

Hands by Xanthe



Story archived: <http://www.xanthe.org/hands/>

Story Notes:

I must admit it's really me who has a fascination with Gibbs's hands *g*. This story grew out of a discussion that I had on the subject with [lantean_drift](#) on my birthday. It's been brewing up ever since and I finally gave into it and wrote it. It was supposed to be just a little Xmas fic but it kind of grew. It's unbeta'd so please forgive any errors and accept it as my little present to all the people who have been so kind and generous in sending me feedback these past few months since I started writing again.

Extract: They were the hands of a craftsman who could coax smooth curves out of solid wood and the hands of a killer who could caress a gun into perfect working order. They were working hands, creative hands, patient hands. They were hands that knew how to get the best out of guns, and wood, and...him.

"I wish I knew why the hell Vance had to schedule this op for Christmas Eve," Tony grumbled, as he hauled four bags full of surveillance equipment up the third flight of stairs to the top of the derelict warehouse.

"He did it on purpose to screw with your Christmas plans, DiNozzo," Gibbs told him, running up ahead of him, with just one long, small, elegant case in his hands.

"Why does it always have to be derelict warehouses?" Tony muttered, stopping for a moment to get a firmer grip on one of the bags. "Couldn't you have chosen a better place for your sniper's nest, Boss?" he complained. "One with fewer flights of stairs maybe? Or an elevator?" Gibbs paused on the stairs ahead of him.

"I could, but then I wouldn't have been able to make you walk up all these stairs with all those bags, would I?" he said.

"Why am *I* carrying all the bags, Boss?" Tony asked, making a face at him as he started up the stairs again.

"Because I say so," Gibbs replied, which really wasn't worth arguing with because just about everything in Tony's life was because Gibbs said so, and if he was honest Tony didn't want it any other way.

He heaved himself up onto the top landing, and they pushed their way into the massive, empty, **cold** room where they'd be based for the next god knew how long. Tony glanced around. It was what you'd expect from a derelict dockside warehouse – broken windows, no lights, no heating, no nothing.

"Is there even a bathroom in this place?" he asked.

"There's a bucket," Gibbs said, nodding his head at the corner.

Tony sighed, and started unpacking their equipment. He set up the cameras, tripods and laptops, and then blew on his stiff, freezing fingers. Gibbs was standing by one of the windows – he'd spent the past hour while Tony was setting up moving slowly from window to window, looking out, as if he was admiring the view. Tony was pretty sure that he wasn't.

"Chosen your position yet?" he asked quietly.

"Working on it," Gibbs said. "Here." He reached out, put a hand on the back of Tony's neck, and pulled him over to stand in front of him. His hand was warm on Tony's cold neck, and Tony liked how it felt, just resting there. "See – that's where it's going to go down," Gibbs said, pointing at the building on the quay far below – so far that it looked like a little grey dot.

"That's a long way – are you going to be able to see okay from here?" Tony asked. Gibbs's hand moved from his neck and delivered a light slap to the back of his head.

"Nothing wrong with my eyesight over long distances, DiNozzo," Gibbs told him. Tony grinned, feeling a bit warmer from the slap. Gibbs's slaps always had that effect on him. "And I chose this spot because it's far enough away that they won't know I'm here – but it enables me to see all the terrain and get the best angle."

"And you can take someone out from all the way up here – if you have to?" Tony asked, turning. His warm breath misted the air in front of him, and mingled with Gibbs's own breath as his boss let out a wry, mirthless grunt of a laugh.

"Yeah, I can," he said.

Tony thought he probably could as well. He knew Gibbs had been a sniper back in the Marine Corps, and he'd sure as hell seen his prowess with a hand gun at close range, but he'd never seen him in action as a sniper. He was fascinated.

This was Vance's operation and the director was taking it very personally, ensuring that he had all his best, hand-picked personnel in place but doing the undercover work himself, not letting anyone in. He had insisted that Gibbs cover the entire operation from whatever vantage point he thought worked best. The men they were after were all renegade ex-marines, tough guys who had already killed more than once to protect their operation selling on antiquities they'd acquired from various war zones around the world. If anything went wrong, Gibbs had orders to shoot to kill. They'd only get the chance to do this once.

