

Revenge Abduction

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Revenge Abduction

by [NatK](#)

Summary

After closing the largest case the MCRT have had, the team get a 2 week break courtesy of Vance. Gibbs and Jack decide to spend the two weeks together - but will it be in the way they imagine? And will they face up to the challenging situation they have been faced with? Will the team find them in time?

Notes

So this is my first fanfic! Yay, I finally got around to it. I've shipped Slibbs since like, before it was cool too, so I thought it would be nice to have a fanfic of them in a situation together, and see them come closer as a result. Also, I can't wait for Season 18, so this is keeping me busy in the meantime during Quarantine.

Please do send your comments and thoughts, I will gracefully read them all!

P.S. this fanfic is also available under the same name on [fanfiction.net](#)

The Beginning

It had been a difficult day. We had just closed what I would consider the most difficult case in my career, and probably in the careers on the MCRT, and yet my body was still dealing with the aftermath of this morning's chase through the national park.

"I think that's your share of work done for the next fortnight," I heard Vance say, congratulating us on successfully bringing down the largest drug trafficking ring in the US, "You all deserve a week, courtesy of the Navy".

"Well isn't that right, Leon!" Gibbs grabbed his go bag and was heading towards the elevator. "I think I'm long overdue for an appointment with the ocean."

"And I think me and my couch need to have a get together," I answered, practically speed walking past the team, and nearly bumping into Gibbs at the elevator doors.

"You seem to be in a rush Jack." Gibbs stated, impatiently pressing the elevator door.

"Yeah, well, I do need to take a break after that psycho nearly dumped a ton of coke on me." I giggled, downplaying the seriousness of the situation I was only in a few hours ago.

"See you round. McGee. Bishop. Torres," said Gibbs, and then turned to me, "And definitely see you around Jack." He had given me that look that got to me every time, a look that I only indulged in in the privacy of Gibbs' home; we hadn't told the team yet about our ever closer relationship, but judging by the looks Bishop and Torres were giving, and the constant whispering of McGee and Torres, it was safe to say that they were starting to guess.

"Ain't that right cowboy – we have a whole fortnight ahead of us to enjoy. I think my couch can wait – I think the most overdue appointment is me in your arms." Gibbs smiled, and all the troubles I had faded into the background noise. But there still was something bugging me, and Gibbs, being Gibbs, could sense my unease.

"What is it Jack? The case is closed." We stopped in front of my car, and I started fumbling around my bag for the keys. "I don't know. I feel like there are some loose ties in this case – we still haven't found the guy who killed that DEA agent." Gibbs looked like he was about to interrupt but I continued, "I know that it was definitely someone in the ring – but nobody fits the profile. This guy had to know that the whole wrath of the US Law Enforcement was going to come hunting for him, and yet, he took no precautions? Everything seemed too easy."

"Perhaps your right Jack, but there was no-one else. We've had NCIS, FBI, DEA and NSA look into all the connections and, according to the intel, we've got all our guys. Sometimes the simplest route is the correct route Jack". Gibbs stated.

"Maybe your right." I said, but it did nothing to appease my unease. I took my keys out and slid into my car, with Gibbs looking on, waiting for me to leave so he could follow me in his

truck back to his house. I turned the key, but the engine refused to cooperate; I threw my hands up in desperation.

“Jack?” Gibbs queried, seeing my exasperated look. He climbed out and headed back towards me. “Is everything alright?”

“Yeah, well, looks like the engine failed, again,” I huffed, “Looks like this baby ain’t going anywhere today Gibbs. Mind if I hitch a ride?”

“I thought you wouldn’t ask Jack.” Gibbs smiled, taking my hand and leading me back to his truck. “I’ll come in tomorrow and try to fix it, it must be the weather taking its toll again.”

“Ah don’t worry, I won’t be needing it for the next fourteen days, remember, ‘cause I’ll be with you.” And that would have been the end of my car troubles, but I let myself become complacent, and didn’t bother to properly check the engine, whose failings were not an accident, but what I later found out was a deliberate act to place me and Gibbs together in the most difficult situation of our life, a situation I didn’t think either of us would come out of alive.

The Car Ride

Chapter Summary

Gibbs and Jack are on the way home, when they are diverted and come across a car crash. But what really happened? And what will happen?

Chapter Notes

Chapter 2! We're getting somewhere!

“So Jack,” Gibbs asked, “What’s the first stop on our to-do list?” Gibbs looked at me, trying to assess the situation.

“I don’t really mind as long as these two-weeks are peaceful for once, Cowboy.” I sighed, only later realizing how much I had jinxed the situation – as if danger would not stick to us like the magnets we were. “How about we go on that fishing trip of yours, this time for real of course.” I grinned, teasing Gibbs.

Gibbs smiled back at me, knowing full well that I was implying about his ‘sturgeon season’ fishing trip earlier this year.

We travelled down the highway, and despite the damning traffic of a Friday night, after an hour we were a couple of blocks from Gibbs’ home. I looked at him, thankful for his chivalrous nature, and at the higher powers that be for bringing Gibbs into my life. For that I was truly grateful.

“What you thinking about Jack?” Gibbs queried, perhaps noticing the faint imprint of a smile on my face at the prospect of spending time with him. “Only about how lucky I am. But of course you knew that”. “Sure I did. I just wanted you to say so,” he stated.

We halted at the intersection 3 blocks from Gibbs house. Just our luck that a leaky pipe would happen so close to our destination. “Guess we’re going back ‘round, maybe we could even stop for some late night takeaway,” I chirped, trying to make the best of what was proving to be a night full of incidents.

We backed away from the intersection and begun our journey the long way around. “At least I get to spend this time with you.” I added after a while, “I don’t know how bored I’d be alone.” Gibbs smiled, about to open his mouth to answer when he suddenly hit the brakes, tires screeching. We lurched forward before the seatbelts snapped us back.

“A reindeer Gibbs?” I queried, as they were quite a common sighting in the neighborhood we were diverted into. “No Jack. Do you see what I see?” he asked, pointing to a car just up ahead, which had uncharacteristically stopped in the middle of the road. I squinted, and saw that the driver was in the car seat, not moving despite what seemed to be a fire coming out from her car. “We’ve got to get her out.” I said, and dashed out the car before Gibbs had even stopped it at the curb.

The driver – a young, lissome woman – lay in the driver’s seat with her makeup smeared, and what looked like a serious concussion and a broken right hand. She was not breathing.

“Gibbs, help me drag her out the car.” I yelled, trying to be heard over the roaring flames which had now engulfed the roof of the car. I was so engrossed in pulling her out, that I didn’t realise that Gibbs was already next to me, and was in the process of cutting off the airbag in order to drag her out. A few worrying seconds later, Gibbs managed to free her from the airbag and I cut off her seatbelt, and she lay on the sidewalk. But it was too late – she was long dead. “Jack, do you want to call it in?” Gibbs asked, checking on the victim.

“Yeah sure.” I looked at her when a bruise on her neck caught my attention. “Hey, give me a hand here Gibbs.” I asked, walking back towards him. “Could you hover your hand over her throat.” Gibbs followed without question, and his eyes widened on the realization.” “She was strangled,” he stated, “the car crash didn’t cause this – this was no accident.” I looked up in agreement before telling Gibbs I would go to find a sheet to cover our Jane Doe, for there was no need for someone to find her in such a state out here.

I walked back around to Gibbs’ car, and leaned in to reach for a sheet he had carried to cover his woodworking equipment. I was coming up when I saw a flash of light – the car we found the victim in had blown up. But after that all I saw was darkness, as something hard and cold came into contact with my right cheek...

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I was waiting with the victim when the car had blown up in a series of explosions which blew off the doors and the roof, and would have definitely killed the victim, had she still been alive.

“Hey Jack!” I called over, “Did you find it?”. No answer. Something definitely was up, Jack would definitely be able to hear him now that the explosions were over. Reluctantly, he left the side of the Jane Doe, and headed towards his truck, expecting to see Jack in the back. But she was gone, except for her badge and gun, which stood as if on display. I took my gun out and spun around in a clockwise rotation, when I saw a movement on a car on my left. “NCIS. Identify yourself.” I shouted. Slowly, a head poked out from behind the car. “Who are you?” I asked, adding “Don’t make me ask you again.”

