A Friend of the Family
by alcimines

Summary

Dean Winchester is arrested and ends up in the NCIS interrogation room.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

"There's something..." Ziva half-whispered to herself.

Tony raised an eyebrow in Ziva's direction and asked, "What?"

Ziva didn't respond immediately. And she didn't move her eyes from the one-way mirror that looked into the interrogation room. In the room on the other side of the mirror, a tough-looking young man wearing a battered leather jacket was slumped in a chair. He looked for all the world like he was dozing.

"Ziva?" Tony prompted again.

Ziva finally looked at Tony.

"Don't go in there alone," she said flatly. "Don't let anyone go in there with him alone. Not even Gibbs."

Tony couldn't help but smile and shake his head at the idea of telling Gibbs what to do.

"I mean it, Tony!" Ziva said intensely. "This man... he is not what he seems."

The tone of Ziva's voice made Tony turn his head and look at the man they were talking about.

The suspect's eyes were open now. And he was looking back at Tony and Ziva. Tony blinked in surprise. That was just an illusion, of course. There was no way the suspect could see them through the mirror.

Tearing his eyes away, Tony picked up the hard-copy he had just printed off.
"Dean Winchester," Tony read aloud. "He's a drifter. Originally wanted for all kinds of minor stuff - credit card fraud, breaking and entering, and..."

Then Tony hesitated before going on.

"... and grave abuse."

Ziva was looking at the suspect again. A strange look came over her face. "Any details about the grave abuse?" she asked quietly.

Tony frowned at the print-out, "No."

Ziva smiled grimly. As if that was the answer she had expected.

"But he went big time a few years ago," Tony continued. "Now the FBI and various police agencies want him for multiple counts of murder. They want his father and brother, too. The father was a Marine."

"John Winchester," Gibbs said calmly. He had silently appeared behind him. Both Tony and Ziva managed to stop themselves from reacting. Gibbs was always doing things like that, and they were as used to it as they were going to get.

"You knew the father?" Tony asked.

Gibbs nodded, "Yeah. We served together for a while. He eventually left the Corps, married a hometown girl, and settled down. Then his wife died and he and his boys started wandering."

"What was the father like?" Tony asked, carefully noting that Gibbs didn't seem to be suggesting that John Winchester should be considered a suspect in his wife's death.

There was no particular expression on Gibbs' face as he replied, "Good Marine. Difficult man. I expect the son will be a lot like him. What did he do?"

Ziva spoke up, "Arrested at Quantico while attempting to break in."

Then Tony took over, "And they shipped him here. Uhm... boss, despite where he got arrested, given all of those warrants it seems to me that he's the FBI's problem."

"He is," Gibbs said as he took a sip from a coffee cup.

Tony and Ziva exchanged glances. Then Ziva asked, "Then why is he here?"

Gibbs tossed his empty coffee-cup into a trashcan. "There's a standing order that if a Winchester is ever arrested by Navy or Marine personnel, they get sent to NCIS headquarters."

"Who gave that order?" Tony asked, obviously surprised.

"Do we know why he was trying to break into Quantico?" Gibbs asked, completely ignoring Tony's question.

Tony decided to take the hint, "No, boss."

"Was he near the cemetery?" Ziva asked.

Gibbs gave Ziva an appraising glance. She met his eyes, but didn't say anything.
Tony flipped through the paperwork, "Uh... yeah. Yeah, where he went over the fence would be pretty close to the cemetery."

"What was he carrying?"

Tony checked the paperwork again, "A .45 automatic - and a shovel, salt, and a couple cans of lighter fluid."

Then Tony frowned, "You don't suppose he was going to..."

"We already know that he likes graveyards," Ziva said evenly.

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Ziva was standing between Gibbs and the door to the interrogation room. The look on her face suggested she really didn't want to be doing this, but thought it was necessary.

"Gibbs," she began hesitantly.

"Ziva," Gibbs said softly, "it's all right."

Ziva didn't move. And she seemed to be searching for words.

"Ziva, are you going to get out of my way?" Gibbs continued just as softly.

"Can I go with you?" Ziva finally managed to say.

Usually, nobody accompanied Gibbs during an interrogation.

Gibbs examined Ziva's face. Then he nodded.

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"Who were you going to burn in the Quantico cemetery?" Gibbs asked.

Dean's eyes narrowed as he closely examined Gibbs. Ziva stood in the background, obviously ready for anything.

Dean answered with a "what-the-hell" shrug, "Gunnery Sergeant Martin Hall. KIA in Afghanistan two months ago."

"Why?" Gibbs asked as he sat down.

Dean shrugged again, "Maybe I'm against the war."

Gibbs didn't react, "So you were going to burn the remains of one particular Marine? That's an interesting protest."

"Hey, I'm crazy," Dean said with a tight smile. Then he nodded towards Ziva, "Who's the hottie? She's seems a little high-strung."

Ziva didn't let her attention waver for even a second. Gibbs ignored Dean's comment.

"Is your father still alive?" Gibbs asked.

Dean hesitated, looking quickly from Gibbs to Ziva and back again.
"No," he said.

Gibbs leaned forward, "And your brother? Is he alive?"

Dean seemed to think that one over for a long moment, "Maybe. I don't know for sure."

Gibbs eyes were unblinking as they met Dean's, "And how about you, son? Are you alive?"

Something flickered over Dean's face. Ziva took a step forward, her hand on the butt of her pistol.

Dean took a deep breath before he answered, "That's a good question. I'll get back to you on it."

"Tell me about Hall."

Dean smiled bitterly, "Just as bad as everyone says - and more. What it turns you into is worse than what got you sent there."

"I said 'Hall'. Gunnery Sergeant Hall."

This time, Dean didn't play any games, "His wife cheated on him while he was fighting in the Sandbox. After his body came home, he settled things with her. But that didn't end it. The Gunny started working on his wife's boyfriends. And it turns out she had a real problem saying, 'no'."

Dean's eyes dared Gibbs to say anything, but Gibbs just nodded and got up. Then he left the room. Even as she followed him out the door, Ziva never took her eyes away from Dean.

Dean winked at her.

In the observation room, Tony began to wonder just what the hell was going on.

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Tony was sitting at his desk, gritting his teeth as he pounded on the keys of his keyboard. Nobody was blaming Tony for Winchester's escape, but nobody had a clue how Winchester had managed it. The Director was pissed and wanted answers, and since the only person in the area when the perp vanished was Tony, Tony had to write a report.

It was late and Tony and Gibbs were alone in the office.

"Did you see anything?" Gibbs asked.

"No!" Tony immediately snarled.

Then Tony blinked and said in a calmer tone, "Sorry. No, boss. I didn't see anything."

Gibbs just looked at Tony. Then Tony let out a long breath and rubbed his eyes.

"I saw..." Tony began. Then he stopped.

Gibbs waited silently.

"I saw wings," Tony said slowly.

Gibbs nodded.

"Be careful about what you put in your report," Gibbs said. Then he stood up, turned off the light on his desk, and left.
Behind him, Tony stared at his computer monitor and searched for words.

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