

Late Night Sins

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Rating: P12

Contents: Even the most reasonable woman has to sin from time to time...

Disclaimer: Nothing mine and I'm afraid it also will never be... even if I manage to become an Executive Producer for one of those US shows, it will be too late for NCIS... and to bring Jenny back!!! *grr*

Author's Note: Inspired by Dr. House and the Premiere episode of season three, with Wilson and House and the guitar ;)

Ah, if you place value on logic, you better not read this story *smiles*

Step by step, the feminine figure tapped through the bedroom's door, descended the stairs, slightly cursing when the boards creaked, and finally approached the kitchen. Slowly she neared the fridge, glancing around shortly before she opened it, already excitedly grinning, lifted one hand to grab her favorite...

Huh?

There had to be... it couldn't be that... no... please not...

Desperately, she searched through the fridge's contents, until she finally noticed a small piece of paper, lying under the butter dish.

"*Your chocolate pudding with vanilla sauce has a pass.*" it read in letters that had obviously been cut out of newspapers. Her jaw dropped open; she was sure she felt it actually resting on her toes.

Someone had *kidnapped* her *late night sin*???

She was dreaming. There was no other explanation. All this was totally impossible. Kidnapped food. No, definitely, she *was* dreaming.

Well, at least she hoped she was. Otherwise...

Frustrated, Jenny Shepard returned to her bed, and fell into a fitful slumber.

She got up late the next morning, and just everything went wrong. Entering the bathroom, the woolen mat glided away when she set a foot onto it, what made her land on her backside. For some reason, the warm water didn't want to be her guest during her shower, and she shrieked very unladylike when the first ice cold drops met her skin. In addition, her shampoo flagon had only some debris left for her.

Her nylon tights, of course, simply had to have a run. And the blouse she had chosen for the day had lost a button.

Grumbling, Jenny went downstairs to take her stuff that was still scattered over her desk after another nightshift that had left her too tired to clean up the mess. Quickly, she put everything together on one pile and stuffed it into her briefcase that was actually the briefcase of her father; she used it from time to time when she had too many papers to carry them in her hands.

Unfortunately, but not to be expected different on this day, Noemi had a day off, what meant no fresh coffee was made. She had to remember to ask Melvin, her driver, to stop by a coffee shop. And she made a mental note to just ignore his complaining, telling her something about security risks.

Ready to leave the house, she remembered her late night experience and made a quick side-trip to her kitchen with the intention to again check the fridge. Maybe she had been just too sleepy to see what she had been looking for.

Before she could open the fridge's door, something on the ground caught her attention.

That wouldn't be...

He wouldn't be...

Carefully she touched the strange flakes on the ground, only to be assured that these *flakes* were sawdust.

Sawdust.

A voice in her head told her that this was far too easy; and that he would never be so careless to leave such obvious marks. At least not if he hadn't done it on purpose.

Well, that definitely wasn't a single player game...

"Good Morning!" Jenny Shepard greeted the agents of Gibbs' team. They were sitting at their desks, already busy, although their boss was nowhere to be seen. Nevertheless she didn't made any attempt to ask for him, but acknowledged the team's responses to her words, then made her way to her office.

"Good Morning, Director," Cynthia said when Jen walked into the outer office, then got up and followed her boss into the Director's office, to inform her about the today's appointments. Meetings, conferences, every day the same, but she liked politics, she was good at them, and that was why she had accepted this job.

That, and because it gave her some opportunities that where very useful sometimes.

"... and Agent Gibbs is waiting for you in the MTAC," Cynthia finished, making Jen look up from sorting her papers.

"I'll be there in a few minutes. But I want to talk to his team first."

"Yes, Director," her loyal assistant answered, leaving the room. As soon as she was at her desk, she called the agents the Director wished to see.

A short while after that, a knock on the door was followed by DiNozzo, McGee and David entering the office.

"Director. You wanted to talk to us?" DiNozzo began, with his always charming trademark grin on.

"Yes. I have a case for you. It is imperative that no one will get to know anything of that; not even Agent Gibbs. Have I made myself clear?" After the three of them had nodded, she continued talking, telling them what they had to do.

Ten minutes later, she left her office together with the team, watching them going back to their desks and grabbing their stuff; then she entered the MTAC.

"You wanted to talk to me?" she asked Jethro Gibbs, who was sitting there, a coffee in one hand, and a case file in his lap, and sat down in the chair next to his.

