EAD 2019: Twist of Genetics

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EAD 2019: Twist of Genetics

by hellbells

Summary

Jack O'Neill thought his trip to 1969 had been of no consequence, only he met and shared a night with one, Claire Paddington. This little twist of genetics has a rather major impact on Tony - considering he becomes the first online member of his family, or so he thought.

Tony is about to step through a gate to a whole new galaxy and with a brand new sentinel. This is going to be one wild ride.

Notes

So Happy Evil Author Day - One of my favourite days of the year. As you know the provision on this is I have no idea when I will update this, although, as it is a Tony Black Book verse so odds it will happen.

Hope you enjoy.

Edited 3/3/2019 - Ready for additional chapters
Chapter 1

Part One: Alternate side-effects

The plague.

The damn words kept bouncing around his head. He could feel his lungs, and it felt like he was drowning. The only thing worse than that was the fact that he felt like he was drowning in his head. He could feel everything within the hospital and it was driving him nuts. This was not a side-effect of the damn disease - he was certain of that much.

Dr Pitt looked at his patient with pity in his eyes. It was all you could see of him with his Hazmat suit. His nurse, Emma, was adamant that the agent had come online. If so the man had seriously bad luck.

“Hey, I need to ask you a question.”

Tony tracked the doctor with his eyes, he was keeping talking to a minimum because quite frankly, talking was taking just too much energy. Right now, breathing was taking too much energy.

Pitt guessed this and asked him a simple question. “Can you feel other people's emotions?”

Tony nodded even as Kate gasped from the bed to the side of him. He didn't understand it but he just knew, plus, there was a raven that was sitting at the end of his bed that no-one else had noticed apart from Nurse Emma. He didn't get it but somehow he knew he was online. It didn't make sense as there were no Sentinel or Guides on either the maternal or paternal sides of his family as far as he knew.

“Damn,” Pitt sighed. “You need to stay strong, the virus is dying and you’re still here. Once we know you’re no longer infectious, we will get you help.”

Tony gasped. “Knock me out, please.”

Pitt was not normally a fan of such tactics but Emma had explained just what he’d be feeling right now, and Pitt couldn’t allow such a torture if he could avoid it.

The agent who’d stayed by his side had impressed Pitt. She looked worried but didn’t quite know what to say. She didn’t think she’d ever heard Tony beg for anything. He tried to reassure her.

“He’ll be okay. He’s not out of the woods but he is improving.”

“I know, Dr Pitt. It’s just hard, he’s usually so full of life and up for any challenge.” Kate explained.

“Well, fingers crossed, he can be doing that again someday soon. I need to organise contact with the Sentinel Centre.”

Kate looked over the bed at her sleeping partner and had to laugh. Trust Tony to cause chaos even when he was asleep.
Gibbs was back at the hospital. He’d managed to catch the grieving parent and the worst part was she was terminally ill and so wouldn’t face true justice. And yet, here he was with a very injured second, who might not fully recover.

Tony was looking so small and diminished in his bed. Kate was still sitting there and if he wasn’t watching at the window he would have missed her saying it.

“He’s online. A guide.”

Gibbs frowned. “There aren’t any in his family history.”

She shrugged. “Tell Tony that. You know he likes to be contrary.”

It wasn’t that simple and they both knew it. There was a chance that either Senior or his mother were not related to him. It would be interesting to see his reaction. Gibbs knew that the relationship between him and Senior wasn’t the greatest. Gibbs would dearly love to string the bastard up by his toes for the pain he caused Tony but it wasn’t his place.

Gibbs didn’t know what Jenny would do now she was in charge. There were too many changes that were happening all at once. He just hoped Tony found some solid ground. “Don’t die, DiNozzo. That’s an order.”

“I won’t.” Tony rasped out, showing he wasn’t as asleep as he seemed.

He didn’t have the heart to tell the man he’d felt his worry and concern. It was interesting to know just how deeply the taciturn man actually did care. It was a thought that helped anchor him back to reality. Once he stopped feeling like death warmed up, he was going to need to work on that part.

Tony had woken up in an unfamiliar white room. It was a step-up from the blue lights. In fact, he was pretty sure he could go his whole life without seeing them again. He’d never been fond of hospitals before his recent stay and now with guide powers he hated the idea even more.

“What happened?” He asked, his voice raspy from disuse.

A man sat at the edge of his bed. Tony didn’t freak because the man was rather infamous in Sentinel/Guide circles as he was the one to fight for so many laws to protect them. He spoke softly. “Hey, you’ve had quite the week.”

Tony snorted and amazingly he didn’t feel like he’d die from moving his lungs even a fraction. *Things were looking up.*

He was confused though because he didn’t remember moving places. Or, you know, where he now was apart from this white room. “Why am I here? Where am I?”

The man sat on the edge of his bed. “Well, your agency had a change in direction and you rightfully had a meltdown when the new director decided to process you out on a medical discharge. It seemed she didn’t want to wait to see how you recovered from the plague.”

Tony groaned as he remembered that fact. Gibbs had recounted what had happened, he’d told Tony not to give up, that this wasn’t over and he wasn’t going to let someone called Jenny win. Tony
didn’t care at that point. He was too busy blocking out Gibbs’ anger. It was so loud it felt like a physical condition.

The toll of the plague, coming online and the shock of finding out that he’d lost his job at NCIS was too much. Tony shut down instead of feeling any more hurt. It was his safest option.

Pitt had been fuming about overloading his patient while he was on such a delicate recovery. He knew thanks to his nurse that the only way to bring Tony out of his catatonic state was with the Sentinel and Guide doctors helping. As a result, he’d oversee his patient’s transfer to their facility.

“Do you know who I am?” The man asked him, trying to figure out how much of an introduction was needed.

Tony nodded because he hadn’t been living under a rock. “Alpha Guide Sandburg.”

The man smiled. “I see my reputation precedes me. You were brought here after you went catatonic.”

Tony grimaced at the reminder and flushed from embarrassment. “Yeah, not my finest moment.”

Blair rolled his eyes. “Don’t give me some toxic masculinity crap. You’ve had the plague, lost your job and come online all in a week. I think that deserves a few days to reevaluate things, don’t you?”

Tony snorted but appreciated the straight talking. “You’re not going to let me get away with anything are you?”

Blair shook his head. “Nope, I prefer straight talking and Jim is the biggest fan of tough love you’ll meet.”

“Meh, I had Gibbs as a boss.” Tony replied, showing that he wasn’t bothered by that idea. He wanted to know how he was a Guide when there was no evidence of the gene on either side of his family. That was more of a pertinent question and his mind couldn’t settle as it kept fixating on that point.

Blair could feel his frustrations, literally. He was never a fan of suppressing emotions or information as in the long run it never worked. “Listen. We’ve run a blood panel, and you’re really lucky as you may already have a match. We also have an explanation about how you came to be online considering you’d be the first in your family.”

It was the first time it was mentioned that he had a potential perfect match. He’d always thought he was bad at relationships and now he had to wonder ... was it an instinct thing? The idea of a match, someone he’d never met should freak him out. It just wasn’t how things occurred in the modern world. And yet, in his gut, the idea of his other half excited him. He couldn’t wait to meet them whoever they were.

Tony dared to hope that his gut was right. “So who is my daddy as it’s obviously not Senior?”

Blair was startled by the flippant sarcasm but he could recognise a defensive shield when he saw one. He also got the sense the new guide wouldn’t be too cut up about it. “You’ve just come online, you should be concentrating on that. You have a genetic match to a General Jonathan O’Neill.”
Tony momentarily blacked out in shock. He’d dreamed he’d been adopted as a kid, he’d never imagined it might the truth. He just didn’t think he’d get two pieces of luck in one month. After all, he’d already survived the plague.

A touch to his face brought him back to reality. Tony hated feeling as weak as a kitten and that was doing his head in. “What the hell happened to me to feel like I’ve been hit by a truck?”

Blair chuckled. “You had quite a shock and your shields were being overwhelmed so you shut down as a defence mechanism.”

Tony would so remember that the next time he fainted. “Tell me I didn’t dream the bit where you said Senior wasn’t my father.”

“I’m sorry, Tony.”

Tony shook his head. He felt lighter than he had for a while. “Don’t be. That is the best news I’ve ever had, well, apart from surviving the plague.”

Blair could sense his true happiness at the idea of not being related to the man and could guess there was abuse of some sort or another in his background. For now, he would do nothing as he would wait to see what O’Neill could pull out of Tony. “Okay, well, your biological father is coming. So you can at least meet him.”

Tony looked lost but reminded himself that he could do this. He’d already rebuilt his life three times and he could do it again. He was without a job though, as the new Director had decided to retire him on medical grounds. Vindictive bitch. “Okay, wow, I can do this. Can we do some training?”

Blair chuckled but chose to let the new shaman redirect the conversation. He knew there was no point in forcing him to talk until he was ready. “Sure thing, though as soon as I feel you weaken we’re coming straight back.”

Tony nodded, looking like he didn’t agree but he would accept it for now. He listened to Blair’s instructions and followed his tug. One minute he was lying on a bed, and the next he was in this amazing jungle environment. Tony already loved the spirit plane because here, there was no weakness in his lungs and he felt like he could run miles. Tony grinned at seeing his animal appear. She flew and landed on his shoulder. Kiera was what she wanted to be called and she was a sassy American Eagle with a brilliant pair of eyes. She wouldn’t let him give up and that was something he knew he’d appreciate.

Blair smirked even as he patted his own sleek arctic wolf. “She will become visible on the corporeal plane, if you wish it.”

Tony stroked her neck carefully, getting a coo. “I don’t think she should ever be stuck here unless she wants to be.”

That got him an affectionate nip on the ear which made him laugh. “So. Shields. I can keep up a wall now. I don’t feel gutted by everyone’s fears and emotions but that goes to crap the minute someone touches me. I feel everything, every dark secret and it makes me feel dirty.”

Blair looked sad for a moment because he knew the problem well. He answered him honestly. “The only way I fixed that was when I bonded to Jim. We know who your Sentinel is, in fact.”
Tony’s head shot up. He looked both excited and wary. “So who is it?”

“Sentinel Colonel Cameron Mitchell. You’ll make an effective team.”
Who's the Daddy?

The team were back and looking at the leader with concern. Cameron sighed knowing what the problem was - he’d managed on his own since the plane crash that had nearly taken his life, had instead taken his temporary guide. He’d managed to balance his senses on his own since then but the stargate was like a whole new level. It turns out there were just too many things to distract someone with heightened senses in that environment.

It was causing havoc with his senses and if he went to the centre they would diagnose him as needing a guide to help balance ‘itching’ senses. He hated the idea, the only bond he was willing to take now was his true guide. He was too old to keep playing the temporary game. Plus, his job was such that it would be a mess to keep having to process the damn paperwork.

Jack O’Neill knew what it was like to have such a problem. Jack had read the profile report from the base doctor and hummed as he mulled over the problem. There was no choice for it, he put a call into the Sentinel Prime’s of America. He needed the leader of SG1 to have no unnecessary distractions and they were the only two read into the program from the Sentinel and Guide Council - it’s leaders.

“Hello, O’Neill. Do you already have the report?” Sentinel Ellison greeted him. Jack could hear the surprise in his old friend’s voice. They went way back to their Special Ops days and the man had helped him when he’d come online. If it hadn’t been for Ellison, he would have been a mess long before he met Sam.

Jack frowned because he was sure there was something he was missing. “Er, I’m not following. What report?”

And that was hard to admit for a man with a rank of General. Jim sighed. “We have a new guide who came online, in unusual circumstances. He’s recovering in Cascade with us while Blair helps him with his powers. They are playing in the spirit plane as we speak. We sent you a report because he came out with a familiar genetic match and a perfect match that relates to you.”

Jack sighed, he knew that things had been too quiet lately. “I’m presuming one or both are in my command. So, who’s in the firing line?”

Ellison paused for a second because he knew that this was a potential minefield for his old friend. “Well, the genetic match is you. And his perfect match is a Colonel Cameron Mitchell and you’re his listed CO.”

Jack’s mind was racing. He was trying to figure out how he might have a familial relation that he didn’t know. “What was the match?”

Ellison broached it as gently as he could. “I don’t suppose you met a Claire Paddington in high school?”

Jack blinked because no, he hadn’t known her in high school but there had been the one mission where the gate had malfunctioned and he’d ended up in 1969. Oh, shit. That damn cookie had obviously led to more than just a high.

“He’s your son.”
Jack offered a faint. “I’ll be there ASAP. Are you at the centre?”

Jim snorted. “We don’t get to leave it. Thankfully, we have a suite here. It saves time. Your boy is alright, Jack. Blair’s looking after him. We’ll explain more when you get here. He’s had a rough few weeks.”

Jack growled because he might not have met him but already he was feeling homicidal. He wanted to take out anyone that might have harmed his kid. His mind was racing so much that he needed to find a focus. Sam was off-world and due back within the hour. They were so balanced that it didn’t matter if she was off-world normally.

~*~

Jack normally had no problem with his senses but the news had screwed with them on an epic level. The last thing he remembered was zeroing in on a satellite image of Cascade. He’d intended to use it as a way to distract him - only he’d succeeded too well.

Carter’s voice was the next thing he heard. “Oh, Jack, you know better than to ignore me. If you don’t snap out of it you’re sleeping on the couch.”

Jack did snap out of it with her threat. He knew his guide too well, she meant every word of what she said and he was not a stupid man. His snark came naturally. “That is a cruel and unusual punishment, Guide.”

His Guide didn’t look the least bit sorry. “Works though,” she added with a smirk. The smirk changed though into a serious expression. “Now tell me what had me feeling your turmoil as soon as the gate opened.”


Sam was surprised but forged ahead because you didn’t need to be a genius to know there was more to it than just that. He wouldn’t have zoned on just that bit of info unless it mattered. “Okay, but that doesn’t cause you grief, pain and turmoil.” Sam was worried because it was rare for her to feel such things coming from her husband. She wasn’t above pleading to get answers. “Come on, Jack, talk to me.”

He pulled her into a hug, he needed to ground himself in her. He didn’t understand what was going on. This was going to be weird, even by their standards. “The SG Centre told me that I have a son and that he’s Mitchell’s Guide.”

It said something about how their lives ran that his Guide’s only response to that was to snigger. This was going to be golden. “Seriously?”

Jack was rubbing his face against her shoulder as he absorbed the shock. He hadn’t realised he’d needed to say out loud for it to sink in. He had another son out there in the world. “Shit, I didn’t even ask his name. Christ, Sam, what am I going to do?”

