

...that you are rather pulled by the hair

GregxNick

Von KateBlack

Title: ...That you are rather pulled by your hair

Fandom: CSI

Pairing: GregxNick

Genre: Humour

Warning: Spoiler Episode 9x05, mentioning of SM

Also: I watched this episode in German, therefore I tried to translate the talk.. I dunno how good I succeeded -.-'

Summary: Why did Nick REALLY interupt Riley's and Greg's talk?

A/N: Yeah! My first CSI FF =) Always wanted to write one and after watching my first CSI episode in MONTHS I came up with this :P

But one doesn't necessarily need to watch said episode ^_~

Smashing the glass of the front door Brass entered cautiously the apartment of the victim.

"I take a look first", he announced, weapon drawn and ready to shoot, his torch being almost the only source of light in the dark of the apartment.

Slowly, Nick, Riley and Greg follow behind him, ready to support the Captain in case any unwanted visitors were still left after their rather loud announcement of coming in.

After covering up the first part of the house, where the team found already two places with blood stains, the two youngest followed Nick to the bedroom.

Concentrated all three began to look through the rather tidied up room when suddenly the ringing of a cellphone was heard. Everybody, including the owner of the device, winced by the sudden sound.

With a sigh, Nick picked the tiny phone from his vest pocket and pinched it between his shoulder and ear.

"Stokes?"

None of them interrupted their work.

"Ok, got you. I'll fax you, asap."

With a small beep, Nick hung up and told his partners to take shots of basically everything in the room for Grissom and his source, Lady Heather, and to watch out especially for SM tools.

"I once had a case of a middle 70 year old- aged lady, a theft victim. I had to examine all her vibrators. Some of them were blown."

Pausing, Greg glanced up and looked at Riley.

"Why did you care for all of them?"

"Because I am thorough." She simply stated.

Nick could only roll his eyes. It really never got bored with those two.

He moved to another cabinet and took a picture of a flyer which just had the right amount of darkness in it to catch his suspicion.

That was when Greg took a closer look at the TV, finding a print of a butt, earning an incredulous look from Nick.

Riley inspected the photo of the couple in her hands.

With a dry tone in her voice, she remarked how Justine had breast implants, at least Double D.

Nick's answer to that was only a routined "Welcome to Vegas."

Greg on his part discovered some suspicious looking white stains under the light of his black light.

"Definitely sperm" Greg announced.

Riley pulled out a suitcase which she found under the bed, putting it on top when Nick entered the walk-in-closet.

Although locks where visible at the ancient appearing suitcase, Riley had no problem at all opening it.

"I always find the naughty things", was her dry remark.

"Well, that's your luck", Greg grinned, going over to her to take an interested look at the toys displayed inside.

"Welcome to the world of SM", she said, holding up a pair of leather hand cuffs.

"Have you ever been handcuffed?" She asked curiously, still staring at the toys-

especially the one in her hand.

Greg's eyes immediately wandered over to her.

With a short glance to her his eyes went back to the suitcase.

"What do you think?"

"That you are rather pulled by your hair" she said laughing.

"Hey! Cut the crap!" Nick voiced from the closet. This turned Riley's attention to Nick- otherwise she would have seen the light blush which decorated Greg's cheek but disappeared soon enough.

Greg's looked up meeting Nick's gaze and quickly returned to work.

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When Nick took a DNA sample from her rather resisting mouth he was already at the edge.

"That turned you on, right? I guess he is already standing, right? Damn hypocrite!" she said contemptuously.

"You are not any better than all the freaks who come to me."

*'Yeah, right.'* was his only reply, even if this voice was only mocking her in his mind.

Nick decided to rather not say anything that would cause further problems.

*'If you'd know...'*

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"Were you really about to tell her your dirty little secret?" Nick asked as he steered the car into a new street.

A 'huh?' came from the passenger seat beside him.

His partner had been spacing out staring out of the window, watching the streets by, being unprepared for a question like this.

Questioning he looked over to the driver.

"Ri-ley", was the two-syllable reply.

"Oh, tha~at."

Greg shrugged his shoulder's.

"I don't know- depends on where the conversation would have been headed. Why, worried?" Greg had to refrain from laughing.

"Well, it would have gotten awkward, right?" Nick tried to reason.

Now nothing could hold back Greg. His laughter filled the entire car and Nick was convinced that people on the sidewalk must be able to hear it too. Not that it

disturbed him. He loved Greg's laugh.
Greg calmed down when Nick pulled up to his own house.
With love in his eyes Greg glanced over to his lover.

"Thank you", he said, a smile still evident on his lips.
"You are welcome", Nick answered, leaning over and captured Greg's lips with his own.

After a few moments, Greg pulled back, running his tongue over his lips to savor the taste.
His lips tugged upwards when he voiced his next quest.

"Whoever is last to bed will be handcuffed tonight!"

And without any further delay, Greg turned and opened the door to run out while shutting it loudly before taking off to the front door.

"Hey!" Nick yelled after him, scrambling to catch up.

"That's unfair! The front door is closer to you!"