Probie No More

by Musichick2004

Summary

McGee has had a serious crush on his boss for a long time. Since day one, really. And of course Gibbs knew, but he'd never take advantage of such a difference in power. Tim was a green probie, easily intimidated, and so very young. It wasn't appropriate.

Notes

This was originally supposed to be posted to the NCIS reverse bang, but the author slacked off :(! I hope you all like it still. Many thanks to PE1804 (http://archiveofourown.org/works/10874589) for the lovely, steamy, art that inspired the story, and to Jacie for putting up with me!
McGee carried the equipment down the slick hill, nearly falling onto his ass as a young officer pushed past him to vomit into a nearby bush. “Damnit, there could be EVIDENCE!” He yelled at the kid. It was only a few feet from the crime scene, and it was late, and he just wanted to get things done. Tony had been gone for all of two weeks, and Tim was kicking himself for not realizing just how much his friend had done for the team.

“Cool it, McGee, and get down here!” Gibbs shouted.

“Yes Boss!” After checking the scene, he set his bags down and pulled out a camera and sketch pad, handing the latter to Bishop. She immediately began measuring and sketching, her emotions carefully hidden from everyone except those who knew her well. The scene was unnerving—a young, blonde woman in professional clothing was lying in the dirt, her body and skull completely disfigured by the multiple gunshot wounds from what looked like a 12 gauge shotgun. She’d been temporarily identified as a petty officer from the ID in her wallet, though final confirmation would have to come after the autopsy.

Tim knelt beside Gibbs and shook his head, “why can’t these LEOs keep it together, Boss?”

Gibbs lifted his hand and gave a solid thwack to the back of his new SIC’s head.

“Hey! What was that for?!” McGee protested.

“Don’t get too big for your britches, McGee. You were a green-skinned kid once too, remember?”

Gibbs had been all introspective lately, and obviously mentoring him in his own gruff way. Tim flushed and nodded. Oh, he remembered all right.
Do. Not.
*gag...*
Puke.

Agent Timothy McGee was just trying to look cool, calm and collected. He wasn't sure if it was working.

They're looking at me. Why are they looking at me? I can do this.

Agent DiNozzo is coming.

Breathe.
*gag*... maybe no breathing...

“C’mon, let's get some measurements for the sketch.” Tony patted McGee on the shoulder and spun him from the almost liquified body on the truck. McGee couldn't have been more grateful. He was hired for computer forensics, not...This.

And then, just when he thought he’d gotten his bearings, Agent Gibbs had yanked the case from under his ass, and set him off kilter again. The man made him nervous and he could barely think straight. He was the kind of boss everyone respected, but never wanted to work for. He expected perfection, and McGee was flustered by any slight insecurity throughout the case. Just having to lean over him to clumsily find the papers on his desk was excruciating.

He had wanted to show he actually did know the people in Norfolk, that's all he’d meant when he tried to warn Agent Gibbs about the Captain. But then, when Gibbs got in his face, so close he could feel the older man’s breath on his lips, McGee's knees turned to jelly.

“And you think I can't be difficult?”

McGee froze. “Uh...I'm sure you can...Sir…”

As if his heart wasn't pounding enough from the invasion of his personal space, McGee was pretty sure he almost died when the Lead Agent smirked at him. He hadn't noticed just how blue his eyes were. When he stormed away, Tim had to take several deep breaths to calm himself before he could follow the MCRT. He sincerely hoped they just saw an intimidated new Agent, not the half hard cock squeezed inside his briefs.

Once they solved the case, McGee sat at his tiny desk in his tiny apartment and groaned. A crush? What was he, 13? Abby was great, he was definitely attracted to her, he definitely wanted more dates, but the thought of Agent Gibbs so close to him...The thought of that half smile directed at him...The smell of his cologne, coffee, and something else he couldn't identify...It made him flustered and flushed like he hadn't been since Susie Flanagan in the 7th grade.

He told himself to just stop thinking about it. Crushes are short-lived. It’s a bit of hero
worship, maybe. It’s not like they actually work together. He’s a legend at NCIS, but he’s in DC, McGee’s in Norfolk. He’d get over it eventually.

Chapter End Notes

Flashback to season 1 episode 7, Sub Rosa
"But, Agent Gibbs, Sir…shouldn’t we inform Director Vance? I thought it was protocol to—"

Gibbs narrowed his eyes at the young agent assigned to his team that week. “Agent Wright, let’s make something clear. Regardless of what they told you in FLETC, or what’s in the damn rule books, when I tell you to do something, I damn well expect you to do it!” He crowded into the shorter man’s space, “On this team, you belong to ME, not the director,” he snarled, “if you can’t handle that, then you don’t belong on this team and you don’t deserve to sit at that desk!”

Agent Wright, still a green probie, paled considerably and looked like he was ready to either faint, cry, or scream, Tim wasn’t sure which. “Got something, Boss…” he stepped next to the older man, whose taut bicep was rock hard under the grey sport coat. Tim firmly squeezed Gibbs’s arm, effectively breaking the stare he’d held on the young agent.

“Spit it out, McGee.”

Tim patted Wright’s shoulder in support, then proceeded to brief the team on what he’d discovered. Later, he caught Wright packing his things while Gibbs was out for coffee. “What are you doing, Agent?”

The young man straightened and shook his head, “I can’t do this. He’s impossible to work for. He just does whatever the hell he wants, no matter what the rules say. They’re there for a reason!”

Tim smirked, “Yeah, sometimes. But surprisingly, this is an improvement. Let me give you a tip. We all know not a lot of people can handle him, so if you need a transfer, Vance will grant it, and I’ll give you a good rec. IF you finish this case. Leaving because of Gibbs is one thing. Abandoning a team and a vic before the job is done? That gets you nothing. Consider it a learning experience, Probie.”

Wright scoffed, “learning? This is bullshit!”

McGee’s gaze hardened, “yes, learning, Wright. He’s a hardass, but he gets the bad guys. WE get
the bad guys. We’re a team, and you’ve got to learn to work with different kinds of people.”

“Easy for you to say,” Wright mumbled, plopping ungracefully onto his chair.

McGee laughed, “No, Wright. It was hell. I thought about transferring plenty of times in the beginning, but I could never do it. Whether it was because my SFA was a saving grace, or because I knew I belonged here, I’m not sure, but here I am, and I’m damn proud of the work we’ve done together.”

Gibbs stood around the corner and smirked into his coffee, waiting for the perfect moment to appear behind McGee. “It was hell for you too?” he heard Wright ask. Oh, this is going to be good. He counted to three before quietly walking into the bullpen.

“Oh yeah. Gibbs has always been a slave driver. I’m pretty sure I spent the first year or two just trying to avoid being smacked around like DiNozzo…” McGee saw Wright’s eyes widen suddenly. “He’s behind me, isn’t he?”

Gibbs responded with a light tap to the back of his head, “You’re not DiNozzo, McGee.”

“Right, sor—” he was cut off by a raised eyebrow. “Yes, Boss. Not DiNozzo.” McGee flinched, mentally, remembering just how he felt when he was first ‘claimed’ by Gibbs. Then he flinched a bit more as he felt his face begin to heat up at his recollection of how that first evening had gone.

Tim stood under the stream of the cool water, grateful to finally get home and into the shower after surviving the sweltering heat of a case without air conditioning. He thought back on his most recent trip to the naval yard.

Maybe it had been 96 degrees in the building (not 102 like DiNozzo kept claiming). Maybe he’d been pulled off the floor by his ears for being under Kate’s desk. Maybe he had taken a peek, not that he’d admit that. Maybe he’d been given a double headslap.

But this trip to DC had been amazing.

Not only had Agent Gibbs praised him for wanting to upgrade the network on his own, but he’d been promoted! That was the good news. The bad news? He’d had to fight off the shaky gasp that rose in his throat when Gibbs had leaned into his ear and nearly growled, “you belong to me now.”

He’d worked a lot of cases since he first met the MCRT, but despite his initial assertion to himself that crushes were short lived, he hadn't been able to stop the weak knees, the pounding in his chest, or the occasional bulge in his pants when Gibbs was around.

“Fuck.” He exclaimed to himself, and let his head drop against the cool tile. Maybe this promotion was the bad news. If he was constantly working with Gibbs, someone was bound to notice. And if that “someone” was DiNozzo, Tim knew he’d never live it down.

On the other hand, maybe working together, being around him more, seeing his faults, making him an everyday occurrence instead of a fantasy, would help? Like desensitization.

Yeah. He could do this. If he survived the hazing from his new teammates that he knew
was coming. It was just mind over matter. But if his fantasy was going to come to an end, he was probably safe to indulge it, just one time. Tim closed his eyes and, instead of fighting it, let his thoughts stray where they'd wanted to go since he’d first felt Gibbs brush against him.

He reached down and stroked his cock, already hard even under the slight chill of the water, as he imagined the rough order to drop to his knees, knowing he couldn't refuse. He pictured himself looking up into the ice blue eyes as Gibbs lowered his khakis and slowly smirked at the younger agent under his control. Tim’s breathing quickened as he fell to his knees in the shower and practically felt his tongue slide across the head of Gibbs's cock. Tim had some experience giving head in college, so he fell back on that, stroking himself as he imagined working the head further into his mouth, sliding his tongue along the underside, swirling around the sensitive skin beneath the crown. He groaned and his hand sped up as his imaginary Gibbs took charge, gripping his hair and controlling the pace, fucking his mouth and throat. He imagined the sounds Gibbs would make, the swelling of his cock as he neared his release, he felt the first pulse streaming down his throat as his own spilled hard against the shower tiles.

Tim really hoped he’d get over this.
They’d gone through 5 new team members so far. Some probies, some experienced, but none lasted more than a week. McGee had no idea how Tony had managed everything, and sometimes with just two or three people on the team, but he was starting to feel the strain more than ever, to the point of snapping irrationally and sleeping at the office. He’d done everything he could to spare Bishop, but the sleep deprivation had gotten to her too. Especially now. He watched her snoring at her desk and sighed. Above him, he saw Gibbs leaning on the railing outside of MTAC, looking just as exhausted.