She rolled her eyes but pushed him away gently and started to organise things. It was one of the reasons they worked most effectively when they found their true other half. She had been as sceptical as many their community when the supposed ‘genetic’ matching had started. It had worked though and 98% of the time the couples would meet and fall into a bonding rut almost immediately, completely unable to ignore their instincts.
She could be strong to allow her Sentinel the time to absorb this revelation. “I’m going to medical to do my post-mission check-up before Dr Lam has my head. You’re going to use your rank to get us a plane and then you can explain to me what you do know once we’re underway.”

“Not a fat lot.” Jack whispered but you could bet your sweet ass he was going to find out all he could.

~*~

Tony sucked in a breath as he became aware of the normal plane of existence. He and Blair had raced around the globe without leaving the room. It was a headtrip. He’d been determined not to mope about his life. He may have lost NCIS but he was still Tony DiNozzo, and he could adapt with the best of them. So he had new gifts and the only way he was going to be useful was if he learned how to utilise them effectively.

“That was quite a trip.”

Blair chuckled. “Yes it was. You’re quite brave for someone just starting out.”

Tony grinned crookedly. “It was exciting.”

Blair patted his shoulder. “Just don’t go to the spirit plane without me or your Sentinel close to hand.”

Tony nodded in understanding. “Yeah, it was kind of nice there. My lungs didn’t hurt for one.”

Blair had a rueful grin. “It is an alluring place without someone to anchor you. Or, have the power to knock you out of there.”

Tony frowned for a second. The implication there was that only Blair would have the power to do so and considering Sandburg was the most powerful Guide in the US, well, he wasn’t ready to go there yet.

His mind kept moving, he thought about what could be handy. “So ... communication tricks. Can we do that with our mental gifts?”

Blair smirked. “Let’s find out.”

And that was how the two shamans passed the morning. Blair was being sneaky as this was the most restful Tony had been, thus allowing his body to heal. And they got to challenge their gifts. Blair was finding teaching Tony to be a revelation. Yes, he was late to his gift but that wasn’t without its benefits. Tony didn’t know supposed restrictions on their gifts so wasn’t stifled by them.

Jim had checked in on them and found them ‘playing’ so left them to it. He didn’t say it out loud but he thought it be best to prepare for the arrival of Jack.

~*~

They’d touched down in Cascade using a local airfield. It was the one that was pretty much only used by the Sentinel and Guide Centre. Too bad you then had to drive a few miles to actually get to the centre. Still, it would be bad form to take a sentinel or guide who was newly online and
struggling with their senses and pop them next to an airfield.

Only once he got to the front of the centre - he froze. Jack wasn’t the type to freeze at anything but he knew this was going to change things monumentally. Just like the day Charlie had been born, or when he’d stepped through the Stargate or bonded with Sam. There are some pivotal moments to define a life, good or bad. It was just catching up to Jack recently that pivotal good days are now outweighing the bad days.

Sam though, just prodded him, making him work through his issue. “You know, nothing changes if you just stand here.”

Jack pouted and tried to snark his way out of the moment. “I’m a General, they can wait.”

Carter snorted, brushing a bit of lint off his shoulder. She didn’t even to pretend that she didn’t know what he was feeling. The compassion in her eyes would have given her away. “Yes, you are but your son is waiting.”

It was a good job that Carter hadn’t come into her own gifts until after the Tok’ra mission - or he would have been toast. They hadn’t bonded until a year after the 1969 mission. “Have I told you that you are awesome today?”

Carter smirked at her Sentinel. “I always am, I wouldn’t have married you if you weren’t too. Come on, let’s go see my stepson.”

With his hand clasped in Sam’s they stepped through the doors and headed to the reception. The centre receptionist took one look at the ranks and knew that they were here for the bosses. Alpha Ellison had warned them that he had some Air Force visitors today.

She pressed the intercom, “Alpha, are you ready for the visitors?”

“We are.” Jim confirmed, choosing to come and greet them in person. “Sentinel O’Neill and Guide Carter are always welcome here but they are here for a good thing today.”

Jack managed a weak smile. “I am. By the way, what is my son’s name?”

Blair smiled at him, having joined his sentinel, and responded. “Well, he is an Anthony but prefers Tony. Sound familiar?”

Jack had to chuckle as yeah it did. He did the same with his own first name. “Yeah. Is he okay? Jim implied there was a health scare.”

Ellison had to snort at the understatement. It wasn’t so much a health scare as death-defying. “He contracted the plague in DC, and the trauma was what brought him online.”

Sam paled because the black death wasn’t a disease you make light of in any shape, way or form. “Bubonic or pneumonic?”

Jim knew she understood. “Pneumonic. Antibiotic-resistant form too. Your boy is a tough son of a bitch. Just like his Daddy.”

Jack huffed in shock. Jesus, his son did have his luck and they’d not even met yet. Damn, and he already had permission to read Tony into the programme. He was already thinking of asking Vala to use the healing device if possible. “Can I see him?”
Blair nodded. “He’s been vibrating with energy which is annoying him as he still can’t be too energetic. If you will follow us.”

*No time like the present.*
Don't Mess with Family

Part 3: Don’t Mess with Family

This was it, the moment of truth. Jack had started to vibrate with tension as they walked down the last corridor. To the point, his Guide took his hand once more to try and calm him down. She gave him a sharp look as if to say all would be explained soon enough.

The door opened and Jack took in his adult son. The eyes were his, all him, but the rest of him took after his mother. He had a wry grin. “Thank god you got your mother’s looks.”

The man snorted and held out his hand. “Yeah, it helps to have a pretty face. It can get me out of a world of trouble. I’m Tony, last name to be confirmed.”

Jack flushed and turned aside the offered handshake and pulled him into a hug. A bond of pack family forming the second he did it. It was a gift he couldn’t ever hope to repay. Jack looked over his shoulder to his amazing wife. “So, love. We have a son and on the plus side, he is an adult and about to meet his Sentinel.”

Tony flushed because he was still trying to adjust to that fact he had a family once more. “You’re gonna make this weird, aren’t you?”

Jack had a wicked grin. “Oh yeah - but only because I care. Now, awkward stuff out of the way. How the hell did you get the plague in DC?”

Tony looked sheepish. “A vindictive mother who felt the agency hadn’t done enough to protect her daughter from an attacker. Oh, and then the new director decided I must be a liability and processes me out of the agency on health grounds.”

Jack shook his head because that was so wrong on every level. “So, on a scale of 1 to 10 how badly do you want me to ruin the new director? I can do that if you want.”

Tony grinned. “Blair and Jim have been wanting to do that since they met me. Why not compare notes and work together?”

Carter shook her head, wondering if the woman was prepared for who was coming after her. She deserved it though because her actions were beyond callous. Still, it was to their gain. It would make it easier to absorb Tony into the SGC.

Blair saw that the family reunion was going well and didn’t feel any negative emotions that could derail it. “We’re going to duck out and see to a few things. Let you catch up with some privacy.”

O’Neill shook both their hands. “Thanks.”

Blair smirked. “I am a sucker for a happy ending.”

~*~

Tony sat down with the General and Colonel sitting opposite him. No, this was his father and his
step-mother. And how weird was that?

“How are you, my father? Either you aged really well or there’s something odd going on.” Tony asked curiously.

The General looked sheepish. He was glad that they were in one of the isolation rooms as this would be a lot easier for them. “So I want to explain but before I can do that you need to sign this mammoth set of NDA’s, the sum total of which is … reveal this secret and you will be buried where you can never see the light of day again.”

Tony rolled his eyes. “I’ve seen an NDA before and secrets are there for a reason.”

Jack grinned at Sam, knowing this was always fun on the rare occasion they got to reveal the truth. “Yeah, but did they ever involved space portals and aliens?”

Tony frowned because he remembered this weird kitschy sci-fi show he’d watch when he wanted a laugh. It was in the so bad it's a good category of tv watching. “That sounds a little wormhole extreme to me.”

Sam groaned as she hated that damn show for how they wrote the female character, which was basically her. “It’s plausible deniability should someone unsuitable find out.”

Tony snickered, admiring how neat a cover it could potentially become if it was necessary. “My god, that is genius. Anyone who said it was real would automatically look like a crackpot.”

“That’s kind of the point.” Sam added lightly. “Although, I would have just preferred it if tv me kept my doctorates and wasn’t a total airhead.”

Tony could understand that reasoning. He deliberately hid his intelligence but he could imagine being beautiful, a female pilot and a soldier - she would have had to fight for every scrap she’d earned. “Well, I should imagine you’d dissuade anyone that you’re an airhead within seconds.”

“You’ll blow up a sun.” His Dad said with a smirk. Tony could tell he meant that literally and not figuratively.

She huffed at him. “You blow up one sun and no one will let you forget it.”

Tony had to smile and added in a bemused tone. “Well, I’m sure you had a valid reason, right?”

The General confirmed. “She did and saved all our asses. In her words, we didn’t have a big enough nuke.”

“I can’t wait for the 4th of July.” Tony added in a light tone. His shoulder suddenly felt heavier and he looked over, “Hey, Keira.” He smiled back at the couple opposite him. “She drops in as she pleases, although she isn’t much of a spirit.”

Jack smiled softly as he cooed. “Well, she is beautiful and majestic.”

Keira bowed her head, as if to accept the compliment. This was her shaman’s flock and she wanted to memorise them. She wanted to be able to find them should trouble arise.

Jack had cocked his head to the side. “You’re taking this rather well.”
Tony had to snicker at his Dad’s almost disappointed tone. “Would you prefer I think you crazy? Or deny your truth?”

Sam caught the wording. “You’re a shaman, aren’t you?”

Tony nodded. “Yes, Blair confirmed it and Jim’s probably glad for your arrival. He was getting frustrated with our playing on the spirit plane.”

She let out a strangled noise. The idea of playing on the spirit plane was unheard of and she was a level eight guide, so no slouch herself. “Play?”

Tony nodded and added sheepishly. “Yeah, it don’t hurt to breathe there.”

Both of them glared at the harm that had befallen Tony. They hadn’t forgotten it but hearing a new consequence brought the anger back. O’Neill growled. “I still haven’t ruined her yet.”

Tony wasn’t used to people coming to his defence. “Well, she didn’t know me and seemed to hate me on principle. It was rude as I usually prefer they at least meet me before hating me.”

Sam giggled as she’d heard the exact sentence coming out of her husband’s mouth. “Wow, you two really are related.”

Jack shrugged. “I do have my ways of infuriating the bad guys.”

Tony snickered. “Me too, and I’m okay with that as long as I don’t end up handcuffed to another serial killer in a sewer. Man, that would have sucked if I’d been online.”

The two air force officers sucked in a breath. “You’re going to give us a heart attack, aren’t you?”

Tony looked offended. “You’ve dealt with alien attacks and saved the world, at least if I’m to believe the plot line. And yet, it’s my life that’s giving you kittens?”

“YES!” was the emphatic response.

Tony pouted because that was so not fair. Damn, he seemed to be reverting to a teenager. “You know that is so not fair. Plus, who is my possible sentinel? I have so many questions”

“Oh, you’ll like him. A real American homeboy.” Sam said, with a wicked grin. “Ignore your father. He’s currently having to learn to repress some victorian urges.”

Jack snorted. “I’m managing or they would’ve never put stars on my shoulders.”

Tony was starting to feel tired. He tried to suppress the yawn but failed. He looked sheepish.

“Stupid plague, I’m still exhausted.”

Jack pulled him into a hug, revelling in the fact that he could. He savoured the moment and double checked he had his son’s heartbeat memorised correctly. “Rest, we’ll be back tomorrow, son.”

It wasn’t said with irony. Tony responded in kind. “Okay, Dad.”

They had a lot to learn about each other but Tony knew Jack was serious and actually felt like a father. Time would allow them to catch up with each other and learn what they needed to about themselves. It could happen if they were willing and it was clear from their opening meeting - they
were willing.

Jack stepped out of the room to see Jim and Blair waiting for him and Sam. He had a mean grin. “So what are your current plans for the Director?”

“Let’s head to my office.” Blair offered.

Jack sighed. “Can I have her head on a pike?”

Sam groaned because he wasn’t even joking. “No, even if I wanted to. We can’t get a sanctioned hunt for her being a bitch to our son.”

Jim and Blair chuckled. “Sam’s right, as much as we may want to ourselves but that doesn’t mean we can’t make her regret all her life choices.”

Jack's smirk was as bright as it was devious. "Let's discuss options."
New Adventures

Part 4: New Adventures

Henry Hayes was bemused from the conversation he was hearing. He’d give the Stargate programme one thing - they were never boring. “So you ended up with a child from a time travelling mission, and now you want him in the programme and intend to make his former boss miserable.”

“Yes, Mr President,” Jack said without a hint of shame.

The timing of processing Tony out of NCIS bordered on callous. As a leader, it beggared belief and as a father, it pissed him off even more. He’d handed Tony’s file to the president, wanting him to see it was more than nepotism.

It was a ridiculous move on Sheppard’s part. Most Federal Agents would have given their first born for a shaman level guide. To have one with Tony’s experience they might have sold their entire family. It was obvious, when he finally looked up from the file, that the President had made his decision and Jack held his breath.

“Talk to Morrow and make it happen, General.” Henry ordered. It was good to be the president at times. He got to make the orders and others were forced to execute them.

Henry knew how important family was to the general. “Oh, General. Once you have the particulars ensure your newest member gets his birth certificate reissued.”

Jack had to smile. “I think we’d both appreciate that a lot. The man who raised him was a real piece of work.”

“You’ve done the world a service, this is a trivial thing in comparison.”

~*~

Tony was watching his step-mom with trepidation. “What is that exactly?”

She understood perfectly why Tony would be freaked. The device looked like Iron man’s gauntlet and in reality could be as destructive. Jack was the one to beat her to an explanation.

“Remember how I explained the snakey overlord douchebags?”

Yeah, Tony was going to vividly remember that discussion. The villains of the galaxy were snake parasites who made their followers think they were the Egyptian Gods. It was a little crazy. “Well, this is a Kara Kesh device. It can be used to heal issues within your body or fry your mind. You can guess which side the snakes choose.”

“So you want to use it on my lungs?” Tony clarified, trying to clamp down on his hope.

Sam nodded. “It can only help you.”

Tony had started to grow accustomed to the fact his lungs were scarred. And now, not only had gotten a true father - he might also get his lungs back. He’d pinch himself to see if he was going to
wake up from this cruel joke.

“So I just lie down?”

She nods. “I’ve not found any backlash when healing guides but if it impacts your senses in any shape, way or form then speak up immediately.”