“The question is not who I am, Agent Gibbs, but what you can do for me.” He appeared to be reaching for a weapon, but before I could aim and shoot, my shooting arm tensed up, and I began my descent towards the ground, realizing that I had been shot by a Taser. Before hitting the ground, the last conscious thought that ran through my head was a small prayer – “Please make sure Jack is alright...”

The Bomb in the Car Park

Chapter Summary

Ellie, meanwhile, had just finished off her report of the evening, and was heading home with Nick who was awaiting her, when they spot Sloane's car. Kasie comes over to help them figure out why Sloane's car was left, but is what they find out worth their health?

Chapter Notes

Chapter 3! Sorry it took longer, but I wanted to work out how I'll play Ellick into this.

Ellie was just leaving the bullpen after finishing up her paperwork, when she spotted Torres loitering opposite the elevator. "Hey Nick, what's keeping you here? You'd finished with the report an hour ago." She queried. He looked up and smiled. "Our movie night hasn't been cancelled yet, eh?" he smiled, making Ellie forget the fact that she had spent too much of her rare vacation time on the report. "Nah, but I was thinking about upgrading it to a movie marathon?" Ellie smiled back, with a glint in his eyes that Nick loved. "Sure thing. I thought you would never ask." Nick replied.

They took the elevator down to the car park, and were heading down to the southwest corner, where both Ellie and Nick claimed their favorite parking spots. As they were both heading down, however, Ellie did not fail to spot the fact that Sloane's car was still parked a few cars down from her own.

"Hey Nick, did Sloane mention leaving her car here?" Ellie asked, confused. Nick turned to face Sloane's car, his countenance molding into one of shared confusion. "No, but maybe she left with Gibbs?" Nick stated, guessing at Sloane and Gibbs plans for this vacation, before noticing a steady echoing sound reverberating off the walls. He ducked down to look underneath Sloane's car, and noticed a steady drip of liquid seeping from the bottom of the car.

"Ellie, check this out.", he said, pulling Ellie down to see the leakage herself. Ellie squinted before pulling out her flashlight to check the problem out herself. "Huh," she mumbled, shuffling further under the car to try and pinpoint the location of the leak. "This was no accident Nick." Her voice was muffled, and Nick needed a few seconds to process what she had just told him. "Not like Sloane just to leave this though. I would have expected Kasie to be all over this by now." Nick told Ellie, helping her up, "Especially if this was not a fault." Nick added, fixing Ellie's tousled hair.

“Well, I take it Sloane and Gibbs didn’t want to waste their vacation time on something which could be dealt with later, but I’m sure Kasie won’t mind taking a quick look, as I’m sure she’s still here.” She dialed Kasie, who wasted no time in satisfying her curiosity by meeting up with Ellie and Nick.

Kasie crawled under the car, and confirmed Ellie’s findings that the damage was intentional and that she would want to take Sloane’s car down to forensics to see if she could determine anything useful.

“I’m going to give her a call, and see tell Sloane about this.” Nick told both of them, and begun dialing Sloane’s phone. After the fifth time of reaching her voicemail, he had given up. “She must be busy with Gibbs, and I don’t blame her.” Nick walked over to tell them, barely covering a smile. “Have you tried Gibbs?” Ellie asked, adding that she couldn’t reach his cellphone either. “Nah.” Nick replied, “But I would understand why. We aren’t exactly on duty currently.”

“Yeah, but it’s a bit unlike Sloane to be unreachable. Gibbs I can understand, but Sloane? Especially when taking into account this, perhaps a bit too coincidental, no?” Kasie mused, looking at the two agents who seemed to be thinking of reasons for such a turn of events. Nick was the first to verbalize his thoughts, telling Kasie that no, it was definitely not a coincidence.

“Normally, I would ask McGee to locate them, but we’re on vacation so should we wait?” Nick suggested, “After all, wouldn’t want to raise a false alarm.” Kasie looked to be in agreement, but Ellie didn’t jump to a positive conclusion as fast. There was still something bugging her. She began walking back to Sloane’s car, eager to identify what was still nagging the investigative side of her. Nick, sensing that something was disturbing Ellie, walked up to her, curious.

“Something feels wrong Nick, and I think you can sense it too.” Nick looked up, seeing the gears ticking in Ellie’s brain. He went for the door, opening it, when he saw what had increased Ellie’s investigative thermostat.

“BOMB!” Nick screamed, turning to run towards Ellie. But what he hadn’t know was that in opening the door, he had inadvertently triggered the bomb to explode. The explosive force rippled across the car park, throwing Nick squarely over Ellie, whilst Kasie was flung into a nearby car – Vance’s perhaps? Deafening silence consumed the parking lot for a few seconds, before Nick begun to feel pain, and the whimpering of Ellie beneath him.

The Awakening

Chapter Summary

Back with Gibbs and Sloane, we find out that they are both in some mysterious, unknown location. And what does that mysterious brunette have to do with their abduction?

Chapter Notes

Hey there! So, we're up to Chapter 4! I'm so excited, and kinda impressed I managed to keep up my motivation to keep on writing.

Apologies for the long wait - online assessments and essays kept me away from this, but now that I have less than 12 teaching days left, I will be able to dedicate much more time to this now!

I wasn't even sure that I had opened my eyes; no matter what I did, darkness seem to consume me, and I could not see my own feet, which I was sure were tied to whatever passed as a chair. I felt the muscles in my arms tense, stiff from the hours – or had it been days? – of being tied behind my back. My brain felt like that shaved ice concoction I had ate by the bucket on my trip to Hawaii, and I was running on a mental delay of about 5 minutes, before I began to remember what had happened. I was at a car accident... and saw the body... and then something knocked me down. That memory brought over a new wave of raw pain, throbbing from her left cheekbone. That explained the taste I had in my mouth - my own blood.

Shit. What about Gibbs? He was with me. Is he looking for me? Is he with me? I called out for him, or at least I thought I did – no sound came out. It was pointless; whoever had taken me, and perhaps Gibbs, were smart, and knew what to do. I realised they had gagged me too. I needed to get the hell out of here.

No sooner did that thought cross my mind, when the sun switched on, welcoming me into the rust-ridden hole I was stuck in. A door somewhere behind me screeched open, and I heard footsteps – must be heels – make their way towards me. I held my breath, unsure of what to make of this visitor.

“Agent Sloane, well isn't it a pleasure to have such a renowned woman such as yourself in my dominion” the women stated in disgust, sarcasm dripping with each word, “I knew we would meet eventually, but I'm so glad it's sooner rather than later – perhaps it'll be less painful this way for the both of us.” I muttered underneath my breath as much as I could, rattling my brain to work out the other person in the room. “I have to say,” she carried on, “I can't wait to see how much fun we'll have together.” She walked away, and must have

muttered something to someone else, because the next thing I knew, my jaw relaxed, and I spat out my blood on the floor. I began turning my head to take a look at the mystery voice, but I was greeted with a forceful slap, leading me to spit even more blood, which began pooling into a twisted painting at my feet. “Not yet. It’s more fun this way,” she stated, her voice giving away that she wore the faintest of smiles on her countenance, before adding, “wait till you see what we did with Gibbs, you’ll be begging for that slap.” With that, the distant door shut, once again leaving me in the dark alone, waiting, hoping...

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A searing pain jolted me awake, and my mind struggled to come to terms with the sudden change in environment. “He’s up” someone hollered, bringing me back to the plane of reality. I felt two sets of arms lift him up from the wet floor and drag me over to a lone chair in what seemed to be the northern side of the room. I gave all the energy I had in me to make sure I would not scratch my skin on the broken glass which led to that lone chair.

They dropped me like a sack of potatoes onto the dilapidated bench, my head slumping across what appeared to be dried blood on the walls. “Agent Leroy Jethro Gibbs. My, my, my. The famous NCIS agent here, under my thumb.” I looked up, and saw a tall brunette hunched over me; I was confused I had never seen her before. This confusion must have made its way onto my face, for she grinned and confirmed my thoughts – “No, you don’t know me, but I know you really, really well. And after the last thing you and your team did, all that was left were some formal introductions. But I guess, I’ll let some others take them first.” She nodded at her henchmen, and strutted off, leaving me to their mercy. And they sure as hell didn’t have any, I realised, when they started using my face to create their own bloody masterpiece. Yet I took it all, earnestly hoping that my persistence would ensure that Jack would be safe, at least for now.