The case had been a hard one, and Ellie had fired her weapon, shooting and critically wounding one of the suspects. It had only gotten harder when they’d discovered that the young man was simply an innocent bystander. The perpetrators had tried to stow away on an aircraft carrier headed to Europe, but Gibbs had coordinated the search and they’d been captured and were on their way back to DC. Vance strode across the catwalk and spoke to Gibbs in hushed tones, then went back into MTAC. Gibbs cocked his head toward Bishop and nodded to McGee, before following.

Quietly, McGee made a few phone calls, then knelt next to Bishop and touched her shoulder. She woke with a start, sitting up with a post-it note stuck to her cheek, causing McGee to chuckle. “Hey, we’re going home, Bish.”

She shook her head, tossing the sticky note into the bin beside her desk. “No, we can’t…they’ll be back here soon. Gibbs will want us here to make sure it goes OK…and we don’t know if that kid is gonna…” she paused.

“He’ll be OK. Ducky called the hospital for an update. He’s going to be moved from ICU tonight.” His hand stayed on her shoulder and squeezed gently. “And the bad guys can sit in holding until we get some sleep.”

Bishop took a deep breath and shook herself to try and wake up. “Is Gibbs going home? Cuz we
shouldn’t—“

McGee shrugged, “I don’t know. But I know we can’t keep going. Come on.” He stood and held out his hand.

Bishop yawned as she let him help her up. “What if he’d died?”

McGee sighed. “It would have been hard, but you did your job, Bishop. You made the call, you protected your team. Remember that, OK? And he didn’t die. He’s in the hospital with his parents right now.”

Gibbs watched the screen as the pair left the bullpen together and sipped his umpteenth cup of coffee.

“They OK, Gibbs?” Vance asked, stepping next to the Team Lead.

“Will be, Leon. This hasn’t been easy. On any of us. And then this case…I’m just glad that boy pulled through.”

Vance nodded. “It’d be easier if you had a full team, Gibbs. You know that.”

“Damnit, Leon…” Gibbs sighed. He hated when he was wrong, and this time he knew it. He’d fought every damn probie tooth and nail, even though some had actually shown some promise. Experienced agents refused to work with him half the time, regardless of the MCRT’s high solve rate and possible track to AD. “Yeah. I know.”

“Pick someone, Gibbs. Give ’em a shot. We’ve got a lot of good agents here. Your solve rate is gonna start slipping if your team can’t keep up, and you’ll give yourself an aneurysm if you drink any more coffee.” Vance patted Gibbs on the shoulder and handed him yet another stack of personnel files.

“Leon…” Gibbs paused, remembering just how hard he fought to get Tony into NCIS. “Nobody can replace DiNozzo.”

Vance nodded. “Not asking you to fill his shoes, Gibbs. But those two are worn thin, and so are you. You need the help.” He turned and left Gibbs alone in front of the large screen, still tracking the military transport bringing their suspects back to the yard.

Gibbs sat in one of the chairs and opened the first folder, glancing at the service record first, but his thoughts wandered to his team. What if that kid had died? Bishop was a damn good agent, a brilliant mind, but if she’d fired because that mind was clouded by exhaustion, that was on him. He wasn’t sure he could live with that. Not like McGee’s first kill shot. He smiled sadly at the memory. Tony’s Probie had come a long way since then.

“How ya holdin’ up, McGee?” Gibbs asked as he strolled into the nearly empty bullpen.

Hours after they’d finally cleared Tim’s name in the shooting of the undercover metro officer, he had tried to go home. He’d made it halfway, only to turn around and come back to a dark room, powering on his computer and deciding to finish the reports Gibbs had let him put off until tomorrow. “Just wanted to finish some paperwork, Boss.”

Gibbs stood in front of his desk and handed him one of the cups in his hand. “Thought
you might want this.”

McGee took a cautious sip, almost expecting the strong black “Marine” coffee he knew his boss preferred. Instead, he was pleasantly surprised to find his usual lighter brew, sufficiently sweetened. “Uh... Thanks, Boss.”

Gibbs nodded, but didn't return to his desk right away. “I meant it. You're one of mine, McGee, and I don't leave a man behind. I got turned around trying to solve the case and forgot to be there for ya.” He took a long pull from the tall cup in his own hand. “We don't catch a case, come over for dinner tomorrow. If you want something with your steak, you bring it.”

McGee stared at Gibbs as he made his way back to his desk and grumbled as he pressed a few buttons and got his computer turned back on. “Uh, Boss, why are you here?”

Gibbs stared at him over his coffee. “Saw you comin’ back in. Figured you might need a coffee,” he said, matter of factly, then turned toward his computer screen and began typing.

McGee nodded slowly, and returned to his report. Dinner. With Gibbs... That was something Tony did, not him. Gibbs and Tony were friends, Tony went to Gibbs when he had something he needed to get off his chest. He wasn’t like that. Why would Gibbs want to make him feel better? Tony was strong and always let things bounce off him, so it was a huge deal when something really bothered him. Tim was the opposite. So why was Gibbs bothering with him?

An hour later, McGee jumped in his seat and knocked over the remainder of the cold coffee when Gibbs cleared his throat. “Go home, McGee. That’s an order.”

Tim huffed and shook his head, but shut down the computer. “Report’s in your inbox.”

Gibbs looked at him blankly.

“Email. I emailed it to you.”

Gibbs nodded. “Good. You can print it out tomorrow and hand it to me.”

God, the man is insufferable. Tim thought, and strode to the elevator.

Gibbs smirked as the doors closed on his youngest agent, then opened the report he’d been sent. The kid was getting better under Tony’s tutelage, but he was still hit hard by the shooting. Gibbs wasn’t blind to the crush he still harbored, so he hoped his dinner invitation distracted McGee enough to think about something else. He had no intention of leading him on, even though he was starting to come into his own and Gibbs could see the appeal. But he was a subordinate, young, and obviously more in awe of Gibbs than actually attracted to him. No, he wouldn't take advantage of the young man, he was just using what was there to help him through this. Before leaving, he marked the email “unread,” then held the button on his computer to force a shut down, which would give McGee another small distraction in the morning when it booted up into safe mode and he threw a “fit”. Everyone thought he was such a dinosaur, it was quite amusing sometimes.
“McGee, my place.” Gibbs stood, after a long day of cold cases, and grabbed his badge and gun, shrugging on his jacket.

Everyone froze as they prepared to leave for the day. Tony and Ziva slowly turned toward McGee. “Uh, Boss?” he asked, glancing uncomfortably at both the man who’d spoken, and then the other two, with their evil grins slowly forming on their faces.

“Steak, my place. You two...get.” Gibbs waved Tony and Ziva off, then raised an eyebrow at McGee. “Well?”

“Yes...yes, boss.” Tim hurried to gather his things and ran to catch up with the rest of the team.

Later that night, as McGee ate steak and “rabbit food” (as Gibbs had dubbed his salad), he listened to Gibbs’s story. The great and almighty Gibbs stared at his plate of meat and avoided eye contact as he told McGee about the first time he’d killed someone. How he was still green, almost a kid. But so was the guy he’d killed. He was following orders. And so was the other guy. How that hit him hard, and he’d puked up his MREs for days. How he’d been too ashamed to tell Shannon. How he’d actually wanted to call his dad. By the time they’d cleaned their plates, Gibbs finally met McGee’s eyes. “If it ever stops messing with you? That’s when you quit. Would I have fired, McGee? Damn straight. Doesn’t mean I’d be OK with it. I’ve seen plenty of agents who don’t care, and trust me, you hurting over this makes you a good agent, not a bad one. Hear me?”

McGee, for the second time ever, truly locked eyes with the older man. He swallowed hard, not sure whether his churning gut was the guilt that had pooled there for days, or something else. Something about those blue eyes that seemed like they could see his damn soul. Then he nodded and hoarsely replied, “yes, Boss.”

Chapter End Notes

Reference/flashback to season 3 episode 10, Probie
“What’s going on, Boss?” McGee asked as the elevator lights dimmed and the movement stopped,

“Damnit, McGee, it’s none of your business.” Gibbs tried to reach past him for the button, but McGee blocked him.

“Gibbs, you're using agency resources, you're hiding from us, something is wrong. Even Vance is asking questions. Trust us. Trust me.” McGee’s hand rested on Gibbs’s forearm until the older man stepped back from the elevator panel.

Gibbs glared at McGee, but the younger man didn't flinch. Since Tony had left, McGee may have seemed like he was acting normally, but Gibbs had noticed more of his strength and confidence and he’d been pushing his own limits. Which included staring Gibbs down when necessary. Like now. And Gibbs hated when he was confronted with his own foolishness. He finally growled and pulled his arm from Tim’s grasp. “It’s family. Not the team’s business.”

McGee crossed his arms, still effectively blocking the elevator panel. “I thought this was a two way street?”

Gibbs closed his eyes as he remembered the many times he’d insisted his team trust him with everything. He felt a hand on his shoulder.

“Gibbs. We’re a team. Don't block us out. Let us help you.” McGee's sincerity finally broke his resolve.

“It’s Amira. She was taken, and the authorities aren’t doing their damn jobs. Shada is missing too, Leyla thinks it’s connected.” Gibbs fell back against the wall.

The elevator lights hummed back to life, and McGee punched the button down. “Let’s get to Abby. She’ll help.”
Gibbs shook his head, “I can't ask you to do this. It’s off the books, might be terror related, dangerous--”

McGee snorted as the door opened, “Boss, that's a regular day here. I agreed to come to you and trust you a long time ago. I expect the same.”

“McGee. My office. Now!” The last word was basically a growl as Gibbs stormed to the elevator.

This was it. He was fired. They'd cleared Sarah's name, he’d gotten the official dressing down, but now it was time to really face the music. He’d gone behind the whole team’s back and they wouldn't trust him anymore. Tim slowly made his way to the elevator, and flinched when he noticed Gibbs’s hand blocking the doors open in wait.

As expected, almost as soon as the elevator began moving, it jolted to a halt. “Are you a part of this team, McGee?” Gibbs asked, his jaw clenched.

“Yes sir. At least, until I did…” McGee shrugged.

Gibbs sighed. “You take care of your family. We take care of each other. Have you learned nothing from me?”

McGee blanched, “yes, sir, I...I just...I didn't know what was going on, and if Sarah did something…”

Gibbs stepped close to Tim and leaned close, “McGee, we’ve all done things for family. Do you trust me?”

