

# The Traveler

By FyreFaerie

**Summary: With the fear of Brian's STD running through his head, Justin goes back to the doctor to see if anything is wrong with him or his little traveler.**

## Part 1

Shit... That is not good... Could this hurt the... err... little traveler? Fuck, Brian, why did you wait so long when you thought something was wrong? Now, I've got to go have even more tests run to make sure the... little traveler... hasn't been hurt by this.

Justin sat outside his doctor's office, wishing he'd had the nerve to ask Brian to come with him, but that would involve telling Brian about the 'little traveler' and that wasn't something Justin was ready to do just then.

Sighing, Justin sank in his seat and mentally calmed himself down, knowing he needed to stay as calm as possible because freaking out wouldn't help anyone.

"Mr. Taylor? The doctor will see you now." The nurse drew his attention with a pat on his arm, and Justin quickly followed her into the back part of the doctor's office.

Dr. Keiko Yamagi was a middle aged Asian lady with kind eyes and whiplash tongue when she thought one of her patients were endangering themselves. So when Justin came in early for his next check up, she walked in with a concerned expression. "Justin... what brings you back more than two weeks ahead of schedule? Are you having pains or bleeding?" "No, ma'am... My partner... well... he..." Justin blushed and looked at his hands, all the while thinking how childish it was to think that if he didn't say it, it wasn't true.

Dr. Yamagi stared at him for a moment before sighing and walking around her desk to take his hands. "What is it, Justin? Did he hurt you during sex? Remember, we talked about you needing to take it easy for the next while."

Shaking his head, Justin sniffled at the tears he didn't even realize he was about to shed. "He has..." Justin stopped and pulled out the paper with the name of the disease Brian's doctor had diagnosed him with. With teary eyes Justin handed to her.

"Oh... I see. You do know you don't have this, correct? One of the first series of tests we run on new patients is STDs. As for you getting it... As long as you use condoms and be very careful until this is cleared up I don't see what the problem should be. Though I would suggest retesting, just to make certain you haven't contracted it since the first tests." Dr. Yamagi stood up and patted Justin on the shoulder before going to the door and calling to her nurse. After a quick series of instructions the nurse hurried off to prepare to take the blood for the tests. "Since you're here anyway, why don't we go ahead and do a brief physical? Just to be on the safe side. And I want to check your weight gain... It isn't what I'd like it to be, at least visually."

Justin, nods while smiling softly. "I have been gaining weight. In the last couple of weeks alone I've put on four pounds."

"That's good... But I would like for that to be four pounds a week. You were already under weight to begin with. Now you have to add that weight to other you're going to need." Dr. Yamagi gestured for Justin to go behind the screen before hanging a gown over the top of the screen.

"How much do you think I'll gain?" Justin asked as he changed quickly.

"Normally I would say you should gain around 40 pounds in all... but with you already being underweight I'm going to say 50 or more." Dr. Yamagi told him as she got her instruments ready for his exam.

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Brian stared at the note on the counter of the loft. Went to the doctor. Be back after while. -Justin. He thought back to the terrified expression on Justin's face when he'd told him about his... little problem. After sitting in the office all morning, Brian had finally decided to go home and talk to Justin before taking him to the same doctor Brian was seeing. Now, he found that once again he hadn't thought far enough ahead to be there for Justin. Growling under his breath, Brian threw the note away and went to the fridge for a beer.

## **Part 2**

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Hours later, Justin came in a look of relief on his face. All of the tests had come back with healthy results and Justin was in peak health, even if he hadn't gained as much weight as the doctor would have liked.

"So? Did I give it to you?" Brian asked from the dark area near the couch.

Justin jumped and dropped his bag into the counter. "You fucker! You scared me. And no... you didn't give it to me. I'm clean."

"Then why do you have a bag from the drug store down the street in your hand?" Brian took another drink of his second beer.

"Oh... those.... I'm underweight and I need vitamins, so the doctor prescribed something." Justin shrugged it off and went into the bathroom to store his new pills in the medicine cabinet.

"Underweight? You've been gaining weight here lately... isn't it enough?" Brian frowned a little as he followed his lover into the bathroom.

"I have been, but it isn't enough. She said I should have another ten pounds before I go see her in two weeks." Justin sighed, and hoped Brian didn't look up the drugs he was taking.

Standing in the door way, Brian stared at him. "More weight? You and your bubble butt seem healthy to me."

"Well, not according to my doctor." Justin turned and looked at Brian. "I'm fine. Apparently my stay in LA wasn't as good for me as I thought it was."

Looking at him for a moment, Brian stepped up and pulled him into a close hug. "Just don't hold out on me if you've brought home something nasty from your stint as a Hollywood artist." Brian murmured as he held his lips close to Justin's before kissing him.

Hi all, back again with another part. I hope that you enjoy it. Only one person reviewed the last segment, so I'm not sure if it was just because it was so short or if it was because no one's reading/liking it. Hope this one is a bit better if there was something wrong with the last one.

