

The Word by Xanthe



Story archived: <http://www.xanthe.org/the-word/>

Story Notes:

Back in April, I held a Tibbs iContest on my LJ. You can check out all the entries and the winners **here**.

I promised the winners I'd write them all a story inspired by their icon. Originally, I offered to do drabbles - fics of 100 words exactly. But when I came to do them, I found I wanted them to just be as long as they wanted to be - so I went with that.

My apologies for how long it has taken. First I wanted to finish **Two Wolves**. Then I broke my ankle and didn't write anything for a long time. So, I'm delighted to finally be able to post them now.

The stories vary in size from 300ish words long to nearly 4000 words long. I started out thinking I'd keep them very short, in the spirit of a drabble, but somehow each one kept turning out longer than the previous one! Please don't assume any value judgement from their length; I just looked at each icon and went where my imagination took me, whether it was a short 'joke' fic, or a longer, more angsty story. Or, you know, lots of spanky BDSM ;-).

Sometimes, my imagination was surprising; the best Tony icon is a story largely about Gibbs, and the best Gibbs icon is a story largely about Tony. Go figure! I tried to keep all the stories to one scene - except for the best BDSM icon fic which, once I had the idea, I knew would have to be comprised of several short scenes in order to do what I wanted with it, which was to contextualise the icon.

I did my best to capture some feeling or truth that struck me about each icon. I hope I succeeded. Please make sure to admire each icon before you read - the stories work much better that way!

Thank you again to all the entrants of the iContest for making it such a great competition. You all rock!

This story is for  **dinky_di_1** who made the winning icon in the Gibbs/Tony BDSM category. I had the idea for this story almost as soon as I saw this icon – but I knew it'd end up long, so I tried to think of something else. But in the end I gave in and went with my original idea, which is why it's a tad longer than the other winning fics. It's just what came to mind.

This story is set in the **24/7** universe featured in my story **Two Masters**, where Tony is Gibbs's 24/7 sub. It's set several months after the events featured in that story, so Tony and Gibbs are now settled into their relationship and it has evolved.

You don't have to have read *24/7* or *Two Masters* to read and enjoy this story.

Thank yous: To Bluespirit and Taylorgibbs for beta and to Nikita, Hilde and Sue for audiencing.

Chapter 1 by Xanthe

The Word By Xanthe

Gibbs ran his hand happily over Tony's ass which was right in front of him, lying over his knees, awaiting a spanking. God, how he loved Tony's ass; he loved its smoothness, its curves and how the fleshy mounds of the buttocks gave way to the firm softness of Tony's thighs.

Gibbs raised his hand and began spanking. Tony's buttocks alternately quivered and clenched as Gibbs took his time, building up the pace slowly. He enjoyed the way Tony's skin changed from white-pink to rosy-red, and how it warmed to the touch, going from cool to flaming hot under his stern ministrations.

They'd been working non-stop for weeks, and now the case was over, this weekend was their first opportunity to reconnect as dom and sub. Gibbs knew Tony had been missing that connection – hell, he had too. All they'd had time for each night was to crawl into bed, exhausted, and then get up early the next morning to start another long day all over again. Tony hadn't slept in bondage for the past month and his ass had remained unmarked all that time too.

Gibbs made the spanking a long one, so that his sub could let go of the stress of the last few weeks and surrender to the relaxed bliss of coming under his master's control again. Only when he was sure that Tony was fully into his subspace did he stop spanking him.

Tony moaned softly, and Gibbs smiled and ordered him onto the bed, guiding him onto his front with a pillow under his groin. Then he got onto the bed behind him and parted Tony's flaming buttocks, revelling in the warmth of those freshly heated ass cheeks. He slid his tongue between them, enjoying the musky, inviting scent of his sub's hole as he dipped his tongue inside it, teasing Tony mercilessly.

Gibbs loved how Tony writhed and whimpered as he worked on him. Tony was the most responsive sub a dom could wish for. He begged for mercy when he was being spanked, screamed for release when he was being denied, and melted with pleasure when he was being played with. And Gibbs loved playing with him.

It didn't take long to reduce Tony to a blissed out heap of pleasure. Gibbs happily tongued him even further into submission, but he couldn't help feeling that his beautiful sub deserved more. They'd spent so little time together recently, and Tony hadn't once pouted or complained. Now it was time to reward him.

