

[A Cure For Jetlag](#)
[by Xanthe](#)



Story Notes:

Spoilers: *Jetlag*

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This story is archived here: <http://www.xanthe.org/a-cure-for-jetlag/>

"Hi honey, I'm home!" Tony yelled cheerfully the minute he walked through the door. He knew how much that old line irritated Gibbs, which was all the more reason for using it. "Man, that was a bitch of a flight. Babysitting Little Miss Pollyanna was hell, and I'm going to kill whoever didn't do the research properly; we were her protection detail - the peanut allergy should've been in the damn file."

Tony went into the kitchen, opened the fridge, and looked inside. It was pretty empty, the way it always was whenever he left Gibbs alone for more than a day or two. Had the man never heard of grocery shopping?

"How the hell did he ever survive before I moved in?" Tony grumbled under his breath. "I love take out as much as the next guy, but you should eat *some* other stuff. Like bread. Or donuts."

He found some milk that smelled vaguely fresh and sneaked into the pantry to retrieve the Cap'n Crunch he'd hidden in a tub marked "healthy stuff". Gibbs never looked in there. He prepared himself a big bowl of cereal and walked back into the living room.

"On the plus side, Paris was nice," he continued, speaking loudly. He could hear Gibbs moving around

upstairs. "I don't know why you bitch about it so often, Boss. Oh, okay, I remember now, the whole Jenny thing. But hey, maybe I can persuade you to go back there with me one day? I'm *such* a tourist. I loved the Eiffel tower, and the Louvre, and do NOT get me started on how good French pastries are. Man, those guys can cook. How come you never told me that?"

He sat down on the couch, pausing only to swallow down several spoons of cereal. "Pastries be damned - you can't beat a good bowl of Cap'n Crunch, Boss," he said, between mouthfuls. Which was all the more reason to keep it hidden from Gibbs. Tony loved the man, but no food was safe from Gibbs; he went through it like a one man swarm of locusts and never remembered you had to go out and buy new stuff to replace it. Tony had to keep the Cap'n Crunch hidden for its own protection.

"I'm starving – only thing I got to eat on that damned flight was vacuum-packed sushi." He shuddered at the memory. "Oh hey, Boss - Ducky asked if I was a member of the mile high club, and it really bugs me that I'm not. Can't we have sex in an airplane toilet even *once*, Boss? Okay, that sounded kinda whiny. But I have a reputation to think about, y'know? People *expect* me to have had sex in all kinds of wild and interesting places. No point telling them I have an uptight Marine drill sergeant for a lover whose idea of experimental is doing it on the couch instead of the bed."

He threw the spoon onto the coffee table and drank down the sugary milk remaining in the bowl. "Not that there's anything wrong with the *quality* of the sex that takes place in the bed, if you get my meaning," he called out between slurps. "Just that I'd be up for elevator sex, or outdoor sex, or you know, even boat sex. And that does NOT mean sex in boats kept indoors – like in our basement, say. I'm talking about out on the open water, with the sun beating down on our backs." He thought about it for a moment, smiling happily, and then gave a theatrical shiver. "Hmm, better save that fantasy for the summer."

A thudding sound from upstairs distracted him, and he frowned.

"Are you avoiding me, Boss? Cause I haven't seen you in two days, and I missed you in bed last night. I had to share with Ziva. Well, it was that or the floor, because show me a hotel room that's on the NCIS approved budget that has a *couch*. We flipped for the bed, and she lost, but then she got into the bed anyway and refused to budge, 'cause she's sneaky like that. And a sore loser. And *I* wasn't giving up the bed! I won the toss fair and square. So we slept together – just not, you know, in the...uh, accepted sense of the phrase."

There was another thud from upstairs – an angrier sounding one this time. Tony winced.

"You okay up there, Boss?" There was a muffled curse in reply, which Tony took as a "yes". He heard footsteps on the stairs and settled back on the couch, scooping his finger around the edge of the bowl to catch the last few remnants of cereal.

"Hey, Boss - Ziva wouldn't come with me when I went sight-seeing, but if I promised you that I'd do that thing I do with my tongue - you know, the thing that drives you nuts - then would you do the sights with me one day? I mean, Paris *is* the city of romance, and while you're not exactly the most romantic guy in the world, I figure that the tongue-thing bribe might make you happy to at least *pretend*..."

He looked up as Gibbs entered the room, and his good mood at being home evaporated immediately. He slammed the bowl down on the coffee table and got up.

"What the hell happened?" he demanded, striding over to where Gibbs was standing – with his arm in a sling.