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I didn’t realise that I had dozed off in all my exhaustion until I heard Gibbs whispering in my ear, asking me to wake up. I stirred, and blinked several times, trying to find my way into a sitting position, before ultimately giving up and deciding to roll over to the source of Gibbs’ voice. Nothing could have prepared me for what I was about to see, despite the fact that I had been with the team in what I believed was every possible situation. His face was bloodied, and his hair, despite being matted with what seemed like glass and chalk, was still shiny. His eyes were piercing, and as much as he tried, he could not hide his pain away from me.

“Finally reunited I see,” the woman said, seating herself down in a bench I hadn’t noticed before. “I am going to have quite the time I see. What goes around does come around doesn’t it?”

I stared in disbelief, but it was Gibbs who spoke. “And who on Earth are you? I have a lot of enemies, but I know them all. Yet I don’t know you.” She replied, smirking, “That’s to my benefit, especially since your psychologist friend Agent Sloane can’t psych her way out of this one. And you, Agent Gibbs, best of luck trying to get out of this mess – I would love to see you try.”

I could feel the angry heat radiating of Gibbs, and it seemed like I was going to witness the birth of a remark, but this was not the time for talk; Gibbs had caught my eye and seemed to read the message, not saying a word.

The brunette was at the door, before she told us information that would shock us to the core. “I hope you enjoy the performance prepared for your team, courtesy of me, Adrestia.”

The Consequences of the Car Park Bomb

Chapter Summary

We return back to the NCIS Car Park, were moments before, the bomb had gone off in Sloane's car. What happened to Nick and Ellie? Is Kasie okay? Where was McGee all this time? Answers are being demanded...

Chapter Notes

Cool. We now have Ellie and Nick in the story, with McGee's brains.
Feel free to leave some comments or kudos!

After the initial blast of energy passed, I tentatively lifted his head up, and saw Kasie waving her hands frantically, despite what appeared to be blood coming from her left shoulder. She was saying something, but the explosion had muffled the sound – it took me a while to realise that she was pointing at me, and the river of blood seeping down my shirt from what I thought was shrapnel in my collarbone. But I didn't care for that yet – I needed to make sure Ellie was fine.

I stared down, finally, at Ellie, who had whimpered something unintelligible almost instantaneously to the explosion. Rolling off of Ellie, who then proceeded to get up. She looked relatively unscathed, except for perhaps a bump on her head when I had tackled her to the ground, but her right leg did not fit the picture – it too was bleeding, and I could see the effort Ellie was putting in to not show her pain. She must have noted the concern in my eyes. "I'll live Nick," she stated, "but I do think we need to go and get you checked-up".

Kasie must have seemingly had the same idea, as she appeared with a first aid kit, telling us that EMTs were already on their way, and Vance had been informed of what had happened.

"We need to find out what is going on," I said, perhaps a little too harshly, for both Kasie and Ellie noted my concern, but mentioned that he really needed to go to a hospital. I was preparing to ignore their words, but was interrupted by yet another fountain of wisdom – McGee himself, whom Kasie must have dragged along with her when she went for the kit.

"Wha-" I began, but he cut me off.

"Nick, even I'm not a doctor, I can see that if you don't get this checked out, you won't be able to help out AT ALL!" McGee said, in his 'I'm now in command' tone, which meant he

was really down for business. I found it best in these situations to not fight against it, and stubbornly agreed to go to the hospital.

“You too Ellie.” McGee added, “As soon as you’re cleared to come back, you can. But for now, my main priority is for both of you to be well enough so we have enough people to work out this mess. Trust me, Kasie and I will hold down the fort, along with Vance when he turns up. Now, you go. And that’s an order.”

And well-timed order it was, for the EMTs had arrived, and whisked me and Ellie away to be checked out.

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With Ellie and Nick gone, it was down to me and McGee to make sure everything was in order.

“Kasie, I need you to run me down again as to what happened here.” McGee asked, bringing me out of my mental listing session.

I started from the top, mentioning what she had found with Ellie and Nick, how there was some fault with Sloane’s car, and that neither her nor Gibbs were reachable on their cells. Then how she had started to go back towards her car after one of them suggested to not raise a panic when she heard Nick yell out about a bomb, causing her to hit the deck seconds before Sloane’s car decimated.

“That’s basically it.” I added, finishing of my account.

“Okay. So from what I can tell the bomb was placed in the driver’s side, but we still need work out how it was set off, as you were underneath the car, and both Ellie and Nick were poking in Sloane’s car, but it didn’t go off, for which I’m grateful.” McGee summarised, “So here’s what we’re going to do. Since a lot of the techs are busy with the evidence from this morning’s drug case, I’m going to have to ask you to grab only one tech to help you here to try and get some evidence and reasons for why Sloane’s car was the one with the bomb – it was placed inside, so definitely a targeted bombing attempt. But why Sloane? I guess I’ll work on that. There is no way I’m starting my vacation until we try to get a hold of Sloane and Gibbs. I’ll go play with the security cameras, and brief Vance when he comes back.”

McGee headed down the stairs, whilst I turned to face what was left of Sloane’s car, musing over where to start to piece the pieces together. To be honest, it didn’t really matter, but I did agree with McGee that I needed more than one pair of hands, so I called up one of the tech interns to the car park who had at least some experience with explosives.

“We’ll find out what’s going on.” I whispered, unsure of whether this was a promise we’d be able to fulfill in time.

The Warning (or not)

Chapter Summary

Gibbs and Sloane's kidnapper reveals her intentions - and what does she have to do with the drug bust? Is she more dangerous than she seems? After the video, what will she do next?

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the very very long wait - my college has been keeping me busy over the lockdown period, and the news of Maria Bello having an exit next season keeps kicking. Hope you enjoy this chapter.

I don't know how much time passed before one of the goons walked in, throwing in a takeout box and a flask my way. He walked up briskly and unshackled me.

"I'm sorry." It was barely a whisper, but it echoed off the walls, repeating itself to me. I was confused – this muscular, menacing man was apologising to me. I didn't know what to say so I nodded, staring him in the eyes. He looked away, and walked to the door.

I cleared my throat, darting my eyes at Gibbs, who was yet to wake up. He shook his head, and was almost apologetic in the refusal. He walked out, leaving me alone. I crawled over to the box and hungrily scooped up what looked like undercooked rice from the container. It wasn't the worst food I'd had, but it was enough to bring back memories of my capture. I stared at the container, and realised that out of my hunger I had nearly eaten it all. Immediately, guilt kicked in – how could I have let myself get distracted?

I nudged Gibbs, and he woke up with a jolt, seemingly disoriented. He tried to sit up, but immediately listed to the side, dizzy. "You need to drink," I said, coaxing into him the cold icy water the goon had given us. Perhaps it was my imagination, but the colour seemed to return to his face. That was good. But he also had to eat.

Feeding him in his disorientated state took a solid hour, after which I felt that all the energy I had had was drained. Unfortunately for me, it seemed as if our kidnapper, Adrestia, was waiting for that. She walked in, flanked with two muscular henchmen, but not the apologetic one. Damn, if I'd just have more time, I would be able to find out more, but now, maybe not so much.

"Get up," she said curtly. I sat there stubbornly; it was okay to be a bit stubborn, I needed to test the waters, see how far she was willing to go to get what she wanted. I looked up into her

eyes, and beneath her seemingly calm and calculating façade, I could see the rage in her eyes. She was one dangerous wildcard of a women. “Drag them.”

The guy on the right with the beard came up and dragged me to my feet, before deciding against that and hooking me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. Gibbs, who was still probably affected by the dehydration was dragged by the other guy with a stupid moustache.

The goons led us to some sort of circular enclosure, in what I assumed was the eastern side of the building, before plucking me and Gibbs in two back to back chairs. The began intricately tying us down, before it seemed there was no part of my body not attached to the uncomfortable wooden chair.

“Why?” I mumbled, hoping I could get a question out before Adrestia decided to gag us or, worse, kill us for no other reasons other than the fact we were NCIS agents. She seemed to have heard and turned towards me and Gibbs, who seemed to have perked up at me asking Adrestia a question. I definitely touched a nerve – there was something personal in her motivations.

“You want to know?” Adrestia shouted, approaching me, “It’s ‘cause you RUINED everything that I worked for. I spent years recovering from the first attempt on me and had finally climbed to the top, but you and Agent Gibbs had to ruin it. And kill him.” Tears seem to be pooling in her eyes. This was a sore subject.