Tony nodded, he was eager to see if this could work. He didn’t want to get his hopes up but chance to breathe without pain or even discomfort was alluring. He knew that even once he’d recovered it would not be without complications. Sam was offering him the chance to avoid all that. He would be grateful for a fifty percent improvement.

Jack just touched his shoulder and it was the grounding touch of family. “It will give you a chance to take back what a vengeful woman had no right to take.”

Tony snorted, showing his sense of humour. “You’re talking about the mom or the Director?”

Sam and Jack spoke in unison. “Both.”

Tony desperately tried to keep his hope contained as he lay back. “Do what you can.”

Sam had not liked her time with the Tok’ra but the ability to use a Kara Kesh was one upside that she considered a plus. She started to concentrate and the device sprang to life.

Tony grunted with shock at the warming sensation. It itched but nothing more. It was working though, and he could feel his breath easing. It lasted for about three minute before his Dad’s guide broke off the device. She swayed slightly and Tony was concerned that it had harmed her. His Dad shook his head. “Sam’s alright. There is a slight trade-off of energy but one she willingly provided.”

Tony understood what his Dad was trying to say. It was Sam’s choice and even if he felt guilty it wasn’t his decision. “Thank you.”

She smiled softly. “Happy to help. Now we just need to help you practice your shielding.”

Tony pouted. “It’s easier to do on the spirit plane.”

Sam chuckled. “Yeah, apart from the fact you can’t spend all your time there, how will you meet Cameron if you’re stuck there?”

Tony froze for a second. He forgot that she worked with his Sentinel. “What’s he like?”

She smiled softly, knowing where the question was coming from. She’d been incredibly fortunate that she’d come online after already learning about Jack. It made their coming together - easy. After all, once you’d been stuck in an alien prison and saved the world together, what else could they do?

“He’s a gifted pilot. Loyal. Little crazy and his piloting helped us save the world. Tenacious, he broke his back in that same mission. He was walking and was on back the frontlines within 12 months.”

Tony chuckled because he could recognise a tenacious spirit. “Is he calm, mischievous, what?”
She shrugged with a knowing smile. “You know the person who will know you best is your Sentinel so discover some things together. It’ll be worth the wait.”

Tony pouted but accepted the answer as a voice of experience. “So am I joining you?”

Jack nodded. “Yes, the President is amused with me again. He did offer you a gift. Once you decide on a name ... he’s ordered your birth certificate reissued.”

Tony’s smile grew wide. “I don’t have to have Senior listed as a father?”

“Nope. Although, as much as I hate the man, I can understand if you don’t want to change your name.”

Tony thought about it and to be honest he had no great attachment to the name. The man who’d raised him had always made him feel inferior. “It’s probably best, though, if I use O’Neill as my middle name, and Paddington as my surname.”

Sam got it. “You don’t want everyone to know you’re the boss’ son?”

Tony nodded. “Yeah. Look, as an investigator and a guide there are going to be a lot of people who won’t want to talk to me. If you add that to being the General’s son - I will have that, plus, you know, the whole wrapped in cotton wool protectiveness.”

Jack smirked. “Yeah, you’re right as much as it pains me. It’s a good strong name regardless.”

Blair stepped into the room curious about the mood changer. “Tony is so happy he’s given everyone a high.”

Tony looked sheepish even as Sam and Jack looked indulgent. It wouldn’t be their first time causing havoc. He grinned as he proudly announced. “I’m getting a new birth certificate and I can erase Senior forever. So what’s been happening with you? Did you have fun?”

Blair tried to look innocent. “I have no idea what you mean.”

Tony shook his head. “I could feel your glee on the Spirit Plane ... and did you know Keira can fly great distances and share images with me.”

Blair groaned. “Oh come on. That took me five years to figure out.”

Tony smirked. “I’m precocious and an investigator - it’s in my nature. So what happened with the Director?”

Jack groaned. “I haven’t gotten to play yet!”

Blair smirked. “Oh, you still can. We’ve placed a full audit on the agency due to concerns of callous treatment of our people. The last I heard Secretary Davenport is seeking answers about why the audit is necessary.”

Sam snickered. “Oh, that is classy.”

Blair shrugged. “If that doesn’t work we’ll try Jim’s suggestion of a face to face meet.”

Jack was nonchalant. “I’m going up there in full dress uniform to collect my son’s belongings.”
Sam smirked. “I think I’ll join you.”

“Should I join you?” Tony asked, bemused but not annoyed. He’d not had many people be protective on his behalf before.

“Let’s take a family outing together before heading to the mountain.” Jack suggested.

Blair thought about it. “His shields are solid and the others issues with touch empathy won’t be resolved until he finishes his bond. The family connection will help so all I can say is have fun and record it.”

~*~

Tony had sent a text to Gibbs to warn him he was incoming. He wasn’t sure what the appropriate code was for angry sentinel and guards incoming. Be on guard.

He figured some things were just left to experience.

Jack rolled his eyes as they stepped off the elevator into the bullpen. “How did you manage this day in day out without sunglasses? I’ve dialed down my sight just to stay balanced.”

Tony shrugged. “It became second nature. Why? What colour do you have your base?”

“Muted stone and grey. You know Sentinel soothing.” His Dad added with a smirk.

Jack and Sam looked quite the power couple, standing in their dress uniforms and medals. Although, being Air Force, they stuck out even more.

“What are you doing here?”

Tony accepted the hug from Balboa. “Came to collect my stuff. You know, after the Director threw me out.”

Balboa grimaced as the news hadn’t sat well without him at all. “She didn’t earn any favours with that stunt. You know, for a plague victim you look really well.”

Tony played up an aww shucks look. “Yeah, a good therapy routine works wonders.”

Sam smirked at him and couldn’t resist getting a dig in against the Navy. “Well, you know the Air Force has all the good toys.”

Tony chuckled. “Well, I’m working for you guys now so you don’t need to give me the recruitment speech.”

“Well, son. Let’s get your stuff and get out of here before retinal damage sets in.”

Tony smirked. “Sure thing, Daddy-o.”

In a nice touch, Tony was already wearing BDUs with his name listed as O’Neill Paddington. After all, there was no point in making a point if it wasn’t obvious.

Kate scrambled up out of her seat. “Tony, you’re okay?”

Tony nodded. “That’s right, Katie. I just came to get my stuff.”
She looked freaked but answered him. “Gibbs has it.”

O’Neill rolled his eyes. “And where would he be? We’re on a schedule.”

She frowned. “I’m sorry but I don’t recognise you, General.”

“Surely they teach you to read in NCIS?” Jack asked sarcastically.

Sam smiled but it was pure ice. “Yes they do but some people miss things when surprised.”

Kate flushed at the rebuke. She’d stayed at the hospital the first day but when she’d realised he’d come online she’d gotten out as quickly as she could. Guides and their ability to feel everything around them - she always felt it was invasive.

Tony didn’t come to her aid though. “Look. As fun as it is to watch your excuses, I just want Gibbs and I don’t think we’re leaving until General O’Neill says his piece.”

“You’re not stopping me.”

Sam put a hand on Jack’s shoulder and you wouldn’t need to be a guide to feel her glee. *It was palpable*. “He didn’t say that, and oh look. She’s come to us.”

The Director walked down the steps. “I didn’t expect to see you here, Agent DiNozzo.”

“Shaman O’Neill-Paddington,” Tony corrected. “And you may have kicked me out, Director, but I still deserve to get my personal property.”

O’Neill sneered. “Well the Air Force treats their personnel better, kiddo, so you won’t have to worry about that. Good job you’re now working with us through Homeland.”

“I don’t like what you’re implying.” Shepard remarked. She dearly wished that she’d controlled this conversation better.

O’Neill, though, had faced down far scarier people that this woman. She didn’t even make his top 100 list of scary foes. “I’m sure you don’t but I refer to reprimand in private so shall we go to your office?”

“Let’s.”

Tony, Sam and Jack were heading up to her office and McGee was on the phone to get Gibbs back to the office as he had no idea what to do.

“Did Tony ever mention his Dad was a General?”

Kate shook her head. “No, McGee, this is a new relationship.”

McGee looked doubtful. “He is way too protective if they’ve only just met.”

She sighed because this mess was only just beginning if the General felt like it he could push for an audit of the agency. “No, McGee, that is what happens when a Sentinel’s son is threatened.”

“He was retired on ill health grounds.” He said, as confused as a puppy.
Kate snorted. “Look at him, McGee. Does he look unhealthy to you?”

“No.” Then a short pause. “Oh. Where’s Gibbs?”

“Right here. Now what’s the emergency? I should be able to trust you both in the office while I go out for a coffee.”

“Tony is here with his Dad and a mystery woman, ... and get this.” McGee got out in a rush as he was nervous. Only Kate stole his thunder just as he settled himself.

“His father is an Air-Force Sentinel General.”

*He should have got a bigger coffee.*
Chapter 5: Welcome to the Mountain.

Tony wondered what was going to be said. Director Shepard looked worried and it wasn’t unfounded. She actually had the cheek to smile at him.

“You’re looking well, DiNozzo.”

Jack smiled but there was no warmth in it. “You should still call him Agent, Director. Oh, and he prefers O’Neill-Paddington. The President was the one to agree to the change.”

She froze because that implied he was moving in very high circles. Just when he’d gotten that type of political capital she didn’t know. “You’ve accepted a desk job with the FBI?”

Tony shook his head and he wondered if she was being deliberately obtuse. “No, ma’am. Homeland.”

Well, that wasn’t strictly the department. It was technically Home world Security but that tended to give too many clues that the US Government didn’t want to share at the moment.

Gibbs barged his way in. “Hey, Tony.”

“Gibbs, you got my stuff?”

His mentor nodded. He was pleased to see Tony looking well. He’d warned Jenny that she was opening a can of worms with her stunt. She’d been so certain that it was the right thing to do that she was unwilling to listen. His coffee break had been instigated by Davenport wanting to know just why the Sentinel agency was auditing one of his agencies.

Shepard pursed her lips. “There is a certain thing called appointments.”

Jack had a sharkish grin. “True but I have stars on my shoulder. I find that means I can go where I please, Director.”

“This is not your agency.” She said sharply, still polite but skirting the line.

Jack nodded his head in agreement but the woman was foolish to relax. “You’re right but it’s okay. Your callousness toward Tony shocked me. We’re leaders so we’re supposed to protect those under us. It’s okay if you’re not ready to discuss this with me. I expressed my displeasure to Secretary Coyne at the last Joint Chief’s meeting.”

Sam smirked and added sweetly. “Not to mention the discussion we had with Blair Sandburg and Jim Ellison ... Their reaction is much more telling.”

She didn’t get it. DiNozzo was just one person. How could he cause this much chaos even after he’d left the agency.
Tony looked sheepish. “It seems they don’t trust you with our kind so you will be subject to an audit.”

She blanched. “An official audit?”

Tony nodded enjoying the moment even if he didn’t show it. “Yes, Madam Director, and due to their level of concern they intend to conduct the audit personally.”

“That could take months with their schedule.” She exclaimed like it was his problem.

Gibbs wanted to make sure she understood. “Davenport has just asked me if I know why an audit has been requested from the heads of the Sentinel Council.

Tony was able to keep a straight face as he said his last bit. “Oh no, Ma’am, they assured they could fit you in next month as they know how important it is.”

“I have fifteen key workers who will be on paid leave for how long?” She asked, trying to reign in her temper. She was well aware that if O’Neill judged her a threat to his family he could kill her and he would just get a stern talking to from the President.

Tony shrugged. “Until the audit’s completed.”

She glared. “Is this revenge?”

Jack shook his head because it was much more. The fact she didn’t understand it made him feel she wasn’t right for the big chair. “Not at all. Your callous treatment of sentinels and guides can have lasting consequences so we want to ensure that doesn’t happen. I was all for lobbying to have you fired.”

“It wasn’t worth it, Dad.” Tony said softly.

Jesus. She was beholden to DiNozzo for her job. She’d realised just how connected O’Neill was in Washington and going against him wouldn’t have ended well. “I will endeavour to make any changes necessary.” She offered graciously.

Oh, she wasn’t being altruistic. She needed the Directorship in order to enact her vows of revenge against Benoit. Tony and Sam both looked at her sharply and even Jack could smell the deceit coming off her. They would warn Jim but sadly they had bigger fish to fry - they needed to return to the SGC.

As they left the director’s office, Kate and McGee were waiting for Tony. “What are you doing here, Tony?”

Tony rolled his eyes at his ex-probie’s presumptuous nature. He wasn’t working for the agency any more and the man was hardly a friend so why would he bother warning him. “I may have had the plague, McStupid, but I am entitled to my personal possessions.”

Kate thumped McGee. “What he meant to say is - it’s good to see you looking so good.”

D’aww, Jack thought, she was sweet on his boy. It wasn’t going to happen because she wasn’t a sentinel but it was interesting to see.

He thought of so many things that he could have said. There were a few things he would have dearly loved to get off his chest - and in the greatest irony. He didn’t care to though - he was done
with it all. He looked at Gibbs who’d just stepped out of the Director’s door. “I’ll see you around, boss.”

“Go, Tony, and show them all.”

He clasped the man’s hand and then pulled him into a hug. It was ironic since coming online the only people he felt comfortable touching him had been a shortlist of Blair, Jim, Sam, and his Dad. He could now add Gibbs to the list.

“I will.”

~*~

Tony could not believe that it had only been three days since he’d met his biological father. He was now heading to Cheyenne Mountain, he was a Homeland agent by way of the Homeworld section and Tom Morrow was laughing his ass off. He would have gloated but it would have been in poor taste.

He was still getting over the fact he could breathe freely and oh, aliens are real.

The mountain is unassuming, was Tony’s first thought. He had to smile at the way everyone stood at attention the second they glanced Jack or Sam. He’d gotten in the elevator and not been too concerned by people’s curiosity. There were some weird looks, after all, he was there with the leader of the base and his Guide.

He could feel something in his bones that made him twitch. He itched to head to the spirit plane to figure out what it was but remembered Blair’s warning. Still, he needed to know what that was so if it was a common thing he could prepare for it. “Okay, now that was weird. What the hell was that?”

Sam looked at her watch and it wasn’t hard to figure out what was going on. “Wow. Guess we’re going to need to get you the gate schedule. You just sensed a dial out.”

Tony smirked because that could be useful to know. “Huh, cool.” He guessed it wasn’t a usual guide thing as it didn’t seem to bother Sam.

“You okay?” She asked him, worry evident.

Tony nodded and wanted to reassure her. “Hey, you by some miracle cured my lungs and even my knee. I feel like I could fly right now.”

Jack snorted at how bouncy his son was but he could understand the excitement. “I’m kind of jealous.”

