

## Context by Xanthe



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### Story Notes:

Thanks to Bluespirit for the amazingly fast beta!

### Chapter 1 by Xanthe

“Hey boss – I’m back.” Tony poked his head around the door. Gibbs was sitting on the bed, glasses on, shoes off, glass of bourbon on the nightstand, reading the paper.

“I can see that, DiNozzo,” Gibbs replied, glancing up at him over the top of his specs.

“So...” Tony invited himself into the room, as far in as he thought he’d get before Gibbs stopped him. He glanced around. The place looked unchanged since 1976; there were some ancient posters on the wall, mainly sport heroes and girls, and Tony’s eyes lit up when he saw the half dozen model cars sitting on a shelf by the window. It was a teenage boy’s room – a kind of incongruous place to find a guy in his fifties. “This is where you grew up, huh?” Tony asked, fishing, as always. He reached out to run a finger over the shiny back of a model VW Beetle.

Gibbs just looked at him. Tony looked back.

"Any reason you dropped by on your way to the motel?" Gibbs asked, with a raised eyebrow.

"Just wanted to tell you that Nick Kingston is all safely locked up in the sheriff's cells for the night, and I've completed all the necessary paperwork. In triplicate." Tony groaned and stretched.

"You could have called and told me that," Gibbs grunted.

"No reception around here, boss," Tony said, taking the risk of edging a step closer to the bed. "So, I was thinking..."

"No," Gibbs told him.

"You don't know what I was thinking!" Tony protested. Gibbs shot him another of his looks. "Okay, so that *\*was\** what I was thinking, but come on! Ziva, Abby and McGee are all tucked up in the motel – hmm, now that's a thought – maybe they're all tucked up *\*together\** in the motel – in which case, way to go, McGee, but..."

"Tony!"

"What?" Tony managed to drag himself away from that enticing mental image to find Gibbs glaring at him. "Oh. Right, yes, where was I? Okay – so I could slip out early and sneak back to the motel – nobody would know I hadn't spent the night there."

"Tony, you are not seriously expecting me to smuggle you into my room for the night with my dad sleeping next door, are you?"

Tony grinned at him, a grin that he hoped was made of pure sex. "Why not?" he purred. "I bet you did it all the time when you were a randy teenager."

Gibbs raised an eyebrow.

"Oh come on!" Tony protested. "You so were a randy teenager," he added. "I know I was."

"You're still a randy teenager," Gibbs commented sourly. Tony grinned.

"I like to think I retain something of my youthful prowess," he mused. "So what d'you say, Jethro? Or should I call you Leroy like everyone else does out here in Stillwater, Pennsylvania?" He rolled the name of the town around unnecessarily on his tongue, still getting a thrill from it.

"You can call me boss tonight because you are not sleeping in my bed in my dad's house," Gibbs said firmly.

Tony sighed. It had been worth a try. He turned and walked towards the door, then stopped and glanced back. Gibbs had returned to reading his newspaper. "The illicit thrill could be a

turn on,” Tony said, with a suggestive gleam in his eye.

Gibbs glanced up, with a glare.

“Okay then.” Tony walked another couple of steps towards the door. “Think of me all on my own in that big, empty, lonely motel bed,” he said mournfully.

“I won’t,” Gibbs told him.

“Yeah. I know.” Tony cast a sour look in his direction, and then left the room. He walked down the stairs, slowly, enjoying every moment of this adventure in his lover’s hometown. Gibbs never talked about his family – well, Gibbs never talked about anything much so that wasn’t a surprise – but Tony was intrigued by every aspect of Gibbs’s personality so being here was like being in a Gibbs theme park – and it was full of clues as to what made Leroy Jethro Gibbs tick.

He could imagine Gibbs growing up here, helping his dad out in the store, slamming doors in a teenage rage and getting into fights. It was so totally different to his own childhood and he loved how cosy it was. He knew Gibbs had chafed at living in a small town, and it was clear that his relationship with his dad was sometimes strained, but Tony liked knowing that Gibbs had been loved as a child. God knows, the man had been through enough as an adult – it was good to know there were people out here – or at least one person – who loved him almost as much as Tony loved him.