### **Part 3**

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Debbie knocked before she let herself into the loft. At first she thought no one was home until she saw a familiar blond figure in the bed asleep. Walking up to the side of the bed she studied him and tried to decide for herself if Justin looked sick. But after a few moments of study she found that he looked healthier than ever. There was a light blush on his cheeks and a subtle glow about him.

Shaking her head she went into the kitchen and began to heat up the Italian stew she'd made at home. While that was working she searched the kitchen to see if for once Brian had the stuff to make rolls.

Surprisingly she found the refrigerator and pantry fully stocked.

Glancing into the bedroom she smiled, knowing it wasn't Brian who cooked. When the hot rolls were on she sat down to wait until Justin woke up, so she could have a little talk with him about not telling her there was something wrong.

A few minutes before the rolls were done she heard Justin waking up.

Justin woke up and stretched, slightly refreshed from his nap.

Looking to the clock he found he'd had a four hour nap, even though he felt like he could go back to sleep for another four hours. Getting up, he looked down at his stomach he'd just noticed it that more. "Hey you... Yeah, I can see you now... well sort of. I wonder how long it'll be before Daddy Brian notices." Justin spoke to his stomach as he stroked his hand over the lump that was just starting to develop there. "I know what he'll do when he does notice." Deepening his voice he imitated Brian. "Fuck! I never asked for this! You're just trying to trap me... It's probably not even mine! Get the fuck out! I never want to see you or your little spawn ever!" With a sigh he left off and spoke normally towards his stomach. "But it doesn't matter. I've got money put aside now, and Rage will actually support us. And most importantly, I love you... and hopefully you'll love me when you're born."

"Sunshine!" Debbie stood in the doorway of the bedroom and stared, now knowing why the doctor thought he was underweight.

"Oh... hey, Debbie. What are you doing here?" Justin picked up his robe from the foot of the bed and slid it on, tying it.

"I came here because I was worried. Brian came by the diner at lunch and said that your doctor told you that you were underweight. Now I know why! How far along are you?"

With a blush Justin sat on the bed and waited until Debbie was sitting beside him. "Almost four months. I got pregnant about sometime in the week after I got back from LA."

"Sunshine, you should be two or three time this size. Is everything okay with the baby?" Debbie took his hands and held them, wishing, like every mother, that she could heal anything that might plague a child.

Justin nodded and smiled. "I got the ultrasound today. They did one early because I'm just not gaining enough weight. I should be at least 15 pounds heavier." Reaching into the pants laying on the floor beside the bed, he dug in the pocket until he came up with the three ultrasound pictures the doctor had let him keep.

"Look at that! Here's a hand and a foot... Oh, he's sucking his toe... Is it a 'he'?" Debbie asked as she looked though the pictures.

"Yeah... As you can see right here." Justin pointed to one of the pictures where the baby's gender was very obvious.

"Oh... he's Brian's son alright!" Debbie laughed before she looked at Justin. "So, are you both okay?"

"Yes. But I still need more weight. I am trying, Deb... But..."

Justin left off with a shrug.

Debbie got a narrow eyed look. "Have you had any drugs or liquor since you found out?"

"No. I've been eating right, looking after my body. The worst I've had since then was I accidentally sipped one of Brian's drink without thinking at Babylon. But even then it was just a sip." Justin smiled a little as he put a hand on his stomach. "I don't want to put the little traveler off of his journey."

"Little traveler? Ha! I thought that was what made the baby." Debbie leaned over and gave him a hard hug. "Now, we're going to sit down and work out things to help get some weight on you. I don't want my grandbaby being born so small I'd break him."

"Deb..." Justin shook his head before smiling at her. "Thanks... Just one thing, could you not tell Brian. I don't want to piss him off any earlier than I have to."

"It's not a problem, Sunshine. I'll deal with Brian when the time comes. You don't worry about the asshole. You just take care of yourself." Debbie patted him on the cheek before she stood. "Now I have to get those rolls out of the oven before they burn. You get dressed in something comfy and then come into the kitchen and I'll serve you up some of my famous Italian Stew."

"Okay." Justin watched her go and then glanced at his stomach before whispering. "That, my little one, was your grandma Debbie... Don't let her scare you. She's a little weird, but she's great."

Brian walked into the loft and dropped his things on the table. Seeing his blond on the bed he walked into the bedroom and smiled a little when he saw Justin had fallen asleep while drawing. Gently, he lifted the drawing board from Justin's lap and sat it to the side.

Knowing his lover, he began to feel around in the bed for all of his drawing supplies. Digging into the heavy covering he found a couple of drawing pencils and five large erasers as well as a pencil sharpener.

As he started to move Justin into a more comfortable sleeping position he felt an odd lump near his belly button. With an ill feeling in his stomach, Brian moved the covers aside and pushed Justin's shirt out of the way. After staring at it for a few minutes, Brian shook out of his daze and covered the blond back up.

Standing, Brian moved as if in a daze as he changed his cloths and then wrote a note for Justin, telling him that he was going out and would be home later. Still dazed, Brian went out and got into his 'vette before driving to the first place he could think of.

