

That Old Black Magic

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Category: Fluff/Romance

Rating: PG (K)

Contents: He just can't resist that *Old Black Magic*.

Disclaimer: Nothing mine; otherwise I wouldn't write stories, but scripts... And I definitely wouldn't kill a main character! The Song "That Old Black Magic" belongs to Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer.

A/N: Though the story isn't exactly set in early season three, the Jen here is the one with the long hair.

Again, she was standing there. On the catwalk, looking down at them, watching them intensely. Or maybe she was watching him?

From time to time, Jethro Gibbs felt somewhat observed. He really had taught her well, he thought; all the hours they had spent observing, sitting or lying in dark, quiet hotel rooms, or in small cars, with only one thing to look forward to...

He coughed slightly, trying to ignore the memories that flooded his mind. Unfortunately, this wasn't as easy as it should have been. Every time he looked at her, every time he saw that happy, peaceful expression in her face, the glow in her eyes, the delicate smile forming on her lips, and the locks of her hair framing her face, he simply had to think back to those days.

A picture in front of his inner eye, some music in his ears, he again was in this small restaurant, the one where he had told her for the first time that he loved her...

His gaze wandered to the band momentarily, trying to recognize the tune they were playing. It only took him a few seconds to know that it was one of his favorite songs.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked the woman beside him, offering a hand she took instantly.

"Would love to," she smiled and let him guide her to the dance floor. Still holding her hand, he swirled her around, then caught her in his arms and pressed her against his body, slowly swaying to the music. When he began to hum slightly, she giggled, but was silenced by a kiss, as gently as erotic, that filled her stomach with thousands of butterflies.

-- That old black magic has me in its spell, that old black magic that you weave so well.

Those icy fingers up and down my spine

That same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.

The same old tingle that I feel inside, and then that elevator starts its ride

And down and down I go, round and round I go, like a leaf that's caught in the tide. --

"You know," he whispered after his lips had left hers, "you're a little witch."

Her eyes went wide at his words, and a bit shocked, she asked, "What? Why?"

"Because," his lips brushed hers, "of that 'Old Black Magic' you have me in."

Shaking her head, she smiled widely, realizing what he had just told her.

"You too," she replied, knowing that he would understand.

-- I should stay away, but what can I do?
I hear your name and I'm aflame
Aflame with such a burning desire that only your kiss can put out the fire.
For you're the lover I have waited for, the mate that fate had me created for.
And every time your lips meet mine, darling, down and down I go, round and round I go
In a spin, loving the spin I'm in, under that old black magic called love. --

Still, this memory haunted him in some way, the first night they had admitted their feeling for each other openly, after a long time of professional as well as passionate partnership. In the lonely nights in his basement, he often heard the song playing, and saw himself dancing with Jen. It had never left his mind, but gotten even worse since her return.

He really had tried to control himself, to avoid grabbing her at the very first moment they had met again, although he would have *loved* to show her how much the past was still a problem. Only not a problem in the way they had been a talking about.

He had waited, because of rules, his pride, or maybe the lack of a fitting moment to change anything. Okay, and maybe the last reason was only a lame excuse.

But now, with her walking back to her office, only looking back to shot him a last - *damn, how could that be so knowing?* - smile, he knew he wouldn't wait any longer.

Ignoring his team watching him irritated when he suddenly jumped up, he sprinted upstairs and towards the Director's office.

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She heard him when he stormed through the door into the outer office; and she didn't look up when her door was opened and he came in, without knocking of course.

"Anything I can do for you, Jethro?" she asked with a smile in her voice and mysterious sparkle in her eyes.

"You can, as a matter of fact. Would you please do me the favor and come over here?" he answered in an unusual polite manner.

Jen looked at him with a mixture of amusement and suspiciousness, but stood up nevertheless, and walked around her desk. Standing in front of him, she eyed him questioningly.

"Well then?"

She had expected nearly everything, but not the following. Framing her face with his hands, he took a few steps closer, till their bodies were nearly touching, and kissed her. He had the kiss intended to be a short and gentle one, but Jen's arms winding around his neck and the touch of her lips he had been missing for so long made him forget this attempt and deepen the kiss.

"What was that for, Jethro?" Jenny asked, breathless, when they parted.

"For the spell that *Old Black Magic* has me in because of you," he whispered, before he kissed her again.

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