Gibbs drew back, remembering something Walter had once told him about how he'd trained Fox. He decided it would be something Tony would enjoy, and it would help get them back into the 24/7 headspace that they both loved. He'd take his time with it, working on Tony gradually to add a new dimension to their master/slave relationship and take them

back to basics.

“I’m going to give you a word,” Gibbs said, trailing a finger over Tony’s freshly spanked ass.

“Mmmm?” Tony sighed, clearly floating away on a haze of endorphins.

“Stay with me, boy!” Gibbs slapped Tony’s left buttock, and Tony yelped and jumped into the air, before settling down on the bed again.

“Yes, Master,” he muttered, aiming a pout over his shoulder at Gibbs. Gibbs bit back a grin at the pout. He should probably punish Tony for it, but he was enjoying hearing the word “Master” on his sub’s lips again too much for that.

Tony had first started calling him “Master” a few months ago – self-consciously at first, but then relaxing into it when Gibbs hadn’t objected. Gibbs had always been his master in all but name anyway, but at the beginning they’d both been shy of actually using the word.

Then, one day, Tony had let it slip out during a particularly intense scene, and Gibbs had found he liked it more than he’d ever have imagined. From then on, it had become a regular part of their play – and it was good to hear it again after weeks of just being “Boss” all the time.

“The word I’m going to give you is important,” Gibbs continued, stroking Tony’s bottom with his hand again. “It’s one you must obey whenever you hear it.”

“Of course, Master,” Tony said, looking intrigued.

“When I say this word, you’ll immediately stop whatever you’re doing, strip off your pants, and present your ass for me to fuck.”

“That sounds hot.” Tony shot him an excited smile.

“Maybe.” Gibbs shrugged. “You haven’t heard it all yet. See, you don’t necessarily get to come after I’ve fucked you. I might let you come, but don’t count on it. This isn’t about your pleasure, boy.”

“So, you say the word, I bend over, and you fuck me?” Tony asked.

“Yup.” Gibbs nodded.

“And afterwards you just walk away and leave me with your come inside me?” Tony gave a little shiver, and Gibbs knew he liked the idea. “This is about you getting off, not me? I’m the sub, and I’m here for you to enjoy?”

“You have a problem with that?” Gibbs asked gently. He wanted this to be fun for both of them, but if it didn’t turn Tony on then he wouldn’t push it.

“Hell no! It sounds totally hot.” Tony grinned. “Okay, so I won’t like the not-coming thing because I predict I’ll be hard as hell just from having you pound into me whenever you want my ass.” He gave a happy sigh. “But I love that you’re being all, you know...masterful.” His eyes gleamed. “It’s been a long time. I’ve missed it.”

“I know.” Gibbs stroked his sub’s thick, dark hair. “Work got in the way. But Vance has promised me a lighter schedule for the next couple of weeks, so we’ll have time to get back to ourselves.”

“That sounds perfect.” Tony rested his head on his arms, his body relaxing.

Gibbs slipped back into his top space again. “When I say the word, I want you to forget everything except one important thing.”

“What’s that, Master?”

Gibbs poured a dollop of lube onto his fingers and gently slid them into Tony’s hole. “That your ass...this ass...” Gibbs wriggled his fingers a little to punctuate that point, “Belongs to me and only me.”

“Yes, Master...oh shit!” Tony grabbed a pillow and held it tight against his chest, whimpering with pleasure.

“It doesn’t belong to you,” Gibbs told him.

“No, Master. I already know that,” Tony replied.

“It’s mine. Mine to fuck; mine to spank; mine to lick; and mine to bite.” Gibbs removed his fingers, lowered his head, and did just that, sinking his teeth into the warm, soft skin.

Tony gave a scream and clutched the pillow even more tightly, but he didn’t move. He knew better than to try to get away when his master was marking him; Gibbs had trained him too well for that. Gibbs drew back and surveyed the bite mark on Tony’s ass with a satisfied smile. He ran his fingers over it, enjoying the feel of the indentation. He loved placing his marks on his boy, and Tony’s ass had been white and unmarked for too long now.

“So, whenever I say the word, you’ll present this ass to me, because it’s mine, and I want to fuck it. You’ll make sure it’s lubed and ready for me at all times because when I want to fuck you, I expect to fuck you – no delays.”

“No, Master,” Tony said dreamily.

Gibbs shook his head. “Too glib, boy,” he growled. “You’ve got to do more than just pay lip service to the idea that your ass is mine. You’ve got to learn it, feel it, know it, and **believe** it.” He pinched Tony’s red ass as he said that, making Tony yelp.