McGee straightened, “boss, you're an Agent. I wouldn't ask you to cover--”

“Damnit, McGee!” Gibbs slapped the elevator wall near Tim’s head and pushed back. “You're mine. That isn't a one way street. I expect your best, and I’ll damn sure try to give you mine. That includes for family. You got a problem, you come to me. Are we clear?”

McGee nodded.

“Are. We. Clear?” Gibbs stepped into McGee's face again, and Tim felt his heart racing.

He met Gibbs’s steely glare and clenched his jaw before replying, “Yes, Boss.”

Unexpectedly, Gibbs smirked, and patted his cheek gently. “You get credit, though. I wouldn't have expected that from ya. Made me proud.”

Tim couldn't have felt better, practically high on a single statement of praise.

“Drop the stupid grin, McGee. We got work to do.”

The moment was gone, and McGee schooled his features and let Tony and Ziva taunt him for the tongue lashing they were sure had happened. But he wouldn't forget the praise, or the surprisingly smooth palm on his cheek.
Together, while dealing with cold cases and avoiding Vance and begging Bishop to handle the probie, the three of them found the people blackmailing Shada and who had kidnapped Amira. Abby couldn't hold back the tears as the girl ran into Gibbs's arms and stayed there longer than expected. She pulled Tim into a hug and whispered into his ear, “Just tell him, Timmy. It’ll be OK.”

Tim backed up and shook his head, smiling at his friend then watching Gibbs’s uncharacteristic show of affection for his goddaughter. “I'm just glad she’s safe.”

After sending Amira home with her mom, Gibbs came back to Tim and clapped him on the shoulder. “Thank you, McGee.”

Tim smiled, blushed a little, and nodded. “Any time Boss.”

Gibbs would probably always be surprised when Tim pushed him like he had this time. It had been a natural thing for Tony, and always peppered with sarcasm and humor, but not Tim. He’d fought hard and grown into his position, and where Tony seemed to instinctively know what Gibbs was thinking, Tim took his time to read and analyze. Two sides to the same coin. They’d have worked damn well together leading this team. Too bad Gibbs hadn't seen it sooner.

Chapter End Notes

Reference/flashback to season 4 episode 9: Twisted Sister
Chapter 5

Gibbs tugged against the restraints and grimaced and hissed as the pain shot up his leg. Damn fool that he was, always insisting on barging ahead. For once, the new guy had been right, wanting to hold off until the compound had been properly cleared. Now the bastards had grabbed a hostage. *Him.*

After several hours, and several beatings, Gibbs’s vision was blurred. Whether it was from sweat, blood, or the concussion he surely had, he wasn’t sure, but he resigned himself to the fact that he wasn’t getting out of there alive. The only thing he could do was to make a scene big enough to draw attention. He looked around and saw the stove behind him was gas. An idea formed in his mind, and he began scooting the chair across the room as quickly as possible.

*  

“So, the feds want to get us, huh? Which feds?” The young man landed a solid blow to Gibbs’s gut. “NCIS was just after me, but the rest? Who is it? FBI?”

Gibbs tried to catch his breath, then spat on the kid’s foot. “Semper Fi.” How this waste of breath was able to get into the Marines, Gibbs would never know. But he did know he had a temper and liked to flash his weapon around.

It worked. The kid stepped back and kicked Gibbs’s injured knee, wiping his spit back onto his pants. “You disrespectful old piece of SHIT.” He pulled out the giant revolver and started waving it at Gibbs’s face. “How do you think your buddies will like finding you without a face, huh?”

Gibbs leaned back, feigning fear, and tipped his chair backward, falling onto the floor directly in front of the stove. Inwardly, he grinned as the “soldier” surged forward, finger on the trigger, until someone pulled him back. *FUCK!* Gibbs thought as another cult member ran to the stove and twisted the broken knobs, shutting off the gas in the room.

“Sneaky, sneaky, old man. Your life that bad that you’d kill yourself just to get away from me?” He laughed in Gibbs’s face, “I’ll make it ten times worse.” He grabbed Gibbs’s knee and squeezed until Gibbs gritted his teeth and growled from the pain. He wouldn’t give this piece of shit the satisfaction of seeing him scream.
Until a commotion outside startled them, and they began scrabbling to communicate with the others outside. Gibbs tipped onto his side, but couldn't get any further because of his injuries. The cavalry had arrived, but they needed to know about the gas, before…

Canisters rolled into the room. Smoke spilled out of one, but Gibbs knew the other was a flashbang. “Gas! Get out!” He screamed, hoping that whatever team was behind the shock and awe would hear him. Suddenly, he was grabbed and pulled across the floor, and someone was covering him with their own body just as the canister exploded, igniting the cloud of gas that had surrounded Gibbs mere seconds before.

Soon, hands were everywhere, knives cutting his bonds, someone in a uniform pulling an unconscious man off of him. An unconscious McGee. He couldn't hear a damn thing, and when he tried to fight to follow Tim, to stay with him, a medic sedated him. His eyes slipped closed as he saw his SIC strapped to a stretcher and loaded into the helicopter.

*Mcgee groaned as he awoke, aware only of the stiff ache throughout his whole body. He heard a scoff and opened his eyes to see someone sitting next to his hospital bed reading a magazine. “Boss?” He asked, surprised at the raspiness of his own voice.

“Nope, Probie, you're stuck with me.” The man flipped the paper down and shook his head, “here I am, enjoying Paris, and I get a call from your sister that you practically killed yourself to save the old man? Really? Didn't I teach you anything?”

McGee sighed. “Nice to see you too, Tony. Is Gibbs OK?”

Tony smiled and leaned towards his friend. “The Boss is always ok. Probably checking out AMA as we speak so he can go work on his stupid boat.”

McGee breathed a sigh of relief. He tried to sit up, but winced at the pain. “What happened?”

Tony smirked, “you ran in there all G.I Joe like, dragged Gibbs halfway across the room, then covered him with your body. Got knocked out and some burns on your neck and arms, and shrapnel in your legs and ass. The vest stopped a lot of it. You could have died, Probie.” Tony’s voice turned serious, “He’s a good Agent, Tim, and I get that he wants everyone to follow him into the pit of Hell, but you could have died. Sarah could have been planning your funeral, instead of calling me to stay here with you until she can get here.”

McGee shrugged. “You’d have done the same thing.”

Tony shook his head, “And look how I got rewarded for it. Anyway, I had my reasons.” When McGee didn't respond, Tony narrowed his eyes, “wait, McDrugged...Tell me you and Gibbs aren’t…” he whistled suggestively and waggled his eyebrows.

Tim felt his face heat up as he shook his head, “no, Tony, no way, Gibbs wouldn't want me, he's not…” damn. McDrugged is right. How long had Tim been able to keep his secret, only to slip in front of Tony now?

But instead of mocking him, Tony was uncharacteristically quiet. “Gibbs isn't what, McGee?”

The jig was up. Better to just roll with it now. “He’s not gay, Tony. Go ahead, laugh at me.”

“No. No he’s not. He’s an equal opportunity bastard. Don’t put him on a pedestal, McGee. Learn from my mistakes, OK?” Tony completely ignored Tim’s quasi-admission of non-heterosexuality,
then glanced up and his worried face turned cold. “I'll be back, probster. Maybe they have some of that green jello I can steal…” He gave Tim a goofy grin that didn't reach his eyes, then strode quickly to the door. Tim was sure he heard voices in the hall, but he didn't think he could care until the pain meds kicked in, so he pushed the button that was attached to his IV.

In the hall, Tony glared at Gibbs and shut the door quietly. “What the hell, Gibbs? Trying to blow yourself up? You could have killed the whole damn team!” he hissed.

Gibbs sighed and tried to look past Tony through the window on the door. When Tony shifted to block his view, Gibbs met his eyes. “Nice to see you too, Tony.”

“Nice, my ass. You could have called, but you didn't. Everyone else has. Hell, Abby already booked a flight for two months from now. Regardless, what were you thinking?” Tony crossed his arms and leaned back against the door to McGee's room.

Gibbs scrubbed a hand across his face. “I was thinking I screwed up, and was gonna die anyway so I might as well make a scene and take out some of them in the process. That whole thing was on me, I couldn't just sit there and let them beat the piss out of me.”

Tony’s glare faltered slightly, glancing at the cane at Gibbs’s side, and his jaw clenched. “You're OK, though?” he asked.

“Ducky wants me to stay.” Gibbs shrugged.

Tony rolled his eyes, “but of course, you're not.”

Gibbs ignored Tony's question. “How’s McGee?”

“I'll be fine, Boss.” Tony jumped as the door behind him opened, and McGee stood in the door, leaning on his IV pole. “And I’m just glad we all made it. He’d do the same for us, Tony. Hell, he has done the same for us. We’d all have died in Somalia without him. We’re a team. He's never let us down.”

Tony inhaled sharply and glanced at the floor and Gibbs grimaced ever so slightly.

“McGee. Thank you for saving my ass.” Gibbs eventually said, softly. He turned to Tony, “and I know we weren’t a team for a while. We should have been.” McGee looked at Gibbs questioningly, but he wouldn't give anything more. “I’m headed home, if you're staying with Tim?”

Tony nodded, “Sarah asked me to stay.”

“McGee, once you're cleared by medical, you've got a week’s vacation, at least. I hear Paris is nice. And you both know my door is open.” Gibbs nodded to McGee and awkwardly held out a hand to Tony.

“I'll see you, Boss.” Tony said, with a sad smile, and shook Gibbs's hand.

Tim tried to get something out of Tony that night, but eventually had to give up when he threatened to replace Tim’s pain meds with a laxative.
After 48 hours in the hospital, Tony had finally convinced Tim to join him for a few days in Paris. He had to return before McGee was well enough to fly, but the tickets were purchased and plans were made for Tim to spend some quality time with his friend and goddaughter.

Hours after his sister had left him at home, Tim heard a knock at his door. “Damnit,” he grumbled, slowly starting to get up, when the door cracked open.

“McGee? You decent?” Gibbs called.

McGee huffed in amusement, *of course Gibbs has a key. Why wouldn't he have a key?* “Yeah, on the couch.”

Gibbs came in with a grocery bag full of Tupperware containers. “Neighbors made food when I told ’em what happened. Promised I’d bring it to you. Apparently they’re grateful.”

McGee snorted, “I can't imagine why…”

The fridge door shut, and Gibbs came into the living room with two bottles of water. He handed one to McGee and perched on the arm of the loveseat, his cane resting against his leg. “How are you doing? You need anything?”

