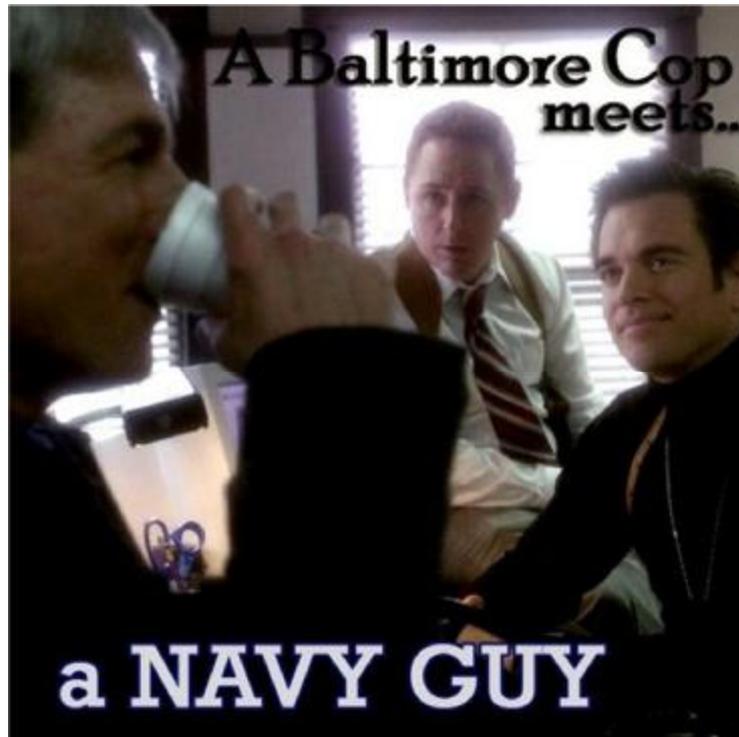


My Big, Fat, Slashy Story of Gibbs and Tony by Xanthe



This story archived at <http://www.xanthe.org/my-big-fat-slashy-story-of-gibbs-and-tony/>

Story Notes:

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 **tejas** dared me to write a story with this title, so I did *g*. My aim was to come up with a story that made sense of their massive 10 year canon in a slashy way, covering the highs and lows over the years and making sense of those pesky canon love interests along the way! I'm actually 120,000 words into a great big Gibbs/Tony epic, so this is just a little post-ep for the fun of it while I'm finishing off the other story! Thank you to a friend for providing the inspirational graphic :-)

Dedication: This one is for everyone who has shared my squee about *Baltimore* in my LJ and in live chat. And also for  **taylorgibbs** – Happy Birthday, my dear!

“Remember the first time?” Tony glances sideways at him. “You invited me over soon after I started at FLETC. We flirted, and then you made love to me in the kitchen.”

“You invited yourself over and wouldn’t stop talking. I threw you over the kitchen table and fucked you just to shut you up, “ Gibbs corrects him.

Chapter 1 by Xanthe

Gibbs throws the steak on the fire when he hears footsteps outside. The door opens, and Tony waltzes in, six pack of beer in one hand, coat in the other.

“Hi honey, I’m home!” he announces, throwing the six pack and the coat down on the table like he lives here, which he doesn’t, although at times it’s felt that way.

Gibbs glances up from the fire. “I can see that, DiNozzo. And don’t call me honey.”

“Aw, but it suits you.” Tony undoes his tie, pulls it out from around his neck, balls it up, and then throws that on the table too, next to the little parcel in a brown paper bag that Gibbs left there earlier.

“Hmmm...” Tony glances suspiciously at two plates waiting ready to receive the steak. Then he glances at Gibbs. “You knew I was coming?”

“Yup.” Gibbs tosses the steak over to sear the other side.

“How? Did you follow me again?”

“Tony, I was here first.” Gibbs rolls his eyes.

“Oh yeah. Forgot that. Hmm...how then? Hunch?”

