

Dark Harmony by Xanthe



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Story Notes:

Author's Notes: I've had a bad couple of weeks, and this story is a reflection of that. It's intense so be warned! This story is intended to be a one shot, not set in any particular universe. Many thanks to Nikita for fabulous and fast beta!

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Sometimes the kid was saved. There was the little blind girl released by her kidnappers. Or the six year old boy abandoned at the carnival when his father was abducted.

And sometimes the kid wasn't saved. Gibbs, of all people, didn't need to be reminded of that as he looked down on the small, crumpled body on Ducky's autopsy table and remembered another body, eighteen years ago – just as small, just as crumpled.

They worked four days straight. They slept at their desks, ate on the run, and went home only to clean up and change into fresh clothes before heading back out again. Gibbs worked his team hard, but nobody complained. When he looked at their faces, he saw that small, crumpled body reflected back at him in their eyes.

So he worked them into the ground – and they caught the bastard before he had time to rape and kill another child. The interrogation, the paperwork – that took another day to

finish up, and then it was done, and they could all breathe again.

The demands of the case had taken its toll though, and Gibbs knew his team all had their own way of handling it.

McGee left first, his report neatly typed up and left in Gibbs's in-tray. Gibbs knew that he'd go home, strip down to boxers and a tee shirt, and sit up for half the night playing those online games he seemed to love so much. McGee would be Elflord for the night, and when he came back to work after the weekend, that part of himself that he'd lost in the horrors of this case would be restored.

Ziva and Abby left together, leaning on each other, both of them too wrung out to talk. Gibbs knew that Abby would go to the convent and spend the night with the sisters. It was too late to go bowling, but one of them would sit with her until she was relaxed enough to get some sleep. They wouldn't ask anything of her, and Abby would sit in uncharacteristic silence, just gazing into space, the arms of one of the sisters wrapped comfortingly around her shoulders.

Ziva would head for the all-night gym down the road from her apartment. Even as late as it was, she'd find someone there to spar with – kick-boxing probably, Gibbs thought, as he watched her go. She'd go to sleep with bleeding feet, her body aching, and in the morning she'd get up, go back to the gym, and do it all over again.

Ducky came up to the squad room to say goodbye, but he was too subdued to treat them to one of his usual stories. Instead, he just waved his hand wearily and gave Gibbs and Tony a stern injunction to go home and get some rest.

Gibbs glanced at Tony, and Tony glanced back. Gibbs grunted. There was no way either of them would be able to sleep just yet. Not after a case like this. Adrenaline wasn't something you could turn on and off at will. It had kept them going these past few days, and it was still racing through their veins. No, sleep wasn't an option. Not yet. They needed to wind down first.

In the old days, the combination of boat, bourbon and basement had worked for him. Now though, he had another option.

Gibbs watched Ducky go. He knew that his old friend would drive home, make himself a cup of hot, sweet tea, and then sit in his armchair beside the fire, with one of his dogs cradled on his lap. He'd probably fall asleep there and wake up with a stiff neck in the early hours of the morning.

As for Tony...

Gibbs gazed broodingly at Tony's dark brown head, bent over his work as he finished off his report. Tony seemed to sense his gaze on him and looked up. There were lines of weariness etched around his eyes and a haunted look in them. Tony had worked this case harder than any of the rest of his team except himself, and God knows they'd all worked hard. But it had

been Tony who had found the child's body, and that haunted look had been in his eyes ever since. The task of telling the child's mother had fallen to Gibbs – and even knowing how it felt to receive that kind of news didn't give him any insight into how to deliver it. The sound of that woman's raw, wretched sobs still echoed in his ears.

Tony was still looking at him; his gaze was open, hiding nothing. His eyes told Gibbs everything he wouldn't say; Gibbs knew exactly how Tony would come down from this case.

Gibbs reached out, snapped off his desk lamp, and left the office without saying a word.

He didn't once look back as he drove home. He didn't look back as he got out of the car and strode into the house. He didn't look back as he ran down the stairs to the basement. He didn't need to.

He went over to the workbench and turned on the lamp, hearing the footsteps on the stairs behind him. Gibbs turned.

"Strip," he ordered.

