

The One Where Tony and Tim Read Fanfiction by Xanthe



Story Archived: <http://www.xanthe.org/the-one-where-tony-and-tim-read-fanfiction/>

Story Notes:

Total crack. Really! Mild spanky references

I had a conversation with Sasha, and it reminded me of a conversation I had with Triskellion about her fabulous story **Online**. So I wrote this...My sincere apologies.



NCIS Awards, 2009

"Hah-hah!" Tony leaned forward in his chair, tongue protruding slightly from between his lips as he read. "Oh man – this is a good one!"

"What you got? What you got?" Tim asked, glancing up from his own screen but only for a second.

"Oh mine's good – why...what you got?" Tony looked at him sideways, a suspicious gleam in his eyes.

Tim grinned, scrolling down. "Agent McGregor and Amy...in the elevator!" He glanced at Tony and gave him a knowing wink. "You got another Agent Tommy and Agent Lisa fic there?"

"Nope...I got something even better!" Tony said. Tim looked up suspiciously.

"Better than that one where Agent Tommy and Agent Lisa were locked in the evidence garage overnight?" he asked, frowning. It didn't seem fair to him that Agent Tommy seemed to get some of the best – and hottest - storylines while Agent McGregor – who was clearly the hero of the books – mostly just got mothered. Or beaten up. He got beaten up a lot. And then mothered.

"I have got...Agent Lisa and Amy...stuck in autopsy during a lockdown." Tony grinned again, licking his lips lasciviously.

"You're kidding me right?" Tim hesitated, torn between finishing reading his own story and going over to read the one Tony was reading.

"Nope. Oh – and it's cold down there so they're huddling together for warmth," Tony said smugly. "And Amy is just suggesting they take off their tops and press together...skin on skin...then there's some blah blah science explanation for why that would warm them up but you know...who cares?" He grinned over at McGee and then went back to reading the story. "Oh...oh right...yeah...now I can see why *that* would totally warm them up!"

It was too much for Tim. He got up, ran over there, and read it over Tony's shoulder.

"Oh," he murmured, as he read. "Oh...oh, oh yeah!"

"Yeah." Tony grinned happily as he finished the story and leaned back in his chair. "Oh yeah! I love your fans, McFanfic. They're just so...pervy."

"Hey – I didn't write this stuff! It's not my fault if people read my book, and see some kind of chemistry between the characters and then want to write..." Tim broke off, searching for the right words.

"Filthy porn about them?" Tony suggested.

"Yeah." Tim sighed happily. "Hot, filthy porn." He glanced around. "Hey, Gibbs and Ziva have been gone awhile. You think we should actually, you know, do some work before the boss gets back?"

Tony looked at him, and he looked back at Tony, and then they both glanced back at Tony's computer screen.

"Nah!" they both said in unison.

"What next?" Tony asked, going back to the main menu. Tim preened a little. He had a fanfiction archive dedicated to his book! Okay, so it wasn't a massive fanfiction archive but he was sure that this indicated that he'd arrived as an author.

"Careful!" Tim said, as the main menu page splashed up: ON YOUR SIX! A "Deep Six" Fanfiction Archive in large, lurid letters.

"How about that one." Tim pointed.

"Forbidden." Tony grinned up at him. "Hmm, sounds good – no summary though – let's just click and see *what* exactly is forbidden, my friend..."

He clicked, and for the next couple of seconds he read, and Tim read over his shoulder, and it was all going fine until the third paragraph down when Tony went very pale.

"Oh no," he muttered. "Oh no...this is deeply wrong. We have to get out of here, Tim. Now. Or there will be images in our heads that will forever haunt us." He reached out to click the back button but Tim pushed him out of the way.

"Oh now wait – this is *good*," Tim said, grinning. "It was forbidden, he knew it was forbidden, but Agent Tommy couldn't help himself. Every morning he looked across the desk at where Agent Tibbs was working and he wanted nothing more than to go over there, grab his boss, and kiss him hard – on the mouth." He read out loud. "This wasn't all he wanted to do. He also wanted to go down on his knees, reach into..."