“Who?” Gibbs asked in what was barely more than a whisper. “Mark,” she replied, “Mark Shepherd.” Honestly, I couldn’t remember who it was, but Gibbs squirmed in his seat, seemingly in acknowledgement.

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Mark Shepherd. Damn. Why didn’t I think that the damn drug bust had something to do with us being abducted? It had made perfect sense. But then again, hadn’t we taken down the boss, Shepherd?

Adrestia seemed to have noticed my reaction to the name; she shuffled away from Jack and walk around to me, tilting my chin up so she could see my reaction. “You know. I shouldn’t be surprised. Tell her.”

“Shepherd was the ringleader we arrested today, the guy who tried to crawl through the vent shaft during the raid. One of the SWAT guys shot him when he tried to stab one of them.” Gibbs recalled, adding “Except I don’t think that he was in charge, was he?” He directed the question towards Adrestia, who had strutted back towards her goons.

“Nice to see you finally realise,” she snarled, “You don’t know what you’ve done. And now you’ll pay.”

She beckoned at the shadow in the corner, who I now realised was another one of her henchmen. He carried a camera and a tripod, and place it where Adrestia stood, facing me and Sloane.

“I was planning a different celebration tonight, but I guess I’ll have to make do with my consolation prizes.” She smiled, unnerving me. She was unstable; we needed to get out.

The goon with the beard came up to me and pulled at my restraints, satisfied they would hold. He reached into his jean pocket and whipped out a red bandana, gagging me. I could only assume they were doing the same to Sloane.

Adrestia circled behind us and stood facing the camera, addressing it.

“This message is for NCIS. My name is Adrestia, leader of the White Palace. Today, the White Palace suffered a loss perpetuated by your agents and your government. You have taken away the people’s choice, and you have taken away the lives of the valiant people who sacrificed their lives for me. This will not be forgiven. Until I get back my goods, and all my people are unreleased, Agent Gibbs and Sloane will stay in my company.” Adrestia walked back, jerking my head up by my hair. Jack grunted in pain from the jerking motion. “The longer it takes, the more painful these two will come back. But as a parting gift, here’s this…”

*

The guy with the moustache walked in, dragging a brunette behind her. Her clothes were shredded, but I could faintly make out the letters DEA on her jacket. Her blue eyes met me. I recognised her – she was our insider informant for three years, but had gone missing when the raid had begun. Adrestia must have been on to her long before, there was a bigger play going on. But I didn’t have time to think about it... Adrestia dragged the brunette to the forefront of the camera, before shooting her in her midsection and dropping her, where she lay in a scrambled heap before, after a few minutes, she stopped moving. And as if she were some garbage to be tossed out, the goons dragged her out.

Adrestia came back into focus; “this is only the beginning. Alba Regia virtutem est,” and cut the feed. And then, in a fit of rage, she slashed her knife in Gibbs’ thigh, cackling manically. My concern seemed to only encourage her, and she ran the tip of the knife dangerously close to my carotid, before deciding against it, instead favouring to slash my upper arm.

She walked away, leaving me and Gibbs alone.

The Hospital & The Message

Chapter Summary

Nick and Ellie are in hospital when McGee comes to visit them, and they receive The Message.

Chapter Notes

Hiya! If you're reading this, thanks for sticking to this fic. I hope you're enjoying reading it as much as I'm enjoying writing it.

Not too long until S18 now!

The pain was borderline unbearable. I could feel my eyes closing, and I fought to stay awake and listen to the EMT, who was rattling off numbers to her partner at the helm of the ambulance.

“Take her to Washington General,” I heard the paramedic tell her partner, before seemingly avoiding my eyes to tell him to prepare the surgical room for me. It didn’t sound good, but she must have injected me with something to stop my pain, and I gave into the cushy, heaven-like and painless feeling, and drifted off.

*

My shirt was now the colour of crimson – not a shred of the light grey it once was. But that was the least of my worries – my collarbone and chest looked like a Halloween edition of whack-a-mole, where the hammer was shrapnel, and the moles was just my upper body. I tried to disturb myself from the pain and the fear I had of the shrapnel propelling from my insides. Looking back at it now, being hit by that car was a holiday – at least then I was unconscious. No matter how hard I tried to push everything past me, my mind turned to the team; Gibbs and Sloane were missing, and Ellie – god Ellie, she was on her way to the hospital too, and I could only hope that she was fighting to stay alive.

It seemed like an eternity before we reached Washington General, and I was whisked away into surgery. I fell into the arms of the anesthetic, with the last thing on my mind being the look of the surgeon – something was not good, but my mind was too far away to think about it, so I let the memory slide, promising myself that I would come back to it when I was better.

*

I awoke to the faint whistling of someone. I forced my eyes open and saw a nurse hovering over me, changing my IV drip.

“Oh. Nice to see you awake... Agent Bishop”. She had paused to check my chart before addressing me. “What happened?” I asked, looking at my leg all bandaged up and immobilised. I could not move it, and panic began to build within me.

“Agent Bishop. The emergency surgery was successful, but the shrapnel did cut into your muscle a bit, and to be safe, Dr. Franklin decided to immobilise your left leg, in order to make sure this doesn’t lead to any complications.”

I exhaled. At least my surgery went successfully. Then my thoughts turned to Nick. “How about my partner, Nick Torres? Where is he?” “He should be wheeled into this ward shortly too. Please be patient.”

She did not lie. Indeed, Nick was wheeled into the ward, to the left of me, ten minutes later. He was awake too, and he seemed to be in much better shape than the glimpse I could of him before being taken by the EMTs.

*

“Nick,” Ellie called out, bringing my attention to her. But before she could speak, two doctors walked in.

“My name is Dr. Steward, and this is Dr. Franklin,” the female spoke, addressing both me and Ellie. “We’d like to inform you that both of your injuries are thankfully non-life threatening, but, as doctors, you will need to stay here at least overnight to ensure that there are no surgical complications. Agent Bishop, you will have to be confined to a wheelchair and crutches for at least a fortnight to ensure the healing process is done. As for you, Agent Torres, we’ve managed to remove all the shrapnel, but I would urge you to not engage in any physically exerting behaviour too.”

“If all is okay tomorrow morning,” continued Dr. Franklin, “we will discharge you as outpatients.” The doctors left it that, seeing as their beepers began their incessant tone. They left the ward, leaving me alone with Ellie.

“I’m sorry Ellie.” I said, “If I had gotten to you in time, you would not have been injured, and could be helping McGee and Kasie look for Jack and Gibbs. I -” She cut me off: “Would you stop that? If it weren’t for you, I may have been dead. You heard Dr. Steward, it’s just my leg. Besides, I have my other leg and hands if it comes to anything.” I laughed, and then doubled down coughing in pain from the stretching of my stitches. “Oh gosh, I’m sorry Nick. I shouldn’t have joked when you’re like that.” Her apology was touching, but not needed. “Remember that you’re my little light that’s keeping me going, and even if it means a little stich pain, let it be that.” She burst into laughter again, and I couldn’t help it either.

It was good that McGee had walked in, as I probably would have definitely torn some of my stiches at mine and Ellie’s little language.

*

I walked in to Nick and Ellie laughing away. God bless for that at least.

“Hey McGee.” Nick seemed quite happy to see me. “Tell us what you’ve got so far.”

“Well, that’s that bad news,” McGee begun, “Kasie and I haven’t really found anything. Bomb techs and everyone else not on call with something else are analysing whatever was left, but the CCTV was out, and we have no idea where Gibbs or Sloane is.”

Nick began to get up from his bed. “Nick, no.” There was no way I was going to let Nick drum his health into the ground. “You and Ellie need to stay here, no excuses as I’ve talked to Dr. Franklin and Dr. Steward, me and Kasie will be fine.”

That seemed to stop Nick and Ellie protesting, but that wasn’t for long...

My phone lit up; it was a call from Kasie. Perhaps she had finally found something, but the look on her face told me otherwise.

“McGee. This just came in...” She played the video, and I took no time situating myself between Ellie and Nick to make sure they saw too. It was Jack and Gibbs, and they were alive! But, they were not in good shape.

“Kasie,” I told her over the phone, “track her down...”

The Warehouse Raid

Chapter Summary

McGee and the team track down the signal from Adrestia's video, so Vance sends a team down to the warehouse, hoping for the best. There, they are confronted with something they did not want, alongside another video.