Gibbs had come down here the previous day to scope out the place and choose his sniper's nest, and there was something strangely quiet and calm about him as he went about his work, preparing for the op.

Tony sat down on the floor, back against the wall, arms wrapped around his body to keep himself warm, and watched as Gibbs sat cross-legged on the floor in front of him and opened up that long, elegant black case he'd carried up the stairs.

There was a sniper's rifle inside, shining as if it'd been freshly polished. Tony watched, silently, as Gibbs took the gun apart, and examined every single inch of it, his face a picture of concentration. Tony suspected that the gun was in perfect order – hell, he was pretty certain that Gibbs had spent hours the night before polishing and oiling the weapon, but now he was doing it all over again. Tony thought maybe it was a sniper thing, a pre-combat ritual that served the purpose of both ensuring the gun was in perfect working order, and calming any nerves. Not that Gibbs showed signs of nervousness as his hands moved smoothly and knowledgably over the gun. Sniper's temperament, Tony thought to himself. Being a sniper was all about the slow wait, the patience to hold position and be ready, and then the sudden, explosive burst of action before disappearing stealthily back into the shadows. It was about being prepared and being able to go in for the kill at a moment's notice. It was about getting the job done without needing the heat of battle, or the adrenaline rush of a face-to-face fight. It was about silence, and stealth, and a deadly kind of self-control - which more or less personified the kind of man Gibbs was.

Tony gazed at Gibbs's hands as they worked on the gun; those hands that floundered when

working a cell phone or a computer were controlled and expert moving across a rifle. He wondered how expert those hands would be pressed against naked flesh, and swallowed down that thought, the way he always did. Not now, Anthony, he told himself sternly. Not now. Not now. Not when it was just the two of them up here, all alone, and so many long, cold hours stretching ahead of them. Not now.

"So what plans did you have for Christmas, Boss?" Tony asked, trying desperately to distract himself. Gibbs glanced up at him with a glare of impatience.

"Do I look like someone who makes plans for Christmas?" he asked. Tony shrugged.

"Everyone makes plans for Christmas – even if it's just, you know, not doing anything."

"If we get this op out of the way in time then I'm looking forward to spending the day in my basement, with my boat and my bourbon," Gibbs told him. Tony made a face.

"Sounds kind of dull if you don't mind me saying so, Boss," he commented.

Gibbs grinned. "Peace and quiet," he said. "Nobody to shoot and nobody shooting at me. Maybe that is dull, but I like the sound of it."

Tony nodded, conceding the point.

"You?" Gibbs asked. Tony shifted uncomfortably. He should have seen that one coming. You couldn't ask and not expect to be asked in return.

"I have plans," he said mysteriously, and he did. He had a stack of DVDs waiting for him on his coffee table, and his fridge was stocked with enough boxes of pizza and cans of beer to see him through to New Year if need be. "Damn it's cold in here," he said, blowing on his fingers again. He glanced up to see Gibbs giving him one of those looks, the kind he gave to suspects in the interrogation room when he had them all figured out but was still giving them enough rope to hang themselves. Gibbs gave a wry little grin and then shook his head and looked back at his gun.

Tony wanted to say something, to make up some elaborate Christmas plans that included huge meals with friends and family, outings, children, scarves, sweaters, snowballs, roaring fires, presents and all that stuff that the commercials on TV were adamant Christmas was all about. Gibbs might be able to fess up to a Christmas spent on his own, but Tony wasn't about to.

"Lots of plans," he muttered. "You know. Food, people, visitors. Plans."

"Uh huh," Gibbs said, shaking his head as he worked.

Tony got up and checked the surveillance equipment, keeping an eye on the quay below. Surveillance wasn't his primary job here – he was back up for Gibbs. McGee and Ziva were on surveillance detail in a much closer location. He tapped on his radio.