Tony wearily hooked his finger into his tie and pulled it open and then began work on his shirt. Gibbs removed his own jacket and threw it over the side of the boat. He turned back to see Tony slowly unbuttoning his shirt. He was moving like an old man, crippled by exhaustion. He might be tired, but, like Gibbs, he was too far gone to sleep.

They both needed this.

Gibbs went over to him, facing him. He didn't touch him. He stood in front of him and began unbuttoning his shirt sleeves. Tony shrugged off his shirt and began unbuckling his belt. Gibbs rolled his sleeves slowly up to the elbow. Tony toed off his shoes and peeled off his socks. Then he undid his fly, pushed his pants and boxers down his long legs, and kicked them off onto the floor. He left them there, in an untidy heap, and stood there, naked. He glanced at Gibbs.

"Where?" he asked.

"Wall." Gibbs gestured with his head. "Wait," he ordered. He went over to the work bench, opened a drawer, and took out a tube of lubricant. He threw it to Tony, who caught it expertly in one hand. "Do it now," Gibbs ordered. "I won't be able to wait later."

Tony nodded. He squeezed a generous amount of lube onto his fingers and then slid them into his own ass, stretching and lubricating it. Gibbs watched him, dispassionately, saying nothing. When he was done, Tony walked over to the far wall, took a deep breath, and placed the palms of his hands flat against it.

Gibbs waited until he was in position and then crawled under the boat, found the bundle there, wrapped up in a blanket, and brought it out. He laid the blanket on the workbench and considered the items lying on it, deciding which one to use first.

He glanced at Tony. He was taking a few deep breaths, but his shoulders were tight and tense. He needed loosening up; it might take awhile.

Gibbs reached for the flogger. It was made of fine knotted suede and would ease Tony's shoulders open and get him ready for the more painful symphony Gibbs would play on his body later.

"Ready?" Gibbs asked. Tony took a shaky intake of breath.

"Ready," he confirmed.

This was a familiar place for them both. It wasn't usually like this, but they had a kind of shorthand with each other after all this time, and tonight they were able to get down to basics with the minimum of conversation.

Gibbs didn't hesitate. He raised his right arm and brought the flogger down hard on Tony's shoulders. He knew it hurt, but it was a warm, thudding kind of pain. Not the sharp, biting, intense pain he'd make Tony take before he was through.

Tony's shoulders opened up slowly under the onslaught. His breathing slowed to the same rhythm as Gibbs's strokes, and he looked down, at his feet, his body relaxing.

Gibbs felt as if the flogger was an extension of his arm. With each stroke he could feel himself synchronising with the implement in his hand and with the man standing in front of him. His own breathing slowed, until it too matched the strokes he delivered, and the steady rise and fall of Tony's chest.

He warmed every inch of Tony's skin, from the top of his shoulders to half way down his thighs. He stroked the suede flogger over Tony's buttocks, drawing the blood to the surface and making them blush. Then he stopped.

"Warm up's done, Tony," he said.

Tony nodded.

Gibbs threw down the flogger and reached for the paddle. It was black leather – hard and unyielding. It delivered a dull, heavy kind of pain. He moved closer, wrapped his fist in Tony's hair, and pulled his head back.

"Count," he ordered. He saw the spike of protest in Tony's eyes. "Count," he said again, tersely. "I don't want to lose you inside your head this early on."

Tony's eyes flashed. Gibbs tightened his fist in his hair warningly. Tony gazed at him for a moment, from mutinous green eyes, and then the rebellion left his body.

"Yes, Boss," he agreed.

Gibbs knew why he was reluctant. Tony wanted to go into himself; he wanted to experience just the syncopated beat of the leather on his skin, wanted to lose himself in it – and counting stopped that. Counting kept him in the moment. But Gibbs also knew, from past experience, that if Tony went into himself too early then he couldn't last as long – and if that happened, neither of them got the release they needed. He couldn't let that happen tonight. They both needed this too much.

There was another reason he ordered the count – Tony had to feel that he was submitting. At times like this it was too easy. They had both known what had to happen tonight. There had been no flirtatious dance, no foreplay; no smart-mouthed Tony goading Gibbs into dominating him, and no Gibbs reeling him back in and forcing him down. They were too tired for that tonight. Yet without it, Tony didn't go all the way down, and tonight, of all nights, he needed that. He needed to not just take the searing strokes on his bare skin, but to know that he had no choice - Gibbs would make him take them.