He walked towards the front door, humming happily to himself. He picked up his bag from the hallway where he’d left it earlier and reached for the door.

“Hey son. You missed dinner,” a gravelly voice said behind him. Tony turned to find Jackson standing in the kitchen doorway.

“Yeah. I know. I had to do the paperwork on the bad guys,” Tony said. “I don’t know why he always makes me do the cuffing and processing but...” he shrugged.

“Because he trusts you,” Jackson said. “I saved you some dinner if you’re hungry.”

“You did? Well, that’s very thoughtful of you, Jack.”

“Well, you’re the only one of my boy’s people I haven’t had a chance to talk with yet,” Jackson told him. “And you’re the one I most want to talk to so...humour an old man, Tony.”

Tony gazed at him for a moment, wondering why he was the one Jackson Gibbs most wanted to talk to.

“I’d like that, Jack,” he replied softly, nodding his head. He dropped his bag and followed Jackson into the kitchen. The old man removed a plate of food from the oven and put it on a tray, and then gestured with his head that Tony should follow him out onto the porch. There were a couple of big rocking chairs standing side by side out there. Beside one of them was

a bottle of bourbon and a nearly empty glass. “Wow, this is kind of like something out of *The Waltons*,” Tony murmured, looking up at the clear night sky, the stars shining sharper and brighter than in the city, the air clean and cool.

Jackson chuckled and gestured with his head for Tony to take a seat. Tony lowered himself cautiously into one of the rocking chairs, and then surveyed his dinner appreciatively. It had been a long day and he was starving. He loaded up a fork and ate hungrily.

“So...how long have you and my boy been together?” Jackson asked, refilling his glass with bourbon then rocking back in his chair gently, with the ease of long habit.

Tony almost choked on his food. “Uh...” he coughed. Jack leaned over and thumped him helpfully on the back. “Um...you mean how long have I been working with him? Seven years,” Tony said. “Getting on for eight.”

“Hmmm.” Jack continued rocking, gazing out contentedly at the back yard. “That wasn’t what I asked, Tony,” he said. Tony looked up sharply, to find the old man’s blue eyes gazing at him knowingly. “My boy never was the talkative type,” Jack said. “Even as a child. Of course, he’d say that I always talked enough for both of us and he couldn’t get a word in edgeways but he always did like to bottle things up – bottle them up like soda in a can, until the pressure builds right up and then it all comes exploding out.”

“You know, that’s actually a pretty good description of him,” Tony said, with a grin. Jackson chuckled.

“So, because he never did say much, I got used to reading how he was feeling by looking at him,” Jackson mused, rocking gently. “Might not say much but you can tell most everything about him just by watching him.”

“Yeah.” Tony nodded, smiling to himself. He’d become a seasoned watcher of Leroy Jethro Gibbs over the years, and he thought he knew the man more than maybe anyone else in the world – except this old guy sitting next to him here.

“He didn’t want you coming up here,” Jackson said. Tony finished eating and put the tray on the floor.

“I know,” he said, feeling a familiar surge of insecurity flare in the pit of his belly.

“You know why?” Jackson asked, and those blue eyes of his seemed to read Tony as easily as they read his son.

“He didn’t want me to meet you,” Tony replied softly, because that was the truth of it. Gibbs didn’t want him to meet his father because he didn’t want Tony thinking that this – whatever it was they had between them – was serious. Tony was someone he liked to wake in the middle of the night, letting himself into Tony’s apartment to fuck him when he was all blurry and sleepy and helpless to resist his lover’s hot insistent kisses – but Gibbs was never there the next morning when Tony woke. He never asked Tony to stay over at his place –

never even invited him back.

Sometimes he'd drive Tony out at weekends, out into nowhere, just aimlessly drive around talking about football or movies or some other shit, and then he'd stop somewhere deserted, somewhere deep in the country, and fuck Tony into the ground. Other times he'd take Tony out for a meal somewhere, usually somewhere pretty nice, and Tony would dress up in a sharp suit and afterwards Gibbs would take him home and fuck him again.