Chapter Notes

I really apologise for the long wait, it must have felt like eternity. Luckily, my mocks and most of my university interviews are over, and I have a clear end in sight for this fic, so hopefully not too long.

Again, thank you for the continuous support.

We needed to get to HQ ASAP, and I needed to track Adrestia's video – Gibbs and Sloane were relying on me to pull myself together and take on the responsibility of being the Senior Field Agent.

Half an hour later on blue lights and we were back in the bullpen, furiously brainstorming anything which could answer the multitude of questions we were already facing – Who was this Adrestia? Where was she holding Gibbs and Sloane? And what on god's given Earth did she have with the White Palace? Surely we had caught the figurehead, Shepherd? Or were we looking at this all wrong.

Thinking about that video gave us all hope – after all, Adrestia hadn't killed Gibbs and Sloane, which was something we were all afraid of initially, all things considered. However, she did kill that DEA agent, Agent Devlin, in cold blood. And now her son is motherless; Adrestia would not be stopped by anything, so we needed to get there first, for everyone's sake. My gut told me this was by far not her limit – we could expect more from her, so we needed to strike first.

Seeing Ellie in her wheelchair, Nick, Kasie, Vance, Jimmy all working together in harmony helped to sooth my nerves. I will not let Adrestia beat us or feel threatened by her.

It took longer than expected, but I had finally tracked down the video to an abandoned warehouse not far from where the initial raid had taken place.

“Hey Kasie, can you go grab Vance quickly. I think I’ve located the video location,” I called out, some veiled excitement marking my voice.

“Got ya McGee,” Kasie called down, hastily making her way up the steps and almost bumping into Vance, who must have already been on his way down to discover the source of our loud conversations.

“Can I take that this is good news?” Vance queried. “I sure hope so, boss,” I replied out of habit, before correcting myself.

“Okay, let’s send a team down to see what’s there, under extreme caution. We’ve had trouble with the White Palace, so I’m sure that this could definitely lead to some trouble. And Nick,” Vance started, seeing Nick perk up and slowly pivot towards the elevator, “we don’t need a hero, we need you alive. Stay here with the others and recuperate.” Vance turned, before adding, “Up to MTAC everyone.”

*

“I need a team sent there ASAP. But proceed with extreme caution. We still don’t know where she sits with the White Palace.” I put down the phone and headed down the corridor to MTAC, where McGee had already set up communications with the team which were on the way to that abandoned warehouse. Luck was never something I had relied on, but I think today of all days warranted an exception. I should have realised perhaps that the White Palace raid seemed too perfect, but in this job, we take that as a blessing and a sign of good work on our behalf, not second guess ourselves.

I put all my worries in a small compartment of my brain, sitting down in my designated seat, watching how Nick and Jimmy carefully helped lift Ellie out of her wheelchair and be seated comfortably. The tension was high, but hopefully this would all end very, very soon. In hindsight, I realise that I should have known better.

In about 30 mins, the REACT team had pulled up to the warehouse, and we all had frontline seats to the action in MTAC. The raid had commenced. Unsurprisingly, there was some resistance, but it seemed too little for the place where Adrestia supposedly was.

“Heading into the main area,” buzzed a comment from one of the REACT agents. All eyes were fixated onto the screen. Even from where I was sitting, I could see how hard Kasie was squeezing Jimmy’s arm.

All of a sudden, a large boom was heard, and led to the video feed physically shaking.

“REACT, do you copy?” I queried, tense at the prospect of more fatalities at the hands of the White Palace. Eight very long seconds passed before the Commander responded, “A booby trap was set off at what seems to be a hidden drug stash – 2 are injured. The main group and I are heading into the main room now.”

The group burst in to the room, and were met with pure emptiness, notwithstanding the body of a young woman in the midst of a pool of coagulated blood. The commander walked up to her and turned her over – it was Agent Devlin, deathly white in the crimson pool. Now I had seen a lot of dead people, but this one chilled me to the bone, and looking around MTAC, I could see that the temperature had dropped dramatically.

“Hey, Commander”. One of the REACT team was trying to get the Commander’s attention, who turned to face the wall behind him. ‘THEY WILL BE NEXT’ was smeared in blood, a final touch to the décor of the room.

“Clear. Suspect not on site. NCIS agents not on site. Reporting back.” The Commander had signalled the end of the raid, which had merely resulted in finding the body of Agent Devlin, but no sign of Adrestia or Gibbs and Sloane. She must have known we would have hopped on to her first video.

I was on the verge of leaving MTAC, already conjuring up anything which we could do to not stagnate on the spot, McGee’s voice split through my thoughts.

“She sent us another video,” he stated, starting the video on the big screen.

The Injury & The Bullet

Chapter Summary

Gibbs and Sloane overhear Adrestia's explosive plan, whilst McGee oversees a ambush plan, and Jimmy and Kasie discover a mysterious bullet.

Chapter Notes

Apologies for the delay - had a lot of unexpected problems come up the last month.

Adrestia strides in grandly, a faint smile playing on her lips. She was enjoying the game she was playing, and playing it well she was.

“I hope you two are enjoying the quality time I’ve arranged for you. Must be difficult to get anytime alone with your line of work. I’m sure you appreciate the gesture Agent Gibbs.” She turned to look in my direction when she mentioned my name, once again a psychopathic dazzle shone behind her eyes. I was honestly starting to really hate this woman; the game she was playing. And I didn’t like the fact that we were still in a situation no better than the one we found ourselves in when she had first taken us. Proactive action needed to be taken. My mind still worked on how to solve mine and Sloane’s predicament, but then Adrestia started talking about explosives, so I listened.

“I need all the explosives at the right place at the right time. Do not take this lightly,” Adrestia commanded a small squad of men at the far end of the vast expanse of the warehouse, her voice quiet yet strong enough to be heard by me, and judging from the inquisitive stare Sloane too. “I want it back, all of it. Steal others if you must. Rendezvous in 12 hours. Now go.”

Adrestia turned around, addressing us. “I’ve got another engagement to prepare too. You were fun, and I’ll need you later, but alas, all good things must come to an end for now. But don’t worry, I’ll be sure to keep you entertained...” She strutted out the warehouse, her henchmen at her heels.

It felt like forever before the two goons left us alone, no doubt playing their role in what was yet to come not just for us, but for all those who had contributed to the fall of the White Palace. Adrestia had upped her stakes, and whilst I had no doubt in the ability of McGee to do his computer thing, I feared it would be too late. I needed to act now. Whilst Adrestia was busy initiating her plan, I was at work loosening my own restraints - the ropes were old and

had given way after much resistance, and not long after she had left I had succeeded, slithering out of rope around my hands and legs.

I scurried over to Sloane, and was working on her restraints, careful not to aggravate her arm injury. I was down to the last knot when I suddenly felt a warm liquid sloshing down my left sleeve, and Sloane had ducked in her seat, hunched over me.. For a minute, I thought Sloane had been injured, before she commented, "Gibbs, you're bleeding", and pressed against my left shoulder with her already free hands. The relief was only momentary, before I felt myself being dragged across to the far side of the warehouse.

"Adrestia did promise you entertainment, looks like you provided it yourself." One of the goons barked, dropping me off into a sack of bones before heading towards a crate nearby.

*

I had a lot of faith in Gibbs, but I didn't know how much longer he could pull through without any medical attention. That injury to his shoulder looked very bad, and it didn't help that the goon, who I'm going to refer to as Ugly One, put him in the worst stress position possible for his injury, no doubt on purpose; even from a distance, I could see the strain that the chains were putting on his wrists, which were dragging his hands apart in an effort to stop him from freeing himself once again.

Perhaps I didn't radiate any physical strength, or perhaps Ugly One was interrupted by Ugly Two, but they had seemed to forget about me, leaving me only in restrained at the hands, and even then at the front. I made my way across the room to Gibbs, taking in the items, or rather lack of them, that I could fashion an escape plan out of. Maybe I was making out the injury worse than it was, and Gibbs could still find a way out of this with me. But my hopes turned to ashes when I saw the steady stream of blood making its way across the chains and what was once a plaid shirt.

"I'm sorry," I muttered, for no particular reason, getting a grunt in return. At least he was conscious, and I needed to make sure it stayed that way. Right on the universe's cue, Ugly Two walked in, tossing a first aid kit my way.

"Fix him. If he dies, you die." And then he left.