"It was an accident," Gibbs growled.

"I repeat – what the hell happened?" Tony asked, eyes narrowing.

"Sturgis drove his car into us when me and McGee tried to arrest him."

"Damn it, you did something stupid and heroic again, didn't you?" Tony glared at Gibbs. Gibbs glared back. "Oh, I get it – McGee was slow getting out of the way, so you shoved him and ended up getting hit by the car."

Gibbs glared at him some more.

"Hah! When you glare at me like that I *know* I got it right," Tony informed him. "Did you, or did you not, get hit by the car because you were shoving McGee out of the way?"

"It was an accident," Gibbs repeated grouchy.

"I knew it! Christ, I leave you with McGee for two days – TWO! – and he gives you back broken. I'm gonna have his ass."

He reached for his cell phone and clicked to speed dial McGee and yell at him. Gibbs plucked it out of his hand and threw it down on the couch.

"It was an *accident*, DiNozzo. Now drop it," he ordered.

"I will not! Christ, *I* never manage to break you, even when we're having rough sex! I haven't broken you even when we've done that really, *really* rough stuff that you love so much - so how the hell did the *probie* manage it? I mean – he's the probie, for God's sake! I doubt he's so much as broken a fingernail in his life."

"Do you ever shut up?" Gibbs asked.

"On the subject of your health? No. If I'm not here bad things happen to you. You have no concept that you're not superhuman – or immortal. That's why you need me around, to remind you."

"Yeah, 'cause it's not like you never get yourself tied to chairs and slapped around on a regular basis."

"Twice! It's happened twice! That's all! And it's not like you never slap me around too – although admittedly that's just for fun." Tony gave a coquettish grin. Gibbs snorted. "So what's the damage?" Tony asked, tracing a gentle finger along Gibbs's arm.

"Just a few bruises." Gibbs shrugged and then winced. Tony frowned. Gibbs was made of iron; he never showed it hurt unless it *really* hurt.

"And?" Tony raised an eyebrow.

"And I dislocated my shoulder," Gibbs admitted reluctantly. Tony went berserk.

"You dislocated your shoulder? Damn it, I'm gonna chop the probie's balls off and have them for supper. No – wait – I'm gonna fry 'em up and make *him* have them for supper while I watch. Then I'm gonna..."

"You slept with Ziva?" Gibbs interrupted.

Tony stopped in mid-tirade. "You're deflecting."

"So? You're ranting."

"I didn't *sleep* with her. We just shared a bed. You wouldn't have wanted me to sleep on the floor, would you, Boss?" Tony gave what he knew was a pathetically ingratiating smile. "I mean, it was hard and cold, and I have a bad back. No point sleeping on the floor when there was a great big, giant - hell, practically KING sized - bed there. At no point did our bodies touch. I promise."

Gibbs shot him a dark look.

"It's not my fault there was only one room available!" Tony protested. Gibbs's dark look intensified. Tony sighed. "What can I say - it was an accident." He spread his arms wide and grinned helplessly.

Gibbs's expression softened. "Well, I'm glad you're back, DiNozzo."

"You are?" Tony felt himself brightening.

"Sure – it's a bitch getting dressed and undressed with only one arm." Gibbs gestured at his sling. "That's what took me so long upstairs just now."

"Aw, I know you missed me really." Tony pressed a kiss to Gibbs's mouth and found it as warm and responsive as always. "And I'm really, really good at the getting undressed bit," he muttered throatily as he nuzzled at Gibbs's jaw.

Gibbs snorted again and pushed him away. "Tell me something I don't know, DiNozzo."

"You know, you should do what *I* do, Boss, to avoid getting injured."

Gibbs raised an eyebrow. Tony grinned.

"I just let Ziva do all the fighting," he said, in a conspiratorial tone. "First sign of trouble I scream like a little girl and let her take over. Makes her feel good because she loves showing off all her ninja assassin-y type skills, and it means I don't end up getting hurt. See – you could learn from me there."

Gibbs's raised eyebrow was both skeptical *and* scary. Tony cleared his throat.

"Well, you did say to tell you something you didn't know," he muttered. He stretched and tried to smother a deep yawn. "Man I'm beat. I told Ziva I had a good night, but I didn't 'cause she snores likes she's trying to wake up all the people she's killed. And every time *I* woke up, I just wondered why I wasn't in bed with you, Jethro."

He took hold of Gibbs's head and gave him a softer, gentler kiss. Gibbs tasted of bourbon and coffee, and Tony inhaled the familiar combination of scents happily.