“Nah, you got stars on your shoulders. You have grunts to do your running for you.” Tony offered as a way to assuage his ego.

O’Neill raised an eyebrow and snarked right back. “You know, technically you are one of my grunts.”

Tony smirked right back because he was looking forward to the challenge of it. “I know. It’ll be driving my old colleagues nuts that they don’t get to know anything.”
O’Neill shrugged. “I have more than enough marines, and computer geeks, and I don’t need a bodyguard so they have nothing they can offer me.”

Tony let that settle into his soul. The last few years had slowly chipped away at him in a way he hadn’t recognised until he’d come online. He then started to openly scan the staff for threats on an empathic level. Jack had asked for it and he saw no reason why he shouldn’t start now - he’d be busy once he saw Mitchell.

Just thinking of his Sentinel’s name made him reach out with longing. It was crazy that he’d been online only a fortnight but he had this deep-longing down in his soul and it ached. His eyes went wide open and anticipation filled Tony’s gut. He looked at his father with a realisation that this was now real and not so abstract. “My Sentinel is here.”

Jack snorted as he saw the moment his kid figured it out. “Go and bond with him then. Try not to take forever - SG1 have a trip scheduled for a week’s time.”

Tony slipped away with impressive speed. He’d taken time to review a map of the SGC on Carter’s tablet. However, right now he was following his instincts that were naturally pulling him to his Sentinel.

Jack huffed in surprise about how quickly his son had disappeared. He’d expect it of his special ops buddies but not a Federal Agent. “Should he be that stealthy?”

“It’s not like you can ground him, Jack.” Sam said with a smirk.

His guide was taking unnatural delight in his warring instincts. She was not sympathetic to his pain at all. His glare suggested he was thinking of ways he could take revenge. Jack was creative he could figure a way to get his own back. It wouldn’t be too hard.

~*~

Meanwhile down in the gym, Cameron had been sparring with Teal’c. The pair would often spar since Cameron’s unintentional sojourn with the Sodan warriors meant he’d picked up a few Jaffa tricks. He hadn’t expected it and he was caught off guard when he first sensed him. “Guide. My Guide.”

“Colonel Mitchell, are you well?” Teal’c asked, sensing something was different with the leader of SG1.

Cam smiled, a full joyous grin as the realisation set in. It had taken two years but his Guide was finally close. “Excuse me, my Guide is here. I need to find them.”

He saw a beautiful eagle float into the gym. His own spirit animal was a black raven called Monty. “Aren’t you gorgeous.” He whispered as she landed on his shoulder. She was visible to all given the looks from the other personnel. He ignored all of the looks as he was so focused on the idea of his guide being so close. “Are you going to take me to him?”

Cameron got a regal nod. “Well, you should lead on, gorgeous.”

Cameron caught the most amazing scent and he knew it was his Guide. This was like the best tease. He pushed forward being led by the delicious scent. He froze as he rounded a corner, his Guide was at the end of the corridor. “Guide.”
“Sentinel.” He was acknowledged, and Cameron felt his gut settle with primal satisfaction.

The others in the corridor made themselves scarce. Even those without Sentinel and Guide gifts could feel the power oozing out of them. They slowly advanced on each other until there were only centimetres between them although they were smart enough not to touch yet even with their instincts pushing that in that direction.

Cameron grinned. “You’re gorgeous.”

His guide blushed. “God bless America.”

Cameron groaned but he could work with that. His desire to bond was mounting but the Sentinel and soldier in him knew this was not a secure area. He wanted oh so desperately to touch his guide but restrained himself. He didn’t have the power to resist starting something if they touched, he knew that much. “Need to get to a bonding room. Now.”

“Mitchell, you touch my son before you get to a bonding room and I will make you clean the corridor with a toothbrush.” O’Neill shouted without a thought.

Wow. Words to cool even the worst bonding rut were just found. “Son?” He said and you didn’t need to be a guide to see the shock.

Tony knew he was going to have to get used to this. He still was not going to forgive his dad if he Sentinel blocked him by being a smart ass. He was more than willing to take control of the situation. So he introduced himself. “Tony O’Neill Paddington. Great to meet ya.”

Cameron was grinning like a lunatic. He could adjust to the fact his commanding officer had an adult son that no one knew about. In fairness, it wasn’t even the strangest bit of news they’d had this week. He didn’t want his guide to think he was rude though. “It’s great to meet you too. Let’s find a bonding room before, you know, my CO shoots me for defiling his son.”

Tony snickered. “Dad will not be a cockblock, or I will return the favour but let’s make haste as I kind of want to rub my hands all over you.” He said that last as a whisper.

Cameron had to stop a moment as he was now rock hard. BDU’s may be baggy but they did not cover a hard-on. “Thanks for that.”

Tony was now finding his confidence. He whispered low and seductively. “Oh Sentinel. I will make it up to you.”

Cameron’s grin was suddenly not so wholesome, like his looks. “Oh look - a bonding room.”

They slipped inside and O’Neill was still standing at the bottom of the corridor. The couple couldn’t hear him as they were focussed on each other.

O’Neill looked forlorn. “Why am I torn between happiness and reaching for my sidearm.”

Sam understood the sentiment and knew that she would need to distract him. “Come on, let’s go to our quarters.”

“What?” O’Neill had expected many replies but that wasn’t one of them.
Sam looked innocent but her arousal was anything but innocent. “Two level ten’s are about to bond - and you think any work’s going to get done?”

Jack looked at Sam lovingly. “Have I told you that you are a genius today?”

Sam was tugging his arm. “Come and show me how grateful you are for my genius.”

Chapter End Notes

Don’t worry the next chapter is an interlude called Day of Reckoning before the bonding chapter of Cameron and Tony.
Jim was perturbed by what he was hearing from his guide. “So Jack left her standing and in one piece?”

He didn’t get that because Jack had described very vividly all the things he wanted to do. He didn’t think a dressing down like she was a naughty corporal would have done it.

Blair snorted because he could tell Jim was confused. It was an impressive level of restraint considering just how much planning Jack had already undertaken. “Too many witnesses according to Sam.”

Jim rolled his eyes because that wouldn’t have stopped Jack if he was committed to the action. This was Jack in General mode and it was a more vindictive side of his old friend. His style was swift and immediate retribution, exactly how the government had trained and honed his instincts. If he was willing not to take personal action - it was usually because he wanted his opponent to suffer before they were ended.

Blair added as an explanation. “He verbally toyed with her, however, and Tony and Sam both stated that her mental landscape felt disturbing as fuck. Carter’s words.”

“Shit. Carter said that?”

Blair nodded. “They felt it was bad enough they wanted an independent adjudicator to state the issues. Jack knew he was too close to the issue to be judged as fair in the situation.”

“What do they suspect?” Jim had to ask. If it freaked them out considering their day job then it must be bad.

Blair shrugged. “Sam, whilst powerful, isn’t a shaman and Tony wouldn’t know what he was sensing - just that it was wrong.”

Jim sighed because that translation was - be worried. “This should be fun.”

~*~

At NCIS the two men walked through security. They flashed the ID’s that identified them as the Directors of the Sentinel Agency.

The guard stuttered. “Who are you here to see?”

“The Director.” Blair offered with a polite smile.

The man frowned as he hadn’t been warned. If it was the case of important visitors, Cynthia, the Director’s executive secretary, usually would warn him.

“Is she expecting you?”

Blair shook his head. “No, she isn’t but don’t worry, it’s a surprise.”
They were given their visitor badges and headed towards the bullpen. Wow, it was as lurid as Tony described.

The Director was out on the mezzanine level like she was a queen surveying her subjects. “Guide Sandberg, Sentinel Ellison. I wasn’t expecting you until next week.”

If you looked on the surface she seemed cool as a cucumber. However, look a little closer and it was clear she was fraying. “Let’s head to my office.”

Shepard was getting seriously annoyed with all these interruptions. How was she supposed to lead the agency and get her revenge if she kept being impeded by Sentinels. “What can I do for your kind today?”

Blair raised an eyebrow in surprise. In recent years, being intolerant towards Sentinels and Guides in public had been all but stamped out. “Wow, anyone would think you hate Sentinels and Guides? And you wonder why we requested an audit?”

She flushed. “Of course not.”

Blair snorted, as this woman was only a month, he’d estimate, from unravelling completely. It was clear that she had an agenda and felt that there was a time limit on whatever it was. At least that was what her empathic imprint was telling Blair - oh, and she’d lied about what she’d just said.

“You know a Shaman knows when the truth is being told. Tony knew you were lying to him but as he’s only newly online he asked me to verify.”

She jutted her chin at defiantly. “You said it yourself. Agent O’Neill-Paddington is new to his gifts.”

Jim rolled his eyes at that defence. It wasn’t just flimsy it was terrible. “Yeah except my partner is not a newbie. He is also well-respected and I won’t hear a bad word against him ... It makes me feral.”

She took a step back. “What is it your business?”

Blair shook his head in disbelief. “You know you employ sentinel and guides and thus are bound by the laws.”

“Yes, of course I do.” She sneered. “I am not stupid.”

Blair sat down comfortably. “Well, that is debatable. Tell me, why did you get rid of Tony so quickly? I mean, you must know you would come across as callous but it was so much more, wasn’t it?”

She shook her head.

Jim spoke up. “Blair?”

“She brain chemistry is off. Have you been to a doctor recently?”

She froze letting them know the answer to their question. “So you knowingly took office with a brain disorder?”
“I HAVE A TUMOUR!” She shouted, shocking herself at the blunt honesty. If she was hoping to play on a sympathy card - it was the wrong play.

Blair was sorry for on a personal level but he couldn’t forgive the manipulation of staff. There was something here that went deeper. She was here for a personal mission. “What is time running out on?”

“My need for justice.” She gasped out. She bit her lip because she hadn’t intended to say that out loud. Why was she being so truthful? She was better than this!

Of all the things they were not expecting - this wasn’t it. “On whom?”

“Rene Benoit.”

Jim had asked Gibbs to be on standby. Tony trusted him and said he was the type of man to shoot straight from his hip. “Agent Gibbs, can you come in here?”

“Sentinel Ellison, Guide Sandburg.” He said in greeting as he walking through the door, showing that he knew this was a formal meeting.

“You need to be the witness for this discussion.” Jim said calmly. “You are not going to like what you hear.”

Sheppard was back up to pacing. “It isn’t his business.”

Blair shook his head. “Lady, you are sick as a dog, or crazy. You need to come clean so you don’t bring this agency into any further disrepute. It will be up to the Secretary of the Navy to decide your ultimate fate.”

Gibbs was surprised by that because from the meeting yesterday he sensed that General O’Neill had been one stupid remark from stringing her up by her toes.

Sandburg chose to answer his silent question. “The statutes don’t cover cold-hearted bitch. She discriminated against Tony but he has ultimately landed on his feet and in a better position. However, taking the big chair knowing she had a brain tumour ... now that is a different issue, not to mention whoever her personal physician not raising it as a concern.”

Gibbs had to internally sigh as that was going to be a difficult conversation with Ducky, who he was sure was still her personal physician. “Agreed. For what purpose?”

Jim shrugged. “That’s why we called you in here. What do you know of Rene Benoit?”

Gibbs racked his memory. “He’s a French arms-dealer. Scum of the Earth type but the CIA accepted him as a CI a few years back. He might be scum but he doesn’t finance terrorism. So he is allowed to still work providing he gives the CIA useful information.”

“Your Director here wants him dead and I think she intended to use NCIS resources to do so.”

Gibbs didn’t need to rack his memory. He knew why Jenny would want to do this. “Your Dad committed suicide, Jenny.”

She shook her head. “No, he didn’t. It was Benoit making him look dirty that did it. You know he wasn’t guilty.”
Gibbs had enough on his plate chasing living criminals. “Jenny, you need to step down. This isn’t healthy.”

Blair and Jim fervently agreed. She was a risk to all in this position. Jim was the one to say it. “Gibbs, do you have Davenport’s direct line?”

“I do, this is Director Shepard’s day of reckoning.”

It was a day that would see her deposed as Director of NCIS. She was committed to a secure unit where she would receive medical treatment but would be unable to reveal any national secrets. As such a risk - she was never going to see the light of day again.

*The only question was - how long she would be stuck there?*
Thank you Fate

Chapter Notes

The bonding chapter - where the rating is earned.

Part 7: Thank you Fate.

Cameron was staring at his guide, committing the view to memory. He didn’t think he’d ever find his true guide. Oh, but Tony was so worth the wait. He’d led them to the bonding room as it served a dual purpose. First of all, it helped couples who needed to reaffirm their bond, or, to actually begin a bond.

“You’re shielding?” Cam tentatively asked.

Tony nodded. “People freak out around Shamans and my gifts are a little wonky until I bond. In fact, I was under orders not to head to the Spirit Plane without you or Blair around.” If he was pouting he didn’t care. He liked the spirit plane for its new mysteries that he could explore.

“How long have you been online?” Cameron asked, amazed at his own self-control. He kind of wanted to run his hands all over his guide and so much more. The tension between them was practically tangible. He knew the moment they touched it would be all over as neither would be able to resist the temptation.

“Not even a week.” Tony answered honestly.

“Your shielding is impressive.” Cameron couldn’t help but compliment.

“I was told to imagine a wall. I went one better and went with the Hoover Dam.”

Well, that would do it, Cameron marvelled. Still, it would seem his guide had an instinctive ability with his gifts. The Stargate was like a crash course in how to adapt and survive so it boded well for them. He bit his lip. “I want to know everything about you.”

Tony smiled softly and stripped his clothes off. “Well, what are you doing all the way over there? I want to run my hands all over you and ask you a million questions but I can’t think through our need to bond.”

Cameron stared in awe and was glad they were speaking plainly of their needs. He was starting the imprint with sight, looking at his guide in all his naked glory. He stripped off his own BDU’s wanting them to be on an equal level.

Tony knew his eyes would be blown with lust and you didn’t need to have enhanced senses to know he was aroused. He bit his lip as Cameron stepped closer so they were almost touching. He knew this was it. He was the one to take the first step, to take Cameron’s hand in his.

They felt the bond start to form in their minds. Cameron’s hand was on the back of his head,
pulling him into a devouring kiss. Taste was beginning to be mapped. He wanted more but needed to pace this out too.

Tony couldn’t tell why he knew this was important but he let Cameron pull him toward the bed. He’d let Cameron take what he needed but he refused to be passive.

Cameron chuckled, and it made him jerk forwards. He huskily informed him.“Don’t want you passive but I need to taste you everywhere.”

Tony groaned because that sounded okay with him. “Do you want me on the bed?”

Cameron nodded. “So I can see you, yeah. I will make this oh so good.” He promised his guide like it needed to be said.