“Boss, I'm fine. I've got stitches and bruises left, that's it. You're probably worse off than me right now.”

Gibbs winced almost imperceptibly as he shifted, a sharp pain his constant reminder of the cracked ribs he’d been dealt. “Still. You’d be fine if it wasn't for my fool ass.”

McGee rolled his eyes, “look, I'm still taking some pain meds, so I don't have much of a bullshit filter right now. We’re a team. You made a judgement call, and if we hadn't been there, it would have worked. I made a judgement call when we got there because you warned us, and now we’re both
alive and we’ll both recover just fine. So shut up and drop the guilt crap. The people who are 
actually to blame are either dead or in custody. You'd have done the same for me, and I damn well 
know it. Remember that time you got yourself hit by a car for me?"

McGee's hand hovered at the knob. He knew Gibbs's house was open, it always was. He was pretty sure nobody else was there, there was no car in the driveway, so he didn't think he’d be interrupting anything. But he still wasn't sure if he should knock or just go in. Knocking was respectful, it was how he was raised. But Gibbs had always said his door was open, and he might see knocking as timid or--

“Just come in, for Christ's sake!”

Tim blushed as the door swung open and Gibbs turned back toward the couch, an ice pack over his shoulder. “Sorry Boss, I just...Uh...Wanted to check on you…”

“You and everybody else in the damn yard. Ducky, Tony, and Abby have already been here to poke and prod.” He winced as he settled back onto the couch and perched his glasses back on his nose. “So, what’s on your mind, McGee?”

“Just...Wanted to thank you, Boss. I should be the one who got hit.” McGee inhaled deeply and tried not to look ashamed. Truth was, if he'd been paying more attention, neither of them would have been hurt.

Gibbs sighed and dropped his newspaper onto the coffee table. “McGee, that's the job. I'll be fine.” He looked at the man standing in his foyer. “Come on, let's have some dinner. You can cook.” He pointed to the ice pack on his shoulder.

“Sure thing, Boss!” McGee smiled and headed for the kitchen. It felt good to be able to do something for the man who'd gotten hurt for him. He wouldn't have died from getting hit like that, which made it even worse. Gibbs threw himself across the car to stop him from being hurt.

After a good meal, a beer or two, and some genuine laughter and bonding, McGee went home and collapsed into bed. A few hours later, he was off in Dreamland, pondering what might have happened if he’d stayed. He kissed the older man, boldly, but paying close attention to his aching shoulder. He moaned as Gibbs caressed him, as he was gently pressed beneath him, as the older man slid his hand between them and opened him just enough to feel the sharp burn as he was breached. Tim whimpered softly as his boss, the man he'd cared for for years, made love to him. Because he cared. Gibbs kissed him and slowly thrust inside him until they both came together.

McGee woke with a start, his hand stroking his rock hard erection. He was embarrassed, but smiled as he remembered his dream, and came with a groan. It wasn't the first time he’d thought of Gibbs that way, and probably wouldn't be the last. But this was the first time it had seemed to be about more than sex.
Reference/flashback to season 7 episode 13 Jet Lag
When McGee finally got back to work, things were... strange. The first thing he saw when he walked in was Gibbs going over a report, fairly calmly, with the new guy. The same new guy who’d suggested they hold off on their recon of the cult’s compound. Sure, the vein was still protruding slightly and he eventually stormed off, slapping the folder against McGee’s chest as he left, but he’d actually been trying to help the guy. And the fact that he was still there and hadn’t requested a transfer or left NCIS entirely was fairly shocking. Once he was settled, he pulled Bishop aside.

“How was it while I was gone?” he asked.

She looked around to ensure nobody was listening, then grinned conspiratorially. “Oh. My. God. Seriously, I think he got some sense knocked into him! I mean, he’s still a bastard, but once he got back from medical, even on desk duty which normally makes him really intolerable, he actually was running the team. He’s been hard, but not too hard, on Babs—“


Bishop snorted, “Yeah, Abby started it. His last name is too long, she said, so she started calling him Babs instead of Babikimann.”

“His name is Ken, you know…”

Bishop shrugged. “Babs stuck. Even Gibbs uses it now.”

Mcgee stared at her. “It’s been three weeks. What else changed?”

“Um… Abby made him skype with Tony a few days ago, probably right after you left Paris. She locked him in her office and wouldn’t let any of us inside for over an HOUR, and she still won’t tell us what it was about.’

Tim narrowed his eyes. Something ‘hinky’ was going on, and now Abby knew about it. Tony had outright refused to talk about Gibbs while he was there, which was unusual, and he chalked it up to his half-confession in the hospital, and Tony’s unwillingness to acknowledge it. Maybe that wasn’t
it. “I’ll talk to Abby.”

Suddenly, McGee felt a hand across the back of his head. “No, you’ll get to work, McGee. Vacation’s over.” Gibbs growled. “Grab your gear!”

McGee rubbed his head and neck where Gibbs had, rather gently he realized, tapped him. As they investigated, he watched his boss. He saw some subtle changes to his body language, his attitude toward “Agent Babs”, his running of the case, his attempt at maintaining order and his bastard reputation without being unfair and cruel. While it was sad that the young sailor had died, it turned out to be a simple solve—inadvertent poisoning through poorly made methamphetamines that were being dealt at ports across the region. With the help of DC Metro and the Norfolk office, they were able to arrest the dealers and hopefully stem the tide of the drugs.

As they settled at their desks to finish their reports, Gibbs waved them all off. “Go home, it’s been a long couple of days. Get me the reports tomorrow.” He dropped one cup of coffee into his trash can and began sipping another before sitting down.

Bishop and ‘Babs’ (Tim still called him Ken, it would take a while for the new nickname to work for him) hustled quickly to the elevator, but McGee hung back. “Boss, you could use a break too.”

The older man crooked an eyebrow, “I probably could, but I’ll just end up coming back. Not much point in leavin’ now, McGee. Go home.”

McGee, still emboldened by his recent vacation and the noticeable change in his boss, shook his head. He sat at his computer and looked Gibbs in the eye. “If you’re here, I’m here Boss.”

Gibbs shrugged and turned to his work, seemingly unfazed by the presence of his SIC. McGee smirked and began typing his report, occasionally glancing at Gibbs. After three hours, McGee was done with his report, so he stood and stretched. “You about done, Boss?”

“Nope. Go home, McGee.” Gibbs tossed his cold coffee into the trash and opened a folder on his desk.

Damn stubborn mule, McGee thought. “Nah, I’ll grab a cold case or two. Unless you need help with something? Bishop’s reports are stellar, but I’ve seen some of Ken’s reports…I could review them for you, if—“

Finally, Gibbs slammed the folder shut. He’d been stalling, and McGee was calling his bluff. They both knew it. “Fine, McGee. What the hell do you want from me?”

Surprised that he seemed to have won this battle, Tim faltered a bit. “Um…Boss, I just…” He swallowed hard and sighed. “You’re different. Like Tony was different before he left. I didn’t watch out for him like I should’ve, so…this time I’m doing my job. I’ve got your six, in the field and here.”

Gibbs looked at McGee for longer than was probably comfortable. He watched his concerned gaze, he took in the kind eyes and confident air and stubborn jaw. He noted the flush slowly creeping across the newly-healed skin of his neck and the increase of his pulse as Gibbs continued his stare. He felt his own heart beating heavily in his chest until he finally closed his eyes in resignation.

“Steak, McGee?”

The younger man smiled slightly. “Can I convince you to have a salad too?”
Gibbs stood and grabbed his badge, gun, and jacket, shaking his head, “You and your damn rabbit food,” he grumbled.

*


They ate in companionable silence, Gibbs begrudgingly eating the bowl of salad McGee sat in front of him, and McGee holding back most of the moans of pleasure from the perfectly medium-rare steak on his plate. Using a chunk of Italian bread to swipe up the last of the salad dressing, Gibbs spoke first. “I’ve broken my own rules, McGee. And it never ends well.”

Tim swallowed the piece of steak in his mouth and turned toward his boss. Gibbs wasn’t usually one to talk about…well…anything, so when he did? McGee made sure to listen. His silent nod spurred Gibbs on.

“Rule 12, especially.”

McGee paled. He couldn’t know. He’d have kicked Tim off the team years ago if he knew. If he knew about McGee’s crush. Or what had been a crush, but was now full blown love, if he was honest with himself. Maybe this was just a talk about Abby…Tim and Abby were close still, even though they were solidly friends. Maybe he thought… His ‘maybes’ went out the window when the clear blue eyes met his, and he saw the pained look directed right at him. “Boss, I…I…” McGee stammered.

“Stop, Tim. Like I said, no matter what an agent may feel toward another, it just doesn’t work. At least not for me.” Gibbs paused and wiped his mouth with his napkin, preparing for the confession that was probably long overdue. “I made that rule for myself. And I’ve broken it too many times already. Jenny, Hollis, Tony…”

McGee was pretty sure his jaw hit the floor and his heart leapt out through the opening and did a dance on the table. “uh…Tone…Our Tony?”

Gibbs had to smirk at the look on McGee’s face. “Yes, our Tony. I made rule 12 because resentment and hostility seeps in when things don’t work. I bend my rules, and then it affects the team because I can’t get my own head out of my ass. I was a bastard to him, all because he wouldn’t put up with my bullshit. Then, when Ziva needed him, and he needed someone, I shut him out after that, thinking I was wronged. But I wasn’t. He wasn’t mine anymore, hadn’t been in a long time. My choices
affected the whole team, and after he left, I still blamed him. I can’t let that go on, and I won’t let it happen to you.”

McGee expected to see anger or shame in Gibbs’s eyes at that. He expected Gibbs to dismiss him, to show him there would never be anything between them. But when the man looked at him, all he saw was sadness. Guilt. And McGee couldn’t stop himself from resting a hand on Gibbs’s knee. “Boss, you can’t put it all on you.”

Gibbs glanced down at Mcgee’s hand and shook his head, placing his own on top of it. “Yeah, I can. I make people put me on some kind of blasted pedestal, and they either run and hide, or are loyal beyond reason. Took Tony a long time to wise up. Don’t you make the same mistake, Tim. I’m not worth it. I can try to be a better boss, for the little time I’ve got left, but I damn sure ain’t worth more than that. I know—“

McGee wasn’t hearing any more of Gibbs’s self-deprecating bullshit. He brought his other hand around Gibbs’s neck and quickly pulled him into a kiss. It was chaste, just a pressing of lips at first, but Gibbs didn’t pull back. Out of desire or shock, McGee wasn’t sure, but he took it as a small victory, and slowly released his grip, letting his forehead rest against Gibbs’s.