Debbie was surprised when Brian let himself into her house at nine pm on a Friday. "What's wrong?" She hadn't seen that look since Justin had been bashed.

"He's got a lump... a... tumor... I think." Brian looked at her with wide horrified eyes before falling to his knees in front of her and wrapping his arms around her waist. He didn't know it, but large tears began to pour from his eyes and he clutched at the only woman he would honestly call mother.

Sighing, she held him close and let him cry it out, knowing it was the first time he'd cried in a very long time. When the tears were done, she tilted his face up to her. "Listen to me... You shouldn't jump to conclusions. It might be nothing... Or maybe something very important. But you should hear it from him before you assume that it's something horrible."

Brian reached up and scrubbed at his face and stood up with a bit of a glare, though it wasn't directed at Debbie, and she knew it. "I'll be going... And I'd appreciate it if this little... foray into muncher-land didn't make it out."

"I promise. Now, go home.... Straight home." Debbie stood up and gave him a kiss of the cheek before shoving him half out of the door.

Justin had woke up a short time after Brian left. After reading his note, he'd settled back into bed, half sad that Brian hadn't invited him out, even though Justin knew he wouldn't have gone. Laying in bed he curled up on his side and stroked his tummy. Since Debbie had been helping him out he'd gained another ten pounds, putting him just shy of the weight he needed to be for the month. Even though he was heading into his sixth month of pregnancy he still didn't look half way into his first trimester, let alone big enough to be over half way through his pregnancy. Laughing softly, he felt the baby turn little twirls inside of him. "You're going to be athletic, aren't you? But you're going to be small... Maybe a figure skater? That'd be nice. The first Taylor to take part in the Olympics. Or maybe you could go out for track and field... As long as you don't have asthma like me... But Brian's got great lungs so I don't think we'll worry about that until the time comes."

As he laid there talking softly to the baby, Brian came in quietly, not wanting to wake him up. Walking to the doorway, he stared at the picture his lover presented. With the soft white-ish light of the art work above the bed, Justin looked almost ethereal as he stroked his hands over the lump in his middle. Right then Brian's mind supplied what the lump in Justin's middle was. And it wasn't a tumor.

"You're pregnant?" Brian's voice startled Justin into setting up and pulling the covers over him.

"Brian! Shit, you scared me. Pregnant? What gave you that idea?"

Justin looked twitchy before turning his head away.

"You are... I thought you had cancer or some shit like that! You scared the fuck out of me!" Brian sat beside him and tugged Justin's hair. Then he leaned down and kissed Justin as hard as he could.

When he finally pulled back Brian glared. "Why the fuck didn't you tell me? I was running around scared shitless that you had some horrible fucking disease. Instead it's just a kid... Fuck..." Brian sighed as he shook his head.

Justin watched his reaction, unsure what to do and he wasn't sure how Brian was taking the news.

"So... two months... three? How long?" Brian asked as he settled beside Justin to stare at the lump that was their child.

"My sixth month begins at the end of next week." Justin answered softly, still unsure of Brian's reaction.

"Sixth? No fucking way. Is there something wrong? You're not big enough." Brian rubbed his temple, thinking about how he was going to deal with Justin pregnant and with the likelihood of something being wrong with the baby.

"That's why the doctor keeps yelling at me to gain weight. And I'm trying... but it isn't happening. But there isn't anything wrong with the baby. He's just really small." Justin got up and dug through the table on his side of the bed until he came up with the ultrasound the doctor had taken at his last appointment.

Brian accepted the grainy pictures and stared at them trying to make anything out. "It's a boy?"

"Yeah." Justin was smiling as he leaned over and pointed out the little arrow and words "Boy parts" on the picture.

"Ha... my son is proud of his gender and he's showing it." Brian laughed softly as he looked at the other picture. "He should be bigger, shouldn't he?"

"We both should." Justin said softly as he laid against Brian, now sure that Brian wasn't going to have a fit and kick him out, at least not any time soon.

"What did the doctor say about fixing this?" Brian moved a little so that he could hold Justin, still looking at the pictures.

"Eat as much as I want of what ever I want, and lots of bed rest."

"Bed rest? Why didn't you tell me? Should you be up and going like you have been? Damn it Justin how healthy will the baby be if you're ignoring the doctor's rules." Brian glares at him and thought about Justin's work with the fight against Proposition 14 and his art.

"It isn't mandatory bed rest." Justin hedged a bit before looking away.

"If your doctor says bed rest you will not be leaving this bed. When is your next appointment?" Brian gently moved and then tucked him into bed.

"Day after tomorrow. Brian, I'm not tired." Justin denied though he yawned through the denial.

"I'll be with you and I'm going to get a full run down on your do's and don't's... And you're going to sleep." Brian gave him a look that broke for no argument.

Justin simply nodded and snuggled down looking to Brian, wondering if Brian would come to hold him until he went to sleep. It was after all only 10 on a Friday night.