And I did, not for the fear of just my life, but for the fear of his. This was not the way we were going to go out, and in spite of all, I held out hope that our team would do the impossible and rescue us before the explosives came into play - I doubt they were all for Adrestia's VIPs-in-holding.

"It makes sense." I suddenly realised, out loud as I understood from Gibbs weakly muttering a 'what'.

"I was wondering for a long time why Adrestia would care for Shepherd. It was not just a hierarchy thing - there was more to her actions than just avenging the death of the White Palace leaders. My subconscious must have been working overtime on the pressing question, but I've finally realised - Shepherd was Adrestia's son."

And I knew myself now that there was nothing a mother wouldn't do for her children, no matter how psychopathic the actions would be. Adrestia may be cool and collected right now, but that was a façade for the men. Perhaps we could play that to our advantage.

*

"I'm sorry Director, but this woman, Adrestia, was smart. She must know how we operate and covered her tracks like a pro." I reported back, frustrated at the lack of progress at tracking down the origin of the message. And the state of Gibbs and Sloane was worrisome - I had never seen the Boss look in such bad shape, and Sloane radiated some unknown fear during the message.

"...McGee." The Director addressed me, pulling me out of my worried and over analytical spiral. "We may not be able to physical track this Adrestia down, but there is something else we can do. As you know, we do not negotiate with terrorists, but I suggest perhaps an ambush under the guise of an exchange - the confiscated drugs for Gibbs and Sloane. I'm sure this Adrestia would be smart enough to not engage in this, but curious enough to send somebody over to engage with us."

"Understood Director, would you like me to go and lead the team?" I asked, practically begging to get out of the bullpen and get our team together and safe.

"Affirmative McGee. You'll have a team at your disposal, converging downstairs in 20."

And with that I scrambled out, hoping that this plan would give us some advantage and more understanding to the character of Adrestia, but most importantly where Gibbs and Sloane were held.

*

"Kasie, hold up. Are you sure?" I was not sure at all, but I had faith in Kasie's analysis, and I never really liked it when 'CLASSIFIED' was an answer to one of my questions.

"Jimmy, trust me. As much as I'd love McGee to do his thing, we need to get the Director to do this the proper way, and perhaps get some more answers along the way. You don't just classify the analysis of a particular bullet, in fact I've never seen it done before. This must be way above our pay grade."

"Alright Kasie, to the Director it is."

We walked past the bullpen and up the stairs towards the Director's office, where McGee was rushing past us in a half-jog, half-run, nearly squeezing me into the wall.

"Sorry Jimmy." McGee apologised, covering the distance down the stairs at an impossible rate.

The Director popped his head out the door, possible at the sound of the commotion, inviting Jimmy and I in.

"Anything to report?" he queried, a faint worry tainting the question.

"Yes." Kasie replied, launching into her unexpected results from the bullet analysis.

"That certainly is strange, and I will look into it immediately," he stated, before picking up the receiver and waving us out of his office. I could only hope that this was a sign that we would have answers soon, before both Gibbs and Sloane succumbed to the long list of injuries that I could see in the Second Message from Adrestia.

The Transportation

Chapter Summary

Adrestia is transporting Sloane and Gibbs to commence her revenge. But will everything go to plan?

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long to update - had a bit of a writers block, paired with the fact that I'm trying to revise for my final assessments before I leave sixth-form.

I had just finished tending to Gibbs wounds when I heard the ghastly sound of Adrestia's voice, a voice I'm sure would permeate the rest of my nightmares, that is if I ever slept any time soon; despite the adrenaline in my body weaning off, Adrestia and her goons sudden reappearances, along with her threats, keep me on edge, my body refusing to rest up.

"Up," she commanded, "It seems your officers thought they could outsmart me, trying to track the first video. Shame really, since I guess some of them may not have come out alive over you two." Her voice permeated the air, temporarily distracting me from the painful grip of the goon dragging me away from Gibbs back into the chair. In the corner of my eye I noticed that the camera had been brought back into the room – was Adrestia really going to address our team again? For what reason? I guess all would be answered promptly. Adrestia strutted behind me, and began talking to the camera.

"You all think you're so smart, tracking my first video. It never did occur to you that I wanted you to, did it? Alas, perhaps you won't make the same mistake this time." She paused, seemingly deliberating what cards she wanted to play, before continuing, "You see, whilst I was away, I heard what these two were discussing, and their assumptions are correct. Shepherd was my son, and you took him away from me. You took my last blood – was it not enough you took away by daughter and fiancé? It never is enough with you NCIS. And now it's your turn to pay up. I hope you enjoy what comes next..."

The red light cut off and Adrestia towered over me, glancing over at Gibbs before giving me her full, undivided attention. "I have a surprise for you and Agent Gibbs. I hope you enjoy. But before I let you leave, let me leave you with a little bonus gift."

*

Adrestia's voice permeated through my pain and my eyes shifted towards the sound of her voice. She towered over Sloane and was talking to her. I could not hear what she was saying, but it was nothing good. All of a sudden, Adrestia hand whipped up to Sloane's hair and dragged her from her seat, before slamming her against the wall. Sloane seemed to lose consciousness for what seemed like forever, before she stirred, wincing in pain. I couldn't stand to see her in pain, but I was already doing as much as I could from falling into unconsciousness myself. And it didn't help when, out of the blue, I felt two sets of hands lift me up and half-drag, half-walk me towards the single entrance out of the room. The unexpected sunlight hurt my eyes, temporarily blinding me. A few seconds later, I was once again surrounded darkness, and I embraced it, before I realised, too late, that I was once again in an enclosed space, exponentially smaller than the room we were held in. Sloane crossed my mind, and as if the universe had heard me, a pair of hands pushed Sloane beside me. But once again, elation turned into confusion, and before I could say something I felt my eyes closing.

*

I woke up violently and rolled into Gibbs, eliciting a groan from him – it seemed I had pinned him against back of what I assumed was the back of the trunk of a car.

“I’m sorry.” I replied in a hurry, struggling to shuffle away with my hands and feet bound. The car was moving, and fast at that. With Gibbs’ injury, I wasn’t sure how much more he could take physically.

Shuffling closer to the front of the trunk, I tried to locate the headlights from the inside. It took a few tries, but I finally managed to kick the lights out, allowing some faint light to permeate the claustrophobia-inducing trunk we were stuck in.

“That’s much better.” I hear Gibbs mumble behind me, and turn towards him. And wait, hoping for somebody to spot the broken tail light.

It felt like an hour had passed before I heard sirens outside the car, and the vehicle rolled to a stop. A door slammed in the distance. I held my breath, holding out for the coveted opening of the trunk. Instead, I heard three gunshots in rapid succession. I should have realised that fate works in twisted ways – I got my wish of the trunk being open, but instead of the friendly face of a patrol officer, it was Adrestia, a smile painted across her countenance.

“I’m sorry Agent Sloane. It seems we will be spending some more time together.” She closed the boot, and with that my hopes started to slowly wean – I could only hope our team would find us quick enough.

*

The team met up in the bullpen, running purely on coffee.

“Torres, Bishop, glad to see we are all moderately awake. Jimmy and Kasie have some interesting updates about the bullet we found. Please, do ahead.”

Kasie began, “Me and Jimmy have been running analysis on the bullet since its come in, however unfortunately we haven’t had much luck as we’ve been stonewalled by ‘CLASSIFIED’ everywhere. It seems that nobody has high enough clearance to access the file, not even the Director himself.”

I interjected before Kasie could ask me – “Yes, I will try to hack into it as soon as I hear any other information we might have gathered since we last met.” I looked around the group, but it seemed that I would not be receiving anything new about Adrestia, or Gibbs, or Sloane.

An alert flashed across the screen. “Seems like we have multiple eye-witnesses of an officer being shot on the highway by a suspect matching Adrestia’s description. Some saw her opening the trunk and seeing some movement in it. We need to check it out McGee,” Ellie read out.

“Okay Torres. You seem to be looking much better – you head over with some additional agents, and take Kasie with you. Bishop, you stay here with me to crack this case. Jimmy, see if you can go over anything else that can help us on any other end. Let’s find Sloane and Gibbs.”

The words had barely come out of McGee’s mouth when the team scattered, determined more than ever to get to the bottom of what was going on. This Adrestia sighting was the most solid geographical lead we had yet.

*

It was late in the evening when the trunk opened up again, although the car had stopped once for about an hour a while back. I had wondered what that was about.