“I want it to be a reflex – I say the word, and you immediately remove your pants and bend

over the nearest table, or couch, or brace yourself against the wall, or get down on your knees for me and hold these pretty ass cheeks apart, so I can get inside them and fuck you hard, because you're mine, and I can." Gibbs slapped Tony's buttocks, enjoying the sensation of them wobbling under his hand.

He could see that Tony was completely turned on by the word picture he was painting, and he smiled as his sub ground his hips into the pillow, desperately trying to create some friction, knowing he'd only get to come if Gibbs gave him permission.

"Do you understand that, boy?" Gibbs demanded.

"I do understand, Master. My ass is yours," Tony whimpered. "I do believe it."

"No, you don't. Not yet. But I'll train you, and when I'm done, trust me, you'll believe it," Gibbs told him. "Now – any questions?"

"Yes..." Tony grinned at him cheekily over his shoulder. "Are you going to fuck me any time soon, Master?"

Gibbs gave him several good, hard spansks for that, and then he settled between his boy's legs, entered him swiftly, and fucked him into the mattress until Tony was a moaning, quivering, very aroused wreck beneath him. Gibbs took pity on his sub and was kind enough to let him come when he was done.

Afterwards, Tony turned to him with an exhausted smile and snuggled in close. Gibbs put his arms around him and dropped a kiss on his sub's hair.

"One more thing, Master," Tony whispered.

"Mmm?" Gibbs loved having an armful of sleepy, well-fucked DiNozzo wrapped up tight in his arms.

Tony grinned at him. "What's the word?"

~*~

Tony waited eagerly for Gibbs to say the word for the next two days, but nothing happened. Tony spent the entire weekend naked, kneeling at his master's feet, being played with and enjoying regular, very satisfying bouts of sex...but there was no word. Tony almost began to wonder if Gibbs had dropped the whole idea. Which didn't make sense because this was *Gibbs*, and he didn't drop things.

On Monday morning they rolled out of bed, and Tony groaned at the idea of going back to work. He still felt tired, damn it, and although it had been great spending so much quality time with his master over the past couple of days, he still felt as if they weren't quite back to

where they had been, before the big case had derailed them.

He spent far too long in the bathroom, sluggishly getting washed and shaved and peering at the bags under his eyes in the mirror, and as a result was running late by the time he got downstairs. He ran into the kitchen to find that Gibbs was not only ready for work but also well on his way to finishing his first coffee of the morning. Tony ran around the kitchen, pouring himself juice and telling Gibbs all about a DVD he'd ordered that hadn't turned up yet, much to his annoyance.

He chattered away non-stop while he buttered his toast, completely oblivious to the utter silence coming from the direction of the dining table; Gibbs was never very chatty at the best of times and definitely never first thing in the morning.

Tony was so preoccupied that he barely noticed when Gibbs got up, threw his coffee mug in the sink, and said something to him. Tony just kept on buttering his toast, lamenting the missing DVD and bitching about the fact they had to go to work when it was far too early and damn it was still *dark* outside...when suddenly he realised that Gibbs had said the word. He spun around to see Gibbs standing there, his arms crossed dangerously over his chest, looking seriously pissed off.

"Oh...uh...shit! It's the word! You said the word. Hang on!"

The toast went flying as Tony fumbled to undo his fly and strip off his pants; he had stopped wearing underwear for convenience's sake since becoming Gibbs's 24/7 sub. He was so flustered that he tripped over his pants in his zeal to get them off, and then looked around the kitchen, frantically searching for a suitable place to offer up his ass to his master.

"I'm on it, Master!" he said, trying to decide between the kitchen table and the wall. The kitchen table was his first choice – it would be far more comfortable for a start – but they had to eat there, so maybe the wall was better...

He dithered for a few seconds until suddenly he heard a growl of annoyance, and then his shoulder was grabbed, he was swung around, and Gibbs shoved him down unexpectedly over the kitchen counter and kicked his legs apart.

Tony yelped in surprise as Gibbs pulled his buttocks open and slid inside his hole with one smooth thrust. Tony had made sure he was lubed and stretched – he took his duties as a sub very seriously, which was why he was annoyed with himself for making such a total mess of it the first time Gibbs had used the special word on him.

Gibbs fucked him so hard that Tony could feel the hard edge of the kitchen counter digging into his thighs. He held on tight, loving the display of dominance from his master, wishing his cock wasn't so hard because knew there was no way he'd get to come any time soon after that disastrous display of inattention to his master's wishes.