“Nope. Saw your Mighty Mouse stapler in the trash and figured you’d want to stop by to talk about it.”

Tony’s face clouds over. “Well I don’t, and that’s not why I’m here,” he says moodily.

“Why are you here then?” Gibbs finishes up with the steak and throws it on one of the waiting plates. He takes his seat beside Tony and cuts the steak in half. Tony gets out his knife to receive it – it’s the usual routine.

“I thought we could watch Minority Report.” Tony fishes the DVD out of his coat pocket and holds it up. “Again,” he adds, with a lascivious wink in Gibbs’s direction. Gibbs has a sudden vivid memory of what happened last time they saw this particular movie.

“You sure your back is up to a repeat showing?” he asks.

“What are you saying? You think I’m getting too old to have the hot, kinky bathtub sex?” Tony frowns. “It just got too slippery in the tub last time. This time, if you keep a better hold on me, it’ll work out fine.”

Gibbs rolls his eyes and takes a bite of his steak.

“Don’t know what it is about this movie that makes me want to do it in the bathtub. Must be Samantha

Morton lying there in all that gloop, and Tom Cruise being all macho,” Tony muses. “Who knows?”

“Or cares,” Gibbs adds.

They are silent for a while, both of them chewing. Then Tony clears his throat.

“So, today brought up a lot of memories,” he says softly.

“Yeah. I know.”

“It’s been ten years, Jethro.”

“Yup.” Gibbs takes a swill of beer.

“See, who knew, when I brought you down and handcuffed you all those years ago, that for the next ten years it’d be me wearing the cuffs?” Tony winks.

“Yup – you got that one wrong.” Gibbs grins at him.

“We definitely didn’t start out as we meant to go on.” Tony raises his bottle, and Gibbs meets it with his own. There’s a little clink. “Thank God,” Tony adds fervently. “No offence, Gibbs, but you’d make a lousy sub.”

“And you make a great one.”

Tony gives a broad, shit-eating grin. “Oh, I know that!” His grin fades. “Not, you know, that I want that kind of sex all the time. Or even most of the time. Just that when I do…”

“Yeah. I know.” Gibbs shrugs.

“Remember the first time?” Tony glances sideways at him. “You invited me over soon after I started at FLETC. We flirted, and then you made love to me in the kitchen.”

“You invited yourself over and wouldn’t stop talking. I threw you over the kitchen table and fucked you just to shut you up,” Gibbs corrects him.

“Same difference,” Tony says with a nonchalant shrug. “Then you said it could never happen again and went all moody on me for weeks until I handcuffed myself to your half-built boat and wouldn’t leave.”

“I was in the middle of a messy divorce!” Gibbs protests. “You were a complication I couldn’t handle.”

“Hah!” Tony snorts. “You’ve always been able to handle me. Of course, I didn’t know just how kinky you were back then. Once you saw how good I looked in those handcuffs, you couldn’t get my clothes off me fast enough.”

“Yeah.” Gibbs grins. “Although I don’t remember you wearing many clothes. I think that was kind of the point.”

“And then there was the time my boiler exploded, and I had to come stay for awhile. Man we got up to some hot stuff then!”

“You said your boiler exploded but really you just wanted to hang out here,” Gibbs reminds him.

“Hanging being the operative word.” Tony gives a dirty grin. “Do you remember that time you had me almost upside down?”

“Who could forget?” Gibbs says fondly. “Never did figure out why you enjoyed that so much, but you kept on coming back for more.”

“Well duh! You’re the best sex I’ve ever had! Of course I wanted more!” Tony finishes his steak, leans back on the couch, and pats his belly. “And then there were the girls.”

“Yeah.” Gibbs gazes into the fire. “There were. A lot of them.”

“Hey! I was young, my fiancé had just split up with me because I kept talking about you all the time, and you kept shoving me away. Of course, I didn’t realise why back then – not for a long time anyway.” Tony glances at the photo of Shannon and Kelly on the mantle. “If you’d ever said the word, I’d have been here. But you didn’t.”