“Damnit, McGee.” Gibbs shook his head.

“Damnit, yourself, Gibbs. Maybe it’s not sunshine and roses, but I’ve had feelings for you for a long time. If you don’t feel the same way, that’s fine. I’ll have your six the same as I’ve had since Tony left. But don’t shut me out because you think you’re not worth it, or you’ll screw it up.”

Gibbs pulled back and stood up, wincing slightly at the twist to his knee, roughly grabbed the plates, and brought them to the kitchen. He knew McGee had followed, and leaned onto the sink. “I’m too goddamn old and screwed up, McGee. Whatever your feelings are? You put ‘em on the wrong person. You work for me, that’s it. Eventually you’ll have this team, probably sooner than later, and you deserve it too. Tony stayed in my shadow because of his misguided feelings, and I let him. I held him back. I won’t do that to you. Hell, you could be director someday if you put your mind to it, Tim!”

McGee nodded, “I do work for you, believe me, I know it. And I appreciate the vote of confidence, Gibbs, so you can be sure you won’t hold me back if a promotion comes up. I'm not a natural investigator, like Tony, but I've learned quite a bit about you, and if you didn't feel at least something, you'd have kicked me out by now.”

Gibbs shook his head. Tim had gone from an easily flustered kid, to an attractive, strong agent, and the enjoyment Gibbs got from teasing him had changed. At first, he liked the intimidation factor, but when that faded, it was more about pulling his damn pigtails like a kid in the schoolyard. “McGee, you don’t want me. You want the idea of me. You’ve been under my thumb so damn long, you can’t see past it.” He turned and crossed his arms, leaning back against the sink trying hard to look nonchalant.

McGee snorted. “Gibbs, you need to pull your head out of your ass, sometimes.” He paused and smirked at the narrowed blue eyes in front of him, but continued. “You’re a good man, and yeah, you’ve screwed up. Good men aren’t perfect, not even close. But you’ve been there for me, you’ve watched my six, hell, you even stood up to my father when I didn’t have the balls to do it. What makes you think it’s not you I want?” Tim stepped closer to his boss, close enough to put his hands around him if he tried. Instead, he stood in Gibbs’s personal space...Waiting.
Gibbs chuckled softly, the kid had certainly learned a thing or two from him in making others sweat a bit. If it wasn't his own trick, he'd be nervous right now. Instead, he let his hands drop and rested them on the edge of the sink, pulling his shoulders back and his chest out, as if welcoming a challenge. “Because you have no idea what you'd be in for, McGee.”

“I’m willing to risk it.” Tim swallowed the anxiety that had his heart practically leaping out of his chest, and took the last step toward Gibbs, his boss, the one everyone feared and most respected. He felt their bodies touch, and suddenly, Gibbs’s hand was wrapped around the back of his neck, and his mouth was on his, his whole body pushing Tim back until he nearly stumbled over the table and had to practically sit on it to catch his balance.

If Tim wanted the Gibbs experience, he'd damn sure give it to him. Once he caught up with the fact that Gibbs was kissing him, Tim kissed back, his hands wrapping around the firm waist and muscular back of his boss. Gibbs decided to up the ante. He slid his hands down, from Tim's neck, to his back, to his ass. He felt his SIC tense, but kept going, until he could firmly grip the back of his thighs, then proceeded to lift the taller man onto his sturdy dining room table.

McGee almost fell backwards as Gibbs tipped him back to sit on the table, and Gibbs took full advantage. His lips traveled down the outstretched neck, as a hand pulled at the tie he hadn't bothered to remove after work. Tim felt his boss, the man he'd had feelings for for years, push his legs apart and press against his groin, and he couldn't hold back the breathy groan that escaped his throat.

Gibbs grinned, wondering how far Tim would let this go before he changed his mind. Before he realized he was in over his head. Before he backed off and pushed his old, domineering, bastard of a boss off and filed sexual harassment charges. He pressed his hips between Tim’s legs again, and reached a hand down past his waistband to roughly grab his ass.

Instead of pulling away, Tim hissed and bucked his hips, grabbing the man in front of him and pulling his head back up for another kiss. Gibbs kept trying to keep control, kept trying to knock Tim off-center, to keep him guessing and flustered, but Tim had learned to keep up. He’d learned to adjust to Gibbs’s ever changing moods, and it seemed that carried over into this. Tim gave as good as he got, sometimes being caught off guard by a nip here, a rough hand there, but with each change of direction, Tim seemed to be more aroused instead of put off. Finally, with a frustrated growl, Gibbs broke their connection and pushed back.
“Fine, you called my bluff, McGee.” He panted.

Tim stayed on the table, legs splayed, pants straining to contain his now rock hard erection. “That was no bluff, and you know it, Gibbs.” He glanced at the matching bulge in Gibbs's pants.

The older man rolled his eyes. “Ya touched it. Simple biology McGee. Now, just cuz I didn't take ya for liking it rough, doesn't mean I want--”

Tim smirked and slid from the table to his knees, quickly grasping the waistband of his boss’s pants. “Pretty sure you want this, Boss.”

Gibbs was shocked with how quickly his belt and pants were undone and he felt Tim’s tongue sliding along bare skin, making its way to his cock. There was a time for stubbornness, but this wasn't it. Gibbs slowly leaned back against the counter behind him and grit his teeth to contain the sounds of pleasure as the soft, wet lips kissed his shaft all the way to the tip. He let his head fall back and let out a raspy “fuck…” as Tim dipped the tip of his tongue around the crown and caught the precum that had already beaded at the tip.

Tim grinned, thinking of that first night in the shower, but instead of touching himself, he focused on making Gibbs lose control. The thought of his boss, the man he’d lusted after for years, the one who'd gone from an intimidating powerhouse to respected colleague, falling apart in front of him was pleasure enough for Tim. He slowly worked the head of Gibbs's cock in and out of his mouth, teasing and gently licking around the crown and down the shaft. He let his hands knead the flesh of his thighs and ass, pushing his Dockers almost down to his knees. Just as he heard Gibbs's breathy moans above him, Tim abandoned his cock, and started tracing patterns across his groin, and down to his balls.

Gibbs hadn't been this hard in years. And Tim was just...Teasing. He let it go on for a time, but he was not a patient man. Not now. Eventually, the smirks and hesitation were too much. "You're enjoying this far too much, McGee.” He growled, grabbing the younger man's hair. "If you're gonna do this, just do it."
Tim grinned widely, his own cock twitching at the display. Jethro Gibbs, hard and flushed, his hand grasping his hair just shy of painful, his breathy growl ordering Tim to continue. It was better than that night in the shower, better than the other times he’d pictured it. He looked up into the steely blue eyes, pupils wide with arousal, and swallowed as much of the large cock in front of him as he could manage. As he withdrew, a gentle suction combined with a swirling of tongue along the swollen vein along the underside of Gibbs's cock made the older man's eyes slip closed and his fingers tighten slightly.

_Fuck_ Gibbs thought. He’d had sloppy blow jobs before, and this wasn't it. Tim knew what he was doing, and was playing him like a finely tuned instrument. He wasn't in it for a quick release, he was using every trick in the book (and probably some that _weren't_ in that anecdotal book!) to bring Gibbs higher and higher. He’d find a rhythm, and just when Gibbs thought he was nearing release, Tim would change tactics. Back off, slow down, something. And normally, it would irritate him. But he never had time to get irritated, because whatever Tim did next was even better than before. And from the flush to his face and the bulge in his pants, he was enjoying himself as well.

Tim knew he couldn't keep Gibbs on edge much longer before the man would actually start to get annoyed. He went back to one of the rhythms that had seemed to bring out the most appreciative sounds, and began thrusting in earnest, twisting his head slightly as Gibbs's cock was deep in his mouth. He slid one hand to grip his ass, and firmly grasped Gibbs's balls with the other, then pulled the man deeper into his throat. Gibbs groaned a curse, and finally, _finally_ let go.

With one hand in Tim's hair, and one on his shoulder, Gibbs looked down as he fucked into Tim's mouth. Gone was the youthful innocence from so many years ago, and in its place was a man who knew exactly what he wanted, and seemed to be getting it. He saw Tim reach one hand between his own thighs, deftly undoing his pants and stroking himself in time to Gibbs's thrusts. He gripped Tim’s shoulder tight enough to probably bruise, his pleasure heightened by the whimpering moan that escaped from Tim’s throat.

Tim closed his eyes and tightened his grip, his release coming embarrassingly fast with the pleasure of finally having his fantasies brought to life. He felt Gibbs’s pace quicken, he felt the tears in his eyes as the man thrust harder into his throat, and he moaned again as he thrust into his own hand, cumming hard across the floor. That last moan sent Gibbs over the edge, shouting a curse and Tim’s name, holding Tim still as he pulsed down his throat.

Immediately, and almost guiltily, Gibbs released his hands, pulling away from Tim as they both caught their breath. As his heart rate came back to normal, Gibbs realized Tim was still in front of him, still on his knees, head down. “Damnit...I didn't hurt you, did I?” He’d gone too far...He knew it. His face scrunched in concern.

Tim smirked then, and looked up, pupils still blown, his breathing still shallow, “no. I just need a minute.” He swallowed hard and tried to slow his shaking just enough that he could stand comfortably.

Gibbs nodded, tucking himself back into his briefs and buttoning his pants, then offered his hand.

Tim was grateful for the assistance... Gibbs's kitchen floor was rather unforgiving, and his feet were a bit numb. The struggle to stand and arrange himself brought some of the blood back to his brain, and he stood in front of Gibbs, looking into his eyes.
Gibbs waited. He knew, if he continued, it would be the start of something. Right now, he was just a man who'd enjoyed a talented mouth. And there was something there, but he still felt like he was taking advantage. McGee was still his subordinate. He was still 20 years his junior. But then he felt the hand tightly squeezing his, and realized that Tim was a big boy. He made his choices. He knew Gibbs wasn't some paragon of stern perfection. He knew who he was, what he'd done, and he could probably take over for him in a heartbeat at this point. His eyes were open to this...Whatever this was. And Gibbs leaned forward and kissed Tim again. Properly, this time. Not a ploy, not a head game or manipulation, it was real.