He felt Gibbs having his orgasm, and heard his master's little shout of pleasure, and then Gibbs released him and withdrew. Tony paused there for a moment and then pushed

himself away from the kitchen counter, head down, unable to look at his master, feeling utterly sheepish.

“Sorry, Master,” he muttered, gazing at the floor. “I know I screwed up. I’ll get it right next time though.” He looked up through his eyelashes to find Gibbs gazing at him sternly.

“You damn well better,” Gibbs grunted, but then he sighed, pulled his sub close and kissed his lips, and Tony knew he was forgiven.

Two days later, Gibbs followed Tony into the elevator at NCIS and said the word as he flicked the emergency switch. This time, Tony only hesitated for a split second before stripping off his pants, placing his hands on the mirror, and pushing out his ass for his master’s use. He loved the sensation of Gibbs’s big cock gliding smoothly into his hole, and he whimpered with pleasure as Gibbs fucked him quick and hard.

His master came with a happy grunt, and then withdrew and tucked his spent cock back inside his pants again.

Tony stood up, smiling. “Was that better, Master? It was, wasn’t it?”

Gibbs stroked a lazy hand through Tony’s hair, and Tony pressed up against him like a puppy being petted. “Yeah, that was better, boy,” Gibbs said approvingly. “You can go jerk off in the restroom as a reward.”

Tony only gave a little pout at being denied his master’s touch; he didn’t mind jerking off alone, but he much preferred it when Gibbs did it for him, or at least watched.

Knowing his master could say the word any time gave Tony a frisson, day and night. He loved not knowing when his master would come up behind him and whisper it in his ear. He was on tenterhooks, enjoying how it reinforced their roles as dom and sub, making him aware of his status even when doing something as mundane as taking crime scene photos or hanging out in Abby’s lab eating donuts. This was what he’d been missing during the long weeks when they hadn’t had time to play. He could slowly feel himself relaxing. He was a sub, and he wanted nothing more than to please his highly dominant master. There was such a sense of peace and pleasure for him in that.

Then, just when he thought he was getting really good at this new training exercise, he screwed up badly. They were about to leave the conference room after a staff meeting, the others having filed out before them, when Gibbs suddenly shut the door, locking them both in, and said the word.

Tony gaped at him. “Here?” he hissed. “Now? I mean...with people just outside?” He could hear McGee and Ziva talking just outside the door. They couldn’t get in because of the locked door but supposing they knocked on the door or put their ears against it and started listening?

Gibbs raised an eyebrow, and Tony knew immediately that he was in big trouble.

“Yes, Master!” he said quickly, undoing his pants, shoving them down to his ankles, and prostrating himself over the conference room table. He heard Ziva and McGee walking away and his heart sank. He should have trusted his master. This whole exercise was one of service and obedience; it wasn’t for him to question how, when and where his master wanted to use him. He simply had to bend over and make himself available. That was the whole damn point.

Gibbs fucked him in a very perfunctory way, came inside him, withdrew, and slapped Tony’s still naked ass hard.

“I think you’re still forgetting who this ass belongs to,” he growled.

“Sorry, Master.” Tony stood up, wincing at his mistake. He could feel Gibbs’s come trickling out of him, and that turned him on like crazy, even despite the trouble he was in. “I’m learning! I really am!”

Gibbs reached out and stroked his cheek gently, and there was something in his eyes that Tony hadn’t expected - a kind of sadness that made his heart ache.

“I know it’s mine,” Gibbs said quietly. “But I need to know that **you** know it, Tony.”

“I do,” Tony took hold of his master’s hand and kissed it. “I’ll make you see that, Master. I promise.”

A few nights later, they were lying on the couch watching Tony’s missing DVD which had mysteriously turned up the very next day after Gibbs had phoned up Amazon and yelled at someone.

It had been a long day, but they’d just eaten a nice steak dinner, and Tony was feeling tired but very content as he dozed in his master’s arms. He always loved the way Gibbs’s hard chest felt against his back, and the security of having Gibbs’s arms wrapped around him. It was a kind of bondage without actually being bondage, and it made Tony feel every inch the well-loved sub.

The fire in the grate was burning merrily, the room was warm, and Tony was just on the verge of falling asleep when he felt Gibbs lean forward, his breath tickling Tony’s ear...and then Gibbs whispered the word to him.

