there or if the whole thing had been a figment of his imagination.

He didn't have long to ponder on it, because a few minutes later Gibbs walked through the door.

"Hey – I thought you were gonna be lying naked on the bed waiting for me," Gibbs said, looking disappointed.

"Sorry – got sidetracked." Tony told him about the old lady's visit, and Gibbs grinned.

"You sure she was here?" he asked.

"Mmm – yeah – why?" Tony frowned.

"You said you made two cups of coffee." Gibbs pointed at the table. "I can only see one."

Tony stared down at his empty mug of coffee in surprise. Maybe the whole thing *had* been a figment of his imagination.

"Sure you're up for the hot sex?" Gibbs asked, leaning over to kiss his hair. "Maybe you're having second thoughts?"

He looked uncertain – which wasn't an expression Tony thought he'd ever seen on his face before. Gibbs was always certain – about everything – it was one of the things Tony found so attractive about him.

"No. I'm not having second thoughts," Tony replied, looking up anxiously. "Are you?"

Gibbs slapped the back of his head. “Don’t be an idiot.”

Tony gave a big grin. He got up, grabbed hold of Gibbs’s hand, and pulled him in the direction of the bedroom.

Gibbs followed on behind, fondling Tony’s bottom with his free hand as they climbed the stairs together.

Four hours later – or maybe it was five, Tony lost count – they lay in bed, wrapped up in each other’s arms, covered in sweat and panting heavily.

“Oh my God,” Tony breathed, gazing at Gibbs in amazement. “That was...seriously...I mean...”

“Mmmm...” Gibbs ruffled his hair and dropped a kiss on his cheek. “Oh yeah. It was.”

They had experienced orgasm after explosive orgasm. Tony hadn’t come so often in one night in his entire life. His belly was covered with their semen, and his ass ached sweetly from being stretched by Gibbs’s beautiful, thick cock. Tony had never been fucked like that before, so intensely, and for so long. Gibbs had owned his body totally, sliding into him with long, slow, powerful thrusts, kissing Tony repeatedly on the lips, and never once breaking eye-contact. It had been breath-takingly good – so intimate, so gentle, and yet so passionate all at the same time. Tony felt as if he was still lost in a haze of love-making from which he never wanted to emerge.

“Best Christmas Eve ever,” he sighed happily.

Three weeks later he started throwing up...

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“Man, what an insane couple of years,” Tony said, rocking Jack gently in an attempt to get the stubborn baby back to sleep. “First I was a puppy, and then I got pregnant.”

“Yeah. Only Tony DiNozzo, huh?” Gibbs grinned at him. Tom was fast asleep in his arms, but then that was Tom; he only ever cried when he was hungry. The rest of the time he was an angel. “What the hell did you say to the old lady to make her think you wanted to get pregnant?”

“Nothing – trust me.” Tony flushed. “Well, nothing specific. I think it was more of a general thing.”

Gibbs raised an eyebrow,

“Hey! You don’t know what she’s like! This is a woman who knew my true inner self was a

puppy and sleeping in your bed was my heart's desire!" Tony protested. "I found myself babbling around her and next thing I know..." He gestured with his head at the babies in their arms.

In fact, he'd been four months pregnant before they found out – and it had been Gibbs who had first noticed it.

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"Y'know...morning sickness and a craving for gherkins - anyone would think you were pregnant," he said, sitting on the side of the bath while Tony heaved his guts up into the toilet.

"Not funny." Tony waved his hand in the air for the bottle of water Gibbs was holding. Gibbs handed it to him.

"When Shannon was pregnant she threw up every day for four months. Never did understand why they call it 'morning' sickness 'cause she used to puke her guts out day and night.

"Not helping," Tony growled, taking a swig of the water. He knelt there for a little while, wondering if the sickness was over – at least for now.

"And you are lookin' kind of..." Gibbs paused. Tony glared at him dangerously. "Uh..." Gibbs hesitated.

"Say it and die," Tony snapped, getting up too quickly. A wave of nausea assaulted him, and he bent over and threw up into Gibbs's lap.