"Hey guys – anything happening?" he asked. They were laughing as they replied, and he envied them their warm, snug outpost, in an office building dockside.

"No sign of anything," McGee replied. "How is it up in the sniper's nest?"

"Cold," Tony replied irritably. "Gibbs apparently chose it because it was strategically perfect, but it's like camping out in a deep freeze. There aren't even any chairs," he complained, glancing back at Gibbs who just grinned as he ran his fingers over the smooth metal of his gun.

"But you have Gibbs to talk to," Ziva said, a hint of mischief in her voice. "That must be keeping you warm."

"Yeah. Ha ha," he told her sourly. "Let me know if anything happens down there." He tapped off the radio, leaned against the window, and looked out at the cold, grey world outside. "They said it might snow later," he told Gibbs.

"Hope not," Gibbs replied, picking up his now assembled gun and glancing through the sights. "It'll screw with the visibility," he said, in answer to Tony's questioning raised eyebrow.

"Will you still be able to make the shot?" Tony asked anxiously. Gibbs grinned.

"Oh yeah," he replied. There was something strangely warming about his confidence, Tony thought. Gibbs was not a man prone to self-doubt and that calmed Tony's own pre-op nerves.

He turned back and watched Gibbs working again, grateful for a chance to study the man. He felt as if he'd spent his entire life studying Gibbs – but usually surreptitiously, when Gibbs wasn't watching. Now there was nothing else to do but just gaze at Gibbs as he worked on the damn gun, and Tony relished the opportunity.

Gibbs's fingers weren't elegant but they weren't entirely practical either, he thought to himself. They were something else, something surprising. They didn't look like they belonged to the kind of man Gibbs was. These were hands that could bunch into effective fighting fists; they were hands that banged angrily on the table during interrogations, and they were hands that frequently slapped the back of his head, sometimes hard, sometimes soft, sometimes angry, and sometimes affectionate. Tony wondered if Gibbs knew that he could tell the mood behind each and every slap, that he could tell if Gibbs was genuinely mad at him, or amused by him, or exasperated, or...something else, that he'd never been able to place; something fond and affectionate. He liked those slaps the best. Those hands that could slap could also stroke...just once, but he'd never forgotten how it felt to have Gibbs's fingers gently touch the back of his head and smooth his hair in praise, like petting a dog. He wondered if Gibbs would ever do that again, and knew that he'd do his best work until the end of time if there was just a chance that he would.

Yet these hands weren't rough or calloused – they weren't the big hands of the tough guy he knew Gibbs to be. They were hard like the wood they so often planed but they weren't crude implements of destruction. They were deceptive, these hands. They were shaped like an artist's hands, the hands of a maestro rather than a journeyman or soldier. They were the hands of a craftsman who could coax smooth curves out of solid wood and the hands of a killer who could caress a gun into perfect working order. They were working hands, creative hands, patient hands. They were hands that knew how to get the best out of guns, and wood, and...him.

He realised those hands had stopped working, and he snapped out of his reverie to see Gibbs's blue eyes gazing at him, a question in them.

"Just...that's kind of mesmerising, Boss," he said, swallowing hard and nodding at the gun. "Seeing you work on that."

"First rule of being a sniper – always make sure your weapon is in perfect working order," Gibbs replied, that blue-eyed gaze still searching. Tony turned away.

"Been a couple of hours," he muttered.

"Could be much longer," Gibbs said, coming over to join him at the window. Tony could feel the heat of him and moved a little closer, hoping Gibbs wouldn't notice. Their hips were almost touching now, and he could feel the brush of Gibbs's coat against his own. Gibbs rested his hands on the window sill, and Tony found himself looking down at the clean, neatly trimmed finger nails and the broad flat planes of Gibbs's palms. Hands that worked on wood and guns...hands that he'd like to work on him.