Tony didn’t hesitate. He went from nearly asleep to bent over the back of the couch in record time, pants down, holding his butt cheeks open invitingly for Gibbs to fuck him.

Gibbs came up behind him and did just that. “Who does this ass belong to?” Gibbs asked as he thrust into him.

“You, Master,” Tony said, quivering with pride as Gibbs made good use of him. He didn’t care about coming. He just loved that he was able to offer himself up for his master’s

pleasure in this way. It turned him on in some very basic way, appealing to the willing sub within, exciting him beyond belief.

Gibbs pumped into him for a long time, his hands firm on Tony's hips as he took Tony hard and fast over the back of the couch. He came with a low growl of pleasure and then withdrew.

Tony stayed in position, awaiting the order to move, wanting to make sure his master was completely done with him first.

Gibbs placed a hand on Tony's back and gently guided Tony off the couch and into his arms. Then he kissed Tony thoroughly on the lips, his tongue claiming Tony's mouth as thoroughly as his cock had just claimed his ass. Tony moaned and pressed up against him, surrendering to his master's demanding kiss.

Gibbs kissed him for a long time, and then he drew back, and Tony saw an expression of pride and love on his face.

"Good boy," Gibbs said softly, stroking a hand through Tony's hair.

Tony glowed.

~*~

Gibbs was delighted with his boy for being so attuned to his master's wishes. Tony had obeyed him instantly, even though he was barely awake when Gibbs had whispered the word in his ear.

Now Tony was a happy, compliant boy in his arms, completely submissive, his eyes glowing happily as he nestled into his master's chest. It seemed that Walter's little trick had worked, and they were now back to where they'd been before work had derailed them.

Gibbs didn't reward Tony by letting him come, because he didn't want to spoil the pleasure Tony was taking from being of service to his master, with no thought for his own reward. But he took Tony to his bed and kissed, fondled and played with him for over an hour, expressly denying him his orgasm but making him feel very much loved before they both fell into a peaceful sleep.

The following morning, he woke Tony by sucking his cock until Tony came in his mouth with a startled gasp of pleasure at the honour his master was paying him. Then he spanked Tony hard, to ensure that his hand prints would remain on him for several hours. This was who they were, on a deep, fundamental level, and it felt good to have their sexual energy flowing so sweetly between them again.

Later that day, Gibbs walked into the squad room to find Tony, for some bizarre, Tony-esque

reason, standing in front of the elevator shouting into a traffic cone.

Gibbs was used to his boy's high spirits and wayward behaviour, and he loved his sub's sense of mischief. The last thing he wanted was to beat that out of him. But it never did any harm to remind his boy that he had a master, and that his master was watching him.

So, he walked up behind Tony and paused there, standing as close as only a lover ever would, totally invading Tony's space. He felt Tony's body go limp, the way it always did when his master was close by and exerting his dominant energy over his boy.

Tony's breathing hitched, and Gibbs knew what his sub was thinking. They were in the squad room. There were other people around. Would Gibbs say the word? Would he really dare to say the word here, in public?

Gibbs could feel the excitement warring with the tension in Tony's body, and he pressed even closer, enjoying the moment. He knew Tony was remembering what had happened in the conference room, and that his sub was by no means sure that Gibbs wouldn't say the word right here, right now, even in front of all these people. Tony's body was quivering now, and still Gibbs said nothing, enjoying his total mastery over his sub.

Then something beautiful happened. Gibbs felt the moment when Tony surrendered, giving in to his master's will, and Gibbs knew that if he did say the word then Tony would remove his pants, bend over his desk, and hold open his ass cheeks for Gibbs to fuck him – without question, prevarication or embarrassment.

Gibbs felt a heady wave of pleasure that took him straight into his top space; he was so proud of his boy right now. He played with Tony a little longer, allowing the moment between them to linger, wanting Tony to enjoy the thrill of it for just a few more seconds, teetering on the brink.

Little beads of sweat broke out on the back of his sub's neck, and Gibbs knew that if he could see the front of Tony's pants they'd be tented with his erection as he waited with bated breath to see if his master would say the word.

But Gibbs didn't say the word. He didn't need to; they both knew the truth. Instead, he allowed his hand to just rest on the ass he'd spanked a few hours ago, and they shared a moment of silent, unspoken communication:

"Who owns this ass?"

"You, Master."

The End

Friendly feedback adored!

I'll leave you to imagine what the word is! One thing I can tell you is that it isn't 'Wanda'

g.

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