They'd talk – but somehow Gibbs never gave anything away, while Tony rambled on endlessly about his screwed-up childhood and his old college buddies, and the guys he used to work with back at Baltimore PD, and his old girlfriends and boyfriends, and he didn't think there was anything Gibbs didn't know about him but Gibbs never gave a whole lot back. Tony was just someone he fucked, and god knows, Tony liked the fucking, but sometimes he wished Gibbs would give him the security of knowing that this was about more than just fucking. So no, Gibbs hadn't wanted him to meet his dad – that was far too up close and personal for Gibbs.

"No that wasn't it, son," Jackson said softly. "You got it the wrong way around. He didn't want \*me\* to meet you."

"Isn't it the same thing?" Tony frowned.

"No." Jack shook his head, and seemed gently amused. "He knows he can't keep anything from me. He knew I'd see it."

"See what?" Tony asked cautiously.

"You and him." Jack gestured with his head impatiently. "He's pretty good at hiding it, but it's always the tiny gestures with Leroy. You have to get to know him like I do. He'll never come right out and say it – you have to watch him closely. He's quite a study."

"Yeah. I know," Tony murmured softly. Studying Gibbs was one of his favourite pastimes. In the early hours of the morning, when it was just light enough in his bedroom to see without turning on the light, he'd sometimes prop himself up on his elbow and watch his lover sleep. It was the only time he really got to study the man when Gibbs couldn't deflect him with a glare. Other times he'd sit at his desk, and watch across the room as Gibbs worked. He liked the look of intense concentration Gibbs got when he was working – it was the same look he got when he was sucking on Tony's cock, or pushing his own cock into Tony's body. Tony loved how it felt being the focus of all that Gibbs intensity – it could be scary at times but it was always arousing.

"So, I saw the way he wouldn't look at you when you arrived – because he knew I'd see straight away what he was trying to hide," Jack said. "He couldn't keep that up though. He stands too close to you, and when he looks at you he looks straight into your eyes and there's a kind of light in them that I haven't seen there in a hell of a long time. He's relaxed around you – his body kind of loosens up, and he smiles more – and my boy doesn't smile easily. Never did, even as a baby. I'd have to canter around the room pulling stupid faces for

half an hour before he'd reward me with one of his smiles."

"Yeah, but when he does smile..." Tony glanced at Jackson, who grinned back happily, with an ease his son didn't share.

"Yeah," Jackson said, rocking back in his chair again. "Yeah. I know. You're a lot like me, Tony," he said softly.

"I am?" Tony frowned.

"Making that boy smile kind of became my life's work – same for you too, I think. Yes?"

Tony thought about it for a moment, and then sighed, and nodded. "Yeah," he said. "So...you don't mind? About me and him?"

Jackson shrugged. "Why should I mind?" he asked.

"Well...I'm not exactly..." Tony paused. "A girl," he finished finally, unsure how to end that sentence. Jackson laughed out loud.

"I had noticed that, Tony," he said, and for a second he sounded just like his son. "Listen, Tony," he said, in a tired voice, "when you get to my age you realise none of that stuff people tie themselves up in knots about really matters. All that matters is that you live well and follow your heart. Everything else just follows on from that. I never did like to judge other folks in any case. The best friend I ever had in my life was a black man – and some people around here didn't care for that very much but I never let anyone tell me how to live my life, not even Leroy, and I'm not about to start telling him how to live his, either. Besides...I just want him to be happy." Jack's voice went a bit husky as he said that. "You make him happy, Tony," he said.

"I'm not sure I do," Tony replied.

"Wasn't a question – it was a statement," Jackson said. "You do, Tony. He's been rootless since those lovely girls of his died, but now he seems more settled. You never did tell me how long you've been together."

"Not long," Tony sighed. "Just a few months. I got...I got sent away for awhile. When I came back...that's when it started. I think he missed me. Maybe I should have gone away years ago."

"That how long you've been in love with him?" Jackson asked. "Years?"

"Yeah." Tony shrugged. "Maybe I just wore him down by always sticking around. I think I got under his skin eventually. Like a splinter." He grinned. "I annoy him – he seems to like that."

Jackson chuckled. "I always feel the same way around him, son," he said.

Tony wrapped his arms around his body for warmth.