"Good Morning to you, too, Jen; hope you have slept well?" he purred, and she eyed him suspiciously.

"Yes, I did; and judging from your mood I guess you, too, had a good night," she answered, but then she groaned. "Okay, Jethro, let's skip the Smalltalk; just tell what do you want, because I have some work to do."

"Can a man not have a few minutes to ask his old partner if she had slept well - and offer her a coffee, because he's sure she hadn't have one this morning?" he responded, his voice low and sweet.

She quickly looked around to make sure no one was watching; then she leaned over, her face millimeters away from his, their lips almost touching, and grabbed his coffee with the words "Only if the man doesn't forget that his old partner is his boss now."

She was gone faster than he even had the chance to realize.

After a few seconds of confusion, he got up grinning, and left the MTAC, to return to his team. Only to stop dead in tracks when he saw that his team's part of the bullpen was deserted. Immediately, he pulled out his cell phone and dialed Tony DiNozzo's number.

"*The person you are calling is not available at present. Please call again later,*" he heard a familiar female voice saying. Not even a mailbox was answering his call. Something was really wrong. He tried Ziva David's and Tim McGee's phones as well, but got the same result.

"What the...," he murmured, walking back upstairs and right into Jen's office.

"Jethro! Long time, no see!" Shepard knew all too well why he was here and it gave her a hard time not to burst out laughing when she saw his facial expression that was a mixture of anger, confusion and helplessness.

"Where are they? I don't know it, so you have to know, because they won't leave during their working hours without my or your knowledge!"

"Calm down, Jethro. They have a special assignment you don't need to know of. I want you to go down to Abby; I've asked her to sort some evidences and I'm sure she could need your help. Your team will be back in less than one hour," Jenny explained, unimpressed by him obviously growing more serious with every of her words. But to her surprise, he turned and left; *hopefully for Abby's lab*, she thought.

"Abbs!" Gibbs barked when he entered the laboratory in the basement of the NCIS headquarters building, "Track down DiNozzo's, McGee's and Ziva's cell phones, now!"

"Caf!Pow?" she asked with puppy eyes, then added a "Please?" when she saw how furious Gibbs was.

A fizzed "Abby..." was all she got, so she turned quickly to her computer. Gibbs paced up and down her lab, when a few moments later, she let out an "uh-oh".

"What? Don't 'uh-oh' me, Abbs!"

"I can't locate them... seems like they've shut off their phones."

"But there was no mailbox answering!"

"Maybe they have shut off these, too?"

"How can you shut off a mailbox?!" When he saw Abby's compassionate look, he only added "Never mind. Don't want to know." and left the laboratory.

"The boss's going to kill us." Tony's words broke through the silence between the three colleagues who were now sitting in a car, driving to the place Jenny had ordered them to.

"He won't get to know. Director Shepard will take care of this, I'm sure," Ziva answered and then turned the chart in her hands. "I think... we have to take the next street left," she then added and pointed at the mentioned way.

"That's a dirt track, Zee-vah. I'm not gonna drive on this way; there has to be another one."

"There isn't, Tony, now go on and turn left because there won't be any chance to turn for around twenty miles!" The Mossad officer ordered fiercely and fortunately, Tony gave in, taking the way he had been told to.

"So what do you think is the reason for all this?" He asked after a while of driving very slowly, trying to avoid getting the car and the cargo damaged, or raising too much dust.

"I don't know, Tony, this is between the Director and Gibbs; not our concern. And you shouldn't... you... Tony, would you please drive a bit faster?! I want to come back home today!"

"Why? It's such a quiet and lonely place out here... very romantic. We should stay here for..." DiNozzo began, but was interrupted by his partner closing his mouth with a snap by laying her hand under his chin.

"That's enough. We've a job to do," she responded, completely ignoring what he was going to say.

"Yeah, and by the way, you're not alone in this car," a voice from behind them complained.

"You, McGimmick, are sitting on the cheaper seats. So don't tell us what to do," Tony shot back, an evil smile on his face. He earned himself a hard slap from both Ziva and McGee for this.

Silence followed their little discussion, and after another ten minutes, they reached their destination.

"Alright," Tony began, "We all know what to do now? We have to work quick, but careful. So come on, guys, I'm sure Gibbs is already missing us."

Gibbs was, by no means, missing his team. The longer they were away, the more time he had to find an appropriate punishment for their behavior. Special assignment from Director Shepard or not, they had not to leave without a single word.