Tim let his eyes slip closed as he kissed back. It still turned passionate, harsh lips pressing together, teeth clacking occasionally, jockeying for dominance, although Gibbs's growl usually settled that. But this time, Tim felt just a little more care, more desire. He let himself be steered backwards, until he felt the couch at the back of his knees. Gibbs pushed him back, then knelt next to him, encouraging him to lie back until the older man was half on the couch, half on top of him.

The kissing became less frantic, and Gibbs let his hands take over, touching and exploring the willing body beneath him. One good thing about his age was that right now, he could focus 100% on Tim. There was no coming back for a while, so his mind and body were in tune with each other as he spent a long time kissing and caressing and ever-so-slowly undressing the younger man.

Tim couldn't remember the last time he'd spent so much time just… Making out. He couldn't help chuckling as Gibbs slid a hand beneath his undershirt and began rubbing his nipple.

“Something funny?” Gibbs paused.

Tim tried to stop, but he couldn't. He snorted again, “no, just...I feel like a teenager, making out like this, and you just got to second base…”

Gibbs tried to scowl at him, but the grin on his face was too much. His scowl turned into a smirk, and he kissed Tim as he slid a knee between his thighs. “I plan on rounding the bases, eventually.” He said, his lips still against Tim's.
Tim moaned as Gibbs’s knee pressed against his cock, slowly and valiantly coming around for number two. He nodded in agreement and went back to kissing. He knew he'd be marked by the time they were done, but he was fine with that. In fact, he was proud that Gibbs was passionate enough to be possessive over him. He ground his hips against the muscular thigh and let himself revel in the attention.

Finally, Gibbs had Tim's shirts off, and his belt on the floor. He admired the sight of the pale, youthful body beneath him, long enough to notice a blush creeping across Tim's chest.

“Is...Uh… Something wrong?” Tim wasn't sure what Gibbs was looking at, and he wasn't in much of a position to cover his still-imperfect abs, and it was making him squirm.

“No. Just enjoying the view.” Gibbs smirked, enjoying the deep red of his lover’s cheeks. He leaned down and took one pert nipple in his mouth, sucking, flicking, and nibbling on it as his fingers mirrored the action on the other. His other hand slid down Tim's side, across the love handles that, while smaller, still made him self-conscious, and around to his smooth, muscular back. He had most of his weight on Tim now, and the younger man was writhing and moaning, fully hard again, his hands gripping and clenching at Gibbs’s neck, his back, his ass, anywhere he could reach.

Tim slid one hand down between them and palmed Gibbs’s groin.

Gibbs chuckled into his ear, licking and nibbling at the spot beneath it. “Told you I was old. Didn't believe me?”

Tim frowned slightly, “I just hoped...Never mind”

Gibbs pulled back and grabbed Tim’s hand, pinning it above his head. “You hoped what, Tim?”

McGee tried to avoid eye contact, but Gibbs wasn't letting it go. Again he felt like a teenager, except it wasn't amusing this time. He flushed and shook his head, “It’s fine, really.”

“McGee…” Gibbs growled.

Tim was well and truly pinned, and while he was pretty sure he had a decent chance at getting out of this position if he really wanted to (his sparring had gotten better over the past few years), he knew Gibbs wouldn't be happy about it. He stumbled over his words, trying to eke out an explanation. “I’ve never...Done more...With a guy, that is...If you know what I mean. And...I...I want it to be you.” He felt like his face and ears were on fire, but slowly Gibbs released his hand and slid his down to Tim’s cheek.

Quietly, Gibbs murmured, “I’d like that too. But there's no rush.”

Tim’s stomach flipped. He nodded, then yelped in surprise as Gibbs reached between them and gripped his cock through his pants.

“Still finishing this though. Third base, is it?” Gibbs asked with a chuckle, swiftly undoing Tim's pants and pushing them down enough that his cock bounced against his belly.

Tim bit his lip trying not to cry out as Gibbs spit into his palm and touched his cock for the first time. Slowly, he stroked his fist up and down Tim's length, licking and sucking and biting up and down his jaw, neck, and chest, until Tim couldn't hold back. He let himself go, and it seemed to spur Gibbs on, stroking faster, nibbles turned to bites, until Tim felt himself arching up into the touches and calling Gibbs's name as he came, harder this time, all over his chest.

Gibbs smirked at the look of exhausted bliss on Tim’s face. It was even more enjoyable when he
groaned as Gibbs licked the cum from his fingers.

“Damnit, Gibbs. You're gonna kill me.” Tim shook his head lazily.

Gibbs kissed him then, and whispered against his lips, “Jethro. Not Gibbs. Not like this.”

Somehow, using his first name was even more intimate than most of what had just transpired. Tim placed his hands on Jethro's face and kissed him back. “Jethro. I like it.”
Chapter 11

The pair laid on the couch for what seemed like hours, and Tim couldn’t believe it was him holding Gibbs—no, Jethro—in his arms. He’d always envisioned himself curling up against the man, hoping it was okay, hoping for a sign of affection or caring, but now he marveled at the fact that Jethro had used some tissues to do a cursory cleanup, then tucked himself under Tim’s arm against the back of the couch, an arm around his waist and a leg across his thighs. Tim wrapped his arm around Jethro’s shoulder, his other hand resting on the older man’s forearm, and quickly he noticed a slight snoring. The man he’d been in love with for years had not only let him enact some of his fantasies, but was now sleeping. On him. He didn’t think the man ever relaxed enough to sleep, but apparently he did.

But Tim couldn’t. His brain wouldn’t shut off. He thought back to Tony’s warnings, thought about what had been said before he’d dropped to his knees. He thought about work, he thought about rule 12—what would happen in the morning when Jethro came to his senses? Would this last? Was it a one-time thing? Gibbs hadn’t been with anyone, to Tim’s knowledge, in a while; was he just lonely?

Eventually, of course, just as Tim started to drift off to sleep, Jethro groaned and woke, grimacing as he straightened his leg. “Goddamn piece of old crap bastard fucker…” he mumbled nonsense under his breath with each bend and stretch of the joint.

Tim slid himself out from beneath him and sat up, giving him room to maneuver. “You need anything? Ice? NSAID?”

Gibbs shook his head and began rubbing his thigh and knee, “’S fine, just gets stiff.” He snorted, “sucks getting old. Might wanna run now, Tim.”

Tim flushed at the mention of what might happen after their evening together. He brought his hands to Gibbs’s calf and knee, kneading gently. “Nope. You want me gone, you’re gonna have to chase me off. Which might be hard with this knee.”

Gibbs rolled his eyes, but put his hands over Tim’s to still them, “you staying the night?”

Tim smirked. “Hey, I’m not that kinda girl!” Gibbs looked briefly disappointed, until Tim continued.
“Let’s wine and dine each other a bit first, huh?” He wanted to know the real Jethro. He knew work-Gibbs was a big part of that, but if this was going to work, they’d need to separate it from work. Jumping straight into bed wouldn’t help that.

“Sounds good.” Gibbs smiled and leaned forward to kiss Tim, softer than he’d imagined possible. “Ah, youth,” Gibbs chuckled, glancing down at the tenting of Tim’s pants.

Tim flushed again, then grabbed his shirts and quickly dressed. “I should…uh…head home.” Before I do something stupid, he finished in his head.

At his apartment, Tim flopped facedown onto his couch and groaned. This wasn’t happening. It couldn’t happen. Gibbs had a string of unhappy ex-lovers, what happened when he got tired of Tim? What about work? What about… “Tony!” Tim cried. He glanced at the clock…2:46am. Which made it a reasonable time to call Tony. He pulled out his tablet and dialed into the video chat.

“Uncle Timmy!” A blurry chin appeared on his screen, and the device was obviously being carted around.

“Tali, give the phone to Abba!” Tim tried to tell her, but instead, she dropped it to the floor, and Tim was looking at a picture of the ceiling, with an occasional glimpse of the little girl’s hair or a hand, as she babbled on about her dolls, and would “show” him things. He sighed and simply waited, occasionally asking if Abba was there.

Finally, after about 10 minutes, he heard Tony in the background. “Tali, have you seen Abba’s phone?”

“Tony!” Tim said, not too loudly as to scare the girl, but hopefully loud enough to draw his friend’s attention.

“Abba! Uncle Timmy says HI!” and suddenly, Tim’s visual was bouncing and shaking as, he assumed, Tali brought the phone to her dad.

“Wait, what?” And then Tony was there, thankfully holding the phone somewhat steady as he ran a towel over his still-wet hair.

“Hey Tony. Thanks, I was getting a little nauseous.”

Tony smirked and shook his head, “You should know better than to call me before 9am. Wait… why are you calling me before 9am? Isn’t it past your bedtime, elf lord?” He sat down at his piano bench and rested the phone on the stand above the keys.

“Yeah, usually. But Tony, I need to ask you something…um… personal …” He swallowed and ran his hand around to rub the back of his neck.

“Timmy, are those hiccups? Damn, are you dating a vacuum?” Tony grinned, “is that why you’re calling? Need a little advice from the Sex Machine?”

Tim flipped the collar of his shirt up to hide some of the marks, and shrugged, “well, I guess you could say that. It’s…a little more personal…to you…” He didn’t know how to say it out loud. How to ask Tony about his relationship with their boss. How to tell Tony that he was foreseeing a relationship with his ex.

Tim felt his face heat up and he nodded. “Yeah. He told me about…y’know…”

Tony nodded, “He tell you how he made my life hell when I wouldn’t change for him? He expected me to act like I did at work, to be his lapdog, and I didn’t. Work is his life. Hell, he couldn’t even stay retired like a normal person. He says he has rule 12 because he brings his personal life to work? No, it’s the opposite. He brings the work home. The cases never leave, he obsesses, he’ll think of things in the middle of the night and want you to get to work at 2am just because he has a hunch, and get angry if you don’t.” He smiled sadly, “but we talked. Abby kindof forced him into it, and he actually apologized. I’m not sure he’s changed, but I know he knows how he treated me. Why do you think Stan left?”

Tim’s eyes widened, “Stan? Stan Burley?”