“No.” Gibbs shakes his head. “I didn’t.”

“So that set the pattern. Years and years of the hot sex and the shoving away, and then more hot sex, and more shoving away.”

“Didn’t want to stop you having what I couldn’t have, Tony,” Gibbs says quietly. “Those things were taken from me. Didn’t want to be the one who took them from you, only to have you resenting me for it for the rest of your life.”

“Is that what it was about?”

“Yeah. I wanted you to have a normal life. I didn’t want to screw it up for you.”

“So it wasn’t about Rule Twelve?” Tony asks, a curious expression in his eyes.

Gibbs sighs. “That too.”

“See, trouble is, Rule Twelve is in direct opposition to Rule Five,” Tony says.

“It is?” Gibbs raises an eyebrow. “How so, Tony?”

“Rule Five - don’t waste good – and you and me are definitely good together. You can’t deny that.”

Gibbs smiles. “No I can’t.”

“And we’ve had ten years of good.”

“And bad.”

“And good.”

Gibbs thinks of nights spent making love to Tony, kissing him, and holding him, and teasing him to orgasm, over and over again.

“And good,” he concedes.

“Why did you blow me off after the plague?” Tony asks curiously, and Gibbs realises that he’s wanted to ask him that for a very long time. In fact, this whole conversation is long overdue. “You were great while I was in the hospital and when I first came back home...but then after that you didn’t want to know.”

“Yeah.” Gibbs stares into space. “You nearly dying made me realise I didn’t want to lose you.”

“So you pushed me away? That makes no sense.”

“Yeah, it does.” Gibbs glances at the photo of Shannon and Kelly. “Also, I was an idiot.”

“So was I!” Tony grins. “I flirted with every woman I met for ages after that, trying to make you jealous.”

“It worked.” Gibbs takes another sip of his beer, remembering how one flirtation too many on Tony’s part had pushed him over the edge, causing him to sling Tony over one of Ducky’s autopsy tables late one night when everyone else had gone home. The possessive, jealousy sex had been incredibly hot – for both of them. He wonders if that’s partly why Tony goads him into it so often.

“Then you ran off to Mexico.”

“I lost my memory! Things were all jumbled up for me. Besides, you ran off and got involved with your undercover mark.”

“And you ran off with Hollis Mann to get even!”

“Well why should you have all the flings?”

“Good point.” Tony nods thoughtfully.

And then for a long time after that, they settled into having occasional bouts of passionate sex, which neither of them talked about because neither of them has ever talked about any of this shit. Until now.

Gibbs thinks the turning point was EJ. She turned up, and this time it didn’t seem like Tony was trying to make him jealous. It seemed like something else.

Tony leans forward. “I ended it with EJ,” he says, and it’d be spooky how he seems to be able to read Gibbs’s mind, if he hadn’t been doing just that for years now. They’ve both always been able to finish

each other's sentences and know what the other is thinking, from the minute they first met. "It was never going to go anywhere."

"That so?" Gibbs raises an eyebrow.

"Yeah. I called her a few hours ago. See, I finally figured out why none of my relationships ever works out. It didn't work out with Wendy, or Jeanne, and it wouldn't have worked out with EJ."

"Why's that, Tony?"

"Because I'm already in a relationship, Jethro. I've been in a relationship for ten years. There's been no room for anyone else in my life since the minute I met you. I should have realised that back then. Maybe I did, maybe we both did, but we've both been pretending ever since."

"Yup." Gibbs finishes his steak and throws the plate back down on the table.

"Yup? That's it? Just like that?"

"What do you want me to say? You're right." Gibbs shrugs.

"So I figure it's time to stop doing that and admit that this is it. For both of us. We are never going to be happy with anyone else."

"What about getting married, and kids, and all that stuff you've secretly always wanted and pretended you didn't?" Gibbs asks.

"I can't marry someone else when I'm in love with you. Wouldn't be fair." Tony shrugs. He says the 'I' word easily, like he's given up fighting it, and Gibbs is glad of that because he has too.