"I'm going to shower, you rest then I'll calling in some take out from the Greek place over on Vallen St." Brian brushed a kiss on his forehead and went to get cleaned up.

"Okay..." Justin watched him go, wondering how long this new Brian was going to last. His bet was until the shock wore off... so sometime in the hours after the doctor's appointment.

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Brian sat twitching silently in the seat beside Justin at his doctor's. He hated doctors... and their sterile looking offices. "What time was your appointment again?"

"10:30... just like I told you the last ten times you've asked. And it's 10:20 right now." Justin would have laughed, if he wasn't completely upset at the annoying behavior Brian had been exhibiting since he'd found out about the baby. He hadn't gone to work the day before, instead he'd stayed home and made sure that Justin was in bed.

In fact, every time Justin had gotten up to go to the bathroom Brian had followed him in, just watching every move he made. Most of what Brian had done since he found out was just watch Justin... Watch him as if he were some rare and as-yet unstudied specimen.

"Justin? Dr. Yamagi will see you now." the usual nurse, Karin, said with a smile for them as they walked past. In the exam room the nurse checked his weight and clapped. "Well done, Justin! You are only about seventeen pounds below the doctor's goal weight!"

Brian's eyes darkened. "You're still that much underweight?" With a deep frown Brian pulled out his pocket notebook and jotted something down quickly.

"The doctor should be here in a few minutes. You just hop up on the table and wait for her." Karin said with a smile and nod to Brian before leaving quickly.

"What kind of doctor is this Dr. Yamagi? What kind of references does she have?" Brian asked as he sat lightly down on the edge of the chair beside the exam table.

"Brian! She is a professional obstetrician." Justin hissed hoping that Brian didn't say something similar to the doctor.

Right then the door opened and the doctor came in. "Justin, I see you've brought a friend... Would this be the illusive partner?"

"Yes... Brian Kinney. Why isn't he gaining weight?" Brian demanded after shaking her hand and staring her down like she was some kind of advertising adversary.

"Brian!" Justin cursed and ducked his head in embarrassment.

"Well... a straight forward man... I like that in a fellow. Justin isn't gaining weight because his metabolism hasn't realized that he's eating for two. So it's burning off what extra he's eating... But it looks like his body is starting to get the idea. It says here that you've gained twelve pounds since our last meeting. If you can get it up another twenty pounds before we see each other again, you'll be in the normal range." Dr. Yamagi gestured for Justin to lay down as she snapped on her gloves.

Laying back Justin lifted his shirt and allowed her to feel the position of the baby. "Is everything okay?"

"Yes... he's growing and progressing normally. I would expect him to be here around the end of December. Maybe even a New Years baby depending on if he wants to be on time."

"He could share a birthday with Gus." Brian murmured as he grasped Justin's hand, half in fear half in excitement.

"Gus?" Dr. Yamagi asked as she turned and prepared the infant heart monitor so she could let them hear his heart beat.

"My other son... He lives with his mothers." Brian said as the doctor slicked the odd looking piece of medical equipment before she put it against Justin's stomach began running it around.

The doctor nodded with a smile when the speaker began to sound with rapid heart beat. "There's your boy, dads... Healthy sounding too."

Dr. Yamagi made a few notes on the chart before putting away the monitor. "So, do you either of you have any questions?"

Brian reached into his pocket and pulled out his pocket notebook.

"Yes, doctor." Flipping through he came to the proper page and began on his list of questions.

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That night while Debbie stayed with Justin, Brian went out to check on Babylon. At one of the few tables on the upper floor, he settled with a drink.

"Hey Brian!" Micheal called as he and Ben made their way over. The tall professor was looking a bit better since the last time Brian had seen him and Micheal was all smiles.

"Micheal... Ben... Sit... lift a glass with me... To my new son."

Brian laughed softly as he lifted his glass towards the couple.

"New son? Oh, Brian don't tell you actually knocked up one of your tricks. Justin's going to be pissed." Micheal stared at his friend with sadness in his eyes.

"Oh... not a trick. Justin's pregnant." Brian sipped his drink again and kind of deflated into the chair.

Ben and Micheal exchanged looks before pulling up seats across from him. "Is he happy? Are you?"

"He's excited... and I'm... I'm... I don't have a fucking clue. I wasn't made for mainstream middle-class America. I can't be a good father. Look at the example I had." Brian looked at the drink in his hand. "And I'm a fucking drunk just like him. I'll probably be the same abusive bastard he was."

"Brian, you're nothing like your dad... And you're a great father! Look at how good you are with Gus. If you weren't absolutely perfect do you think Mel would let you any where near him?" Micheal reasoned with him as he took the glass of JB from him and handed him his water bottle.

Brian looked at the water for a moment before taking a drink. "No... that dyke wouldn't let anyone like Jack Kinney within a block of Gus. But I don't live with Gus twenty-hours a day. How do I know I won't get upset and lash out... I have been known to do that."

"You won't because you'll love your son just as much as you do Justin. You haven't lashed out and hurt him have you?" Ben said as he put an arm around Micheal's shoulder and pulled him close.