Tony let himself fall backwards. His erection was jutting out and he was so ready for more but he could slow it down so they both got what they needed. “Well, you need to touch me.”

Cameron was standing at the bottom of the bed between his guide’s legs, deciding what he wanted first. He crawled up his guide, revelling in each touch. He let his hands ghost along the muscles of his stomach. He left biting kisses along his neck. Tony arched his neck giving him access, knowing that he wouldn’t be able to hide them.

Cameron moved lower, letting his hands roam as first he licked and sucked the first nipple and then tweaked the other one.

Tony arched off the bed, letting Cam know how much he liked that. “You’re dangerous.”


Tony would have arched off the bed but Cam had him pinned down. He’d never found that hot before. “More.”

Cameron gently prodded him to turn over. Tony did and felt Cam kiss him again, this time down his spine. He was so aroused that he would have rutted against the bed to alleviate his need. “Look at you.”

Tony froze when Cameron parted the cheeks of his ass and the cold hit his opening. He jumped as he felt a tongue starting to swirl around his hole. He groaned. This was too good and he was going to embarrass himself. He pushed back against the tongue, wanting it deeper. He wanted to be fucked knowing that would be the culmination of their bond growing and finally snapping into place.

Cameron pulled back reluctantly to catch his breath, “You’re just as dangerous.”

Tony flopped against the bed feeling boneless which was pretty perfect. It was allowing him a natural pathway to his gifts. He could feel Cameron mentally and he was pulling him to join him in his shielded area.

“Oh, that is neat.” Cameron commented as he turned Tony back over and settled between his legs. It was so natural it was like they’d done it a thousand times.

Tony pulled him into another kiss. “I will shield you, and be your guide.”
“As I will be your sentinel and protect you and the tribe.”

Tony wasn’t done trying to nudge things the way he wanted. “Want to see you.”

Cameron groaned because that sounded like a good idea to him. He had tasted nearly everything but there was one last thing. He kept up a steady path of kisses and nips along the v from his guide’s hip to Tony’s straining erection.

Tony watched the wicked smirk on his sentinel’s face and could see mornings of teasing. He wanted it so much.

“Your wish is my command.” Cameron promised huskily as his lips hovered over Tony’s dick.

Tony blushed, realising that he must have said that out loud. His embarrassment died as a groan was pulled from his lips. Cameron smirked up at him and Tony got lost in his blue eyes. Blue was his new favourite colour.

He couldn’t think - between his dick being engulfed in warm heat, and the closeness to his Sentinel. He wanted to pull Cameron in closer. Take him into his mind just as Cameron penetrated his body. Cam must have heard him as a slick finger pushed inside him. He wanted more than just one finger, he was so revved up. He couldn’t think - chasing the dual sensations of the fingers stretching him and Cam’s warm mouth sucking him.

Tony just let himself feel and got lost in the sensations. It was what Cameron seemed to be waiting for as that was when he pulled off with an obscene pop. Cameron wanted to say something but words were unnecessary. He could feel Tony pulling him into his mind, and his shields were resetting in such a way that felt impenetrable. He couldn’t wait any longer.

It seemed that Tony was in perfect agreement as he pulled him up to trade filthy kisses. Cam sucked on his lip before invading his mouth. He wanted to know everything and he was on the precipice. He lined himself up and started to push forward, in one slow gentle push. He was savoring their first time and he wanted this to last.

Tony pushed forward but pouted when he felt his hips pinned. Cam broke their kiss. “Just feel.”

He could do nothing else. He felt as Cameron slowly penetrated him, feeling every inch. It was life-affirming and he could feel his shields finally bring him inside his own defences. Cameron’s eyes widened, feeling the bond snap fully and firmly into place.

They paused, connected in all ways.

Tony could feel the aching place inside him disappear. He’d felt so disconnected for most of his adult life and now he had a loving supportive family plus he’d found his Sentinel. He finally felt complete.

Cameron felt whole and knew that his senses were aligned and all focussed on his guide. He’d never need to worry about an anchor again as Tony would always be beside him.

Tony was the one to rock his hips forward. “More.”

“Yes, guide.”

They kept up this pace for as long as possible. They wanted to keep their connection and intimacy for as long as possible. They’d waited so long that they chose slow rocking and trading leisurely
kisses. They kept it up until their need was so great that they couldn’t help but race for their climax.

They fell over the edge together and fell tangled in a sated heap. Cameron wasn’t going to move anytime soon. He was revelling in their combined scent. It wouldn’t go away even when they showered - it would be the scent other sentinels would recognise them as bonded just like any guide would sense their combined empathic signature as bonded in the same way.

~*~

Sam and Jack had spent some time relaxing in their quarters but hunger had got in the way. Sam had dragged Jack to the canteen. It might have been hours but the sense of fun and love hadn’t dissipated.

She was snacking on the blue jello watching him in bemusement as he stabbed his dinner.

“You knew he was going to find a guide.”

“Hours?”

She snorted as she finished the last of her jello. “Do you remember how vexed Hammond was with us?”

Jack flushed because he’d basically sent the base home or to quarters apart from essential staff. In a twist of irony, Jack had now been forced to issue the same order due to his son’s bonding.

Teal’c had entered the room and made a beeline for them. “What has you so annoyed, O’Neill?”

Sam smirked wickedly. “Well, he’s trying to figure out if he can court martial Cameron for defiling his son.”

“I thought that ColonelMitchell had found his guide. Is that not a moment of great joy amongst your people?” He asked, looking as quizzical as Teal’c could.

“It is. It’s just Jack is conflicted on the grounds that this guide is his son.” Sam offered. She had to grin. “Although Vala is seeing just how versatile Daniel is by all accounts.”

Jack shuddered because Daniel was his best friend but he did not want to imagine what he would get up to in the bedroom with the adventurous space pirate that had adopted him.

“We are in for interesting times.” Teal’c said with his usual deadpan delivery.

Sam nodded because of truer words and all that. She knew the Chinese proverb that was matched to that - When you wished for interesting times, you should be careful what you wish for as you just might find them.
Tony woke up feeling relaxed and took the emotional tone of the whole mountain in. He couldn't help it. His instincts demanded it. Blair had warned him that he would get protective of an area once he settled. It was safe to say he’d found it and he took note of the feelings of protection and defence he was radiating.

Cameron groaned, not being a morning person himself. “You’re too fierce for the morning.”

Tony chuckled. “I need caffeine to soothe me, or you know - sex, or best option ... both.”

Cameron rolled them over so Tony was lying on top of him. “Are you saying I’m slacking in my duties to you?”

Tony shook his head, grinning. “No, you just weren’t aware.”

Cameron rutted up, letting their erections grind together. “I am now.”

“Well do something about it then, Sentinel.” Tony challenged him.

His eyes flashed and darkened as he answered the challenge. This could be a morning ritual he could get used to, he decided as he rocked against his guide.

~*~

It had taken forty-eight hours before they were willing to venture out the room. “Let’s head to the cafeteria - your Dad is less likely to kill me there.” Cameron stated like it was the best tactical plan.

Tony rolled his eyes. “Aren’t you technically his second in command?”

Tony was sure that was the case, as Sam would always be next to Jack in any battle.

“Yeah, but that was before I bonded with his newfound son.” Cameron replied honestly. “I’m going to be optimistic here and say that I’m ninety-five percent certain the General wouldn’t kill me, although he’s too much a wildcard to predict.”

Tony had a wicked grin. “Well, I know where I get it from.”

Cameron groaned. “You can’t be as bad as the General.”

Tony quirked one eyebrow as if to say was that a challenge. “Oh, I’m much worse. You should read my file.”

Cameron didn’t look reassured. “So today we’ll go about getting your gate certification and we’ll get the team back into action.”

Tony was curious about the team. “So Sam was telling me about the team a little but what should I know?”

Cameron snorted. “Teal’c is my favourite Zen Master warrior. He’s all respect and wisdom
wrapped up in fists of fury.”

“So not the one to spar with?”

Cameron shook his head. “Actually, he is the one you spar with. He’ll land you on your ass but you’ll learn how to survive out in the galaxy. We’re not as bad as the Pegasus Galaxy but it’s still a hostile place in parts. I had a forced holiday with some of the Sodan and I won’t regret the skills I picked up.”

Tony understood that reasoning. “Okay, so can we spar?”

Cameron was too smart not to sense a trap. “Sure, after your gate certification. It’s bullshit but it’ll have to be done by Colonel Davies, the head of SG2.”

Tony had to sigh because it was dumb. If anything, Cameron, wanting his guide to be safe, would be the hardest taskmaster. Still, rules were rules for a reason. “Make some money on my gun certification. Gibbs trained me to his standards.”

Cameron knew that name. “Wait - as in Gunnery Master Sergeant L.J. Gibbs?”

Tony nodded. “I preferred boss but yeah.”

Cameron was laughing all the way into the cafeteria. They were garnering a few glances. It might have something to do with how relaxed they were. Plus, the gold eagle badge showing Cameron was now a bonded sentinel and Tony’s shield. They’d been silver the day before - the new ones had been delivered with their uniforms.

They sat at a table and Vala and Daniel had made their way over. Vala was the smokey brunette. “Wow, you’re out of Cameron’s league but I understand this matching thing gives you who you’re meant to be with.”

Tony chuckled at the shocked look on his Sentinel’s face. “Yes, they do. I’m Tony.” He held his hand out to shake both their hands. It was also a way for him to take an empathic sense of them. He’d be able to sense if they were off their baseline.

Daniel was astounded to finally meet Jack’s son. He could now see a lot of similarities. He also knew just how momentous this was for his best friend. Poor Sam - she would have her work cut out for her keeping him calm. It should count for something that he handpicked Mitchell for the SGC. “It’s great to meet you too. I understand your certification is today?”

Tony nodded. “Yeah, Cameron is itching to get the team back on rotation and I’m keen to explore the galaxy.”

Daniel could admire the spirit being shown. Sam had told him that Tony had had a rough few months and taken the revelation of the Stargate with a grace not many had managed. “Do you have a fondness for languages?”

Tony smiled. “I know enough to get by in Europe and Arabia but nowhere near your level, Dr Jackson.”

“Please, it’s Daniel.”
Tony finished his coffee. “Daniel.”

Jack sat down with the table. He normally tried to show a division between SG1 and himself on the grounds of not wanting to be playing favourites. Well, screw it. He wanted to see how Tony was going to do with his gate certification.

“So here’s the schedule for your gate certification.”

Tony read it over. “Firearm’s at the end.”

Cam answered. “If you’ve exerted yourself and have adrenaline running through you it’s a better test of what you’ll be like under pressure.”

Tony shrugged as it wasn’t going to bother him. “Makes sense to me.”

~*~

The first test was running which Tony didn’t mind. He’d been running for too long and now that the device had healed his lungs he was looking forward to testing himself.

Behind the glass, one of them asked Mitchell. “He’s jogged how far?”

Cam was grinning proudly. “Ten miles.”

The instructor sighed. “Paddington, wind down on your next mile. You’ll make the trainees feel bad.”

Tony just gave a thumbs up but carried on running. He was in awe of the fact he could do this and not feel the strain. He’d have assumed he’d never be able to do this again after the plague. The Master Sergeant was smirking at the way Paddington was grinning. Incredibly, he only seemed to be mildly out of breath. “You a runner?”

Tony shrugged. “Oh yeah, you never knew how far you would have to go to chase a perp.”

The instructor clapped him on the back. “I’m going to like you.”

Tony saw the slightly demented grin and wondered if that was a good thing. His team and Sentinel made their way to him. He had a weak grin. “How did I do? And it is a good thing if Harris likes me?”

Cameron was startled by that revelation. “He likes you?”

Tony rolled his eyes hearing the pout in his voice, not to mention the feeling of possessiveness, that rose in Cameron. Tony would have made a big deal of it but he could feel the surprise in his sentinel over the feeling. So he just reassured him. “Relax, he is not you.”

Cameron pouted because he wasn’t jealous, just surprised. At least that was what he was telling himself. “I didn’t mean it like that but Harris is a bit of a sourpuss.”

Vala snickered in delight. “Oh, Tony is going to keep you on your toes. This is wonderful, you need someone to make sure you have fun.”

Cameron could have made a comment in return but he was smart enough not to say a thing. Vala
could and would verbally hand all of them their asses on a plate, including Daniel with his many languages. He was never a fan of going into battle underequipped. “You’re absolutely right. What’s your plan for hand-to-hand?”

Tony smirked into his coffee. “I’ll get by.”

“You’re up to something. Jack gets the exact same look.” Daniel observed.

Tony had to grin fondly because for so long he’d have resisted a comparison to his father. “Maybe.”

Cameron shrugged. “I’ll be watching anyway. It’s going to kill me to be outside the room.” He confessed.

Tony snickered. “Relax, Cam. I’m big enough to fight my battles but if on the odd chance I get my ass handed to me, feel free to flatten them. Go sit on the bleachers, you can keep Dad company.”

~*~

Tony had watched some of the marines and others sparring. It seemed they used the same techniques that Gibbs had learned and more importantly - taught him how to evade them. He planned out a method on how to take on the two instructors.

The first bout was now on him. He slipped into the ring and assumed a casual stance. He was not too keen on sparring matches because fights don’t wait for a ring - or rules. Well, at least they hadn’t for him in his working life.

“Let’s dance.” Tony said and the fact he wasn’t looking timid made the instructor start.

With training comes reflexive moves and Tony parried the first two attacks.

All the observers took note that this wasn’t going to be one-sided. Tony was showing some skill here. “Your son has trained as a warrior.”

Jack was astounded because he hadn’t expected marine moves. He knew where they’d come from - Gibbs. Smart. Jack realised that Gibbs had obviously demanded marine level moves in whatever fields he thought necessary for his team.

Tony missed the one jab but rolled with it, and pulled off a sneaky move. Jack tilted his head. “What form was that??”

Sam was snickering in delight. “Oh, that is classic.”

“What?”

She rolled her eyes. “It’s a move taught to women in self-defence classes to ward off an attacker.”

Jack snorted but proudly noted. “He’s switching forms quicker than even I can catch.”

Cameron got it. “He doesn’t fight for the purity of the form. He fights to win and overpower a perp.”

The sparring session was entering three minutes which usually only happened if the soldier or pilot had extra training. The rule was to get to five minutes and it ended in a draw. Fights never got to
that unless the opponents were evenly matched.

Whispers were increasing and bets being made.

Silence reigned when he lasted five minutes and then Teal’c stood up throwing him a staff. Tony figured this wasn’t normal but he was willing to roll with it.

O’Neill’s son had intrigued him and as a team member he wanted to assess his true ability.