They both needed that; Gibbs needed Tony's submission as much as Tony needed to submit. He needed to feel the fight leave Tony's body, needed to see him surrender with each hard stroke. He needed to feel that sense of domination rise slowly within as he made Tony bend to his will. He needed the catharsis of his own domination every bit as much as Tony needed the catharsis of his submission. They were two sides of the same coin. They needed each other – and, right now, they needed each other badly.

He kept his hand in Tony's hair, pulling on it, until he sensed Tony surrender a little bit more. Then he turned Tony's face towards him and claimed a hard, vicious kiss from him. It wasn't sweet, or tender, or loving. It was a kiss of ownership and domination. Tony held position – he knew better than to break it at this point, not when Gibbs was getting into his headspace like this, not when they were building up to so much more.

Then Gibbs released him, pushing his head away. There was a little droplet of blood oozing from the tear Gibbs had put in Tony's lip. Tony licked it away, his face expressionless. Then he bowed his head in a deliberate gesture of submission, braced himself against the wall, and stuck out his ass.

Gibbs swung the paddle hard against that offered ass, making Tony gasp.

"Count," Gibbs snapped, when nothing was forthcoming.

"One," Tony muttered unwillingly. Gibbs cracked the paddle down between Tony's thighs, making him yelp.

"Louder."

"ONE!" Tony said crisply.

Gibbs nodded, satisfied. He swung again, leaving a fine red imprint on Tony's buttocks.

"TWO!" Tony called.

Gibbs wouldn't let him get into a rhythm this time – not yet. So he broke it up, taking his time between some strokes, and speeding up on others. If Tony forgot the count, he slapped him hard between his open legs, never failing to elicit a squawk of protest. Then he made it even harder for Tony to take – concentrating every single blow on the same spot, working that patch of skin over and over again until Tony was screaming the count, pounding his fists against the wall as he forced himself to take it, making himself stay in position and allow Gibbs to deliver this particular form of torment. He could have stood up at any time. He could have stood up and walked away – but he didn't, and Gibbs knew that he wouldn't. The pain, the shouting, the screaming – Tony was using it to banish the worst parts of the last few days from his mind.

Gibbs continued to blister the same small areas of flesh over and over again – moving from one heated patch of skin to another, until Tony's entire butt was flaming red, and Tony was gasping, pleading, crying, and begging for a mercy that neither one of them wanted Gibbs to give.

Tony had a safe word, but he wouldn't use it tonight. Tonight it had to be hard, it had to be intense, and it had to hurt - or neither one of them would get what they needed.

Gibbs finished with the paddle, and Tony laid his arms against the wall, buried his face in them, and moaned softly to himself.

Gibbs threw the paddle down on the blanket and went up close behind the naked man. He took Tony's hot buttocks in his hands and kneaded them roughly. Tony cried out, his entire body shaking. He was nearly there – just a little more.

"I'm not done with you yet, boy," Gibbs hissed into his ear, in a low, growling tone. Tony shuddered.

"No, Boss," he whispered.

"I'm going to whip your ass."

"Yes, Boss."

"Think you can take my whip?"

"Yes, Boss."

"Good – because I'm gonna make you take it." Gibbs allowed his warm breath to ghost over the back of Tony's neck. Tony sighed and leaned back against him.

"Yes, Boss. Please...please make me take it, Boss," he begged. "Make it hard, make it hurt, make it real. Make me take it."

"Oh, I will, Tony," Gibbs promised. "I will."

"Don't listen to me if I beg and scream and plead with you to stop," Tony told him.

"Never do, Tony," Gibbs grunted. "Never do. You're mine, boy. You'll take whatever I hand out."

"Yes, Boss."

Gibbs waited a beat and was rewarded by the gentle sigh of relief that escaped Tony's lips. He gave small, tight grin. This was it. This was what he had been waiting for. Tony was now in exactly the right place for Gibbs to take him to the next level.

He kissed the back of Tony's neck, then bit it, like a lioness immobilising her cub. Tony squealed, his fingers scrabbling against the wall for support. Gibbs bit him hard, enjoying the taste of the salty, sweat-drenched skin. Then he released him, taking a fierce pride in the red mark he'd left behind.