Tony nodded. “Like I said, he takes work home. Stan was mostly about stress relief, nothing more, but he still screwed that up too. He’s broken, Tim. And I didn’t realize that until I was starting to break too.”

Tim started to feel a lot less special. It seemed Gibbs liked to hook up with his 2IC. It wasn’t him, it was the position. He sighed and sat back on the couch, “well, I figured it was too good to be true.”

Tony leaned forward toward his phone, “Tim, he’s got a past. I’m not gonna lie, it’s a shitty one. But when we talked? We talked about you. I saw it when you were in the hospital and confronted him on it. He’s known you had a thing for him this whole time, and he’d been harboring something for a while too. Burley was stress relief, a good lay. Who knows, maybe I was too, even if he won’t admit it to me. But you’re different. Everyone else, he’s gone after what he wants, to hell with the consequences. But he protected you. From himself. He’s far from perfect, and you damn sure better keep your eyes wide open and not put up with his shit, but I know one thing for sure…” Tony smiled, “he cares about you. More than anyone I’ve seen in a long time.”

Tim nodded. “Thanks, Tony.”

“And Tim?”

“Yeah?”

“Don’t fuck with him. He might be broken, but…” Tony’s voice trailed off.

“But you still care.” Tim finished for him.

“Yeah. Call me crazy, but I do.” Tony shrugged.

“I’ll do my best.”

“I think he will too. As long as you expect his best, and don’t accept less. I think you can teach that old dog some new tricks. And, just to warn you…he’s amazing in the sack. You have no idea.”

Tony waggled his eyebrows.

Tim flushed, “Well, I’ve got a little bit of an idea…”

“Go Timmy!” Tony pumped his fist in the air. “And with that, I am gonna let you get some sleep
before you conk out on me. 3:30 is definitely past your bedtime.”

Tim nodded. “Good night Tony. And thanks.”

“Good night, and good luck. I’ll be in touch soon.”
Tim was amazed at the differences he’d been seeing between Gibbs (his normal, if somewhat more tolerant, gruff bastard of a boss), and Jethro. Sometimes, the two had overlapped, but Tim made sure he wasn’t allowing it. After work, they were equals. And after that first night, they hadn’t gone any further than heavy petting. OK, so occasionally Tim ended up with a mess in his boxers, but they were still taking it slow.

Until the night after a bad case, about 6 weeks later. Gibbs was tense and fuming, even after they’d cornered the ringleader. Human trafficking on Navy vessels, especially child trafficking, was not something he could just leave behind. Tim wasn’t in the best place either. When Bishop and Babs had left, Tim stood and stretched, then caught Gibbs’s eye. “Your office.” He said, then strode to the elevator without a second glance.

As the doors slid open, Tim felt a hand on the small of his back and Gibbs joined him. Just like Gibbs had done to Tim many times over the years, Tim reached over and stopped the car. “Get it out.” He said.

Gibbs looked at him. He shook his head. “No, not with you. It’s not fair, Tim.”

Tim clenched his jaw, “You think I’m OK? I saw the same kids you did.” He stepped closer to Gibbs, “Get it out before we leave. You need to spar? We spar. You need to shout and bang on the walls? Do it. I don’t want work coming home with us, but that doesn’t mean you shut me out!”

Gibbs pushed forward, knocking the wind out of Tim as his back hit the wall. They kissed, hard and aggressive, tongues tangling between them, teeth nipping and biting at lips and skin, hands grasping and scratching. Finally, Tim brought his hand up and grabbed a handful of Gibbs’s hair, pulling back and forcefully breaking their kiss. “Enough. You want physical? We spar.”

Gibbs growled and nodded, reaching past Tim to restart the elevator and take them to the gym.

Three hours later, they both collapsed onto Gibbs’s couch, freshly showered but still exhausted. After catching their breath, Tim ordered pizza, and Gibbs got the first aid kit, carefully cleaning Tim’s split lip and the scrapes on his knees. “I was too rough. Sore is one thing…but you shouldn’t
be injured. I’m…” he sighed, “I’m sorry.”

Tim took his hand and lowered it from his face, “We needed it. We both needed it.” He gingerly placed a kiss to Gibbs’s hand, then took the first aid kit and cleaned the bruised and split knuckles. “Next time, use gloves if you’re going to punch a wall, OK?”

Gibbs flinched slightly as the alcohol stung in his cuts. “Duck’s gonna have a field day with us.”

“He’ll understand. Nothing’s broken?”

Gibbs opened and closed his fists, “Nope.”

“Pizza place is swamped. I told them to hold the order for an hour. We’ve gotten out the frustrations, we left work at the Yard. Now it’s just us. Two people who had a shitty day at work. C’mere.” Tim pulled Gibbs into his arms, and he wasn’t surprised anymore when the man went willingly and nestled his face against Tim’s shoulder. He leaned his head down and gently kissed the side of Gibbs’s neck, letting his lips and tongue explore until he felt the man’s breathing pick up. “This couch sucks, y’know. I can’t think of a more tactful way to say this right now, but…should we take this…somewhere else?”

Gibbs pulled back and looked at his young lover, surprised. “I haven’t used the master bedroom in years. I hope you don’t object to the guest bedroom. It’s the only one with sheets.”

Tim chuckled, “sheets are good. Come on.” And he pulled Gibbs upstairs.

At the top of the stairs, Tim felt Gibbs's body against his back, and the hands on his hips guided him to the right. Gibbs reached around him to open the first door, and they were greeted by a generic bedroom, slightly stuffy from being closed up, but neat and tidy, the navy and grey bedspread matching the sheer silvery curtains, which coordinated with the pale yellow walls. Tim noted the sturdy headboard and he filed it away for later, if the opportunity arose. They hadn't talked about what, if any, kinds of kinky stuff Gibbs might be into, but he wouldn't be surprised by anything.

Slowly, Gibbs slid his hands around Tim’s waist and leaned against the taut muscles of the younger man’s back. He kissed the back of Tim’s neck and grinned at the hitch to his breathing. His hands roamed, gently sliding under the white undershirt to feel the soft, almost hairless skin beneath. “What do you want, Tim?” He whispered against the side of his throat.

“You. Just...Just you.” Tim didn't know how to explain what he wanted. He wanted sex, yes, but he wanted more. He wanted to just be with the man he loved. In every way. No more holding back and thinking and denying himself what he wanted.

“How?”

Tim balked. He hadn't thought about logistics. He’d never done this before. He tensed up and swallowed hard.

“Relax.” Gibbs crooned, pulling Tim close against him. “I got you. I promise. We'll figure it out as we go, and only as far as you want.” He kept stroking and massaging Tim's front, from chest to thighs, until he relaxed and leaned back against him again. His cock was hard and pressing against Tim's ass, but this time he didn't back away. He’d been avoiding any kind of pressure for this, but now Tim was the one pushing back. They’d left their belts in their go bags after showering, so it was easy for Gibbs to unbutton and slide Tim’s pants down, letting them fall to the floor. Through the dark grey boxer briefs, Gibbs let his fingers stroke Tim’s length, brushing against the underside of the
head, them dipping between his thighs to cup his balls.

“Please… Jethro…” Tim whined, rocking his hips against Gibbs's teasing hand.

“Please what? Tell me, Tim.” Gibbs said, letting his lips tickle Tim's ear as he spoke.

“The bed…” Tim inhaled deeply and seemed to find himself a bit, then grabbed Gibbs's hands and pulled him forward. He sat on the bed and held the older man between his thighs, making quick work of his own pants, and was pleasantly surprised to find he was not wearing underwear. “A bit presumptuous?” He smirked, as he lightly stroked the impressive cock, feeling it harden more in his hand.

Gibbs snorted, “no, just didn't feel like it after the shower. But it does make things easier.” he leaned down and kissed Tim, pushing him back until he scooted back on the bed and was lying beneath him. “Your pace, Tim.” He reminded his lover.

Tim nodded, the blood rushing to his face, as his cock softened slightly with his nerves.

Gibbs smiled and shifted so he was kneeling between Tim's thighs. He slid Tim’s underwear down, lifting his legs and tossing the clothes to the side. When he helped Tim lower his legs, he slowly peeled off his own shirts, smiling as Tim’s hands stroked his thighs and stomach, avoiding his cock.

Tim watched Gibbs strip, happy that his body was responding and his nerves were fading. He moaned as Gibbs lowered himself down, pressing chest to chest, hard cock against hard cock. Gibbs kissed, sucked, and nibbled at Tim’s neck, leaving marks in his wake. Tim ran his fingers through Jethro’s short hair, pulling him close and arching up to meet his mouth. He groaned in disappointment when the older man leaned back and stopped his attentions.

Gibbs chuckled, “patience, Tim.” He smiled at the combined look of lust and affection—he was hesitant to call it love—on Tim’s face. He slowly worked his way down Tim’s chest, stopping at each nipple, then licking and biting down his stomach until he settled between the pale thighs of his lover. Without warning, he took the head of Tim’s cock in his mouth and swirled his tongue around the crown.

“Fuck!” Tim grabbed Gibbs by the hair again, and a strong forearm pinned him to the bed before he could thrust up into his mouth.

This wasn't about slow foreplay for the moment. Gibbs was aiming for intense distraction as he reached beneath his stomach down, pressing chest to chest, hard cock against hard cock. He continued sucking and licking, feeling Tim tense and shudder several times, and he backed off just enough to keep him from coming close to the edge. Soon, Tim was practically begging, and Gibbs pressed a well-lubed finger against his hole, stroking the sensitive edges.

Tim froze. Did he want this? Was he ready?

Gibbs didn't push any further, he just kept sucking, kept stroking Tim’s hole, and soon, with a deep moan, Tim arched his back and began pressing down against Gibbs’s finger. Gibbs smiled around his cock and swallowed hard as he let his finger slide inside.

Tim cried out and fought to thrust his hips up as the dual sensations threatened to send him over the edge. Gibbs slowed his assault, but only enough to start teasing Tim’s hole with a second finger. “I can't... Jethro…I’m gonna cum…”

Jethro backed off of Tim’s cock, ignoring the younger man’s objection, and let his tongue join his fingers in teasing Tim open.
The contrast between soft, warm, pointed tongue, and Jethro's calloused but gentle fingers was like nothing he expected. Tim spread his legs wider, pressing down against his lover, knowing he’d be embarrassed later at the display, but for the moment, all that mattered was whatever Jethro was doing to him.