"No... I've never hurt Justin. But Justin isn't a baby who needs constant attention."



"But Justin will be staying home with him... He's taking time off to work on his art, this way he can take care of the baby and his art all in one. And all you have to do is love on your son and maybe change a diaper here and there." Micheal told him with a grin.

After thinking about it for a bit Brian nodded. "Right... And if I start to get upset I can just go out for a while. I don't have to stay there and drink myself silly and beat up on them... I don't have to be my father." As Brian spoke he began to droop, obviously passing out from too much alcohol.

"Brian, how much have you drank?" Micheal asked as he and Ben got up and held Brian up-right.

"Just... a few... No more than a bottles worth... or two."

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When Brian awoke his head was splitting and he was certain that someone had planted little miners under the bed, just to make enough noise to shatter his ear drums.

"Are you awake finally?" Justin asked as he moved to investigate the noises from the bedroom.

"Fucking hell... just kill me now. Please!" Brian couldn't remember the last time he'd been that hung over. Normally he had a better head for booze, but apparently last night he'd had well past his limit.

"Sorry, we have to get ready for the benefit. That's tonight, remember." Justin said with a shake of his head as he finally handed over the aspirin he'd had sitting out, waiting for Brian to wake up.

With a deep and pitiful moan, Brian took a couple aspirin dry and sat up. Blinking as hard as he can he looks to Justin who's wearing only a pair of low slung exercise pants. "Fuck... now I know it's horrible.

I'm not even horny looking at you and your sexy belly." Reaching out, Brian put his hand onto Justin's belly and smiled a little. "You're really showing... With your clothes I hadn't noticed."

Justin nodding as he put his hand over Brian's. "I just noticed it myself a few weeks ago."

Brian slowly pulled himself to his feet and ran his hands over Justin's stomach for a moment. "I should get dressed and go work... We're going to need diaper money."

Chuckling, Justin gave him a little push towards the bathroom.

Brian was humming to himself as he looked through the flowers the late night florist had to work with. He was building a bouquet for Justin. After the benefit that night, Brian was going to surprise Justin with a nice dinner out at this new Grecian restaurant and for one night they were just going to cuddle.

After finishing the flowers arrangement and paying for it he climbed into the limo and gave the order to head for Babylon. He was more than a little late, but then he wasn't really eager to see his club so fully packed. Brian had planned to go find Justin and get him away from the hustle and bustle, that couldn't be good for the baby.

"Sir... I don't think we should go to Babylon." the driver said while keeping his eyes on traffic.

"Why's that?" Brian asked to which the driver turned the radio up enough he could listen. After hearing about the explosions Brian let out a string of curse words "Get me there now!"

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"Justin!" Brian all but screamed as he worked his way through the mess that once was Babylon. "Where are you? Justin!"

Then out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of blondness.

Turning, he breathed out as Justin came towards him slowly. "Justin... are you okay?" His arms wrapped around him and then pulled back to put a hand to his stomach.

Nodding slowly, Justin gave him a long look. "I think so... I fell, but I feel okay."

"Let's get you out to the paramedics. You have to go to the hospital, just in case." Brian started leading him out.

"But... my mom is here..." Justin looked around a little disoriented. Brian shook his head and pulled him close. "She's outside... Come on."

Taking him outside he immediately latched onto the first free EMT he could find. "My partner... he's pregnant." Before Brian could say anything else the EMT was helping Justin onto a stretcher and began to question him.

"Are you hurting? Have you had any cramps?"

Unable to help it, Brian began to pace beside him, his heart still half beating with fear. "Is he okay?"

"It would be best to go have him checked over." the EMT radioed the situation into the hospital and started working to secure Justin for the ride to the hospital.

Debbie walked into the hospital chapel and was shocked to see Brian there, sitting with his hands gripped tightly together. "Brian? You weren't at the club were you?"

Looking up Brian shook his head slowly. "No... Justin..."

"The baby! Is he okay? Is the baby?" Debbie clutched his hands and stared at him with wide eyes.

"They're keeping him for observation. He isn't bleeding or hurting, but they still want to keep him just in case. Debbie, I almost lost them." Turning, Brian looked at her with wide scared eyes she remembered from when Micheal first brought the silent little boy home all those years ago.

Debbie petted his hair and then gave him a hug. "Why aren't you with him now?"

"His doctor came in to check him over... I wasn't allowed to stay so I thought... I'd come have a short conversation with the only one who could do anything. Amazing... what a good little Catholic boy I am, run to the nearest altar in times of crisis... I haven't been here since... the prom." Brian said as he glanced towards the altar.

"You should get back to him... be ready to go to him when you can."

"Deb... why are you here? Are you hurt?" Brian asked actually realizing Debbie was in the hospital with him.

"No... but Micheal. They're not sure if he'll make it." Debbie said softly as she walked with Brian out of the chapel and towards the room Justin was in.

Brian ducked his head and cursed before wrapping an arm around Debbie's shoulders. "He's a tough little bastard... He'll be fine."