“You cold?” Jackson asked.

“Yeah. I left my jacket back at the police station and there’s no way I’m going back there for it tonight. I was glad to get the hell out of that place. Gibbs...Leroy...doesn’t have a lot of friends around here, does he?” Tony winced, remembering the terse few hours he’d spent with the sheriff. Jackson shook his head, wryly.

“He always did like to keep himself to himself,” he said. “And here – I keep a sweater out here for cold evenings. Wear this.” He reached out, pulled a thick white cardigan off the porch railings, and handed it to Tony.

“Thank you, Jack,” Tony said, pulling on the sweater. It smelled of bourbon and nights spent out on the porch. Tony thought he could get used to this way of life, sitting out here, talking under the stars.

“You’re welcome, son. Just promise me you’ll take good care of my boy,” Jack said to him, and there was an urgency to his tone that made Tony look up. Jack reached over and put a hand on his arm. “I mean it, Tony. I don’t know how much longer I’ll be around and Leroy – he’s stubborn as a mule and doesn’t like to admit he needs anyone but we all need someone, and you’re good for him, Tony, you really are. Don’t let him shut you out the way he shut me out all these years.”

“Wish I knew a way in,” Tony said softly.

“He’s scared of getting hurt again,” Jack told him. “Losing those beautiful girls of his pretty much killed him. Thing with Leroy is – you stick with him and you push him sometimes and he’ll start to open up a little. Might take a long time but it’ll happen.”

“Oh I’m a patient man, Jack,” Tony grinned.

“I can see that - you waited seven years to sleep with him didn’t you?” Jackson grinned. Tony flushed bright red and Jackson laughed out loud. Tony glanced over at him, and then burst out laughing himself. They laughed for a long time, and it felt good, sitting out here, talking to the only other person in the world who loved Leroy Jethro Gibbs as much as he did.

“I thought I told you to go to the motel, DiNozzo,” a voice said behind them. Jackson and Tony both jumped, and then turned in unison to see Gibbs standing in the doorway.

“Damn it, Leroy – are you still creeping up on people after all these years?” Jackson grumbled. “Damn annoying habit.”

“It really is, isn’t it?” Tony said. Gibbs glared at him but Tony just smiled back seraphically. He suspected he’d get his head slapped for this later but right now he was having too much fun to care.

“Now, Leroy, this boy is family – and family stay here, not in some motel across the road,” Jackson said firmly. Tony held his breath, watching as a muscle in Gibbs’s jaw flickered – which was as big a reaction as they were going to get.

“I can see you two have been doing some talking,” Gibbs said, his icy stare fixed on Tony.

“Oh now, don’t you go giving Tony a hard time about this!” Jackson remonstrated. “I’m the one who flushed him out – and he didn’t tell me anything I didn’t already know.”

Gibbs sighed. “See, I knew you’d figure it out if I brought him up here – which is why I told you to stay back in DC,” he told Tony, with another glare.

“You wanted the court order.” Tony shrugged. “So I had no choice but to bring it up, did I?” he said sweetly.

“He’s a good boy, Leroy,” Jackson said, with a firm nod. “I like him. You could have done a lot worse. You *\*have\** done a lot worse as I recall.”

“I am not standing here and having a conversation about my love life,” Gibbs said tersely.

Jackson shook his head. “You’re lucky you have a love life, son,” he said ruefully. “Now – you treat this boy well or he’ll run off like all the others.”

“No I won’t.” Tony got up, and stretched. “Leroy knows he won’t get rid of me that easily,” he said, taking advantage of the situation by going over to Gibbs, sliding an arm around his lover’s waist, and then stealing a kiss from his cheek. He could feel Gibbs’s fingers itching to slap his head, and he grinned, knowing he was safe while Jackson was around. “And you heard your dad, Leroy – he says I’m family now, and he wants me to stay over tonight.”

“Can’t believe you were going to send him off to a motel,” Jackson grumbled. “Tony stays here tonight, Leroy. There are some spare towels in the bathroom closet,” he told Tony. “You sleep well, boys. I’m just going to stay out here a bit longer and finish my drink.” He held up his nearly empty glass.