He was even thinking whether his team's punishment would be appropriate for Jenny, too, but decided that it was better to find another one for her.

Just then it hit him. Of course, this was her revenge! Well, he had always thought she was more ingenious. Obviously he was wrong.

It took him only a few minutes to reach the Director's office. He entered, and sat down on the couch of the small seating area. Lounging there, he totally ignored her questioning look.

"Jethro?"

"Mhh?"

She didn't respond, but just turned back to her work, trying to not let herself get affected by his presence. She didn't manage very well. Only after ten minutes, she asked him irritated: "Okay, what do you want?"

"Nothing," came the simple answer, "Have nothing to do, so I thought I could also sit somewhere more comfortable than at my desk."

"Aha," she commented shortly, peering to the clock on her desk, checking when it would be time for him to leave. She hadn't realized until then that it was still morning, still before noon. To her, it felt like she had been working for hours already. She sighed. So she had to hope for his team to return soon.

Uncounted minutes passed till she finally got a call. It was DiNozzo, her mobile told her, and she got up, trying to stay calm, and left the room. Jethro made no intent to follow her; this time, his laziness won over his curiosity, and if this was something that could be important for him, too, then he would get to know soon enough.

When she returned, his feet were lying on the coffee table, what she was noticing with a critical look, but she didn't say anything. Instead, she grabbed her jacket and left the office, closing the door behind her. Jethro raised an eyebrow. He decided to wait for another short while; then he would follow.

This time, the conference room seemed to be more than crowded. For a short moment, Jen considered changing to the real conference room, leaving Jethro's personal one, because four persons in the elevator were too many when you needed to have an important conversation while the lift was on emergency stop. But, after all, they all knew this situation; not together, but every one of them with Gibbs.

"DiNozzo, status report," she asked the eldest of the agents.

"The job is done, Ma'am, everything went well, although Ziva did complain a bit when we..."

"Tony," Shepard warned, giving him a stern look. Then she added a short "Thanks."

"Um... Director, may I ask...," Ziva began, but was stopped by Jen shooting her the same look she had given Tony before. "Not my business, right."

"Anything else? Anything I might need to know?"

"No, Director. Everything's where you wanted it to be. It will await you," McGee told their Big Boss, standing at attention and being a bit officious maybe, making the other three grin slightly.

"Thank you all. Now let's hope that Gibbs will take the bait!"

With this, she switched the elevator back to normal mode, and the four of them arrived in the bullpen, with Gibbs already awaiting them, standing in the middle of the big office.

"Team. Over here," he commanded, and Ziva, Tony and Tim followed the order obediently, preparing themselves to be head-slapped till their declining days. They just hadn't counted on Jen.

"Agent Gibbs. Please follow me. I need your services."

Ignoring the four widening pairs of eyes, she took her way to the stairs and ascended them, not looking back. She knew Gibbs *would* follow her. She at least had taken possession of his team, even if it had been only for a short while.

As soon as they had reached her office, she closed the door.

"Agent Gibbs," she began, making him frown, "because my security detail, the two men protecting me, said they both won't be able to take care of my safety till midnight, I want you to do their job. There won't be much to do for you; you'll just have to drive me home. Ah, right, and as it is their job, yours will also be the one to get me some things. Like coffee. Or food. Or *dessert*."

"Aren't there only the two men? Doesn't the agency have more agents to take care of your security?" Gibbs grumbled, obviously not very delighted with the thought of playing bodyguard.

"Jethro, you really should feel honored!"

"Funny, Jen. Can I go now?"

"Yes. But only to get me something to eat. You know the small Greek restaurant a few streets away from here? I'd like to have numbers 24 and 37. Get yourself something, too, if you want." When she saw his facial expression, she considered for a moment calling for some help, because his look told her that he would have liked to kill her at this moment.

And that exactly was the reason why she was teasing him.

He stood in front of her desk for a moment, mouth open, only that he wasn't sure whether it had just dropped open or he wanted to say something. In the end, he simply decided to follow her request. *The cleverer give in* or something like that.

"Now you can go," she couldn't help but add, watching him turn and leave. If this had been a comic, there probably would have been small smoke clouds over his head.

As soon as Jethro was out of the door, Jen leaned back grinning, very secure of victory, and opened the lowest drawer of her desk. The grin was away so fast that the muscles of her face protested.

Now *this* was impossible.

