

Baby It's Cold Outside...

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Rating: P13 / T

Contents: Maybe he does believe in coincidences. *Jibbs*

Disclaimer: I don't own anything of NCIS. If I did, Jen would be still alive.

A/N: Blame the weather on this! It's summer and yet it's stormy and rainy and just *nasty* outside.

Without Beta this time (hope you'll understand my writing anyway ;)); this story passed through my mind and I wrote it down in half an hour; it's short and silly and OOC *and not to be taken serious*.

For Aly and Verity; don't know if I and the fluff are made for each other; nevertheless I hope you'll like it!

Wrapped up in a warm and soft blanket, Jenny Shepard was sitting in her favorite armchair in her study, reading a book which had been lying untouched on her nightstand for months now. A comforting warmth was radiating from the fireplace she was sitting next to, and the sounds of crackling wood filled the room.

It had been a long time since her last evening off; since she had been able to find some rest and peace, without the need to be concerned about anything. She had only one wish for this evening: She wanted to enjoy this free time that had become so rare in her life.

And so, soon after she had started reading, she was caught in another world.

"... To return to the evening in question: 'It's the ghost' Little Jammes had cried.

An agonizing silence now reigned in the dressing-room. Nothing was heard but the hard breathing of the girls. At last, Jammes, flinging herself into the furthest corner of the wall, with every mark of real terror on her face, whispered: 'Listen!'

Everybody seemed to hear a rustling outside the door. There was no sound of footsteps..."

A sound on her front door made her startle and it took her a moment to pull herself from the book's reality back into her own. When the cracking sounds didn't stop, she frowned. No one should be there, it was already 11.30, nearly midnight, and Noemi had long gone home. Yet someone *was* there; and this someone was working on her lock. Taking her gun, she was about to walk carefully to her door, when just then, it was opened.

"Jethro!" she called out when she recognized the late visitor, looking somehow caught off-guard, what made him grin wryly for a moment. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Wish you a nice evening, too," he replied, sighing, then wanted to step into the hall, but his way was blocked by his boss.

"Oh no, first you tell me how you got in here!" she demanded fiercely, though she wasn't as furious as she pretended to be.

"Through the door?" he tried and earned himself a slap on his arm.

"Not funny, Jethro! So, tell me, *how*," she repeated

"With a key, Jen. Would you please..."

"Where did you get that key!?" she wanted to know, looking very bewildered.

"Um... you remember the secret place you're hiding the spare key in?" he responded with an innocent expression on his face.

"And I always thought the word *secret* has some special meaning," she commented with the tiniest bit of sarcasm in her voice.

"Jen, it hasn't been a secret anymore since... never mind. Can I come in now? It's really nasty outside." Rolling her eyes she stepped aside to let him pass, and then walked back towards her study.

"So why are you here, Jethro?" she asked, while getting comfortable in her armchair again.

"My car doesn't run anymore," he simply said, seating himself in the other armchair across from her. When a "Huh?" was all he got from her, he added, "Yeah, coincidentally it stopped two streets from here. And because it's late, cold, dark *and* wet outside, I really didn't care about calling for help, but only about searching a warm place for the night."

"Jethro," she warned, "don't try to fool me. Since when do you believe in coincidences?"

"Since my car went belly up a few meters away from your house?" he answered sheepishly. Not that he expected her to believe it, but it was worth a try.

"Aha... sure," she nodded, of course not believing a single word of what he had said. "Alright, then I'll go now and call you a cab, and you'll find your warm place for the night at your home in less than thirty minutes." With this, she stood up; grumbling a bit when the blanket fell off her and the cozy warmth got lost with it.

"You really would throw me out into this cold, unfriendly world?" he whined and shot her a pleading look with puppy eyes.

"What's this, Jethro? Have you been drinking or something?"

"Nope. But speaking of-"

"Help yourself," she offered, shaking her head; then she made her way to the kitchen.

"I think I need something to warm up first!" he called after her when she left the study.

"As I said, help yourself!" she called back from the kitchen, only to add a few seconds later, "Or you can take some of the tea that just got ready." No answer. "Jethro?" A trifle bemused, she walked back to her study, only to find him slouching at her desk.

"What are you waiting for?" she wondered, walking up to him, searching for the glass of bourbon she had offered, and that he obviously hadn't taken.

"For something to warm up," he answered, a wicked grin on his face. She ignored his words; but just as she turned away, telling him that she would get the tea from the kitchen, two strong arms encircled her from behind and pulled her backwards against a muscular body, and the feeling of this was, to her surprise, still very familiar to her.

"Jethro, I'm no... *hot-water bottle*," she protested and tried to free herself, though her trying was very half-heartedly.

"But you know definitely the best way to make me *hot*." She shivered at his words, stopped struggling and turned in his arms. As soon as she was facing him, he captured her lips and kissed her deeply. She needed no second thought to respond, kissing him back and pressing herself against him.

"Still complaining about my request of warming me?" he asked when his mouth left hers momentarily to catch his breath.

"Shut up and take me upstairs," she responded before kissing him again.

Meanwhile, a few streets away from Jenny Shepard's house, a lonely and broken car got towed away.

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