"Your fans are sick, McGee," Tony interrupted grumpily.

"No, I think they may be onto something, Tony," Tim said seriously. "I mean, you *are* pretty

obsessed with Gibbs. Now, some might think that that's just you looking up to your boss – as a leader, or a mentor, but I think the evidence supports the fact that, well, it may be something more than that. I think..."

"Did you want to carry on breathing, McGee?" Tony asked, hitting the browser's back button so that the main archive menu was displayed again. "Huh? Because the way you're going, I don't think so."

"I'm just saying, Tony," Tim said earnestly, hiding his grin. "I mean...maybe my readers are seeing something that Agent Tommy would rather they didn't see?"

"Rather who wouldn't see?" a voice said behind them. Tony panicked, jumping nearly two feet in the air, and he tried to press the back button furiously, but only succeeded in...

"Oh shit. Tony...no!" Tim hissed, as instead of getting rid of the page Tony sent it to the plasma behind Gibbs's desk where it flashed up: "ON YOUR SIX!" the lurid colours seeming even brighter when magnified to plasma screen size.

"Oh no." Tony hunched his shoulders up as high as they would go, in a clearly vain attempt to ward off the almighty headslap that would shortly be coming his way.

Gibbs glanced at the plasma and then at his two agents.

"Ah – you boys found that site, huh?" he asked, sitting down at his desk, and putting on his glasses. Tim and Tony exchanged glances.

"Uh...you mean...you know about this website, boss?" Tim asked, in a nervous voice.

"Oh yeah." Gibbs glanced up at them over his glasses. "Found it a few nights ago. Good stuff. Made me laugh. Your fans are all kinds of crazy, McGee."

"Uh...did you...I mean...which of the...um, stories did you read?" Tony asked, and Tim thought his voice sounded several octaves higher than usual.

"Just a few." Gibbs shrugged, then glanced at the screen and pointed. "That one there – you read that one yet?"

"The Belt." Tim read out. "Uh... no we hadn't gotten to that one yet, boss."

"Read it," Gibbs said.

"I - we - really have some work we should be doing," Tony said hurriedly.

"Read it," Gibbs repeated, in a voice that demanded instant obedience. Tony glanced at Tim who glanced back at him, and then, cringing, Tony clicked his mouse on the title. The story came up on the plasma, in huge letters. Both men started to read it.

"Uh-oh," Tony whispered as they got to the fourth paragraph. "I have a bad feeling about this."

"Me too," Tim whispered back.

"It's an interesting story, boss," Tony called, in a strangulated tone, as they reached the middle section. "Very...interesting." He winced, making a face at the screen. "People really write this stuff?" he whispered to Tim. "Seriously? About us?"

"You were right, Tony. My fans are sick," Tim sighed, as he continued reading the story. "Ow..." It was his turn to wince.

"Yeah. Ow," Tony said, grimacing theatrically. "Although personally I think Agent McGregor got off lightly there. And how was *any* of this Agent Tommy's fault? Huh? He was just...I mean..." He trailed off as he looked up to find Gibbs glaring at them both.

"He was just doing what, DiNozzo? Goofing around on his boss's time instead of working?" Gibbs demanded. "Just like you and McGee have been doing for the past couple of hours?"

"It wasn't a couple of hours, boss!" Tony protested. "Maybe just fifteen minutes. Probably less."

Gibbs glanced up at the plasma screen. "Agent Tommy was just making it worse for himself by lying to Tibbs..." he read off the screen.

"Uh...okay, so maybe it was an hour...or a little bit more," Tony said desperately. "But come on, boss – you shouldn't take these stories so seriously. I mean...corner time? For real? And uh...that stuff with the belt...I mean...those really aren't standard NCIS approved disciplinary procedures."

"They really aren't," Tim agreed hurriedly.

"They sound illegal," Tony said.

"And unorthodox," Tim added.