My trail of thought broke when a pair of hands lifted me. I heard what I assume Sloane scuffling behind me, and turned around in time to see Sloane – with a bomb vest on her. The goon was overpowering any attempts Sloane was making to break free. The second goon whipped out a revolver and stuck it between Sloane’s eyes before jerking his head back to talk to me – “If you want her to stay alive a little longer, you’ll do what we say.” He taunted me, wanting me to give him a reason to harm Sloane; I would give him none. Obediently, still bound, I let another bomb vest be put on me, and allowed myself to be placed against the car in the parking lot. Sloane, on the other hand, was dumped like a bag of grain by my side and was extremely close to hitting her head onto the concrete. Hell, she looked worse than me – her injury culmination must have taken a turn for the worst during our ‘VIP-outing’ to wherever the hell we are.

Adrestia, interestingly, was gone. She must have left us on that stop we took beforehand. What could be so important that she decided to miss the party? Were we not the final hostages she had kept, after killing the other agent in front of us? If that were true, there was no way I was going to allow myself and Sloane to sit around captured for Adrestia’s entertainment and allow her to harm anyone else.

I bided my time for an opportunity to come around, and soon enough, one did – the goons had walked back to the other car, presumably to grab something before ensure we wouldn’t make our way away from this car, and the one that was left seemed distracted by something

on his phone. By then, I had gotten my hands free from the restraints that had left my wrists redder than white, and slowly inched my way towards the goon. In a single, swift motion, I unclipped his ankle holster and reached for his weapon. But when I went to grab it, another hand met me – the guy had realised what I was planning and tried to disarm me.

We both struggled for the weapon, and what was both a second and a minute later, the gun went off. Once... and then twice...

The Return

Chapter Summary

The secret of the classified file is revealed. Adrestia seems to be losing it. Gibbs and Sloane are put in another dangerous situation, but is this the last one they'll be in?

Chapter Notes

Hi all. Thanks for making it this far along in the story. Sorry for the delay - first it was assessments, then the stress, then the holiday. Good news is that I'm enrolled in university now. Anyways, enjoy the update.

3 shots, execution style.

That's another spectacular way Adrestia gets rid of witnesses to her crimes, or in this case, a patrol officer who was diligently following up on a broken taillight of a suspicious vehicle. His body worn camera later confirmed it was her, and from the creepy conversation that I had Kasie amplify of the recording, I was certain that she had Gibbs and Sloane in the car with her.

But that wasn't good enough – I needed to work out where they were now. I knew how much damage Adrestia could do – my residual pain and the image of Bishop unresponsive, along with the fear over the fate of my fellow agents, kept me determined to capture Adrestia and ensure she could do no harm to anybody else.

I was so engrossed in my thinking that I hadn't realised that Kasie had come up to me.

“Torres. Earth to Torres.” If I wasn't injured, I felt that Kasie would grab and shake me, to get me away from my thoughts.

“Oh, yes, sorry, Kasie.”

“I understand, lots is going on. But anyways, McGee wants us back. He says we need to stop chasing Adrestia's tail and start trying to get on the offensive before Adrestia starts escalating even more. Let's go.”

But before we could even reach the car to head back to HQ, McGee called us, speaking in an urgent, yet perhaps with a sliver of excitement, tone: Adrestia had started a live stream (ugh, what was her and making distasteful criminal decisions in front of an unwilling audience?), and he was patching us in whilst tracking her signal.

“You two are the closest to her location,” he stated, “so I need you two to rush over and apprehend her.”

As if anticipating my question, he added, “Yes, this in all likeliness is a trap, allowing us to track her, but I’ve also got REACT in route who will meet you on scene. Torres and Kasie, be careful. I don’t need anyone else injured anymore than they already are.”

*

Torres drove like a madman. And whilst I might have chastised him any other day for the jolting pain my shoulder was getting with every swerve he made, today was not the day.

“Torres look out!” I yelled for the fifteenth time, as he barely avoided colliding with an HGV on the freeway. Deep down, I understood how much he also wanted to watch the livestream, but if we were to track down Adrestia, we needed to stay alive and get there in one piece.

I turned my attention back to the livestream, trying to ascertain who the mysterious victim was to the rear of Adrestia, who was talking in that obnoxiously calm, and cold, tone, addressing us all by name. My brain failed to register any of the words she spoke; I was fixated on the male FBI agent she had posed so artistically, yet so grotesquely. He was alive.

*

10 long minutes. That’s how long it took us to get to the warehouse. When we got there, REACT had already arrived, and had secured the warehouse. The FBI agent was being wheeled out by the EMTs, thankfully with only minor injuries. The REACT Commander, a burly individual who I’d seen around HQ from time to time walked up to us, and informed us that Adrestia made a rather hasty exit, leaving behind her hostage and 4 of her goons, whilst speeding off in a car that matched the description of the one the patrol officer had stopped.

She still had Gibbs and Sloane. But at least we stopped her killing her hostage, and we had 4 of her people to grill for information. We were gaining on her, with small, baby steps, but we were gaining. This was a small victory, but we couldn’t stray from our main goals: getting Gibbs and Sloane back, and stopping Adrestia at all costs.

I turned around to see Kasie walking up to me. Whilst I was getting a lay down of the situation, Kasie was on call with McGee and Bishop, who had managed to finally unlock the secrets of the classified file we were struggling with.

*

“So, the bullet that Jimmy managed to retrieve from Agent Devlin was unable to be analysed, as its analysis was deemed classified, as you know. Whilst we were here, McGee and Bishop managed to hack into the file and find out what was up with the bullet. Turns out, last year, a high-ranking naval officer was shot in his office. That day, it turns out, he wasn’t supposed to be on base, but he was there for a nefarious reason – he was selling state secrets to an unknown individual. And on that evening, it turns out he was planning to come clean – there was an unfinished email explaining what he’d done, but he never had the chance to send it. It

seems that whoever the buyer was, they found out and silenced the officer before he had the chance to oust them.”

“Why was the analysis classified then?,” I asked, confused.

“I’m not entirely sure to be honest. But when McGee asked Vance about it, he told us that there were rumours circling about this individual, and his connection to other, even more senior, naval officers, who didn’t wish to be implicated in this. That seems to be the plausible explanation. Nonetheless, at least that mystery is solved. Now we need to focus on Adrestia.”

“I agree. Let’s regroup and take everything into account. Let’s go.”

*

He stumbled away, dropping unceremoniously in front of me – it seemed the bullet was a through and through in his abdomen. The other guy had obviously decided that running away would be the best option, however failed to account for the fact that Gibbs was an expert sharpshooter. Long story short, the goon didn’t get too far.

But now that the immediate external danger was over, I needed to make sure that we were safe too. I took a long and hard look at the explosives hanging around us, trying to ascertain a way to defuse the situation, literally. A few minutes of fumbling around, and I realised that it was a distraction – the explosives on us were fakes. They were a distraction.

*

Whilst Sloane was busy fumbling around with the explosives, I dove through the pockets of the closest goon, reaching for his phone. I dialled the number, and waited for the voice on the other end.

“Director Vance. How do you have this number?”

“Vance, it’s Gibbs. Me and Sloane are here. I think we’re in the southwest parking complex opposite the main building on base.”

“Understood. Backup will be with you shortly.”

*

If the explosives on us were a distraction, what were they a distraction for? Were we not the endgame? My mind was much too jumbled up to think straight, but I sighed a very shallow sigh of relief that me and Gibbs were no longer in immediate danger.

It was too early, that sigh of relief; in the distance, I saw a burst of blinding light before I heard the explosion rattle the relative calm of the night.

The False End

Chapter Summary

So, what exploded? What happens next? The final three chapters begin here.

Chapter Notes

Oh Lord. I'm so so sorry to everyone who was waiting so earnestly for an update. Being a law student is hard, especially when you're trying to take part in 11 different student societies, volunteer as a course rep, and get elected for the University senate.

But I've made it, and, fingers crossed, the final three chapters will be out before August this year,

The first thing I heard after the explosion was the shattering of windows, unceremoniously shattering against the ground. I looked down, and then rolled off Sloane, who was unmoving. Rolling her on to her back, I could see no visible injuries, but that didn't mean that there wasn't something going on inside - what if her injuries had caught up to her?