Gibbs took up position with his gun, choosing the best spot, checking the distances, and then they settled down to wait. It was late afternoon and starting to get dark already, but Gibbs had night vision on the gun. Tony wished he had that kind of patience, to just hunker down and wait, unmoving, uncomplaining, ready at a moment's notice to spring into action. He fidgeted, and talked, and complained, and laughed, and made up a stupid game to amuse himself which Gibbs wouldn't join him in playing, although Tony noticed that he did smile at the absurdity of his own attempt to play against himself.

He liked making Gibbs smile. He wanted to take a finger, trace a line over Gibbs's lips, and curve them up at the ends to make him smile all the time, instead of having to drag each smile out of him, reluctant, grudging, and so very hard won. On the other hand, if Gibbs gave them up easy then maybe he wouldn't love them so much. If Gibbs was always smiling then Tony wouldn't try so hard to entertain and amuse him, and he wouldn't feel that heady rush of pleasure he always got when Gibbs finally gave in and gave him anything from a glimmer of a grin to a full blown laugh – Tony would take whatever he could get.

Then, suddenly, just as the snow they'd been promised began to fall, all hell broke loose. Tony heard McGee yelling in his ear, and he looked through his binoculars to see the gang of men, far below, hustling Director Vance out of the building and towards a boat waiting on the quay.

"Oh shit – this wasn't part of the plan!" Tony hissed. He glanced across to Gibbs who just stood there, gazing through the sights of the gun, cool as a cucumber. Tony took another look through his binoculars; the snow was now starting to spiral down in earnest from the dark, grey sky. "You're never going to make that shot," he said. "You'll hit Vance."

"If I get a clear shot, I'll take it," Gibbs said. "If they get Leon on the boat they'll put a bullet through his head and throw him overboard the minute they're clear. He's only valuable as a hostage while they're making their getaway."

Tony drew his gun and waited. He wasn't a sniper like Gibbs, he wasn't used to the waiting, and each second felt like an hour. Gibbs just stood there, unruffled. Tony saw one of those deadly fingers slide around the trigger, slowly, gently, coaxing the best shot out of the gun, and then – bang – the shot was fired. Just one. He looked through the binoculars again and saw Vance's captor falling to the ground, a single dot in the centre of his forehead. Beside him, the newly settled snow was stained bright red.

"Shit...that was one hell of a shot," Tony whistled.

"Get down there," Gibbs ordered, but Tony was already running out of the door. He could hear Ziva and McGee shouting in his ear but couldn't make out what they were saying. He wondered if Gibbs was taking more pot shots up there, sitting in his sniper's nest, just taking out the opposition, one by one.

He ran effortlessly down the stairs, the adrenaline making him fast and the distance seem surprisingly short compared to how it had been on the way up, and then he was running across snow, his boots sliding beneath him on the slippery ground. A gunshot rang out and he felt something whiz past his hair. He ducked, and then ran faster, towards where Ziva, McGee and Vance were holding their own against the men they were trying to arrest.

Tony saw one of the men veer off and run towards the boat, clutching a heavy bag. He chased after him, jumped onto the boat, ran across the deck...and then something hit him hard on the back of the head, and he went down, his gun flailing out of reach as he hit the deck. His assailant loomed over him and he got up again, blinking, dazed, and managed to land a punch. The snow was falling so thick and fast that it was hard to see. The sky overhead was a strange shade of greyish-pink, and everything felt muffled and slow.

The floor of the boat was slippery, and both men slid across it. The snow got into his eyelashes, making the world hazy. Tony slammed his fist into the renegade's solar plexus and grabbed the bag from man's hand in one smooth motion, but his opponent turned and struck him a glancing blow in the kidneys. Tony yelled and lost his footing on the snowy deck, and next thing he knew he was falling through the air. A second later he heard a splash and felt the icy embrace of freezing cold water. It was so cold it hurt, and all his breath left his body instantly. He was winded but he still had the bag – it was heavy, and Tony didn't think a bunch of ancient artefacts were worth dying for no matter how old they were, but he hung onto it all the same. Gibbs would expect nothing less.