He stepped back and reached for the long, single-tailed whip. This one hurt. It would leave long, red welts on Tony's body that would take a few days to fade. Gibbs always liked seeing those marks the next day. He liked keeping Tony naked all day long if it was possible, just so that he could look at the marks he'd placed on his body. It brought out some primal urge in him. Tony was his – the marks on him proved it.

Gibbs shook out the whip, and Tony's shoulders unfurled at the same time, in anticipation. Gibbs felt his own shoulders relaxing too.

He opened up, drew back his arm, and then threw the whip against Tony's naked body at full force. He knew what Tony could take – knew that Tony wanted it to be hard, or he wouldn't get to that place in his head where he needed to be right now.

Tony gave a grunt in response, but he took the blow. Gibbs swung again, getting into a rhythm this time. Now it was a dance, and one they had been doing for a very long time, each of them instinctively knowing the tune, the steps, and how to stay in synch with the other. Gibbs needed Tony's submission, and Tony needed to give it. Gibbs needed to feel the exertion, the release of cool leather hitting skin, and Tony needed to feel the intensity of the sting.

The horrors of the past few days faded as Gibbs worked that whip over Tony's skin, making it bite into Tony's flesh with each harsh, caressing stroke. Tony's entire body was pressed up against the wall now, flipping like a newly caught fish with each stroke that Gibbs laid on him.

They were nearly there... just a little more...

He increased the tempo of the dark harmony he was playing on Tony's body, driving Tony mercilessly towards the crescendo. Now Tony was screaming and babbling, begging for

mercy, the way he had said he would. And Gibbs ignored him, the way he had promised he would. He made the strokes even harder, painting each one on with deadly accuracy, leaving long, red welts in his wake.

It was intense, and terrifying, and beautiful. It made his blood pound in his veins, made every dominant instinct inside him rise to the surface. This man, this beautiful man in front of him, would take everything he handed out. This man was his lover, his prey, his submissive.

This man was his.

He threw aside the whip with a snarl. He crossed the room in a few short strides and pushed himself up against Tony roughly. Gibbs opened his pants, released his hard, aching cock, and then grabbed Tony's ass cheeks in his hands. Tony moaned softly, his body loose and compliant, allowing Gibbs to take what he wanted.

Gibbs wrenched his buttocks apart and pushed his big, hard cock into Tony's lubed entrance. He entered him in one hard, fast thrust, wringing another scream from Tony's lips. Gibbs pushed himself all the way in, hungry to feel the tight warmth of Tony's body sheathing him. It felt like such a relief to be buried inside Tony. It made all the horror and tension of the past few days start to recede. This was where he needed to be – where Tony needed him to be. He pressed a gentle kiss to the bite mark on the back of Tony's neck.

"Mine," he whispered.

"Yours," Tony agreed. "Fuck me," he begged. "Fuck me, Boss. Please...fuck me...hard...Need to feel it, to feel you...fuck me..."

Gibbs moved his hips back and then slammed into Tony again, as hard as he could. He could feel the heat of Tony's tenderised skin against his groin, and it was so good. He bit down on Tony's shoulder and then thrust again, and again, and again.

Tony was sagging against the wall, so Gibbs wrapped his arms around his body to hold him in position. He liked how it felt – Tony naked, whipped, defenceless, and utterly submissive, against his own strong, clothed, dominant body. He liked the way Tony's body yielded to him, his hole opening up wider and wider to receive each of his savage thrusts.

He lost himself in the fucking, in the rutting, his cock slamming into Tony's warm body with brutal efficiency, his balls slapping against Tony's whipped flesh with each inward thrust. He could hear his own harsh, guttural breathing, and Tony's panting sobs of pleasure.

They were a dominant and his submissive. They were each what the other needed him to be. This was where they dumped that excess adrenaline, where they forgot their everyday selves and the strains of the past week. This was where they reminded themselves who they were, deep inside – who they truly were.

Gibbs came with a possessive roar. He held Tony in place as he pumped his come deep into

Tony's ass. Then he stood there, panting, sweat trickling down his face and into his eyes. He blinked it away.