"I hope you're right. I also hope that the baby's okay." Debbie glanced into the room Brian had stopped at. Justin was resting peacefully with a few monitors hooked to his stomach.

"Brian! I'm glad to have caught you." Dr. Yamagi said as she walked up to him.

"Doctor... is he really okay?"

"Other than a little smoke inhalation he's fine. I'm just going to hold him for twenty-four hours to keep an eye on the baby. After any kind of fall it's best to watch them closely. But I'm not expecting any trouble. Why don't you go stay with him? It'll help him to stay calm when he wakes up." the doctor smiled reassuringly at him.

"I'm going to go see if there's any news on Micheal yet... If I hear anything I'll send someone to tell you." Debbie pressed a kiss to his cheek before going back to the ER waiting room.

Going into the room Brian settled on the edge of the bed, jostling Justin enough to wake him up. "Brian?"

"I'm here."

The soft smile on Justin's face was enough to have Brian smiling in return before he brushed a kiss on Justin's forehead. "Go back to sleep. I'll be here when you wake up."

Nodding slowly, Justin closed his eyes and went back to sleep.

The next evening Brian was able to take Justin home with orders to rest and not do anything more strenuous than go to shower. At the loft, Justin didn't argue as Brian helped him into a pair of silk pajamas someone had give Brian for Christmas not know or forgetting that Brian didn't wear anything to sleep in. "Are you warm enough?"

Nodding, Justin settled in the bed looking as relaxed as a person in his condition could. "I'm fine..." With that he snuggled into the black silk material and yawned.

"I'll order something in to eat... you sleep and I'll bring it in here when it gets here." Brian brushed a kiss on Justin's forehead before walking out to the kitchen to get the phone and call in the order.

A few minutes later after Justin was asleep and Brian was on the phone, but not for the take out. "Jennifer? I have to talk to you... Would you mind coming to loft? Bring the paper work to put the loft on the market."

"Are you sure, Brian? I thought you loved that place." Jennifer said as she found the paperwork she'd produced the last time Brian was planning to sell.

Sighing Brian shifted to grab a bottle of water out of the refrigerator. "I did... but it doesn't suit my life anymore... I'm going to be a father... a full time father."

"Justin?" Jennifer asked quietly her mouth about ready to drop open. She'd known something was up with her son for the last month or so, but she hadn't asked knowing he would come to her when he was ready. "Yeah... in just a few months you're going to be a grandmother."

Brian smiled imaging the look on her face.

To his surprise a moment later she giggled. "I wondered... He was acting like I did when I was pregnant with him. And he isn't gaining weight anywhere except at the middle."

"You were the same way? You didn't gain as much weight as you were suppose to? Like ten fifteen pounds under?" Brian stood up a little straighter as he filed away this information.

"At the time of his birth, I'd only gained about twenty pounds. But he was healthy born at a healthy 7 and a half pounds, so I wasn't too worried. And you shouldn't be either." Jennifer stood and packed her briefcase wanting to get a move on as fast as she could. "Oh shit... last night, was he hurt in the explosion?"

"He's fine... the baby's fine. They're resting here at the moment so why don't you come over to see them... You can bring the paper work for that, and I'll also need to start looking for a new place. Somewhere in the country preferably."

"I'll bring my computer and we can go over some of the listings... I've got a couple of places I think would appeal to you." Jennifer said as she began packing her laptop as well. She knew her son had always dreamed about a house in the country, since it seemed like Brian was actually going to be settling down, she was going to do her best to make sure that Justin had his dream home.

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Jennifer was sitting with Brian at the bar when Justin woke up and rose to get a drink. "Mom? What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to check on you and my grandchild." Getting up, she went over and hugged him close. "You're still small... But you're still bigger than I was with you."

"It's a hereditary thing? Really? I wasn't the one messed up?" Justin asked as his eyes filled with tears.

"No, sweetie... That's just something the people in my family have with their first pregnancies. Now, your second one you can expect to balloon up." Jennifer gave him a kiss on the cheek and took him over to the couch to feel her grandchild moving.

Brian watched this with a half smile as he continued to looking through the houses for sale on Jennifer's computer. He had noticed the pattern and wondered at the houses she offered. All of them were country homes, as he'd wanted, but they'd also come with stables and swimming pools. He didn't know if it was just something she assumed he wanted or if that was just a common thing with the homes in the price range he was looking at.

A few moments later Justin stood up and came over, looking over his shoulder. "What are you looking at?"

Blocking his view, Brian stared at him with a smirk. "Why don't you wait and be surprised?"

"A surprise? It isn't like the guy I got for my birthday is it?"

Justin stared at his chest hard, wishing he had x-ray vision.

"Nothing so crass... Go back to your mother and while I finish up here." Brian gave him a kiss and a light push towards Jennifer before going back to the houses on the screen. He'd already limited it down to three, now he just needed to pick one.

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"Where are we going?" Justin asked as he looked every direction from the 'Vette.

"You'll see." Was all Brian would say.