He took a deep breath but the frozen water, combined with the punches he'd taken, made everything hurt and he went under, swallowing a mouthful of brackish water as he went.

He came back up in time to see a figure running through the snow on the quay – dark coat, familiar half-limping run that was surprisingly fast. He watched the figure take position, slowly, unhurried, and then a shot rang out. There was a scream from the boat and the man who'd knocked him into the water went down. The boat listed sideways, without direction, and bumped into the quay.

Tony swam the short distance to the side of the quay but everything was dark and icy cold and his arms were so frozen that he couldn't raise them above his head to haul himself out. The snow was falling onto the water, melting in his hair and eyelashes, making it hard to see.

Hands. They emerged from the thick, swirling snow, right in front of his face, familiar and welcome. One of them hauled the bag from him and dumped it, sodden, on the side of the quay. The other stayed where it was, just in front of him, reaching out to help. He managed to grasp it – it was warm, and strong, and it pulled him out of the water and dragged him gasping onto the side of the quay.

"Did you feel like going for a swim, DiNozzo?" Gibbs said, grinning at him. "Nice weather for it." Tony gazed at him from narrowed eyes, his teeth chattering. "Here." Gibbs took off his coat and slung it around his shoulders, and Tony felt instantly warmer. It smelled of Gibbs, of sawdust and coffee and gun oil, and the scent of the man. Tony closed his eyes and took a deep breath, inhaling that scent down into his frozen core.

There was a clean-up operation from which he was mercifully excused. The paramedics checked him over and aside from a lump on the back of his head, a bruise on his back, and a mild case of hypothermia, he was fine.

"Go home, get warm and don't come back," Gibbs ordered, before turning back to help Vance. Tony was happy enough to do just that. His shirt was frozen stiff against his body, so cold it crackled when he moved, little ice crystals forming in it.

He went home and took a long, hot shower, but no matter how long he stayed under the water he couldn't seem to get warm again. He pulled on some sweats, lay down on his couch, wrapped himself in a blanket, and then dozed off to sleep, dreaming of strong, warm, creative hands playing Christmas tunes on his body.

He woke with a start a few hours later. It was late, nearly midnight. His head ached and he felt restless and lonely. He took a couple of painkillers and thought of Gibbs, working on his boat, and wanted to be there. Maybe it was the blow to the back of his head, or the chill of the icy cold water had addled his brain, but he found himself heating up a pizza, pulling some beers from the fridge, and then heading out to his car. It was still snowing outside, changing the landscape from the familiar into the unknown, and he shivered as he navigated the silent, empty, white streets. He hadn't been able to completely warm up since he fell in the water.

The light was on in the basement, as Tony had known it would be. No way Gibbs would go straight to bed after that kind of op - he'd be up working on the boat until the small hours. Tony opened the door and ran down the stairs. Gibbs glanced up in surprise.

"You ill?" he asked. "That guy hit you harder than we thought?"

"Nope. Just thought you might want some pizza," Tony said, throwing the box down on the work bench.

Gibbs grunted and took a slice. Tony took two, and retired to the second stair from the bottom to eat them. He munched happily, resting his head on the banister, watching as Gibbs leaned over the boat. He felt tired but happy. His head felt fuzzy but he was finally starting to warm up now that he was here, near Gibbs. Gibbs was wearing a pair of faded blue jeans; old, worn and familiar, that clung to the contours of his body, and an ancient NIS sweatshirt; grey, shapeless and soft. This tableau was so familiar that it reassured Tony, soothing him, just as Gibbs's hands were soothing the boat as he worked.

Hands. Creative hands. Not deadly now, not curled into pounding fists or stealthily pulling on a trigger to take a kill shot, but gentle, smoothing and coaxing, making something from nothing, turning raw wood into the curved beams of a boat that could float on water. Hands of death. Hands of life.

Tony envied the wood, envied the bare expanse of it being caressed and worked so lovingly by those efficient, purposeful hands. He envied it for being the focus of all that blue-eyed attention.

"What happened to those plans of yours?" Gibbs asked. "Christmas Eve – shouldn't you be somewhere?"