“Thank you, Jack,” Tony said, grinning. “Time for bed, Leroy,” he added, moving his hand down and squeezing Gibbs’s ass firmly. Gibbs glared at him, but, after his conversation with Jackson, Tony felt much bolder. Gibbs had been calling the shots in their relationship for a long time – now Tony thought it was time he started calling some himself.

Tony walked back into the house and then up the stairs and finally into Gibbs’s bedroom, then held his breath, wondering what would happen next. He heard Gibbs on the stairs behind him, and then Gibbs came into the room. Tony noticed that his lover had stopped off to pick up his bag from the hallway. He dumped the bag on the bed, then walked over to Tony and slapped him firmly on the back of the head.

“What’s that for?” Tony said, rubbing his head, grinning ruefully all the same because he

had kind of deserved it. "Calling you Leroy or squeezing your ass back there?"

"That's for talking to my dad," Gibbs growled. Tony laughed out loud.

"Wow - you really do become a teenager around him, don't you?" he said. "And I didn't get to ask him half the questions I wanted to ask him. I should really start making a list," he mused. He caught the tiny wince he saw in Gibbs's eyes at the thought of him asking Jackson a whole load of personal and probing questions but he thought maybe it was good for his closed off lover to have to open up a little. "Besides, he's a great old guy," he added softly.

Gibbs grunted, gazing at Tony suspiciously, and then he sighed and nodded. "Yeah. He is," he muttered.

"You've been an idiot, haven't you?" Tony said. "All these years, keeping him out." The words were tinged with meaning and he could see it wasn't lost on Gibbs. Tony advanced on him, getting into his space. "He loves you. You should let the people who love you in, Jethro, let them be a part of your life."

"You mean what you said earlier?" Gibbs asked, eyes fixed on Tony's face. "You going anywhere, Tony?"

Tony thought about the long years he'd spent loving this man, and how it had only been when he got sent away to sea that Gibbs had finally made his move, and for just a brief second he got a glimpse of Gibbs's own insecurities. Jackson was right – you had to look hard to see the real man, but when you did the rewards were immense.

"No," he said firmly. "You?"

"No," Gibbs replied.

"Then I guess you're stuck with me," Tony said. He reached out and cupped Gibbs's face in his hand, gently running his thumb over Gibbs's cheek. Then he leaned in and pressed his lips against Gibbs's lips, kissing him tenderly. Gibbs's hands came to rest on Tony's ass, stroking insistently. Tony drew back. "When we get home, I'm going to come over to your place. Spend the night. Leave a few things there," he said.

Gibbs raised an eyebrow. "Yeah?" he challenged.

"Yeah," Tony told him firmly.

Gibbs thought about it for a moment, and then gave one of those rare smiles. "Okay," he said. Tony wished he'd known years ago that this could be so easy. What was it Ziva had said to him earlier? Context, it seemed, really was everything, and now that Gibbs was in context he was surprisingly easy to read.

Tony pulled his lover close, and kissed him hard, running his fingers over Gibbs's body

hungrily. Usually Gibbs made all the moves and Tony let him but now he felt more confident, and much more assertive than he ever had in this relationship. He drew back and pulled Gibbs over to the bed, then pushed him down on it.

“You have condoms and lube?” he asked, because Gibbs was the one who always brought those items along. Gibbs looked up at him, and rolled his eyes.

“You think those were things I’d pack for a trip back here?” he asked. Tony grinned.

“Good thing I did then,” he said, reaching for his bag.

“You thought you’d get lucky out here?” Gibbs asked, in disbelief.

“I did, yes, and it turns out I was right,” Tony said, finding the items he was looking for. Gibbs pulled him back down for another hungry kiss and his hand undid Tony’s fly. Tony grunted as Gibbs found his hard cock and wrapped an expert hand around it.

“Talk dirty to me, Jethro,” he whispered in his lover’s ear. “Tell me about the car.”

“What?” Gibbs frowned, pulling back to look at him.

“Keep working the hand!” Tony protested. Gibbs nipped his neck with his teeth but his hand did at least start moving again. “Talk to me about the car,” Tony insisted. “It’s so big, and shiny, and yellow...and I can just see you as a kid, leaning over it, hands all oily...oh shit I think I’m gonna come.”

