

Breadcrumbs

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Fandom: NCIS

Rating: P14 / T

Contents: A response to the Jibbsfest challenge "Lost" – a Jibbs-story with a 'pot of coffee', 'a pair of Jen's High Heels' and something (or someone) 'lost'...

Disclaimer: I don't own anything; otherwise Judgment Day would never have happened!

THANK YOU Aly, you helped a lot!

The midnight hours had already fallen over NCIS head quarters and yet there was still a dim light shining from the windows of the squad room on the third floor.

Inside, light steps were to be heard and two figures sneaked around the deserted desks, most of them laying in the dark, only on one the lamp had been switched on.

"Probie! Come over here, now!" a man called in a hushed voice across the room.

"You found something?" another man called back in the same quiet voice, walking over to the first.

"Well, if this isn't one of the director's shoes – or do you know someone else in this agency who is wearing such heels, McProbie?" Tony DiNozzo grinned; he knew his mission would be fulfilled soon and he was looking forward to it.

"I would say we have to go on searching upstairs because this shoe is lying at the bottom of these stairs," Probie, sometimes also called McGee, stated and shot his partner a conspiratorial look.

"That's... McGee, you know what that could mean?" DiNozzo was so excited; he didn't wait for the answer he already knew, but sprinted upstairs, squealing when he discovered another piece of evidence. "Look at that – Gibbs left his coffee, nearly untouched! Let me tell you, this is not normal," he told the younger agent who was going upstairs now, and in a burst of enthusiasm he nearly spilled the liquid from the cup in his hand all over McGee.

"So you think they are...?"

"In her office? Of course, where else should they be?"

"Nowhere else. Look, Tony, there at the Director's door!" Now McGee was as excited as his colleague was.

"Ha! The fourth of these corpora delicti. So we have a pair of Jenny's High Heels, Gibbs' coffee, his jacket and her wristwatch. They are up here; we only have to wait for them to come out."

With that, both men sat down in front of Director Shepard's office, not caring about that people were going to see them in the morning – at least they were about to prove that the Director and their boss, Gibbs, had a relationship; what meant that they had guessed right the whole time.

"Tony?"

"McGee?"

"You see what I see?" the younger agent asked, pointing at something on the floor in front of the elevator's doors.

There was a long pause, both men remaining deadly silent, until DiNozzo got up and walked slowly to the object they had discovered minutes ago.

"That's another piece of evidence, McGee... Damn, how did we miss this one?" With a desperate expression, he looked at his partner who had joined him.

"So you think they maybe had left the office to go to another, a safer place?"

"Don't know, Probie, but we'll find out!" With that, Tony picked up the hair barrette from the floor and pushed the button to call for the elevator; they got into it a few seconds later.

"Well then?"

"Now, McGee, we'll go where they would think they are undisturbed. And where would that be? Correct, in the cellar. The archive there is made for hiding in," he explained and pushed the number of the mentioned floor.

Two hours later, they stood again in the elevator, looking very tired and frustrated. Their hunt had been of no avail, although they had searched every floor of the building

"We still have...," Tony tried to motivate himself and McGee, letting his voice trail off when he saw the look on his colleague's face.

"No, Tony, that's enough!" Tim shook his head furiously, then added "Forget it, they're not here. We've lost the scent, if there ever had been one, so accept it." With these words, he turned and left Tony and the building, finally going home to catch at least one or two hours of sleep.

DiNozzo stayed behind, grumbling and angry.

How he hated to lose...

Some miles away, two people lay, satiated after making love half the night, in a king sized bed, snuggled up to each other, quietly talking and giggling from time to time.

"So, you think they've found everything yet?"

"We're talking of DiNozzo, if he hasn't, he has learnt nothing and I will fire him," the man stated and kissed the woman's lips gently, causing her to let out a pleased sigh.

"Nice try, Jethro, but you can't. If anyone fires him, it will be me and no one else," the woman replied, but forgetting her words when a hand began trailing down the line of her spine.

"Nope, Jen, I will; I trained him and if he isn't able to find the breadcrumbs we left, and get us our belongings back, I won't need him anymore," Jethro contradicted her.

"This has been really a clever idea, staying in the head quarters till everyone went home and then sneaking out on a secret way. Didn't know you knew the building so well."

"This knowledge was only useful because we needed it to distract them," the silver-haired man pointed out.

"I know, if DiNozzo and McGee hadn't waited for us to come out, we-" his lover replied, but was interrupted by him.

"Yeah, but that's not important anymore, Jen." He paused for a moment, his eyes full of desire. "I can think of more interesting things right now."

His last sentence barely a whisper, Jen felt his words more than she heard them because meanwhile he had brought his mouth next to her ear and his hot breath on her skin made her shiver. His lips wandered back to hers, finally claiming them in a passionate manner, kissing her senseless.

'And after all these years, he hasn't lost anything of his energy,' was the last thought she was able to form before her mind became completely focused on the man she loved.

FIN :)