"Christmas Day now," Tony said, glancing at his watch. "And no, I don't have anywhere to be – unless you count sitting on my couch with a pile of DVDs. Thought I'd stop here. Watch you work on the boat. With your hands." He felt tired and lazy and he thought that the painkillers might be making him say things he shouldn't.

"Uh huh," Gibbs said, blue eyes glancing up at him, and then back at the boat.

"Hands," Tony said softly.

"Uh-huh," Gibbs grunted, as if he somehow knew what Tony was talking about.

Tony gazed, mesmerized, as those hands worked. It was hypnotic, watching them move back and forth, back and forth, gentling the wood, taming it, making it take the shape Gibbs wanted it to take. Gibbs's hands were good at that kind of thing.

"Did it to me," Tony said. "Stupid boat. Waste of hands," he muttered, closing his eyes. He was warming up, slowly, but he had been chilled to the bone and still felt frozen inside.

Maybe if he sat here all night, watching Gibbs work, by morning he'd be warm again.

Tony blinked, and then found himself staring into a set of blue eyes. Close. Too close. Gibbs had moved silently, stealthily, like the good sniper he was, and was now standing at the bottom of the stairs, right in front of him.

"Was there someplace else you wanted my hands to be?" Gibbs asked, and his breath was warm on Tony's face as he spoke. Tony couldn't pretend any more.

"Yes. On me," he whispered.

Tony stared as one of those hands came towards him and he waited for the inevitable blow of rejection, but instead the back of that warm, strong hand stroked softly, gently, over his left cheek. His breathing hitched.

Gibbs ran a finger down the side of his face, and traced a line over his lips. Tony opened his mouth and sucked the finger inside. He thought he probably looked wanton, obscene, but he didn't care. Gibbs was touching him...those hands he'd longed to feel were caressing his face, his mouth, his hair... Hands. Gibbs's hands. Touching him. Finally.

Gibbs drew back and Tony moaned in frustration.

"Not here." Gibbs held out his hand for the second time in the past twenty-four hours, and for the second time Tony took it, without hesitation, grabbing onto it like a lifeline. "You're still cold," Gibbs chided.

"Haven't been able to warm up," Tony replied.

"I know a way," Gibbs said.

Tony grinned, feeling stupid, reckless and giddy inside. Gibbs pulled him to his feet and then, without letting go of his hand, led him up the stairs and into the main interior of the house. Tony expected to be drawn up the stairs again, towards the bedroom, but instead Gibbs led him along to the den at the end of the hallway.

"Heating's not on in the bedroom," he said. "I set the fire in here earlier though."

There was a log fire burning in the den, warm and inviting. In front of it was a big sheepskin rug. Gibbs pushed Tony down onto the rug and then went and poked the fire and threw a couple more logs onto it so that it burned more fiercely.

"Take off your boots and socks," Gibbs ordered as he worked, and Tony did as instructed, feeling as if he was in a dream.

Gibbs returned to the rug and knelt in front of Tony. He reached out and ran his hands down the front of Tony's sweatshirt, slowly, very slowly, pausing to circle each hard nipple where they were poking through the soft fabric. Tony swallowed, unable to take his eyes off Gibbs.

Gibbs's hands went lower, deliberate and purposeful, and took hold of the hem of his sweatshirt.

"Arms," he said.

Tony lifted his arms obligingly, and Gibbs removed the sweatshirt and slung it onto the floor. Now Tony could feel the heat of the fire on his bare skin, warming him. Gibbs moved his hands to the front of Tony's sweatpants and pulled the drawstring open.

"Hips," he said.

Tony moved his hips just as obligingly and Gibbs pulled his sweatpants down his legs, and threw them on top of his sweater, leaving Tony naked.

Gibbs looked at him for a long while, drinking in every inch of him, his intense gaze travelling over Tony's chest, lingering briefly on his nipples that were still standing to attention, and then going down to his hard, aching cock, curved up almost vertical, slapping against his belly.