"Hate being away from you, Boss," he muttered as he released Gibbs.

"Bed was kinda cold without you too, DiNozzo," Gibbs admitted. Tony grinned – then yawned again.

"Talking of bed, I'm going to hit the sack. I'm whacked." He frowned. "Hey! I think I have jetlag."

"You were only gone for a couple of days, Tony." Gibbs rolled his eyes.

"So? They were a tough couple of days." Tony reached for his bag.

"Shame." Gibbs went over to the couch and sat down with a sigh.

"Shame?" Tony was intrigued. "Why?"

"Just thinking it's a shame you've got jetlag, 'cause I was gonna suggest something. But if you're too tired..."

There was a sneaky little grin playing around the corners of Gibbs's mouth. Tony went over to the couch and glared down at him.

"Spill!" he ordered.

"I was just thinking that you could be right and our sex life *is* getting kinda dull. I have no interest in doin' it in an airplane toilet – sounds far too uncomfortable. But I did think we could do that thing..."

"That thing? *The* thing?" Tony could almost *feel* his ears pricking up - and another part of his anatomy. "The thing that you said was totally not a Marine thing, and you'd only do it if I tied you down and made you – which, you know, I could always arrange. *That* thing?"

"That thing," Gibbs agreed, with a little nod.

"The thing that I've been begging and pleading for us to do since we first got together, but you always said no?"

"Yup." Gibbs nodded again.

"The thing that..."

"Tony! We both know what the thing is!" Gibbs interrupted impatiently. "Now do you wanna do it or not?"

"You sure you're well enough?" Tony gestured with his head at Gibbs's shoulder.

"Well yeah, DiNozzo. It's my shoulder that's out of action, not my dick."

"Thank God!" Tony was momentarily stricken by *that* thought. Then he cheered up again. "We'll take it easy - no rough stuff. And I'll do all the heavy lifting. You'll be fine."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," Gibbs grunted.

Tony grinned. "With outfits?" he asked.

Gibbs sighed. "Do we have to?"

Tony glared at him. "Yes. I already have a cowboy hat – as you may remember from slapping me around the head with it not so long ago. And the boots – man, I love my cowboy boots! The rest is easy – jeans, shirt...do you have any leather chaps? Oh, this is gonna be good. I'm gonna ride you into the mattress, cowboy!"

"Who says you get to do the riding tonight?" Gibbs raised an eyebrow.

"Oh c'mon! You know I've always wanted to try out that lasso I brought back from Arizona!"

"There is no way I'm letting you lasso me, DiNozzo."

"Okay, so we don't have to be cowboys, but it's called role-play for a *reason*, Gibbs; you get to be someone else for a change. So instead of being the cantankerous, grumpy, old bastard that you are, you could be...my slave boy!"

The temperature in the room dropped several degrees in an instant.

"Uh...or...you could be a mysterious, stern sheikh, and I could be *your* slaveboy?" Tony suggested quickly.

"That sounds more like it." Gibbs nodded. "Do we have to dress up though?"

"Yes." Tony pulled him carefully to his feet, taking care of his injured shoulder, put an arm around him, and ushered him quickly towards the stairs before he could change his mind.

Two hours later they lay on the bed, naked, sweaty, panting, and very very happy, gazing up at the ceiling.

"So, what changed your mind?" Tony asked, glancing sideways. "About the role-play I mean?"

Gibbs made a little movement with his jaw. "Just something someone said. I don't want anyone thinking I'm predictable," he muttered.

"Hmm, sounds intriguing." Tony turned over onto his side and gazed at Gibbs properly. "I have a confession to make," he confided.

Gibbs glanced at him. "I don't give a damn about who slept where in the hotel room, DiNozzo. It's boring."

"Nothing to do with the hotel room, but, uh, I *might* have checked out the flight attendant's ass on

the plane when he walked by."

Gibbs laughed. "Well, yeah. You're *you*, DiNozzo. No point trying to change you."

Tony traced a gentle finger over some of the bruises Gibbs had sustained when he'd been hit by the car. "Or you," he said softly.

Gibbs smiled at him and reached out his good hand to tousle Tony's hair. "Missed you," he muttered.

"Missed you too, Jethro." Tony leaned over, removed the cowboy hat from Gibbs's head, and threw it on the floor. "So, are you ready for that sheikh fantasy now?" he asked, with a suggestive leer.

Gibbs rolled his eyes. "I thought you said you were tired?"

"I was!" Tony grinned. "But this role-playing thing is one hell of a cure for jetlag!"

The End