Gibbs hummed in appreciation as Tim pushed back against him, and he took that as a cue to slide his second finger alongside his first. Tim hissed slightly, and froze for a split second, until he felt Jethro stroke something inside of him that made him scream in pleasure. Jethro took his cock back in his mouth and began sucking in earnest now, pinning Tim to the bed, thrusting his fingers into him and slightly scissoring them and twisting as he hit his prostate. Far quicker than he’d expected, Tim felt his orgasm rock his body, and he grabbed Jethro's hair, hard, thrusting deep into his throat and screaming his name.

His fingers cramped from the sudden hold, Tim slowly released the man still sucking and licking his softening cock. “I didn't mean to do that” he said, sheepishly.

Gibbs looked up at him, licking his lips like the cat that got the canary. “And I didn't stop you.” He’d left Tim’s cock alone, for now, but was still gently playing with his balls and hole.

Tim frowned a little, “I was ready, we could’ve…” he shrugged, “y’know, had sex.”

Gibbs smirked again, adding more lube to his fingers, watching as Tim shuddered from the oversensitivity. “First of all, what we did was sex.” He punctuated the “was” with a firm squeeze to Tim’s balls that made him whine, “and second, who says we’re done? You’re relaxed now, and I’ve got a little time to play before you’re hard again…”

Tim felt Gibbs stretching him and every press of his fingers against his prostate made him twitch and groan. His skin felt chilled and hot at the same time, goosebumps following Gibbs’s fingers as he trailed his other hand across his thighs, his abdomen, his chest. He yelped when his nipples were pinched, but moaned again as blunt fingernails scraped roughly down his side. Valiantly, his body responded, his cock slowly filling as Gibbs pulled the still leaking flesh into his mouth.

Gibbs loved the feeling of his lover swelling again, so soon after his orgasm that he was still flushed and oversensitive. As he felt the cock hitting the back of his throat, he slid his fingers almost all the way out, and pushed back in with a third, causing Tim to arch his back, grabbing at the sheets below him and trying not to cry out. In pain or pleasure, Gibbs wasn't entirely sure, so he slid his mouth back up Tim’s body and whispered to him, “let me hear you, Tim. I want to hear you.”

Tim released the sheet and roughly grabbed Gibbs by the hair and pulled him into a hard, wet kiss, moaning against the mouth assaulting his, bucking his hips into the fingers stretching him and fucking into him. “Fuck me, Jethro... Please,” he whined.

As much as Gibbs enjoyed teasing, he couldn't resist the desperate tone in Tim’s voice. He slid his fingers from Tim’s body and quickly coated his cock, guiding it to his lover’s entrance. He took a breath, then slowly pressed himself inside. *Damn*, he couldn't get enough of the look on Tim’s face right then. The arch to his neck, the mouth open in a silent moan, eyes screwed shut. He decided then, instead of easing in with shallow thrusts, he’d keep going. Painfully slowly, keeping a close watch on Tim's face for signs that the discomfort was too much, he pushed forward.

Tim tried to relax and bear down as Gibbs kept pushing into him. He finally felt Gibbs’s thighs against him and opened his eyes. Above him was the man he knew he loved. Above him and inside him, something Tim had only thought possible in his wildest fantasies. His eyes watering, from pleasure or emotion, even he wasn’t sure, he gently ran a hand along one muscular arm so near his face, and used the other to pull Gibbs down again, this time just barely touching their lips together. “I
love you, Jethro,” he whispered.

Gibbs smiled into the kiss, “I love you, Timothy McGee.” He slowly withdrew and pressed forward again, the second time almost as good as the first. He kept the pace slow, the movements small, until he knew Tim wanted more.

Quickly, the burn was gone, and Tim thrust against Gibbs, pulling him deeper. “I said, Fuck me, Jethro.”

Gibbs smiled, “You’re giving the orders now?”

McGee smirked, “If that’s what it takes. Gunny.”

With an arched eyebrow, Gibbs slammed his hips forward, making Tim gasp and his whole body shift toward the head of the bed. “You the First Sergeant or the Private, McGee?”

Tim started to answer, but was caught off guard with another hard thrust, this time hitting his prostate, making him shake and moan.

“Guess we’ll figure that out another time, eh?” Gibbs asked, lowering his body so his belly rubbed against Tim’s cock with each thrust. He’d gotten so worked up teasing the younger man for so long, he knew he wouldn’t last, but he needed to make sure this was good. It wasn’t just their first time, it was Tim’s first time bottoming. He’d been given a gift, and he damn sure wanted to make it memorable.

Tim’s body and mind were overwhelmed with the sensations and emotions swirling around him. He alternated between gripping the sheets beneath him and arching into the harsh rhythm Gibbs had set, and collapsing to pull the man closer for a more intimate embrace. He wanted it hard and soft at the same time, and Gibbs was following his lead, reading him almost immediately each time he thought he might want a shift. He felt his body tensing, and the slow build to his second orgasm started sooner than he thought it would.

Gibbs felt Tim’s breathing pick up, and his whole body tense. He leaned down and kissed and sucked on Tim’s jaw, his neck, his lips, throwing him into sensory overload as he quickened his pace but held him close. Tim’s arms wrapped around his back, digging bruises against his spine, pulling him deeper, encouraging his pace faster. He’d kept control of his own release until now, until he heard Tim pleading beneath him.

Tim pulled his legs up, pressing his heels against the back of Gibbs’s thighs, and begged for more. He knew what he wanted. “Cum for me, Jethro, please...please...fuck…” He wanted to feel his lover’s body shudder and shake, he wanted to feel his cock swell inside him, he wanted to see his eyes.

That was it. Gibbs couldn’t hold back any longer. He thrust hard and fast into the man he loved, groaning and almost growling at the sight of Tim’s flushed body writhing beneath his. He chased his own pleasure, knowing it was giving Tim everything he wanted too.

Tim felt Gibbs’s rhythm falter, and he shouted his name as he came, with Tim following almost immediately after, his orgasm lasting much longer than he’d expected.

Gibbs nearly collapsed onto Tim, holding himself up with one shaky arm, until Tim pulled him down fully on top of him. He smiled as the younger man held him, covering his face, his neck, his jaw, in gentle kisses. They stayed that way until Gibbs felt himself slide from Tim’s body, then he slowly slid to his side, legs still entangled. “We should clean up,” he said, softly.
“Morning.” Tim said, matter-of-factly.

Even though Gibbs was not pleased with the sweaty stickiness, he was pleased with how quickly and easily Tim snuggled against him and fell asleep, a content smile on his face.

He'd call the pizza place and pay them tomorrow.
“No, Abbah, I don’t want to wear the hat. It’s pointy and dumb. Nobody else has to wear it.” Talia pulled the tiny graduation cap off her head and held it out to Tony.

“Talia, just for pictures. Come on, kiddo, we talked about this. You only graduate from kindergarten once.”

The girl shook her head, dirty blonde curls bouncing against her face. “No. It’s too pointy! And itchy. I don’t wear itchy things!”

Tony sighed in frustration, until a firm hand landed on his shoulder.

Taking the cap from Talia’s hand, Tim knelt in front of her and whispered something into her ear. The girl’s eyes went wide and she nodded.

“OK, 5 pictures. That’s it. Uncle Timmy said I only hafta do 5. Then I get to be his--” her hands quickly covered her mouth. “It’s a secret,” she hissed through her fingers.

Tony squinted at Tim, who shrugged and backed up as soon as the cap was straightened atop the little girl’s head. Tony took more than 5 pictures, of course, but Tali didn’t pay attention once other people started arriving for her combination graduation party and Gibbs summer BBQ.

Tim slowly made his way to the grill and wrapped his arms around Jethro’s waist.

“What did you promise her?” Gibbs whispered.

“That she could be the flower girl,” Tim answered, pressing a kiss along Jethro’s collar on the side of his neck, inches above where the dark hickey and bite mark were from that morning.

“We should tell Tony first, you know.” Gibbs’s body tensed. He still felt guilty for how he treated the man.

“We will. He’ll be happy, you know that. He’s been fine with me talking about you, why wouldn’t he be fine knowing I asked you to marry me?”
Gibbs lowered the tongs, “Wait, you talk about me?”

Tim snorted, “yes, dear. With your ex. We talk. All bad things.”

Gibbs grunted and scowled over his shoulder. “I’m not sure how I feel about that.”

Tim wiggled his hips against Gibbs’s ass and squeezed him tighter. “He’s my best friend. And he wants what’s best for me. And for you, because even though you didn’t work out together, he still cares. So don’t feel bad that we talk. But yeah, I do kindof want to brag that I was the one who proposed to you ...and you actually said yes.”

“I’m not changing my name,” Gibbs growled, raising the tongs and pinching in Tim’s direction.

“What, no Mr. Leroy Jethro McGee? It has a nice ring to it, don’t you think?” Tim smirked. Until Gibbs spun them around and tried to pin him. Tim knew his moves, after their years together, and sidestepped the lunge, deflecting each of Gibbs’s sparring techniques and countering with one of his own, both of them grinning the whole time.

Tony finally took the black cap from his daughter as she ran off into the backyard with Grandpa Duckie, Uncle Jimmy, and Victoria. He smiled fondly at his best friend, wrestling giddily with Gibbs. He hadn’t missed the small velvet ring box on the kitchen counter, and was happy for them. “Get a room, you two!” he shouted. Unsurprisingly, Tim paused and looked in his direction, blushing. Gibbs saw his opportunity and pounced, rolling them onto the ground and straddling Tim’s hips, holding his hands above his head.

“For shame, Team Lead, letting a mere civilian pin you like this.” Gibbs said, shaking his head in faux disappointment.

“You’re no ‘mere’ anything, Jethro. Now let me up.” He tried to push up, but Gibbs tightened his grip.

“What if I don’t want to?”

Tim narrowed his eyes. “I’ll tell Tony how you get the boats out of your basement.”

Gibbs grunted and stood up with a grace even Tim, nearly 20 years his junior, was jealous of, after his knee replacement. “Still not changing my name.”

Tim stood and brushed the dirt off his jeans, “I wouldn’t dream of it. Even if you’ll be a househusband…”

“Keep pushin’. See what it gets you,” Gibbs mumbled.

“Is that a threat?”

Gibbs’s pupils widened, thinking of the possibilities. “It’s a promise.”

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