Gibbs stared at Tony's cock the way he'd stared at his gun earlier, and at his boat, his gaze assessing, curious, and full of a quiet sense of satisfaction. Tony wondered if he liked what he saw, and he flushed, feeling embarrassed at being stared at so intently.

"I..." he began, unsure what he was about to say - but that didn't matter because he didn't get a chance to say it.

"Ssh." A finger was placed over his lips. "Ssh...let me work now," Gibbs said. "This...this is all mine to work on. I have plans for it."

His hands gestured at Tony's body as if he was the gun, or the boat, and Tony's cock jerked appreciatively in response. He liked the idea of being worked on by those flat, deadly, creative hands.

He lay back as Gibbs set to work. Now he was the focus of that intense blue-eyed gaze as Gibbs loomed over him, hands roving expertly over his naked skin. Gibbs's hands were warm, and slowly Tony felt that chill in the centre of his body start to thaw, as those skilful hands worked on him.

Fingertips ghosted over the soft flesh at the side of his neck, and a flat palm pressed against his belly. Nails tickled at his nipples, making him scream, hoarsely, and a firm hand wrapped itself around his wrist, pinning him down. Knuckles brushed against his inner thigh, forcing a babble of incoherent words to escape from his mouth, and then a slick, insistent finger slid between his buttocks. He didn't remember Gibbs getting any lube, but that finger slid in easily and was soon joined by another, just as slippery, so he must have, or maybe he was using hand lotion, or something else. Tony didn't really care. Now those fingers moved inside his body, fucking him slowly.

"Breathe," Gibbs said, and Tony wasn't even aware he'd been holding his breath. He took a deep gasp of air and a second later felt lips pressing against his. He opened up, naked and exposed, offering his mouth to Gibbs to explore, and his body to Gibbs to work on, any way he wanted. Gibbs kissed him hard, tongue sliding into his mouth in time to the fingers fucking Tony's ass. Tony's cock spasmed with pleasure.

"Not yet," Gibbs ordered, drawing back, removing his fingers.

"Please..." Tony begged.

"Not yet," Gibbs said implacably, and there was no shadow of doubt in his eyes that Tony would obey him. He pulled a cushion from the couch and placed it under Tony's head, and then leaned over him and kissed him again. His body covered Tony's, his denim jeans cool and rough against Tony's legs, his sweatshirt soft and warm against Tony's chest.

"I'm not done with you yet," Gibbs said, drawing back again and flipping Tony onto his front. The fire felt warm on his bare flesh but Gibbs felt warmer. Gibbs's tongue lapped the back of Tony's neck and Tony sighed, stretching out like a contented cat. He heard Gibbs pulling off his clothes but he didn't move, didn't look back, just stayed where Gibbs had placed him, in the position Gibbs had placed him, instinctively knowing that was the way Gibbs liked to work.

"Good boy," Gibbs said appreciatively, and then he began working on Tony's back in earnest. Now Tony could feel the bliss of warm skin on skin as Gibbs bent over him. He felt Gibbs's tongue trail down his spine and end up on his ass, and then he jumped as one of those hard, strong palms slapped his buttocks, warming them. Tony grinned into his cushion and stretched out even more, allowing Gibbs the access he was demanding, opening up his legs so that Gibbs could pull his butt cheeks apart. Gibbs's hands were firm and insistent, kneading his left buttock as he slid two fingers into him and stretched him again.

"Getting there," he murmured, his free hand moving over Tony's body, gentling and taming him while the fingers of his other hand moved in and out of Tony's ass, stretching him wide. Two, then three, now four. How big was Gibbs, Tony thought, if he needed to stretch him this much?

He longed to find out but Gibbs's hands were tangled in his hair, keeping his head resting on the cushion as his fingers worked their way inside him. He gave a gasp of delight as those fingers found his prostate.

"Oh shit...please..." he begged, moving his body so that his hard cock pressed against the sheepskin rug, needing his release.

"Not yet. I'm still working on you," Gibbs said.