Maybe she had already eaten it. But then wouldn't she remember it? Cynthia put a fresh one into this one certain drawer every morning. It was her *late night sin* for the office, in case she wasn't at home when it was time for her daily dose. Not more than 100, on good days maybe 150 grams.

No one knew anything of it, except for his loyal assistant, and she wouldn't tell anyone. Not even if she was tortured.

"Cynthia, can you come in, please?" she called for named assistant, who stepped into the room seconds later.

"Director?"

"Cynthia, did you put my chocolate pudding into the drawer this morning?"

"Yes, Director."

"Then... why isn't it here?" Jen asked, and pointed to the drawer, making her assistant coming around the desk to have a glance at it.

"I really have no idea... I only know I put the small bowl in there. No one has been here alone, except for Agent Gibbs."

"But Gibbs doesn't know of this hideaway. And I don't think he had the time to search through my whole desk."

"No today, but..."

"... when I've been on business trip in France. Tell me you hadn't put the pudding in here back then!"

"Of course not, Director. Ma'am... do you like me to call Agent Gibbs?"

"No, Cynthia, thanks. Just... let's get back to work. I'll try and clear this up later."

The door closed and Jenny was alone again. Thoughtfully, she looked around the room. Maybe her object of desire was somewhere in the room, maybe he had just put it somewhere else. But when she hadn't found anything after some minutes, she sighed and went back to her desk.

Never mess with a marine's coffee?

Never mess with a Director's chocolate pudding, dear Jethro, she thought, already rejoicing when she imagined his reaction on what she had done.

When he finally arrived at home this evening - or night, to be correct - he had only one desire, one with five letters: sleep. The five letters he normally would long for - or the person behind them - were the reason he now so desperately wished for some rest, because this person had made a hell of his day. And because it somehow was his duty to protect her when her security detail wasn't available for whatever reasons, he obediently had followed each of her requests.

Tired, he schlepped himself downstairs - and was wide awake when he realized that something was different in this basement.

He should have listened to his wives and locked the door.

Okay, Leroy Jethro Gibbs, you're deady tired, you may be dreaming, or hallucinating, he told himself. No one except for him was able to get his boat out of his basement.

No one.

... No one...?

Not the team being away had been the revenge. But using *his* team to steal, no, possibly kidnap *his* boat had been. He suppressed the urge to kick himself. Not that he would have been able to in his state.

Frustrated, and knowing that he couldn't do anything about it right now, he lay down on the ground that was covered with sawdust, and swore to himself that she wouldn't win through with this.

Hours later, he was still tossing and turning, and as much as he longed for it, he didn't find sleep. The basement just wasn't the same without his boat, without the smell of fresh wood. And, in addition, his every muscle and bone hurt, so some softer place to lie on would be much nicer. Grumbling, he got up and half scuffed, half stumbled upstairs, falling onto his couch, and asleep. Finally.

He could tell that his team was cowering behind their desks when he arrived in the office the next morning. Not physically cowering of course, but definitely their guilty consciences were trying to get out of sight.

Jenny Shepard might give them orders and they will follow those - but they are still my team and they know that no one, not even the Director, can save them from punishment, he mused, adding a pleased, *you've trained them very well,* and mentally padded himself on the shoulder.

Yet today was, as far as the punishment was concerned, an exception. Today there were a lot more important things to do than punishing his team. There was some unfinished business - and it was between Jen and him. Not that this was something new, but at least this time, it was solvable.

Full of beans, he fell into his chair and booted his computer. There was some work that needed to be done before he would reclaim his boat. Obviously Jenny Shepard still needed to learn some things...

By chance he spotted the piece of paper, a yellow note that lay under his keyboard, only an edge visible. "*Come to Ruppert Island, between Glen Echo and Brookmont. Bring the hostages with you.*" was the order, neatly written on it. He suppressed a grin. Yep, he liked this game, and especially that he wasn't the only one who had fun playing it.

After he had realized that Jenny wasn't in her office, he instantly left the NCIS building. Around thirty minutes later, he arrived at the in the message mentioned place. Armed with a cooling box, he slowly neared the riverside and spotted a boat. *His* boat. Now he only needed to find Jenny - and that wasn't much of a difficult task when in the corner of his eye, he saw someone beckoning.

With her being on a small island, or more a sandbank, he was going to need a boat to reach her; unfortunately, she had taken his, so he already saw himself swimming to her, and that wasn't exactly a very good idea. It was warm outside, but that didn't mean the water was warm, too. Quite the contrary; this water in front of him was a stream, after all, and everyone knew that it was highly unlikely that a stream's water was warm.