"And painful," Tony winced.

"Definitely painful," Tim agreed.

"And kind of hot..." Tony murmured, reading down a bit. "Uh...sorry – didn't mean that. Just this bit...No...uh..." He flushed bright red.

Gibbs put his head on one side and gave him an intrigued look.

"Uh...boss...you're not seriously considering...?" Tony began. "Because, in case you were, I really don't think that HR would let you. I mean...I know you hit us all the time, on the back of the head, and that's not really allowed either but you get away with it because, well, you're Gibbs and everyone is too scared of you to say anything, but...you wouldn't...actually...with a belt?" He made a face. "Or your hand? Over your knee?" He cringed again.

"Or bent over the table in the conference room?" Tim squeaked, reading down a bit more.

"And definitely NOT here, in the squad room, over your desk," Tony said firmly. "You wouldn't. Would you?" he said, his voice quavering just a little. Tim glanced at him suspiciously, wondering whether Tony was just a bit more intrigued about all this than he should be – his nickname **was** 'Spanky' after all.

Gibbs's glare turned into a grin. "Aw, boys – it's just fiction," he said. He got up and walked over to Tony's desk. Tim took a step back until he was almost prostrate over the filing cabinet. Tony sat very still in his chair, face stuck in a rictus grin of a grimace. "And if I catch you reading fanfiction on **my** time again then I promise you that Agent Tibbs's unorthodox disciplinary methods will start to seem very appealing to you by comparison to what I'll do to you!" he roared. "Got it?"

"Yes boss!" Tony and Tim said in unison.

"Good. Now get back to work!" Gibbs turned on his heel and strode off. Tony clutched his chest weakly.

"That was bad, probie," he sighed.

"It was very, very bad," Tim agreed as he walked slowly back to his desk and sat down.

"What was bad?" Ziva asked as she returned to her desk.

"Nothing," Tony said quickly, banging his hand on the mouse so the story disappeared from the plasma screen.

"Uh, where have you been, Ziva?" Tim asked, hoping to distract her from Tony's suspicious behaviour.

"Down in autopsy. With Abby," Ziva replied.

Tony looked up. "In autopsy? With Abby? Was it cold down there?" he asked.

"Tony!" Tim threw his eraser at him.

"Just wondering." Tony had that irritating faraway look in his eyes. "Because, you know, if it **was** cold, then did you know that naked, skin on skin contact helps..." A hand connected with the back of his head and he made a face. "Sorry boss. Didn't see you come back there," he said. "I'm working! I really am!" He moved his hands quickly across his keyboard to demonstrate that fact.

"With me, DiNozzo!" Gibbs ordered. Tony got up slowly, looking at Tim with an agonised expression on his face.

"Uh why...I mean, where are we going, boss?" he asked, as he walked along behind his boss.

"To the conference room," Gibbs said tersely.

"You wearing a belt there, boss? Because if you are...I think I'd rather stay here," Tony said. Gibbs reached out, put a hand on the back of his neck, and pushed him.

"The conference room. With me. Now," he growled, straight into Tony's ear. Tim made his mock-sympathetic face at Tony as their boss hauled him off.

Half an hour later, Tony and Gibbs returned. Gibbs seemed to be...happy. He was whistling and had a cheery smile on his face. Tim frowned. This was unusual. He glanced at Tony but the other agent didn't meet his eye. He seemed out of it - he had a dreamy expression on his face, and looked relaxed and...suspiciously happy – just like Gibbs. Tim watched as Tony sat down...gingerly, a wince passing over his features as his ass made contact with the chair. Tim glanced at Gibbs who glanced back at him, completely deadpan.

"You didn't...?" Tim murmured.

Gibbs gave him a wink, and then turned. "I'm getting coffee," he said as he headed off to the elevator.

"Tony?" Tim asked, turning to his colleague. Tony grinned at him.

"I was wrong about your fans, probie. They're not sick," he said. "In fact...I think they're pretty cool."

The End

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