

## **In the Arms of an Angel**

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Fandom: NCIS

Spoiler: 5x18/5x19 - Judgment Day

Rating: P14 / T

Contents: Alone in his basement, Gibbs is visited by some memories - and a vision that works it's magic...

Disclaimer: I don't own anything. If I did, Judgment Day would never have happened.

A/N: To be exact, this was mescarlett's idea; or at least she gave me the inspiration when she commented on one of my videos on YouTube, asking if I think it would be possible that the name of Gibbs' next boat will be Jenny. So I wrote this little story here.

THANK YOU Verity for beta reading!!!

It was late Saturday night, a night with a moon hidden behind dark clouds, its silver light lost to the world. The streets were deserted; it was cold and rainy and people had stayed at home. Lights were shining from the house's windows; only one stood dark, at least at first sight. If one looked more closely one would discover a faint glow of light shining from the basement window of the single-family house that was getting lost once facing the outside darkness.

Inside of this mentioned basement, a silver-haired man sat in a dark corner, his gaze fixed on an unknown spot somewhere in the room or beyond. A few steps away on his workbench stood a box; containing of some things Cynthia, the assistant of his former boss and second deceased love of his life, Jenny Shepard, had saved from Jenny's office so it wouldn't get lost now with new Director Vance in charge.

Jethro Gibbs hadn't found the strength to look inside yet; to be honest he was afraid of what he would find, of the memories that were going to ambush his mind. He had tried to find oblivion these past days, for he hoped he would forget the pain and void he felt even if it was only for a short time. But then he knew he couldn't hide away from the reality, couldn't ignore the fact that Jenny was gone forever, as much as he wished for it, as much as he wished she was still there, in her office, burning the midnight oil, while the rest of the agency was already at home. He had often thought about going to her office in such nights when he, too, had been working late; now he couldn't understand why he'd never done it.

He shot a glance to the box; it was standing there like it wanted to sneer at him for his fear and his cowardice, so finally he gave in, leaving his dark corner and walking into the dim light of the lamp on his workbench.

With a shuddering breath and shaking hands, he hesitantly opened the box.

The first thing he took was her glasses. Those she had lent him more than once when he again had problems with reading something but of course had forgotten to take his own glasses with him.

He placed them on the shelf in front of him; his mind flashing back to the first time she had handed him the glasses while they had been sitting in MTAC and he hadn't been able to read the case file. He had practically felt her smirk although she had kept a straight face.

Something black looking like a small book caught his eyes when he looked back inside the box.

He had never seen this one before and when he flipped through the pages he realized it had to be some combination of planner and diary; some pages had notes about events in her private life on them, others about birthdays and similar important dates.

He resisted the urge to take a closer look at the words written in this book; maybe one time he would read it, but not today.

A soft piece of cloth was what his hands found next in the box; it was the scarf she had worn as an accessory when she and Ducky had attended the Marine Corps birthday ball. It still smelt of her, this fragrance that was a mixture of wild roses and a waft of vanilla. How he had loved this fragrance that had been so uniquely hers and sometimes, in their rare peaceful and private moments he could have lost his mind, remembering the times when they had been so close that this perfume had made him senseless.

He inhaled the scent deeply, closing his eyes and savoring the moment, before laying the scarf back and again reaching for the box' contents where he discovered a jewel case he instantly recognized. He couldn't believe she had kept it; he had given it to her so many years ago. Although she hadn't worn anymore what he thought was inside, she obviously had it always nearby.

Ever so slowly he opened the case, only to find what he had guessed – a small golden filigree in the shape of a dove, not bigger than his fingertip, but yet the bottom side had the line 'Love, J.' engraved on it. While being undercover in Paris, it had been the only real personal gift that hadn't taken their cover into account. She had loved it and during their whole time undercover, she had worn it, night and day, or alternatively carried it in her purse.

It had been the secret symbol of their love.

Realizing what it meant that it was still there in her personal belongings and that she must have seen every day, he was overwhelmed by his emotions; he reached for his boat to steady himself and closed his eyes momentarily. Not before he heard light footsteps he opened them again only to doubt his sanity when he saw the person entering the basement.

There she was, his beloved Jen, walking down the steps, with her well-known elegance he had always adored so much. She was a picture of pure grace and he couldn't take his eyes from her, who was wearing the robe of an angel or at least her off-the-shoulder dress looked like that. It was white, flowing, and low-backed, exposing porcelain skin, while her bare shoulders shimmered with a mystical glow.

Around her neck he discovered the small golden pendant, twinkling in the faint light, and when he looked back to the jewelry case in his hands, its contents was gone.

She didn't come to him but went to his boat, taking the tool he normally used for marking the lines of the letters' frames for the boat's name before they were filled in with paint. While she worked he tried to get a look at what she was writing, but was never able to recognize anything; though the tool touched the boat's surface he saw nothing.

He trusted her to know what she was doing and so he returned to his workbench and leaned against it, his eyes unable to leave her delicate form that moved so slinky; he would never become tired of watching her.

After what seemed like an eternity to him she looked up, watching him intensely for a moment, never saying a word, and then slowly walking towards him; when she reached him, she simply stood in front of him for a while and they both studied the features of the other.

It was a movement he barely noticed when she lifted her hand. Carefully she touched his face, her fingertips grazing every little detail of it as if she was exploring it for the first time and wanted to memorize it exactly. He stood still, her touch making him shiver, so he closed his eyes, only to open them again when she took his face between her hands.

With no more than a feathery touch, she kissed his forehead, followed by his cheeks and finally his lips; but it was only a short contact and he was about to be disappointed when her lips vanished from his. The loss of contact lasted for a few seconds, nevertheless it felt like forever till she came back, claiming his lips with hers and kissing him ever so softly, the touch filled with so much love that he could have cried.

Finally, her arms wound around him and when he took her into his arms, too, she felt like silk and satin to his hands, which found the exposed skin of her back and caressed it gently. Now he realized how much he had missed this feeling of her body that seemed so right under his touch. Just as did her mouth on his; she tasted like the summer, sweet and intoxicating, her lips warm and soft, and her kiss like a promise.

He carefully deepened the kiss, some part of his mind afraid of scaring her away, but then, the sensation of taking it slow was more than he could have asked for. It felt like the first time kissing her and yet so familiar; he never wanted to let go of her.

Countless minutes later he felt a cold breeze wrapping them both up inside of it, and Jethro tried to protect his love with his arms and body, but realized that he didn't hold her anymore. Opening his eyes he awoke from his dream; the vision he now wished so badly to be real had faded away so fast that he hadn't even had the chance to tell it goodbye. All that he held in his hands now was the pendant in the one hand and in the other...

It was until then that he noticed he was sitting at the end of his boat, filling in the letters' frames with paint.

They read "Jenny".

*"You're in the arms of an Angel;  
May you find some comfort here."*  
Sarah McLachlan – "Angel"

- Fin -