He remembered the way Gibbs had driven the car down the road earlier, a big, crazy-ass grin on his face, looking happier than Tony could ever remember seeing him, and he came over his lover’s hand. Gibbs grinned.

“You’re a pervert, DiNozzo,” he said.

“What – you never had car sex before?”

“Yeah - \*in\* a car – not talking about one,” Gibbs told him, taking off his shirt, then tugging his tee shirt off over his head

“I like talking,” Tony said pointedly, pulling off his pants and throwing them on the floor, then removing his shirt, socks and shoes, to get fully naked.

“I’d noticed,” Gibbs said, and there was a fond little grin on his face when he said that.

“Some of us use it as a way to communicate,” Tony added, reaching for Gibbs’s pants and undoing them. He slid them easily off his lover’s legs and Gibbs’s erection sprang free. Gibbs pushed him back on the bed, then leaned over him, and his fingers gently stroked Tony’s hair. His eyes had that deadly Gibbs focus that they always got when they were having sex, but Tony noticed the light in them, and the way Gibbs was smiling at him, as if he was all

that existed in the whole world. "And some of us don't need to," Tony added, pulling Gibbs down for another kiss.

He surrendered to Gibbs's hands on his body, and Gibbs's lubed fingers in his ass, and then Gibbs grabbed his buttocks in his hands and his hard cock pressed up against him.

"You ever let anyone fuck you, Jethro?" he asked, as Gibbs slid inside him, with a little hiss of pleasure.

"Once. Long time ago," Gibbs replied. He began sinking into Tony, with long, lazy thrusts, looking down on Tony as he moved, that light still in his eyes.

"When we get home... I'm going to fuck you," Tony told him.

"Is that so?" Gibbs quirked an eyebrow.

"Yeah," Tony said confidently. "I am."

Gibbs moved the pace up so that Tony couldn't think much of anything except the feel of his hard cock in his ass, and how damn good that was. Gibbs came with a little grunt of pleasure – even when having sex he was pretty undemonstrative. Afterwards though...afterwards he pulled Tony tight against him and held him close. They were both big men and it was a small bed but even so...that didn't explain why Gibbs kept kissing his neck, or the way his hand curled protectively around Tony's hip.

He dozed, feeling more content than he had in years. He ran through some of the questions he wanted to ask Jackson, wondering if he'd be able to get the old man alone again before they left the next day. There was a lot he needed to know, and he knew Jackson would tell him things that Gibbs never would. At some point he must have dropped off because he awoke a few hours later to the feel of a lubed finger sliding into his ass.

"Randy teenager – I knew being back in this room would make you regress," Tony muttered.

"Can't help myself," Gibbs told him, a grin in his voice. "You up for this again?"

"Always." Tony moved his legs obligingly to give Gibbs better access, and then sighed as he felt Gibbs's hard cock enter him again. A second later Gibbs wrapped a hand around his half-hard cock.

"Used to work on her every night after school," Gibbs murmured into his ear. "Open her up, slide my hands inside...she wasn't such a beauty back then but I could see the potential in a car like that. Always knew I wanted to paint her yellow, and ride her hard and fast up the street..."

"Oh shit..." Tony said, and then he came again. Gibbs laughed and thrust into him a few more times, then came too. "I'm going to be sore for the ride home now," Tony grumbled. "Twice in one night though – not bad going, old man."

Gibbs slapped the back of his head lightly and Tony grinned, happily, into the pillow.

“So, d’you prefer Leroy or Jethro?” he asked over his shoulder. “Or Gibbs,” he added.

“You can call me anything you want,” Gibbs told him softly.

Gibbs’s cock was still buried inside him, and Gibbs’s hand was firm on his midriff, holding him tight against him, and Gibbs’s breath was warm on the back of his neck. It was amazing how revealing a trip to a man’s hometown could be, Tony thought to himself.

“Context,” he muttered. “Never realised before. Gotta see things in their proper context.”

“Shut up, Tony,” Gibbs told him.

Tony nodded. “Shutting up now, Jethro.”

The End

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