

Later, kiddos!

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by [sapphicwritesss](#)

Summary

HIIII!! 1st off, happy birthday, Liv!!! thank you so much for being an amazing friend. you're dope and I wish you the happiest of birthdays! Also, thank you to the Jessica Milton support group for giving me this idea ☺ AND LAST BUT MOST CERTAINLY NOT LEAST,,,,,THANK YOU EM!!!! you were a tremendous help and thank you for helping me perfect this gift! I think that about covers everything so im gonna shut up and let yall enjoy!

TW /// FOOD MENTION

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

"Good morning!" Gil wrapped arms around Jessica who was in the closet picking out her clothes for the day. He took in the calming scent of her hair which was in a leopard print hair claw with strands hanging out here and there. With her neck out in the open, he took this opportunity to trail small kisses all over it.

"Oh! Good morning, darling. Did you sleep well?" She turned around in Gil's arms and combed her hands in Gil's morning hair.

"Mmhm," He hums, planting more kisses all over her, "Thanks to you." She laughs and kisses him back, getting a bit carried away in the process. However, the two were interrupted when they heard a loud grumble in Gil's stomach.

"Looks like someone's hungry." She joked, lightly slapping his chest and turning around again to get her clothes. After a minute of walking around, she decided on a light blue silk blouse and her favorite black wide leg palazzo pants with black pumps. "What do we think? Yes?"

"No."

" *No* ? What do you mean *no* ? What's wrong with it?" Looking from him to the outfit and back, she had the cutest confused face on. One that always reminded him where Malcolm got it from.

" *I* think," A flirtatious Gil swiftly made his way over to her, "we should go for round 4."

"GIL! NO!" she exclaims, "As much as I would *love* to, both you and I have things to do today. I'm also hungry."

"Fine. It was a nice try though, right?"

"No." Jessica started to walk off when he came up behind her and reached for her sides, tickling her. She collapsed onto the couch in her humongous closet in a laughing fit. Gil, now on top of her, had said something along the lines of "I'm not stopping until you admit it." To be honest, she couldn't quite hear over the sound of her own laughing.

Gil loved seeing her like this. Happy. Her smile could light up every corner of space and warm up every part of his heart. He always loved her laugh. The first time he made her laugh, it kept him going for weeks. Ever since that day he made it a point to make her laugh or, at the very least, smile whenever he could. *That* much has never changed. Even through the hardest of times.

Jessica heaved for air through her loud fit of laughter. "OKAY!" She rolled on her side to try and escape the *absolute torture* that was Gil's tickling. "OKAY OKAY! IT WAS! LET ME GOOO!" Gil detached his hands from her and smiled smugly.

"See? Now that wasn't so hard!" Getting up from straddling her, he reached out a hand to help her up which she jokingly slapped away.

"Oh yeah? You try talking while getting tickle tortured."

"Tickle tortured? That wasn't even close to tickle torture. Now, I *could*- "

"No! Get away from me!" She rushed away with her clothes now in hand into the bathroom and locked the door, Gil just barely missing the opportunity to stop her. He sighed in defeat before laughing at the fact that he doesn't think he's ever seen her move that fast in over 15 years.

He makes the decision to finally get dressed in a dark blue turtleneck and jeans paired with shined brown dress shoes. He walked over to the bathroom door and knocked on it, figuring she should've been dressed by now.

"Jess! Are you finished?"

"Yes but you're gonna tickle me when I get out!"

"I promise you I won't!"

Jessica opened the door they were once talking through and stood there as if she was a child and had a bad dream. "Oh, baby. Come here," Gil opened his arms with a chuckle to Jessica who backed away sharply. "I promised I wouldn't." And with that, Jessica walked up to him and hugged him, burying her face in his chest.

Just as Ainsley was, Jessica was always so dramatic after being tickled. There was one time that she gave him the silent treatment and another where she simply just walked off. But most of it was for show. He knew she liked it. She just doesn't know how to be openly happy anymore and he has taken it upon himself to change that. "What do you say we go eat, huh?"

She looked up to him and nodded with a smile. They walked down the stairs and through the halls and into the dining room. The chef's had been preparing the food and had been setting up the table when they had walked in, hand-in-hand. The crew looked at them, then each other, then down with smiles plastered on their faces. (Something Jessica had caught)

She sat down with a shake of her head, "Good morning, everyone."

"Good morning, ma'am." They said in somewhat unison.

"What do we have, y'all?" Gil said as he grabbed the utensils off the plate to get what he wanted off the trays.

Jess locked eyes with Louisa who has been somehow teasing her telepathically. The two women smiled, both making a mental note to talk about this again later. By the time she had her food on the plate, most of the crew had cleared and Gil was talking to the chef about some type of meat he wanted to try. Jessica's mind drifted thinking about how this could be their new normal. Waking up next to each other, spending mornings together however they pleased, starting the day off...happy.

"Ms. Whitly?"

"Yes, Louisa?"

"Malcolm and Ainsley are here, do I let them in here?"

"Yes, please. Thank you, Louisa."

"I can get more coffee if you-"

"That won't be necessary, Chef. I'll get it myself. Thank you again, the food is delicious as always."

"No problem, ma'am. Enjoy!" The chef walked off, giving the couple their privacy.

"I should uh...go get that coffee" She stood up, walked into the kitchen, and grabbed 2 mugs from the shelf.

"I mean I personally don't- Gil?" Malcolm stopped dead in his tracks at the sight of his pseudo dad. Ainsley, who wasn't paying attention at all, bumped into her brother who had given her no warning of the sudden halt.

"Hey, kids." Gil took another bite of his waffles, "You don't what?" There goes those cute confused faces again.

"I- uhh. I don't have a favorite season. Why- what are you doing here?? Actually, don't answer that. Nevermind." Malcolm took the seat in front of Gil, diverting his eyes down. Ainsley, however, had welcomed Gil with a hug. She sat next to him, asking a bunch of questions as reporters do. Her endless questions were interrupted by Gil receiving a call from JT about a follow up on their latest case.

He stood with a sigh, "I have to go. Please tell your mother I appreciate the breakfast and I'll call her later today." He walked towards the doors and shouted on his way out, "Later, kiddos!"

Jessica, coffee mug in each hand, rushed out to catch Gil before he left. Unfortunately, he was already out the door and gone by the time she had set the mugs down and looked into the hall. She turned back around to her kids, giving them a *what the hell happened* look. They shrugged and she sighed sitting back down.

"No creamer?" Ainsley asked innocently with a head tilt, receiving an exasperated look from her mother. "Sorry."

End Notes

Hi all!! I hope you enjoyed this bit of fluff! I got this amazing idea from the Jessica Milton support group so thank you to everyone there as well as Em for being amazing and helping me perfect this. Again, HAPPY BIRTHDAY LIV!!! I especially hope you enjoyed and have an amazing birthday!

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