Tony had caught the staff and frowned not liking the weight distribution. He’d took classes in Eskrima as it was a useful skill but that involved two shorter sticks and not one long one. He twirled it once to get a feel for it. This wouldn’t work for him - so he snapped the training stick over his knee making two shorter sticks. There was a risk. Teal’c would have a longer reach. Tony was under no illusion that he could win. The man was a warrior to his very core with a ridiculous number of years of combat experience. He just didn’t want to embarrass himself.

Teal’c smirked at the move. It was a smart tactic. He wanted to train him personally. “This should be intriguing.”

Tony got the sense this could end in bruises. Still, if he even learned a few dirty tricks that might help him survive in the wider galaxy then it would have been useful. He was aware that his shaman gifts could be helpful but he didn’t want to just rely on them. What was given could be taken away.

He parried the first attack and dived out of the way. He rolled to his feet and circled Teal’c. He was giving the man wide berth but if he was going to have a chance - he needed to attack. Tony thrust forward with his left hand and as Teal’c parried. He ducked in to land a hit on the thigh.

It didn’t actually make Teal’c do more than grunt but Tony was pleased. If he wasn’t so focussed he would have noticed the gym was silent. The only person who managed to give Teal’c a true test was Cameron and that was only after his Sodan warrior enforced holiday.

Vala cackled. “You better hope you’re one loved up couple.”

Cameron was grinning. “He is awesome, isn’t he.”

Jack was proud of the fact he only had a minor glower. “You better remember that.”

~*~

Jack whispered. “Did you know about this?”

Cameron snorted. “He is scrappy and he has picked up moves from the police, a marine master sergeant, a Mossad agent, eskrima lessons and anything else that would help him stay alive. In his own words.”

Jack snorted. “It works. I think Teal’c is enjoying this.”

Cameron didn’t know the big guy as well as the General did so he would take his word for it. His guide was fierce and that made him smile. They could fight back to back and take on the world. He was looking forward to exploring the galaxy together. He had the best job in the world and now his soulmate to share it with.

Teal’c got the upper hand in the fight and swept Tony’s feet from him. Tony just laughed in exhilaration - that was fun.
“We shall train daily when I am on base.”

Tony took the hand up. “Whatever you say, big guy.”

~*~

Tony had been at the mountain for a week and gone on one milk-run through the gate. He’d found it a trip against his senses but Cameron helped him focus on what was needed so that was good. Right now, he’d snuck in a lunch with his Dad which was a tradition they were aiming for barring any end-of-the-world disaster moments.

Jack was grousing. “So the eggheads are going to Chicago. Danny’s going book trawling, and I’ve sent Vala to keep on eye on him. What are you and Mitchell up to?”

Tony looked sheepish. “Cameron’s Ma has found out about the bonding and wants to meet me. Cameron figures it’s a perfect time to go.”

Jack could see the logic but didn’t get the unease. “You nervous?”

“You weren’t nervous meeting Sam’s Dad?”

Jack tried to be the reasonable one. “Remember with us being sentinels and guides we’re literally meant to be perfect matches which is all a parent can ask for.”

“You still tease Cam.”

Jack shrugged. “Hey, I have stars on my shoulders - I’m allowed.”

Tony shook his head in amusement. He knew that things had moved quickly but he felt content and stable here at the SGC in ways he’d never managed. If he could just get through a meet-the-parents weekend then everything should be golden.

Too bad no one told the Lucian Alliance.
Tony was sitting shotgun in the car as it was Cam’s home town. He was the one who’d know the best way around town. Plus, he’d taken pity on Cam’s nervous energy - at least driving gave him something to do. Tony never thought he would be the calm one in a relationship.

“Is your head in the spirit plane?” Cameron asked, trying to break the silence.

Tony snorted in derision because he was distracted by something spirit based. “No, dear. I’m just watching Keira do loop-de-loops in the air. I think she’s bored.” He paused, “Nope, she’s now teaching Monty how to do them as well.” A smile broke out on his face, “I wonder what Dad and Vala will do to stave off boredom this weekend?"  

Cameron chuckled. “Well they knew what they signed up for and the General has his own spirit guide to keep him amused.”

Tony grinned. “Yeah, Keira and Homer were comparing wing sizes. I didn’t even know that was a thing.”

Cameron just shook his head softly. “Are they still pulling stunts in the air?”

Tony snickered. “If I said they’re now doing it in tandem?”

Cameron kind of wished he could see it but knew better than to allow himself to be distracted. He was kind of wondering just how a raven would have pulled off loops in a cool way but he didn’t ask.

Tony had left the planning up to Cameron as this was his home turf but he did wonder what the plan was, after all. He had to smile at the way Cameron answered his question without him even asking it.

“Ma said they’ll meet us at the farm.”

Tony smile grew at hearing just a little more Kansas slipping into Cam’s voice the closer they got to this place. “Relax. We should treat this like a mini-break. I haven’t been at the mountain long but I get the impression you need to steal every moment you can.”

Cameron snorted because that was the most accurate way to describe how you had to work so as not to go mad. “Oh yeah, we’re 0 to 360 in a flash. You thrive on it though, right?”

Tony had to agree that was a fair assessment. “Well, I do admit I can get bored easily and I have been known to cause mischief as a result. So far at the mountain, the one hour where I got that urge Teal’c slapped a staff in my hand.”
“How is that going?” Cameron asked because Teal’c seemed pleased to have a ‘new’ student. His duties and following up on their operation against the Lucian Alliance had kept him busy during the day. Jack had asked Tony to use his skills to look into the Trust and NID potential issues. So while they worked in the same Mountain, they were working on different things. The other personnel were leery of anyone deemed worthy of special training by the Jaffa warrior. So now Tony and Cameron didn’t have many people willing to spar against them. It was okay because Cameron was going to start sparring against Tony as soon as his schedule calmed a little. He was looking forward to it.

Tony was keen to explain. “He’s teaching me all types of things. Although he has banned me using two sticks.”

Cameron chuckled at the pout he could hear in his guide’s voice. The fact he’d split the sticks in their matchup was what had gained the warrior’s respect. Still, if he saw something interesting he chose to train you in the way of his people. Cameron had gone through something similar once he’d returned from the Sodan. “You’ll thank him when we get in a dogfight.”

“That’s why I have knives on me at all times.” Tony replied sharply. Don’t get him wrong, he liked the new challenges but he was still going to go with his knives and gun first - and when that failed, he’s switch to a staff.

Cameron shook his head in bemusement. He loved the fact his guide was so badass. “Look - hopefully the only thing we’ll need this weekend is a knife for cutting pie. Auburn Kansas is not known for its excitement.”

“I like pie.” Tony responded with a smirk. “And surely you know better than to say things like that out loud.”

*Cameron did and he would regret tempting fate.*

~*~

Frank and Wendy Mitchell had wondered what Cameron’s guide would look like and what they would do for a long time. They were overjoyed to hear that Cameron had, in fact, found his True Guide. Cameron had sent a picture of them together and he looked like a handsome young man but a picture didn’t tell them much.

The SUV pulled up and her first look of her son was him laughing at something his Guide had said. She wandered up to her son and had to smile at how relaxed he looked. “You’re looking good, son.” She’d been so worried after his catastrophic injuries from the crash. She already adored Tony if he was the one responsible for this change. The few times she’d seen Cameron since he’d started his latest assignment he always seemed to have the weight of the world on his shoulders.

Frank chuckled, seeing the surprised look on his son’s face. He watched as first Cameron, and then his guide, got pulled into a hug. He saw the shock on the guide’s face and tried to reassure him. “Just go with it, son. You’re part of the family now.”

Tony looked pleased. “Thanks, Mr Mitchell.”

“None of that. It’s Ma and Pa, or if you prefer, Wendy and Frank.” He was keen to start their interactions right from the start. He was aware of how important the guide was for Cameron.

Tony radiated his happiness so much so the whole farm could feel his joy at being accepted so
easily. It had been a legitimate fear for him having suffered in the past. “Nice to meet you both. Tony O’Neill Paddington.”

Wendy was keen to guide them to an outside seating area. Tony could see all the food that was out on the bench. He hadn’t felt he was hungry until he saw it, or it could have been the delicious smelling pie.

Tony filled his plate and the behest of Wendy said, “Thanks, Ma.”

She smiled and sat down, pleased by his acceptance. Frank started the conversation. “So - any relation to the General who runs the base?”

Tony nodded sheepishly. “Yeah, he’s my father although that was only recently discovered. It’s cool, he gets being a Sentinel and his Guide is a genius and easy to learn from about my gifts.”

“You’re new to your gifts?” Frank remarked. It was obvious he was shocked to find out. He didn’t say anything but it was practically unheard of to come into your gifts so late in life. When it happened it was usually hard and in extremely traumatic circumstances.

Tony nodded in affirmation. “Yeah, about three weeks.”

“Wow, so you’ve had quite a few changes in a small space of time.” Frank said smartly. There was no point in pushing boundaries when they’d only just met. There was obviously a story there and it would be told in time.

Tony chuckled because that couldn’t have been a more perfect description if you tried. “Yeah. Bonding has settled a lot of instincts and when it comes to getting to know your other half - you can’t beat it.”

Cameron nodded, keeping a hand on Tony’s leg and squeezing it for a second to show perfect agreement. “It’s something else, that’s for sure. So what’s up in Kansas?”

The new couple actually started to drift closer and closer on the bench. Wendy and Frank shared an amused grin at the way the couple acted although they did as asked and filled Cameron in on his hometown. They were not a Sentinel and Guide couple themselves but could see the bond between them. It had skipped a generation for both of them and as a result, Cameron was more powerful. It would make sense because Cameron had called Tony a shaman in his first initial email to them.

Wendy finished the roundup with a random stray thought. “Oh, you should call Daryll. It’s your high school reunion this weekend.”

Cameron groaned because in all the excitement he’d forgotten that detail. He had been sent an email a few months back and promptly ignored it. He sighed because if he was being honest - that didn’t sound like a lot of fun. “Damn, I suppose you already mentioned we’re here.”

Frank chuckled at his son’s discomfort. After all, a huge awkward reunion might not be everyone’s idea of fun. “I suggested you should be allowed to choose that one. I know what it is like to get leave. You should spend it as you please.”

Cameron raised his glass in appreciation. “Thanks, Dad and too true.”

~*~

Dinner had broken up and Cameron took Tony’s hand to show him one of his favourite places on
the ranch. The creek. He pushed through the trees that hid the creek away from prying eyes. Hence, its appeal to a young Cameron. He’d loved to come here and just hide away. “I always loved it here as a kid. I felt like I could hide from the world here.”

Tony looked at the water and appreciated the atmosphere of pure calm. Since bonding he’d suffered less with background stray thoughts and emotions but this place was damn near idyllic. He could easily grow to love this place just as much as Cameron. “It’s so clear and peaceful.”

Cameron had a wicked grin. “We’ll come back when the moon is up. We won’t have to worry about a lack of costume.”

Tony snorted because that probably wouldn’t be peaceful. Fun - yes, but not peaceful. Although the thought held a lot of appeal. “Oh Darlin, I’ve never let that worry me.”

Cameron pulled him close and groaned. “Is that right?”

Tony shivered as his accent slipped. It was a serious kink of his and Cameron was all too willing to exploit it. “Yeah.”

Cameron was about to take advantage of the situation when he groaned at something Tony was guessing he’d heard. He was definitely was feeling disappointed which helped Tony’s frustrations a little. Cameron explained with a pout. “Daryll is here so there goes our quiet afternoon.”

“If we help set up your stupid high-school reunion then we are definitely coming back here as a reward, right?” Tony asked matter of factly. It wouldn’t be his choice of how they spent their afternoon but he wasn’t willing to abandon his Sentinel.

Cameron had a wave of affection for his partner. He adored the fact that he was willing to roll with whatever came their way. “You are always able to roll with everything.”

“Yes.” Tony replied. “Life has taught me that, although I’m liking the newest surprises.”

“I’m a surprise?” Cameron asked, teasingly. It was like they neither wanted to leave this moment so both of them were dragging their feet and eeking out every second they could steal.

Tony gave him a soft kiss. “The best one.”

Two squarks from the tree had them laughing. Monty and Keira were literally sitting on the tree watching them indulgently. They started to circle them as they made their way back up to the Mitchell home.

Daryll was surprised to see Cameron holding the unknown man’s hand. However, only an idiot wouldn’t recognise the pins on their chest. “You bonded with your Guide?”

Cameron smiled and introduced his Guide. “Yeah, man. I have. This is Tony, and how you been Daryll?”

“Good. Not a hot-shot pilot, mind you, but I get by.” Daryll said with a little sass.

Tony would have reacted stronger to what he perceived as a slight against Cameron but his sentinel didn’t react. So either this was their normal routine, or, he simply didn’t care.

Cameron smirked at his old-high school acquaintance. “You’re here to drag me into helping you set up for the reunion tomorrow night, right?”
“The women are exhausting. All that gossiping and bitching. I beg of you, I need the support.” Daryll finished sheepishly. He wasn’t too proud to plead for backup.

Cameron and Tony shared a look and burst out laughing. Daryll pouted. “It’s not funny.”

Tony smiled and Daryll felt less annoyed. It was true what they say - it was hard to stay mad at a Guide. “Sorry. That was rude. We were just imagining if you met one of Cameron’s team. She is exuberant and larger than life embodied.”

“My kind of woman.”

“Do you Kansas boys like danger?” Tony asked in bemusement at the wistful sound in the guy’s voice.

“Hell yeah.” Cameron replied, grin wide as the farm. “I got you, didn’t I?”

Daryll pouted. “All the women are going to be over you two and they won’t even have a chance.”

Tony frowned. “Damn straight.”

Cameron had a bashful smile. He’d been wrangling his own feelings of possessiveness that were damn primal. He was glad to find out that he wasn’t the only one grappling with them.

Cameron clapped his old school friend on the back. “As for Vala, she’d rob you blind and then her boyfriend would shoot you.”

Daryll looked forlorn. He was kind of hoping Cameron was going stag to this thing but that hope was dashed.

“Come on, Daryll, we’ll back you up with the women. Just try not to tell Tony every embarrassing story about me from back in the day.”

“Not any of them?”

Tony smirked at both of them. He was already planning to get what he could. “I’ll get a few. Cam won’t be able to stop me as he will be distracted.”

~*~

Tony frowned at how garish the high school gym looked. He’d been sent to the military academy at twelve so never really experienced this side of school-life. It was a mass of colour and roiling emotions. Tony clutched Cameron’s hand for a second, needing a strong focal point. He’d expected some high emotions but wow, there were some hot messes here. They’d not even got to the party but just the welcoming committee.