"Damn it, DiNozzo!" Gibbs looked down on the mess in his pants in disgust.

"Serves you right for calling me fat." Tony gave a smug smile and walked out of the bathroom.

"I didn't!" Gibbs yelled.

"Yes you did!" Tony yelled back. "Just not out loud!"

Something about the conversation niggled at Tony all the same. He'd been a puppy after all...what were the odds against him getting pregnant? It surely didn't do any harm to take a test?

Seventeen packets of home pregnancy testing kits later, Tony sat in the men's room at NCIS and surveyed the strewn strips, with their little blue lines, and wondered where his life had all gone so very wrong.

"Tony!" Abby knocked on the door. "Gibbs says if you're not out in five minutes he'll send Ziva in to get you."

Tony got up and opened the door he'd been barricading shut by sitting with his back against

it. Abby took one look at him and threw her arms around his neck. “Tony! What is it? Are you okay? Hmm...” She looked down. “Have you been eating too many donuts lately, Tony? There seems to be a bit more of you to hug these days.”

“Don’t say it,” he hissed. She glanced over his shoulder at the piles of pregnancy testing kits littering the men’s restroom.

“Tony?” she asked tremulously. “Is there something you want to tell me?”

“Yes. Take me to Ducky,” he said through gritted teeth.

Ducky sat him down on the side of an autopsy table and performed a thorough examination.

“Oh yes,” he said with a little laugh as he poked and prodded. “Yes indeed, Anthony. Hmm...oh yes.”

“Those stupid home testing pregnancy kits are wrong, aren’t they?” Tony said desperately. “I can’t possibly be having a baby, can I, Ducky?”

“Oh no.” Ducky smiled at him. “You’re not having a baby, Tony.”

“Oh thank God!” Tony began sliding off the autopsy table.

“You’re having two! It’s twins, my dear boy. Congratulations!” He shook Tony’s hand enthusiastically.

“What?” Tony felt the room reeling around him, and he sank back down on the autopsy table for support. “Twins?” he whispered faintly. “No. Please, Ducky...no.”

“You mean this is an unplanned pregnancy?” Ducky frowned. “My dear boy, if you didn’t want to get pregnant, you should have used condoms.”

“Hello – Ducky – I’m a man!” Tony pointed at himself. “We didn’t use condoms because we’ve both been tested, and we’re both clean, and...oh for God’s sake! This is ridiculous.”

“I take it Jethro is the lucky man?” Ducky raised an eyebrow. “I assume since you’re living with him now after the unfortunate puppy interlude...”

Shit. Gibbs. How was he going to take the news? Tony felt the blood drain from his face. They’d only been having sex for a few months, and now Tony was going to hit him with **this**. First there had been the puppy thing, which was crazy enough, and now he was **pregnant** of all things. Gibbs wasn’t a patient man, and Tony couldn’t help wondering just how much craziness his all too sane and sensible lover could take.

He got himself all screwed up into a big ball of anxiety imagining Gibbs’s reaction. Would Gibbs throw him out? Would he demand that Tony have an abortion? Did Tony want to even consider having an abortion? What would happen to their relationship? Could it withstand this kind of shock?

Tony tortured himself for several hours by thinking of the many different ways in which

Gibbs might react; what he never anticipated was his lover's *actual* reaction when he blurted out the news over dinner that evening.

Gibbs nodded thoughtfully. "I told you so," he said.

"What?" Tony stared at him.

"I said when you kept throwing up that it was probably morning sickness." Gibbs helped himself to a second serving of dessert. "Hey." Gibbs looked up, a worried frown on his face. Tony braced himself. This was it; this was the moment he'd been dreading. "They're definitely babies, aren't they?" Gibbs asked. "I mean, they're not puppies, are they?"

Tony stared at him. Gibbs stared back. And then they both burst out laughing. Later that night, Gibbs took him upstairs to bed, kissed his belly all over, and told him he'd still love him even when his suits got too tight, his ankles swelled up, and he had to pee every five minutes. Tony slapped the back of his head for that.