Half pouting, Justin shifted to look back out the front window. As they pulled into the drive of the large house, Justin's eyes went wide. "Wow... who lives here?"

Brian stayed silent as he got out and helped Justin, who was just entering his eight month of pregnancy and was finally at a satisfactory weight. Standing on the door step, Brian pulled out the keys and jiggled them a bit. "We do."

Staring at the huge brown and white house, Justin could only gap as Brian opened the door and lead him inside out of the cold. "We do?"

Justin finally asked after they'd walked in and stood in a large den at the front of the house.

"Yes... this was the surprise I was planning with your mother." Brian admitted softly. "Well, at least part of it."

"Only part? Brian this place is fabulous. What else do you have up your sleeves?" Justin asked as he hugged him as tight and close as his well-advanced pregnancy would allow him.

Taking his hands, Brian lead Justin upstairs carefully. On the third floor he made Justin cover his eyes before leading him into another room.

After standing him in the middle of the room Brian uncovered his eyes to show Justin a large baby room, already decorate in an artist theme.

Everything was in dark heavy wood and joyful shades of red, blue and yellow. Little paint cans, brushes, easels, and palettes were on the little crib sheets and curtains. Justin walked around for a moment before sinking into the rocker sitting in a nice sun lit corner.

"This is..." Justin left off biting his lip and holding back tears.

"I'm going to hope the tears are a good sign." Brian said softly as he came over to sit on the ottoman at Justin's feet.

Unable to speak, Justin just nodded and held open his arms. Going into his arms, Brian held him close. "It's a very good sign... I love it... Almost as much as I love you." Justin pulled back to dash away the tears on his cheeks.

"There's just one more thing..."

"More?" Justin chuckles through his tears.

Brian held up a little teddy bear who looked as though it had been in a paint fight. Around one of the bear's paws was a golden ring. "Marry me."

"What the fuck?" Justin all but shrieked as he stared at the ring, more than a little shocked.

"Marry me. Make you and that baby a true Kinney." Brian waited, hoping.

Justin took the little bear and held it for a moment before pulling off the ring. "You fucker..." With those two words he dissolved into tears again.

For a moment, Brian began to look nervous before he saw Justin slide the ring on.

"It fits..." Justin stared at it still crying.

"It should... I actually checked it on you the other night." Brian said as he smirked, now knowing that Justin was saying yes without the words.

Justin looked up and laughed again. "Some how I'm not surprised... Yes... I will marry you."

With an inaudible sigh of relief, Brian petted his cheek. "Do you want to do it before or after the baby is born?"

"After... I don't want to be huge for my wedding photos. Also, having a month to plan and pull off a wedding is not something even the most skilled planner could do." Justin rubbed his stomach as the baby began to roll and kick.

Brian's hands went over his and stayed there for a moment before he lifted them to his mouth for a quick kiss over the ring. "Completely understandable on both fronts. We'll get Emmett started and when you feel slim enough we'll get married."

#### **Part 4**

A cool slim hand on his back had Brian waking and rolling over to look at Justin. "What is it?"

Justin's face was slightly pale as he balanced a hand on his stomach. "I'm having contractions... I think this is it."

Sitting up quickly, Brian stared at his lover looking a little pale himself. "Are you sure?"

"Yes... they're about sixteen minutes apart at that moment... but they're getting longer and coming quicker."

"Okay, you just sit here... I'll get dressed and then we'll go."

Brian stood and began yanking on his clothes, not even looking to make sure they matched.

Justin laughed quietly as he watched Brian run around looking for his shoes. Rising to his feet, Justin got his bag and then handed Brian's shoes to him. "Here... I'm going to start to the car. Remember to get the keys."

"You shouldn't go off by yourself... what if the baby decided to go ahead and come out?" Brian's irrational words had Justin laughing as he grabbed the keys he was sure Brian would forget.

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"I don't want to do this any more, Brian... It hurts too bad." Justin cried into Brian's shoulder as he rode out another contraction.

After petting his hair back and giving him a quick kiss, Brian held him. "I know... It'll be over soon." Silently he added a mental "I hope."

Justin begin to cry as the next contraction came. "I don't want to do this ever again... Promise me you'll get cut... Please!"

The male nurse over hearing this laughed softly as Brian crossed his legs. "I promise we will look into it."

"Thank...Ahhh!" Justin left off in a loud shriek.

"It shouldn't be too much longer. Another thirty minutes and you'll have your son in your arms." Dr. Yamagi said after she'd checked Justin's progress.

"Only thirty minutes? That's too much!" Justin cried as he gripped Brian's hand tears of pain leaking from the corner of his eyes.

Dr. Yamagi smiled and patted his leg before she left to check on one of her other patients.

"You're going to be fine." Brian whispered as he hugged him as close as he could.

Justin nodded slightly before beginning to cry again, from another contraction.

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"Once more and we're done." Dr. Yamagi said as she sat on her little stool between Justin's legs.

Justin and Brian were both sweating and all but in tears as the blond pushed one last time. Falling back into Brian's arms, Justin panted in relief as he felt the straining pain between his legs.