"Okay," he says, smiling a little all the same because it's good to hear, even if he already knew it.

"Really? No telling me it won't work? No weird mixed messages? No hot sex followed by the cold shoulder?"

"Nope. You're right."

"I am?" Tony looks surprised.

"Yup."

Tony's eyes narrow. "You knew I'd come over here tonight and say this...and it wasn't because of the stupid stapler."

"Yeah. I knew." Gibbs jerks his head at the paper bag lying on the table in front of Tony. "Open it. It's for you."

Tony's eyes light up at the prospect of a present. "For me? Why? What is it?"

“Open it and find out.”

Tony picks up the paper bag, opens it, and draws out the hand-made wooden picture frame that Gibbs has been working on for weeks. In it is a picture of them both, taken during that joint op they worked on all those years ago when they first met.

“Happy anniversary, Tony,” Gibbs says softly. “It’s ten years ago today. That’s how I knew you’d come here tonight.”

“But how? I mean I didn’t know that...”

“Sure you did. You saw me working on the picture frame down in the basement. You knew.” Gibbs nods at the picture frame with a “10” carved in each corner in elegant swirls.

Tony looks down, biting on his lip. “Yeah. Maybe I did. See, EJ was my last ditch attempt to see if I could make it work with someone else.”

“She wasn’t just that though, was she?” Gibbs raises an eyebrow, and Tony flushes. “You also wanted to force my hand, make me step up and claim you, once and for all.”

“Maybe I just wanted more of that hot, possessive, make-up sex.” Tony grins.

Gibbs rolls his eyes. “No more playing games, Tony. You want me – you got me.”

“For real?” Tony traces his fingers over the picture in the frame. “And for good this time?”

“For real and for good,” Gibbs says firmly.

“When the Baltimore cop meets the Navy guy...” Tony muses, studying the photograph. “Love at first sight, huh?”

“I guess.” Gibbs shrugs.

“Who knew?”

“We both did. You couldn’t stop grinning at me.”

“Because you couldn’t stop grinning at me! I felt like I’d met someone who got me – really got me – for the first time in my life. When you slapped my head I felt this tingle that went straight to my dick. And then when you touched my cheek, well, the tingle went even deeper – straight to here.” Tony pats his chest, right over his heart. “That’s when I knew I had it bad. Shit, no wonder Wendy dumped me.” He puts the photo down and turns to Gibbs. “Come here, Navy guy...”

He reaches out, pulls Gibbs close, and kisses him. Gibbs pushes him down on the couch and kisses him back. They’ve done this a thousand times before in the past ten years, but this time it’s different, and they both know why.

“Wait!” Tony pushes him back and pulls a set of handcuffs out of his pocket – the nice, soft, fluffy variety of handcuffs because Tony isn’t keen on pain – he just likes being tied up and fucked heartily. Gibbs grins and fastens one of the cuffs expertly around one of Tony’s wrists with the ease of much practice.

“Table, bathtub, basement, bedroom?” Gibbs asks, holding up the other, empty cuff.

“None of the above.” Tony grabs Gibbs’s wrist and fastens the cuff on it, tying them together. “It’s been ten years. Might as well make it official.”

Gibbs laughs and wraps his hand in Tony’s hair and kisses him again.

“Rule number five, huh?” he says softly when he pulls back. Tony’s hair is shorter and lighter, and there are a few more lines on his face, but he looks just as beautiful as the day he first met him. He’s definitely just as much of a bad-assed, smart-mouthed ball of energy as he was back then. They’ve both taken some damage over the years, but the spark is still there, as strong as ever.

“Yeah. Don’t waste good – and it doesn’t get any better than what we’ve got, even if it did take us ten years to figure it out. Hey!” Tony looks up, his eyes gleaming. “Do you think Kate knew about us?”

“Nope.” Gibbs shakes his head firmly.

“That’s a relief.” Tony gives a theatrical shiver. “Kate was kind of a prude.”