Cameron whispered. “You okay?”

Tony took a deep breath and felt Keira land on his shoulder. He petted her head, as she seemed to be in a tactile mode. “Yeah, I got you watching my back. The emotions surprised me for a second.” He confessed, wanting to be honest with him.

Cameron nodded in sympathy and shared the fact he wasn’t the only one who was struggling. “Yeah, I dialled my sight down a little.”
“I would have dialled it down to 1 myself.” Tony said sarcastically. He getting more and more grateful that RIMA didn’t do high school reunions. If he wanted to see people from his year he just headed to the Pentagon.


Cameron whirled around, not letting go of Tony’s hand. He needed the grounding himself. Plus, he wasn’t above using his guide as a shield from awkward passes that he really wanted to avoid. “Hi, Nancy isn’t it?”

“Yeah, you remember me?”

Cameron hadn’t got the heart to say it was the name tag that she was already wearing. It was a little keen considering it would be a day before the party. “Yeah, it’s all coming back to me now.”

Cameron saw Tony smirk at the pop reference. Still, he remembered his manners before his mama came to kick his ass. “It’s good to see you. Daryll here roped me and my guide, Tony, into helping. I think Tony is just here to get gossip on me from my high-school days.”

“Oh, I am.” Tony replied easily. “I’m sure I will find some good ones.”

“You will get your own chance.” Nancy replied to Cameron seeing his pout.

Tony sighed wistfully. “Sadly no, RIMA doesn’t do reunions.”

“RIMA?”

Cam was the one to answer. “It is the Remington Military Academy.”

Tony shrugged seeing her surprised look. “The irony is I’m not the military one in our relationship.”

Cameron snorted but knew Tony was underplaying himself. It was a trick he’d learned at NCIS and it was one he was going to break if it killed him. His guide was brilliant and he wouldn’t let anyone downplay his contributions and that included Tony. “He’s modest and can outshoot most soldiers I know.”

Tony pouted but could feel Cam’s sense of determination kick in. “Well, there goes my chance to score some easy bucks for us.”

“You’re a soldier too?” She asked, really confused by the conversation.

Tony shook his head. “Federal Agent. Homeland liaison in Cameron’s command.” It was the easiest way to fit Tony into the structure at the mountain. Plus, if anyone dug into Tony’s records it was a role that made sense.

“Well thank you both for your service and duty.”

Tony was touched he was very rarely thanked. He guessed Cameron would get it more. Cameron nodded and feeling desperate to avoid anymore of this awkward conversation he said easily. “Now put us to work.”
It was interesting to see his old high-school crush. She’d been all he could think about for years. She was standing there poised, elegant and still pretty but she wasn’t Tony. He’d grabbed Tony’s hand and knew exactly what he’d wanted to do. Cameron dragged him back to the creek for some night time fun.

Tony affected a southern accent. “Whatever are we going to do?”

“Finish what we started this afternoon.” Cameron growled lowly. His need for Tony had been simmering all afternoon. Each time he’d seen Tony converse easily with his friends even though it wasn’t his normal thing. That and Tony was wearing ridiculously tight jeans.

The only trouble with the cover of night was it could be used for more than nighttime naughtiness. While our boys were focused on each other, four alien bounty hunters decided to use it camouflage their arrival.

*The aim was to take out each member of SG1 who for once were separated. It would be the perfect time strike, right?*
Sam was incredibly glad the Prometheus was in space orbit. It meant they were fortunate enough to have both her and Jack at the science symposium. If there was an emergency - they could beam back. She could tolerate the distance from her Sentinel but didn’t see the point if there was no need to stretch their bond.

Having Jack with her was also a fantastic guard against stupid conversations with colleagues that were a little too creepy for their own good. It was true that whilst the people in the room were fantastic scientists, they didn’t make the greatest group to socialise with for conversation.

It was what had led to Jack and her watching the scene in front of them with fascination. Jack was tilting his head to the side. “Since when did Lee have game?”

Sam snorted as he chatted up two women. “Well, it helps to distract him from his frustrations.”

“That prototype he had to screw up.” Jack said astutely. He was well aware that some of the scientists under the mountain hated the rules but they were there for a reason.

“That is the one.” She didn’t say anymore about it as she did understand the need for the rules. She had to ask about the others. “How is Tony handling Kansas?”

Jack snorted because he’d been vocal yesterday when they’d checked in over phone. “He seemed confused about high-school reunions and the point of them.”

Sam had to chuckle as she remembered Tony had gone to a military academy. It was no wonder he’d be confused by the idea. “Yeah, well, he should gain some interesting gossip about Cameron.” She’d known Cameron since their time at the Air-Force academy but it never hurt to get childhood gossip.

“That’s true.” Jack looked at his watch. “When’s your speech?” It was not like he wanted to go back to paperwork but the room stunk of lust, jealousy and faint despair.

“At three. Why?” She could sense that he was fractious and it wasn’t because he was surrounded by geeks. That was an everyday type of thing for him so she knew that wouldn’t be what was bothering him.

He shrugged and tried to verbalise it. “Something’s niggling at my senses. It’s one of the reasons I’m going to check in with Junior again.”

Sam snorted. “Can I be there when you call Tony that to his face?”

“Of course.”

~*~

In Kansas, Tony got off the phone with his father. The call had been difficult to hear due to the interference. At the moment, he was in a field with Cameron and Daryll shooting cans as they reminisced about school. He wasn’t exactly enthralled but it was relaxing and Cameron was content so he was willing to roll with it.

The phone call though made him stretch his senses out to take an empathic print of the surrounding
area. He also mentally asked Keira to do the same for a far wider area. If a Sentinel’s spider sense tingled - then you’d be stupid to ignore it.

“Everything alright?” Cameron asked. He didn’t like the fact whatever had happened had caused Monty and Keira to do what amounted to a perimeter check.

He’d tried listening to the call but the static had made him recoil. He hadn’t been too concerned because the general had checked in with Tony yesterday. Plus today was the day of the science conference so he might have just been looking for a distraction. He was well aware that the relationship between Jack and Tony was brand new but both wanted it and seemed determined to make it work.

Tony shrugged as it was difficult to say. “He was checking up on us. He said to be careful.”

Cameron frowned and handed his gun to Daryll for a second. He walked over to Tony and whispered quietly. “Has the threat level increased?”

Tony shook his head. “Not officially, he said it was a sentinel spider-sense.”

Cameron snarked even as he grabbed Tony’s hand, wanting the grounding for a second. “What - from a spiked punch-bowl?”

Tony smirked pulling his sentinel even closer. Cameron was not used to being able to ground his senses - so only took the minimal amount. It was a habit he was going to break because Tony wanted to be everything Cameron needed - just like his Sentinel was for him.

Of course, he didn’t say that aloud especially as they were not alone. Instead, he teased his partner to bring him back to the moment. “Well, I’ve seen how some of the women were eyeing you up yester...”

Cameron kissed his guide softly. “And yet all I saw was you,” not even letting him finish the statement.

Tony rested his head against Cameron’s. “You’re a smooth one.”

Daryll groaned at the scene and shouted to the couple. “Are you gonna shoot or be mushy?”

Tony narrowed his eyes. Cameron could feel his Guide’s annoyance and saw the mischief in his eyes. “Let us have a go?”

Daryll handed the gun over to Tony and couldn’t help but challenge him. “Do you Fed’s know how to shoot anything more than a handgun?”

Tony smirked at him. “Let’s see.” He levelled and sighted the gun quick enough that Gibbs would be proud.

Ping. There went can one. There was one more round. Bang. He reloaded smoothly even if it was a domestic piece and took the final two cans out in quick succession.

Cameron laughed seeing the shock on his old friend’s face. He took pity. “Daryll, he was trained by a marine sniper.”

“Damn. Sorry I judged you, it’s just you know I thought Guides were supposed to be the calming ones.” The man was confused and not trying to be offensive.
Tony shrugged. “We’re not all alike.”

Cameron had to laugh at Daryll’s gobsmacked expression. He was obviously the type to indulge in believing the Hollywood stereotypes of them. “The only time Tony is restful is when he has a mystery to solve.”

“That’s true.” Tony laughed at that summary. “Even then I tend to pace. Helps me think.”

Daryll shook his head. “You two are sickeningly cute. You better not leave me alone tonight.”

“We won’t!”

They watched as he retreated making an excuse that he needed to grab one last thing for the committee. They might have felt bad but they were enjoying a chance to be alone together. At the mountain, there was always someone underfoot.

Cameron looked at Tony with a grin. “Fancy a spar?” The shooting had been simple fun but what he needed now was something with more active participation.

Tony’s eyes lit up. “So that’s why you brought two staffs?”

“Yeah, Darlin. I need to move and shake off some energy in a way that can be done in polite society.” Cameron added.

His Mom and Dad were understanding but he didn’t feel like pushing the boundaries more than necessary. Oh, and right now they were out working the farm so he really didn’t want to give anyone a free show.

Tony pouted at using the one staff. Cameron rolled his eyes. “Wait until the Lanteans get here, they’ll give you a fair spar with twin batons.”

Tony twirled his staff, and used his hands to gesture come on then. He’d wondered why Cameron had packed the two into the car and now he’d guessed.

The sticks clashed against each other. “Teal’c taught you that?”

Tony shook his head even as he parried the next hit. “Nope, an excellent sultry clip from Shadowhunters.”

Cameron snorted even as he unwittingly followed the same moves. Whilst Tony and Cameron indulged in a spar to keep their instincts keen - Daniel and Vala were engaging in a very real fight.

~*~

The woman was just a little too keen on striking up a conversation. Daniel just wanted to finish his research before Vala got bored. Plus he was sure he’d promised to take Vala shopping in return for patience with his research.

The woman in front of him was pretty enough but Vala would eat her for breakfast. He wished Vala was here and looked up wondering where she’d wandered off to. She’d said something about an intriguing book she wanted to read.

“Yes, Vala is always telling me I should put up a book and pay attention to her.” He said with a small friendly smile. It was as subtle as I’m taken please get out of my personal space.
“You should, Dr Jackson.” She said with ice in her eyes. Guess she didn’t take rejection too well.

“Now how do you know my name?” He asked then with steel in his eyes. “And where the hell is my Vala?”

Her response was a laser weapon to his face. He put the book up in defence and got even more annoyed when it took out the book. It was a priceless artefact. He ducked out the way and ran down the rows of books. “Vala, we’re leaving now.”

His girlfriend poked her head out of a shelf and Daniel just grabbed her hand and kept on running. They’d made it out of the building but the fact they were in open public didn’t seem to stop her.

“Stop running, or I will take out innocents.”

Vala sighed, recognising there would be attacker. She’d been a bounty hunter even during the days of Quetesh. “You were always such a bitch, Cassiope. What’s the bounty and who put it out? You can tell us that much right?”

She was advancing on them and smirked. “You’ve upset the Lucian Alliance one too many times. Deten put the hit out.”

Vala and Daniel just sighed and kept inching backwards. There was a good thing about alien bounty hunters. They didn’t recognise what passed for a road - too used to spacecrafts. It didn’t matter that she was a tough bounty hunter - the Chicago bus took her out.

Vala winced and then smirked. “She was always a little too stupid to live.”

Daniel shook his head but could hardly argue with the statement - all things considered. “I’ll call it in. Contact Jack and Cameron - they need to be warned.”

~*~

In another place in Chicago, Jack was watching as Sam’s hologram took the presentation. It would make quite the effective presentation when it was revealed. He was just glad he was standing next to his guide or he’d be freaked out. The hologram may look like his guide but it didn’t have her heartbeat, or smell.

“Sorry.” She whispered.

He squeezed her hand. “You’re right here.” He froze having been hit with a smell of vehemence. “Down.”

Lee who was also in the room feeling uncomfortable at the sentimental touches between two of the senior base personnel also ducked. “Why?”

The gunshot that hit Sam’s hologram made Jack feel feral. O’Neill growled. “Get that gun working now!”

“Top corner.” Sam shouted having used her senses to pinpoint the malignant presence.

O’Neill agreed as it was where he would have sat if he was going to take the shot. The little bastard was going to regret shooting at his guide. He’d make sure of that! Sam and Lee were working in tandem to get the pulse cannon working.
Lee explained as he hefted it into the general’s arms. “You’ll get one shot before it fries.”

Jack smiled but it was all teeth. “I won’t need more, and it’s that or rip him limb from limb.”

Sam snorted knowing that was some of his sentinel instincts at play. “That’s messy, this is cleaner.”

“But it would be satisfying.” He hefted it up and Sam parted the curtain. Thanks to the fear and the inclination to duck from the other guests who were not used to such violence, they had a clear shot.

The would-be attacker went down slumped. It was a good job they were in uniform as it saved some awkward questions.

The applause from the audience surprised him. Sam and Lee just shared an amused look with him and they all bowed. Better they think it was part of the presentation than an alien attacker. They don’t usually get such a neat explanation for a cover story. Major Davies would be pleased by less NDA’s to bring along as he always hated the accidental exposure issues.

~*~

Jack had just organised and watched as they beamed their would be attacker away thanks to the Prometheus when Daniel phoned him. So they weren’t the only ones attacked and that couldn’t be a coincidence. It seemed that Vala had managed to get some of the truth out of their attempted assassin. “So there’s a bounty on you all? Huh?”

Sam frowned as there was usually a bounty of some sort but that had disappeared with Anubis and the other system lords. She smirked. “Guess the Lucian Alliance are sore about losing all their Kasa.”

Jack growled with annoyance. He considered the whole Milky Way his territory and his domain. “You know what? They gotta go.”

“We’re working on it.” Sam reminded him. “We just need to get Mitchell and the others.”

“Danny and Vala used a bus to kill their would-be assassin.” Jack explained as if it was the usual method of dispatching an enemy.

“What, no gun available?” Lee asked in confusion.

“Meh, I think it was because she disintegrated a book. You know how Danny gets about his books.”

Sam saw the look of understanding dawn on Lee’s face and started to giggle. She couldn’t help it. The events of the day catching up. She’d rest once she knew that Tony and Cameron were safe and they could get a message to Teal’c. She also needed to figure out how the Bounty Hunters were tracking them.

“Phone Cameron and Tony, or beam and get them?”

Jack’s instinct was to beam but there would be questions of how they were in Chicago one minute and Auburn Kansas the next. “Phone first, leaving the option for an emergency beam.”

They just hoped Tony and Cameron were okay. Jack would go postal if anything had happened to his son. He knew that much.
Don't Mess with My Sentinel

In Kansas, the cell tower was too damaged to get a message to the two men. Jack and Sam had split tasks; she’d gone to locate the signal and he was organising the extraction of Cameron and Tony without exposing the program.