Tony sighed, but it was a delicious kind of agony. Then he gave another gasp as Gibbs removed his fingers and turned him onto his back once more. Now those creative, talented

hands were everywhere at once; pinching his nipples, smoothing his hair, caressing his belly and sliding skilfully over his naked flesh, bending it to his will, making it his.

Gibbs was the maestro Tony had always known he would be, as much an expert working on Tony as he was polishing his gun, or sanding his boat. Those fingers that could squeeze a trigger with such deadly accuracy could also coax every single nerve-ending in his body to exquisite heights of pleasure.

Tony surrendered to Gibbs's hands as they worked, inexorably, implacably, on his skin. He was just sensation now, his flesh the instrument Gibbs chose to work with, to make music on, to play with.

Beautiful hands caressed him, teased him, pinched and soothed him in equal measure, drawing him out of himself and losing him in himself at one and the same time. He was crying now, sobbing incoherently with need as Gibbs positioned himself between his legs, spread him wide, and then slid, slow inch by slow inch, into him.

Gibbs's cock was big and blunt, demanding an entry Tony was only too happy to give it. It filled him, burning a little on the way in but it felt so good when it was fully inside him, pushed in right up to the hilt, making him unable to think of anything but Gibbs, and of Gibbs filling him completely.

Sweat ran into his eyes, blinding him just as the snow had earlier, and he blinked it away. When his vision cleared he could see Gibbs smiling down at him, gazing at him the way he gazed at the gun and the boat – those other two things in his life that he enjoyed working on. That wasn't all though – there was something more in Gibbs's expression as he claimed Tony's body for himself, and made it move and sigh and surrender to his will. There was pride, ownership, a sense of possession, and something so tender that it took Tony's breath away.

"You...?" he whispered, reaching out a hand to caress the side of Gibbs's face. "Me?" he finished incoherently.

"Yeah. Me. You. Now ssh...ssh...ssh..."

Tony was a whimpering mass of sensation now, his body rising and falling in time to Gibbs's long, slow, effortless thrusts, and he could feel himself reaching a crescendo. It was then, at that moment, that Gibbs wrapped his warm, strong hand around Tony's hard cock and slid his fingers, expert and slick, along its length, again, and again, and again, in perfect time to his forceful inward thrusts.

It was too much for Tony – his body belonged to Gibbs now, to play this insanely beautiful music whenever he wanted. He offered himself up, pleading, gasping and crying out, and then he was coming, shooting out over his belly and over Gibbs's hand. The feel of Gibbs's slow, measured thrusts anchored him throughout, keeping him grounded when he felt sure that he was about to spin out into space.

The rug was soft under his shoulders, and the fire was warm on his skin. Gibbs was still moving, above him and inside him, the flames casting dancing shadows on his pale skin as he thrust, hips sliding back and forth, as controlled and expert during sex as he had been firing that gun in his sniper's nest the previous day. Tony gazed up at him dreamily, his own body limp and spent, watching as Gibbs rode him. Gibbs shuddered and came, silently, his head flung back and his body sheened with sweat. He stayed there for a long moment, looking down on Tony with an expression of satisfaction, and the pride of a job well done, and then he withdrew and slid down beside Tony. He pulled a blanket off the couch and wrapped it around them both.

"Warm now?" he murmured, placing one firm hand on Tony's belly and pulling him close, so that Tony's back was pressed against his chest, and Tony's buttocks were nestled against his cock.

"Mmm," Tony replied hazily. Gibbs chuckled against his shoulder and stroked his hair softly with gentle fingers. Tony reached up, grabbed his hand, and pressed his lips to it with a kind of awed reverence. "I've been thinking," he said. "Those plans I had for Christmas – they've kind of changed. I thought, if you don't mind, that I'd spend the day here, with you. And your hands," he added.

He could feel Gibbs's laugh on the back of his neck and it warmed him, the way it always did when he could coax a laugh from Gibbs.

"That's fine by me, Tony," Gibbs replied. "And my hands."

The End

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