Jenny was watching from the island, arms crossed, and even from the distance and with his eyes, he could tell she was grinning widely. He just shrugged his shoulders in an overplayed gesture to make sure she would recognize it. Now she was laughing and pointing out to a place a few meters away from him. He reached it moments later and spotted a small rowboat that didn't look very robust anymore. But he knew it was his only chance to reach her... and he didn't want to be the loser of the game only because he showed fear of something he wasn't afraid of.

Sighing, he carefully stepped into the boat that was swaying dangerously. Normally, his boats were bigger...

It wasn't the rowing to her that was the problem, although the stream didn't make it easy for him. But instead, getting out of the boat was difficult. There was no jetty to land, so it wasn't possible to avoid getting wet a bit; his feet definitely were going to have the pleasure. Rowing till the boat was stopped by the ground wasn't an option; he wasn't even sure if it would withstand. Grumbling, he made sure the cooling box stood securely at its place; then he carefully stepped out of the boat and into the water while he tried to hold the boat into place, curiously watched by Jen.

At some point he began wondering if it hadn't been easier to just build a new boat. Of course this would have taken much time - again - but it wasn't that he hasn't gotten used to over the time. He has never finished one of the boats before - why should he start with it now?

Because he wasn't going to let her win a game he had started. No, he *wasn't*. It was his game. It was his fun. Well, it should be.

With his feet constantly searching for secure ground, he slowly padded forward, pulling the boat with him. Jen didn't even make a single move to help him while he was fighting with the ground that felt like bog.

Musing if killing her was an option, or if torturing her would already satisfy his wounded honor, he for a moment didn't pay attention to where he was putting his feet onto, and stepped onto something spiky.

Cursing, he jumped and lost balance, falling prone to the ground - and into the water. The only thing that landed on the dry ground of the shore was the cooling box, which Jenny picked up happily.

"I hope the hostages are in good order," she commented, walking towards a blanket that laid a few steps away, while he shot her back a death glare. Then he stood up, his front covered up in wet sand, and followed her.

Sometime later, they were sitting across from each other on the big blanket. He didn't even try to understand why, but Jenny had brought a fresh shirt and dry trousers for him with her. And while his other clothes were hanging over the railing of his boat, either of them was holding a small bowl with chocolate pudding.

"Are we even now?" Jethro asked, tasting the pudding, what made him hum.

"Haven't decided yet... at least you haven't had any reason to kidnap my chocolate pudding, so why should I forgive you so soon?" she responded, cleaning the edges of the small bowl with her finger and licking it with pleasure.

"Because you have your pudding back? And I have already suffered enough?" he offered and took another spoonful of the sweet mass, trying to ignore her far too seductive gesture. He wouldn't try to find a reason; she would figure out that it wasn't the truth anyway.

"Nope, doesn't work. I need something else. Anything that will compensate that I was forced to do without my pudding for around 24 hours. You little mud bath isn't enough."

"Have no idea... you?"

"Come on, Jethro, be creative!" she demanded, getting up from her place across from him and then sitting down beside him.

"You want me to be creative?" He shot her a side-glance, frowning a bit. Jen chuckled.

"Well, for a change it would be nice, yes."

"Do I have any other option?"

"Considering that I can still give you..." she began, but was silenced by his lips on hers. He kissed her slowly, seductively, and she grabbed his collar and pulled him closer. When they parted, she was breathing heavily, as was he; yet they found the air to laugh.

"Creative enough?"

"Not really, but it has qualified itself as 'good replacement'," she smiled and then pulled him into another kiss.

"Just tell me - how did you know about the pudding? You haven't interrogated Noemi, have you?" she wanted to know when they finally managed to part for more than just the few seconds they needed to fill their lungs with air again.

"Jen," he sighed, "Already in Paris you had a strong tendency to chocolate pudding late night sins. You not really have expected me to forget about them, have you? I mean, how could I forget the fuss you made when the personnel in this one certain small hotel in Paris didn't want to..."

Now he was interrupted by her, only that she did it with a spoonful of pudding she shoved into his mouth, and after that by Jen's lips that followed when the spoon had left his mouth. Together they fell backwards onto the blanket, while the boats were slightly moved by the water.

FIN

Originally, a kiss should have been the ransom for the pudding, but then I decided that I would prefer it if Jen was in the more powerful position... ;)