They were too many civilians to risk a beam out and they’d had it confirmed that they’d already gone inside the school. Jack wasn’t keen on beaming them out because if the bounty hunters were inside then Mitchell and Tony would have a fighting chance. The others would not.

So for now, he was organising a team and monitoring the situation using reconnaissance drones. The eggheads had borrowed a few satellites and he’d looked the other way. This was driving Jack nuts because for all their technology they still couldn’t contact Mitchell.

He let his frustrations out for a second, knowing sometimes it was better to do so and move on.

“Someone find a way for me to contact Mitchell and Paddington!”

~*~

Tony had worn a Zegna suit, it might be a bit flashy but he liked them. He felt comfortable in his suit and knew he looked good in it. If he was unsure how he looked he only had to take one look at Cameron’s hot gaze to know. His Sentinel wasn’t subtle at all.

“You keep looking at me like that and we’ll make a scene.” Tony commented as he watched the other people arriving. He wanted to laugh at the way people were sneaking looks at others, trying to measure themselves up against each other. It seemed that no matter how many years ago it was - you still fell back on the same behaviours.

Cameron pouted and, if he was being honest with himself, he didn’t care that they were still in the parking lot. He unashamedly replied to his guide. “You look good in a suit.”

Tony looked his sentinel up and down with a wicked grin of his own. He could flirt and distract the nerves of his other half. It wasn’t a hardship. “I do but you don’t look so bad. Not as good as in your dress blues, mind you.”

Cameron snorted and sent a wave of gratitude over their bond. “Is that a military kink, I hear?”

Tony shook his head. “Nope, it’s a you kink. Although for your information - I will try anything once to see if I like it.”

Cameron groaned at the images Tony caused even with just a few words. He grabbed Tony’s hand and guided him through the halls of his high school even though they had been there yesterday. He wanted the grounding against the assault on his senses and Tony was kind enough not to call him on it.

He went through the tedious part of signing in and picking up the name tag. Tony shook his head refusing to damage his suit with a tacky name tag. A shrill voice interrupted them.

“Cameron. Hey, welcome back. You’ve bonded?”

Cameron turned around sticking close to Tony. “Yeah, I did. This is my guide, Tony Paddington. Tony, this is Jacqui.”
They’d made an agreement not to discuss the whole Shaman thing as it tended to freak people out. It also never paid to let everyone know everything - it paid to be a surprise. Tony had described it as let him be the wildcard and Cameron was smart enough to agree with him.

“Oh, what are you doing now?”

Cameron replied casually. “Still in the Air-Force, I’m a Lieutenant Colonel. What about you?”

She blushed but was obviously keen to answer. “Oh, well I moved to Columbus, but got divorced and realised I wanted to come back to my hometown.”

She might be enjoying the conversation but for Cam this was becoming painful. Cameron was a gentleman so looked for a polite out. “Oh, look, there’s Daryll. We promised we’d say high. Nice to see you again.”

Tony snorted at Cameron’s letting out a sigh of relief as they moved away. “Well, this is fun.”

“It’s not so bad.” Cameron didn’t say how sarcasm was apparently a genetic trait. He’d heard his CO say something the last time he’d had a party at the mountain.

Tony snickered at Cam’s attempt to even convince himself. “If you say so. Look, if I want to talk to my old classmates ... I just go to the Pentagon. I don’t have to suffer through this.”

Cameron had understood in a few conversations just how connected his guide was to Washington power circles. “I know.”

Daryll did indeed latch onto them. “So you know how you’ve got your guide an’ everything.”

Cameron was amused and wondering just where this was going. “Yeah. I do remember that. He is standing right next to me an’ all.”

Daryll nodded in agreement, missing the bit where he was being teased. “So you won’t be mad if I try my luck with Amy Vanderberg.”

Cameron shook his head. “You go right ahead but she might have something to say about it.”

Daryll had a goofy grin on his face as he slicked his hair back. “Well, they say fortune favours the bold.”

Tony watched as a few people started to mingle. Although, Daryll was not having much success. It was painful to watch. It was like all the occupants were fifteen once more and had forgotten all their socialisation skills. “Everyone is having a blast.”

Cameron groaned at the sarcastic comment. He couldn’t refute it so chose to distract Tony. “Come on. Let’s dance.”

Tony shrugged because he could do that, even better it was a slow-dance. “You know you don’t need the excuse of a high school dance to grope me.”

Cameron smirked at him. He answered honestly, “Hey, I would never have had the guts at school to do this.”

Tony rolled his eyes but went with it. He let them use the dance floor as a way to conduct recon. It was a pattern Cameron would be used to and should help him relax. “So who was the King Jock of
GW, if it wasn’t you?”

“Douche by the name of Gary Walesco.” Cameron answered too quickly. It was clear that no matter how good your life was you could still remember how sucky high school was.

Tony snorted. “And where would you have been on the high school spectrum?”

“Oh, I was a runner, and if I wasn’t running I was doing anything that could help me fly.” Cameron answered. He’d known what he wanted to be

“So the track star and the football star. I don’t remember that one.” Tony remarked, tongue in cheek.

Cameron started to chuckle as that would be a very different version of high-school. “Yeah, you know what? Let’s rewrite the story.”

He tugged Tony’s hand and dragged them out into the hallway. He found himself wanting to steal time with Tony and not share it with anyone. “It’s crazy how much I adore you already.” He confessed. He’d heard about meeting his one - he’d just never believed it would happen to him.

Tony bit his lip. “And I, you.” He stopped in surprise at the empty auditorium. “Too much noise, huh?”

Cameron nodded. “Plus, I realised I don’t care if Gary sells insurance, or if my high school crush is crushed she is now home. We do great work and it keeps all these people safe even if they’ll never know.”

Tony started to laugh at a stray thought. “Could you imagine the lovely Jacqui finding out about Thor?”

Cameron groaned as it would be a complete over-reaction. “Yeah, it would be like that scene out of Independence Day.”

It was little things like that made Tony know just how suited they would be. “Oh yeah, just would she be the crazy pilot or the stripper friend.”

“Stripper friend.” He then shuddered at just the thought of it.

Tony started to snicker. “Did you just gross yourself out?”

“Yeah, I did.” Cameron looked sheepish. “It wasn’t nice.”

Tony rolled his eyes but then froze. “Something’s wrong.” He’d been keeping a low-key empathic field around the school. It was the easiest way for him to relax. Normally. This was bad as someone was radiating deception and aggression.

Cameron was alert. “How?” His own senses started to stretch out like Tony’s, already reacting to a perceived threat.

Tony closed his eyes and pulled on their connection. He needed to go for accuracy which required more focus. “Two people don’t belong here. They radiate deception and menace in a way I would assume meant serial killer.”
Cameron tried his cell phone. He wanted to scream in frustration. “Blocked. I think it’s being jammed.”

Tony groaned because their bubble moment was definitely burst. They were back in full business mode. “That can’t be good. I have my back up gun and four knives. You?”

Cameron just looked wary but in awe of his guide. “Just a knife. It’s a high school reunion! I didn’t think I would need my P-90!”

Tony shook his head. “You should remember Mad-Eye Moody’s advice - always be ready.”

Cameron shook his head but couldn’t really argue the point. “Okay. So we have way too many civilians around us for my liking. Let’s check to see if there is a way to get them out.”

“What are the odds?” Tony asked. After all, if he was planning this he would have blocked off the exits to control entry to suit him.

“Slim to none. This is going to be a clusterfuck but if there are two of them and two of us at least the odds are even.” Cameron believed it in his soul. He’d have just preferred to have his whole school year out of the picture.

Tony knew they could do no more if they didn’t go back into the main gym where the reunion was taking place. “Guess we better go back.”

~*~

Back at the SGC, Sam had some success. “We have a signal compatible with a cloaked al’kesh.”

“Where?” Jack asked, wanting to know who they were dealing with.

“Top of the high-school and I have confirmed the lack of contact with Mitchell and Tony is due to being jammed.”

Jack pinched his nose. “Take Danny and Vala and go get them back safely.” It was times like this where he hated being the General meaning he had to stay on base.

“Will do.” Sam promised. Once they were back she vowed they were going to sort the Lucian Alliance out once and for all. They’d made a direct attack on her team and that couldn’t be allowed.

Jack chuckled and kissed her forehead. “Oh, that is a promise.”

“I said that out loud?”

Jack shook his head. “Nope, I just know you that well.” He then showed her exactly how he felt. It was just like with most things, they were in perfect agreement.

~*~

Inside the main auditorium, Gary Walesco was screaming at everyone who would listen. “Where is Mitchell?” Only his voice seemed off like it was being run through a modulator.

Tony sighed. “Why? Can’t stand he’s more successful than you?”
Cameron grinned as he stood by his guide’s side. “Yeah, I never saw you as an insurance salesman. Whatever happened to the NFL?”

Tony shrugged. “So what the deal?”

“I want the bounty on Mitchell’s head.”

Tony felt a pressure in his head. The fear and worry of the others in the room at the sight of weapons and the talk of bounties were immense. He didn’t blame them. At the moment - nothing had been said that could expose the program but that could change in a second. He pushed his powers with a command of sleep out around him. It worked on the humans in the room but the fake Gary and another guy were unaffected.

The auditorium fell to the floor with a thump like they’d had their strings cut. It hadn’t worked on four people - Tony, Cameron, Fake-Gary and one other.

Cameron sent a wave of awe and relief over the bond. Although Tony had no doubt they would be talking about it once all was said and done. “Now we’re alone. Bounty, huh? How you getting us out as ... you sealed the doors.”

“I have a ship on the roof.”

“And your competitor?” Tony asked him boldly. “I mean if you’re working together that means a split bounty right? Less pay. I never liked working with others.”

The two bounty hunters turned on each other and that was all Tony and Cameron needed. They used knives to knock the weapons out of their hands - and a beam of light showed them the cavalry was here.

Cameron was delighted. “Jackson, Carter, just in time.”

Vala looked at the one Tony had just knocked out. “Odai Ventrell. He always was a blunt instrument.”

Cameron tilted his head to the side. “The problem we have with the Lucian Alliance is all due to Deten right?”

The team nods and Tony chuckled. “You about to set a blunt instrument loose on Deten?”

“You were a Mob Lieutenant undercover, right? Why would someone challenge the head honcho?”

Tony knew the answer easily enough. He’d facilitated the conditions in order to stop a turf war at one point. “The boss is weak and the lieutenant thinks he is able to do better.” He’d persuaded Nicky Malculusco to do that against his favour. It had curried favour and meant he was elevated quickly in the outfit.

“Or, someone else pays off the lieutenant to assassinate the Don.”

Daniel looked at the man. “He’s not going to be very successful running the Alliance if he is a blunt instrument.”

Cameron grinned, finally relaxing now most of the danger had passed. “Yeah, and if it dissolves due to bad leadership that is not our fault.”
O’Neill had been listening on the radio piece that was now in their ears. “Do it. You’re both manipulative little shits.”

Tony had a smirk. “I think it’s genetic, pops.”

They woke up Ventrell and basically convinced him to leave and go take over the Lucian Alliance. It wasn’t going to work but at the very least he’d take out Deten for them.

Sam looked around. “Why is everyone unconscious?”

Tony looked sheepish. “Because I didn’t want there to be a mass exposure of the program...”

Sam chuckled in disbelief. “You know, even Shamans should struggle with such a trick.”

Tony shrugged, not sure what to say. He was just relieved that they were okay. That the civilians were safe and no one was harmed. Today was a good day. If this was Doctor Who, he’d be running around manically. “So cover story? Spiked punch?”

Danny snorted. “Well, the punch bowl looks like it’s been a hit.”

Sam took in the room, nearly every person had a red cup in their hand. “It’ll work. It will be more believable than alien bounty hunters.”

“So how did you get attacked?”

Vala had a manic grin. “The bitch chased us onto a road and got hit by a bus.”

Danny didn’t deny it so Cam was guessing it was the truth. In fact, there was a gleam of satisfaction so some artefact must have been destroyed. He looked at Sam to see if she’d also been attacked.

She answered his silent question. “Jack was with me. We hit him with Lee’s ray gun and the scientists assumed it was part of the demonstration.”

“So we had a weekend of incredible luck.” Cam summarised.

Tony shook his head. “The way I see it, SG1 - 3, and bounty hunters - 0. Plus, we’re shoving Deten’s tactic back up his ass. I like the symmetry.”

Vala had a bloodthirsty grin. “It does have a karmic consideration.”

~*~

The team had woken up the other members of the reunion but everyone was angered by the spiked punch and it didn’t last long. Tony and Cameron couldn’t afford to just slope off so had headed back to the Mitchell farm, ready for a call that would see them recalled.

The travel was damn quick - the Prometheus beamed them out and the truck too.

The couple were now in their base quarters. Cameron looked at his guide who seemed exhausted and it worried him. “You okay? You pushed yourself today.”

Tony nodded. “The powers scare me sometimes. I have no idea what I should or shouldn’t do ... I just follow Blair’s advice.”

Cameron pulled him into bed and settled him comfortably on top of him. “Not bad advice. We’re a team and we did pretty good today.”

That was an understatement. They were glad for the backup even though they’d had the situation under control. Tony looked him directly in the eyes and it was a good job that he was Cam’s anchor or he could have zoned on those eyes. “You didn’t ask what the advice was?”

“You’ll tell me if you’re ready.” Cameron answered pecking his lips and hoping that Tony would be able to rest. He was well aware of just how powerful their senses were but using them to extremes wasn’t without cost - it tired them.

“He said, trust my Sentinel to be anchor and shield. I do and did today.”

Cameron couldn’t describe his feeling of overwhelming emotions as there was a whole gamut of them all at once. “You’re incredible and I don’t care what twist of genetics meant that we’re meant to be ... We rock and can take on the whole galaxy.”

Tony chuckled and kissed him deeply. He was too keyed to sleep right now. “Of course, but I will be right by your side.”

“Of course.”

~*~

And the truth of that was borne out over the next few years. O’Neill and SG1 had to push back the Ori and their twisted infernal creatures. The Ori thought they could take over the universe thanks to their mental prowess - they’d not predicted just how powerful the shamans were. The Priors couldn’t attack the Shamans and once that quirk was discovered the war went dramatically against them

So much so ... they decided to attack them in time. The Ori had figured out that the threat to them was a specific team - they could go back in time and stop them from ever being born.

This was going to take every bit of their skill and Tony hoped like hell that the Ori didn’t screw up his parentage - he was going to be really pissed if they made Senior his Dad.

The mission was on ...

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