Keeping one hand wrapped around Tony's body, he moved his other down to take Tony's hard cock in his hand. He kept his own softening cock embedded in Tony's body as he pumped Tony's cock with long, hard sweeps of his fingers. He had taken his pleasure in his submissive – now it was time to reward Tony with his own climax. Tony bucked into his hand, breathing hard as his arousal grew, and then Gibbs felt his sub's balls tighten and his come spurt out over his hand, warm and sticky.

They stood there for a long time, Gibbs holding up his tired sub, still embedded deep inside him. Gibbs buried his nose in the back of Tony's hair and inhaled the scent of him.

"God I love you, Tony," he whispered fiercely in Tony's ear.

"Love you too, Jethro," Tony replied, half sobbing, half gasping.

It was the only time either of them could ever say it, in the aftermath of this kind of dark, frenzied sex. Gibbs kissed his sub's neck again, gently, still feeling fiercely protective towards him.

Finally, reluctantly, Gibbs withdrew. He kept his hands on Tony's hips, keeping his sub steady as he moved away from the intoxicating warmth of his body. Tony took an uncertain step back from the wall, and Gibbs tugged him around, grabbed a fistful of his hair, pulled him close, and covered his mouth with his own. This time he kissed him tenderly, softly, lovingly, and Tony moaned and opened up, letting him explore deep inside.

Gibbs kissed him for a long time and then released him.

"Bed," he said. He walked over to the workbench and turned off the lamp, plunging the basement into darkness.

He didn't once look back as he climbed up two flights of stairs. He didn't look back as he went into the bedroom and pulled back the sheets. He didn't need to.

Tony got into the bed, lying on his front, and Gibbs stripped off his own clothes and got in beside him. He ran one finger over Tony's back in the darkness, tracing the welts on his skin. Tony lay there, his face turned towards Gibbs, his breathing gentle and settled now. He still looked tired, but it was a less haunted kind of tiredness.

"These look good on you," Gibbs told him, knowing how much Tony loved hearing him talk this way. "I welted you from head to toe, Tony."

Tony's lips were open, and his tongue darted between them, wetting them. Gibbs knew that tomorrow Tony would lock himself in the bathroom and examine every single one of the welts on his body. He loved looking at the marks Gibbs had imprinted in his skin as much as Gibbs did.

"And the bites," Tony prompted, his eyes sparkling a little in the darkness. "You bit me too. Tell me about the bites."

Gibbs gave a little grunting grin. "Oh yeah – I bit you. I bit you hard. You have my bite marks on your skin...here...and here..." He traced his fingers over the back of Tony's neck.

"Tomorrow I'm gonna hold you down and bite your ass as well."

"Mmmm. Yeah. Do that. Will you lick the welts too?" Tony asked, his eyes closing sleepily and then opening again.

"Yeah. I'll tie you down on the bed so you can't move and lick them - every single one of 'em. I'll make them hurt all over again," Gibbs promised him. Tony's eyelids flickered. "Then I'll fuck you," Gibbs whispered in his ear.

"Hard?" Tony asked. "Will you fuck me hard, Boss?"

"Oh yeah. I'll fuck you into the mattress, Tony," Gibbs promised, feeling his own eyelids start to droop.

Tony edged towards him, needing the comfort and security of his dom's arms now the way he'd needed Gibbs to whip him without mercy earlier. Gibbs wrapped his arms around him and pulled him in close. Tony put his chin on Gibbs's shoulder and closed his eyes again. A few seconds later he was fast asleep. Gibbs nuzzled gently at his sub's jaw, dropping several little kisses on his cheek.

The image of that child lying on the slab in autopsy fell away, taking with it the image of another autopsy table, eighteen years ago.

Gibbs closed his eyes. Somewhere else in this city, Tim McGee was sitting in his apartment in his boxer shorts, ruling over his virtual empire, directing mythical battles from the safety of his living room.

Abby was resting her head on the shoulder of one of the convent sisters, eyes red-rimmed as she gazed into the fire burning in the grate.

Ziva was binding up her sore feet, getting ready to limp home to bed, her sparring partner in far worse shape than her.

Ducky was sipping on his cup of tea, stroking the silky ears of his favourite corgi as he gently hummed to himself.

And he and Tony were here, doing this.

It was who they were.

The End

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