After that, the pregnancy had been relatively straightforward. Vance, already accustomed to Tony's previous canine predicament, took his pregnancy in his stride, as did those of his co-workers that Tony told about it. The rest just believed he really was eating too many donuts.

Ducky monitored the pregnancy, rather than involving anyone else in Tony's bizarre physiological transformation, and actually, apart from the morning sickness, the pregnancy went very smoothly.

Although... Tony thought Gibbs was relieved when the babies were safely delivered, and he could see for himself that they really weren't puppies.

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"Wake up, sleepyhead."

Tony blinked. He was sitting in the rocking chair in the nursery. Jack and Tom were both lying in their respective cribs, fast asleep.

"It's morning. You fell asleep rocking Jack to sleep last night. I put the babies down, but you looked so peaceful I didn't want to wake you," Gibbs told him, handing him a cup of coffee.

Tony looked down and saw that Gibbs had covered him with a blanket.

"Thanks," he murmured, stretching sleepily. Then he remembered something. "Hey – merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Tony. Our first Christmas together – all four of us."

Gibbs leaned down and kissed Tony gently on the lips. Tony put his coffee to one side and pulled Gibbs down onto the rocker on top of him. Gibbs kissed him again, and Tony welcomed his tongue into his mouth. He caressed his lover's buttocks with his hands, feeling his cock growing hard. They'd had so few opportunities to make love since the twins came

along.

He could feel Gibbs's erection pressing into his belly, and he grinned and palmed it. Gibbs took a sharp intake of breath.

"I think we should move this next door, don't you?" he said, gesturing with his head at the sleeping babies. Tony grinned and got up out of the rocker, kicking the blanket onto the floor.

Gibbs took hold of his hand and led him out of the nursery and along to their bedroom. They'd just gotten naked, and Gibbs was just poised to slide his cock into Tony's ass, when... "WAAAAHHH!"

"Oh God," Tony sighed.

"I'll go." Gibbs said, looking down on his drooping erection mournfully.

"If it's Tom, tell him it's not too late to change his name to Tarquin," Tony said darkly. "Let's see how he likes *that* when he starts kindergarten."

Gibbs grinned. "Well, he'd learn how to use his fists from a young age, that's for sure."

When the boys had been born, Gibbs had been adamant that they have 'normal' names.

"Nothin' stupid, or fancy, or ridiculous," he'd told Tony in a warning tone. "I know what you're like. I know the kinds of dumbass names you come up with for undercover assignments."

"So we can't call them Tarquin and Delfont?" Tony raised an eyebrow. Gibbs slapped the back of his head.

"Definitely not. Somethin' plain and sensible."

So Tom and Jack it was – and Tony was fine with that.

Now Tom was demanding his breakfast and soon Jack joined in, and that was the end of any plans they might have had to make love. They fed and changed the twins, and Gibbs left Tony to dress them while he took a shower and got dressed himself, and then he went downstairs to make breakfast for himself and Tony.

Tony stood in the nursery, looking down on his two sons with a mixture of pride, love and complete exhaustion.

"I can't say I'm sorry you came along, but I never, ever, want to be pregnant ever again," he told them. "My suits didn't fit, being that fat sucked – and all the donut jokes wore really thin after awhile."

He had no idea whether he still ran the risk of getting pregnant, but he insisted that both he and Gibbs wore condoms whenever they had sex; although having twin baby boys was contraception enough really, given their limited opportunities for love-making these days.

Tony heard a knock at the door, and he glanced out of the window to see a familiar figure in a voluminous black dress and a black and red headscarf standing on the doorstep below.

He heard Gibbs moving down the hallway towards the front door. Tony remembered being a puppy, scampering around the squad room with McGee's new leather jacket in his mouth. He remembered returning to his naked human form in the elevator just as the door opened and Vance and SecNav stepped inside. He remembered throwing up every morning for three months. He remembered sitting in the men's restroom with seventeen empty pregnancy testing kits. He remembered being the only man in the history of the world to give birth to twins.

He ran out of the nursery and along the hallway to the top of the stairs at full pelt and got there just in time to see Gibbs reaching out to open the front door.

"No!" Tony yelled. "Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!"

The End