A sharp cry had them staring at the infant in the doctor's arms.

"Here he is... He seems in the peak of health."

After he'd been cleaned and wrapped Brian accepted his son. "Hello... Brennan." Justin smiled slightly at this. They'd never been agreed on a name, Brian wanting Kale and Justin wanting Ashton. The name Keir they had agreed on as a middle name. It seemed Brian had taken it upon himself to find another name without his knowledge, though this name he would agree to.

Turning, Brian laid the baby into Justin's arms. After smiling at Brian, Justin studied his new son. The baby had onto the lightest dusting of dark hair and two large dark eyes watching Justin with an interested look. "Hi... So you're the one who has been tickling my insides."

Ten minutes later a tiny yawn had Justin cooing softly to the baby rocking him while Brian stood back watching, unsure of what to do.

"We need to take him to do all of this tests and to get his prints... Brian, why don't you take Justin in and help him shower while we do this?" Dr. Yamagi said as she gently took the sleepy baby from Justin.

As carefully Brian helped Justin to his feet who moved very slowly into the bathroom. While he showered, Brian stood just outside, in case he needed help. "You know, this is probably the most unsexy shower we've ever had."

"Brian... please. I just squeezed a kid out of a place that is perilously close to any of the 'fun areas' we explored. No reminders of how I go into the position to be squeezing that kid out... So Brennan... It's pretty. Very similar to your name... but it's still nice."

"Well, you got to name my first son, I just thought it was fair that I got to name this one." Brian said as he helped Justin out of the shower and began to carefully dry him.

Laughing a little, Justin happily slid into the soft pajamas that Brian had got from his 'hospital bag'. Once he was back in the room, now fully cleansed and all of the odd medical tools were gone, Justin relaxed on the freshly made bed and smiled at Brian. "So... our son."

"Our son is handsome and already knows his papa. He's got a strong grip too." Brian said his chest all but puffing with pride.

"Yeah... Why don't you go see about getting the family here?" Justin glanced outside and it was already early afternoon.

"Okay. You rest." Brian kissed Justin softly before looking him in the eye. "Thank you."

Before Justin could say anything to that, Brian was already walking out of the door and had his cell phone out ready to turn on the first moment he could.

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"There's my new grandson!" Debbie said as she lifted Brennan to her chest and held him close. "Look at those eyes... So dark."

All of the family was standing around watching and waiting for their turn at the infant.

"Where's Brian?" Ted asked as he stood by Justin's bed.

"He said something about having to go get something... I guess he's probably getting the car seat. They're going to release me at five this evening." Justin smiled as the baby went around the room, already proving he was Brian's son... by charming everyone who came in contact with him.

"Okay, everyone... It's time for baby and papas to have a rest before they go home." a friendly nurse called as she came in and smiled at the large and very diverse family.

At that moment Brian came in, in time to claim Brennan and told them to stop by tomorrow, when they were settled at the house.

When the crowd had left Brian came over and settled Brennan into Justin's arms. "How are you feeling?"

"Better... sore... Unbelievably sore, but I'll live." Justin held the baby and smiled "He's got your nose... but my chin."

Nodding, Brian held out a box.

"What's this?" Justin carefully shifted the baby to one arm and accepted the box. Opening it, he found a small green and yellow plaid patchwork quilt, obviously hand sewn.

"It's a gift... from my mother." Brian murmured as he petted the blanket.

"Your mother? How did she know?" Justin said as he handed the baby to Brian and lifted the baby quilt out to look at it better.

"Debbie... It's a Kinney tradition to present the children born into the family with a blanket from the grandparents." Brian said as he held Brennan close and stared at the blanket.

Justin's eyes watered slightly and he nodded. "We'll wrap him in it to take him home."



Brian nodded and shifted the baby slightly to stare into his eyes. "I also... have a gift for him."

"Brian... you've already bought enough stuffed animals to suffocate a horse." Justin laughed softly as he reached out and played with Brian's hair.

"I'm keeping Babylon... Fixing it up... So that one day Brennan can reign supreme there." Brian said as he kissed Brennan's forehead. "There's nothing saying he'll be gay." Justin told him softly, even though his heart had melted at this news.

"For everyone. Gay, bi... even straight. A place that anyone could come and dance with the hottest music and finest liquors... and sweetest fucks anywhere." Brian said as he smiled at Brennan who stared at him with wide eyes as he waved a tiny fist up.

Justin couldn't help but bursting into laughter. "Brian..." Justin tried to speak, but found he couldn't so he just sat laughing softly. Brian, still staring at the baby, smiled some more when the baby began to suck on his tiny fist. "We're going to make the club so great that you will be proud to walk out onto the dance floor... the day of your 18th birthday and knocking them dead... The crown Prince of Babylon."

Brennan, unsure of what the nice voiced man was saying, just stared at him sucking on his fist. Justin, smiled and laid back a little, watching father and son. Brian, continued to hold the baby, while whispering to him the plans for the club that would one day host his coming out to the world of his fathers' making.

THE END