“Ducky does though,” Gibbs adds cheerfully, going in for another kiss.

“What?” Tony puts a hand on his chest, stopping him. “How?”

“That night in Autopsy, when we were having that hot, possessive, make-up sex you like so much?”

“When you had me sprawled face down over one of his steel tables? Oh shit...” Tony makes a face.

“Yup. He’d forgotten something and came back to work. He walked out of the elevator, saw us going at it, and backed straight up into the elevator again and left.”

Tony’s face has gone an interesting shade of bright red. “Oh God! I’ll never be able to look him in the face again.”

“I wouldn’t worry. It was years ago.” Gibbs grins. “You’ve looked him in the face plenty of times since.”

Tony moans and buries his face in Gibbs’s shoulder. Gibbs laughs out loud and kisses his hair.

“Everyone’s gonna know soon enough now, though,” Gibbs murmurs into Tony’s ear. “You ready for that?”

Tony draws back and looks at him. “Had ten years, Jethro. If I’m not ready now, I never will be, so yeah, I’m ready.”

Gibbs reaches out and starts unbuttoning Tony's shirt...and Tony's handcuffed hand comes with him and gets in the way.

"Damn it...trust us to make things difficult for ourselves," Gibbs growls as he fumbles with the buttons.

"That is kind of our thing. But we just have to work together," Tony says using his free hand to undo Gibbs's pants.

"That, at least, is something we've always been good at," Gibbs replies with a smile.

Their movements slow down and become more controlled as they figure out how to undress with their hands tied together. Before long they're half naked, and that's enough, and Tony has produced lube with his usual miraculous ability to have some on him at any given moment in time. Gibbs has long since become accustomed to Tony's talent in that particular area.

Then Gibbs is sinking into Tony, and it feels just as good and right as it has since that first time he took him over the kitchen table. He thinks that even back then they both knew nobody else was going to be good enough after that.

Tony looks debauched, lying underneath him with his shirt open wide revealing his broad expanse of chest and two pert and entirely too lick-able nipples. His shirtsleeve is rumpled where Gibbs is pushing one of his arms over his head – the one attached to the handcuff around Gibbs's wrist. Gibbs has that hand wrapped in Tony's hair, keeping him pinned down while he thrusts into him, which he knows Tony loves.

Tony is moaning, his head back, his throat exposed, and Gibbs nuzzles his neck and bites down gently on the soft skin, intending to leave his mark. Tony arches up against him, mewling like a kitten.

"Faster, Navy guy!" Tony urges, and Gibbs doesn't need any further encouragement. He pistons into Tony, and their bodies effortlessly fall into sync, matching each other's rhythm, moving in perfect time.

Gibbs knows they'll make love again later tonight, on the soft comfort of the bed, and next time it will be slow, and gentle, and just as mind-blowing but in a different way. That's how it's always been between them.

But for now, fast and furious is what they both want, to take the edge off the passion that's always simmering between them. They speed up, grinning at each other wildly as they take the ride of their lives...and then Tony clings onto him, gasping as he comes, and Gibbs can feel himself coming too.

Afterwards they lie there in a sticky, happy heap, with Gibbs resting his head on Tony's chest, and Tony stroking his free hand through Gibbs's hair.

"Not bad for a Navy guy," Tony murmurs.

"Or a Baltimore cop," Gibbs grunts, loving the delighted gurgle of laughter he can hear emanating from Tony's chest. "C'mon, lover-boy! Let's go to bed." He gets up off the couch, pulling Tony with him by the

handcuffs attaching them together.

“Wait!” Tony picks up the photograph frame and puts it on the mantle, next to the picture of Shannon and Kelly. “Is it okay there?” he asks anxiously, with a glance at Gibbs.

Gibbs takes a long, deep breath, and nods, slowly, looking at all the great loves of his life, standing side by side on the mantel. “Yeah,” he says, taking Tony’s fingers in his hand and squeezing. “That’s exactly where it belongs.”

The End

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