Vance had sent out a team to come collect us, and I had to trust that they would arrive sooner than later. Hell, I'd have carried her out of the complex in my own hands, but my injuries had finally caught up to me, and there was no way I was risking dropping her on the way over. And so I knelt over her, the loud sirens of the vehicles like music to my ears.

*

Outside HQ, Torres scrambled up from being thrown by the explosion, looking for Kasie, who was walking towards the building before all hell rained down.

He ran towards where he last saw her standing – a patch of pavement now covered in patches of the roof and windowpanes.

"Torres?" Nick turned towards the voice, and saw Kasie standing there, holding her previously injured shoulder, which was covered in dust. He ran towards her, helping her readjust her sling, and sitting her down on the curb.

"Nick? Kasie?" McGee rushed forward, surprised to see them, "Are you alright? When did you get here?"

"Literally as soon as the building went boom. I'm okay, but I think Kasie needs to be seen again with her shoulder."

McGee rushed into action, flagging down one of the EMTs that had arrived on scene.

Director Vance advanced towards the Team, taking in a sharp breath.

"All personnel seem to be accounted for. I will have techs sift and catalogue through the debris, but I think we all know who's responsible – Adrestia."

Vance took a deep breath, and continued, "Right now, I need you to all get to the hospital. Before the explosion, Gibbs managed to get a call to me – him and Sloane were dumped in the southwestern parking complex here, and they managed to shoot their captors. I want you to make sure they're secure, and question them about what, if anything, they know. This was just a way to rattle us. There is something more going on here, and I need to know."

*

The paramedic was having a field day trying to stop me from constantly getting in his way. And to be fair to myself, I was giving him a difficult time.

"Agent, I am going to have to ask you to sit down and let me do my job. Do not make me regret letting you come along in this ambulance, rather than the other."

I reluctantly sat down in the corner, looking out for any sign that Jack was opening her eyes. Adrestia would not be getting away with this; I'd done some questionable things beforehand during my past cases, however this time I would not be giving her the satisfaction of death. No, I'd make sure that she spent every waking minute for the rest of her life wishing that I was so merciful.

"One minute." The quiet paramedic who was weaving through the traffic had finally spoken, and the other paramedic began preparing to get Jack into the ER as swiftly as possible.

"I need you to take his bag when we wheel her in, understand?"

I nodded, happy to do whatever was necessary.

All of a sudden, the machines attached to Jack started beeping together in an alarming cacophony. My ears rung, and I dropped the bag on the ground, which rolled under the stretcher, shielding my ears.

I must have temporarily blacked out - the next thing I could remember seeing was Jack being wheeled into the ER, machines still beeping, but sideways.

Had I fallen? I tried to find something to push myself down with but came face to face with the paramedic who was driving us to the hospital.

"Agent Gibbs. Your partner will be alright. Now let us take a look at you."

I was too weak to fight another battle, so I nodded. Or at least I think I did, as the paramedic showed no recognition of my nod, instead wheeling me in afterwards.

*

"This job needs to be done, and it needs to be done as soon as possible. Do not fail me like the others have. I mean, it cannot be so difficult to rid the world of two special agents, could it?" She turned back towards the car, passing back two revolvers - unregistered, unused before, and a vial wrapped in copious amounts of bubble wrap.

"These vials are worth more to me than any jobs you've previously done for me. So don't use them on anything or anybody else but them. You know where to find me when you're done."

She sent the two men away, and watched them drive off, before she settled into her own car, following them at a distance. If need be, she would finish the job herself.

The Hospital

Chapter Summary

In hospital, the danger doesn't stop.

Chapter Notes

Yay! University exams are over, which means I've completed a whole year of my degree! Nice. And now, onto writing.

Thanks for sticking around!

“Nurse. I’m looking for two federal agents – an Agent Gibbs and an Agent Sloane. I need you to point out their rooms.” McGee scrambled through the Authorised Access Only doors, nearly tripping over his own feet.

“Agent, this corridor is off-limits. I suggest you go back and wait at the nurse’s desk.”

“And I suggest you direct me to them now. This is urgent, and I’m not leaving until I get answers.”

The nurse sighed, but relented, and half-walked, half-jogged over to the reception, before pointing out Gibbs’ room.

“What about Agent Sloane?”

“She’s in surgery, and that will take some time. I suggest going to go see your other agent.”

McGee walked into the room to Gibbs attempting to grab his jacket from the chair.

“Gibbs. You can’t leave. Not until you’ve been cleared.”

“I need to see Jack. Where is she?” Gibbs struggled up again, but gave up with a groan of pain, rubbing his left shoulder.

“She’s in surgery. It’s touch and go, but as soon as Torres arrives, I’ll get him to check up on her.”

“McGee. How much do you know?”

“Well, we’ve managed to gather some intel on this Adrestia, but we need to know what went on. I... We... were worried for a while. Neither you nor Sloane looked like you were going to pull through.”

“McGee. I’m alive. Now, you might want to take note. There’s a lot you need to know.”

*

I walked up into the ward, to find Gibbs asleep and McGee typing away on his keyboard.

“Hey Nick. Ellie.” McGee looked up from his screen, “Is Sloane out of surgery?”

“Nurse told me that the surgery has finished, and that we should be able to see her in about ten minutes. Should we wake Gibbs?”

“Oh yes. I think I’ll be on his bad side if I fail to grab him to check up on Sloane.”

“We’ll go and wait in her room then McGee.” Ellie waved, and looked up at Nick, who had taken on the job of wheeling Bishop around the hospital whilst she was still recuperating.

They left, and McGee shook Gibbs by his good shoulder, stirring him awake.

“She’s out of surgery Boss.”

*

Twenty painstakingly long minutes later McGee rolled Gibbs into Jack’s room, where it seemed everyone had already converged.

Gibbs took a long look around the room, trying to make a mental assessment of the injuries the others had sustained – Jack was lying back in her bed, looking even worse under the bright hospital lights, but at least she was alive. McGee was moving a chair for Kasie, who’s arm was in a sling with what looked like fresh debris sprinkled around the strap. On the other side of the Jack’s bed were Nick and Ellie, the former with an obvious bandage encircling his shoulder, and the latter trying to readjust herself in her wheelchair, her leg in a cast. At the door – Jimmy and Vance, seemingly the only two who weren’t baring any physical scars from the case.

He would not let Adrestia get away with any of this. It was time they came up with a plan to get her off the streets, once and for all. Even if it meant that he had to kill her by himself for all that she had done.

“... and, well, that’s all we are aware of at the moment.” Vance stopped talking, and locked eyes with Gibbs, who was so lost in all the ways he was going to rain down justice on Adrestia that he had not realised that Vance had laid out a plan to catch Adrestia red-handed.

There was no time for him to explain, but Gibbs knew he could trust Vance, and the team, with his life. He nodded and got McGee to roll him back to his room, where he welcomed the intense cocktail of painkillers he was administered.

*

Meanwhile Director Vance had taken over the hospital's conference room and was keeping watch on the dozen of REACT agents which he had sent to another old safe house, but one that McGee had registered an abnormal usage of the city's power grid. He had to hope that something, anything, would be there; it would be too much to hope that Adrestia herself would be there.

Ten minutes later and a thorough sweep of the main and secondary building yielded only a couple of things – another note promising more, and explosives – the ones used in the explosion at HQ. They were in the right place, but at the wrong time.

*

He locked the door behind him, straightening the scrubs he had wrestled off the doctor. This was so easy; nobody gave him a second look.

Before long, he reached the right floor, and had come across the correct room. And just in time for the guard swap. Quickly, he reached for the door handle, and entered the room, satisfied that he was alone, well, bar Agent Gibbs of course.

What he hadn't accounted for was the boredom of Nick and Ellie, which resulted in them rolling up and down the corridor endlessly, and them noticing him choosing to enter the room when there were no guards on duty.

Nick rolled Ellie down the corridor, parking her outside the door.

"Call up McGee. I'll go in." Ellie looked up and opened her mouth, as though to point out the obvious.

"I know I'm not at my peak strength. But Gibbs needs us now. And I need you. Besides, you have your gun. If anyone that doesn't look like me leaves, shoot 'em where it hurts."

*

I kicked down the door of course. Stealth was not going to work here – up seven flights of stairs meant only one entrance and exit, and I was pretty sure that opening the door cautiously would only give the intruder more time to surprise me. I needed to surprise him.

And that's what I did. In his shock of being discovered, or at least I presumed that was why, he stopped dead in his tracks, giving me enough time to kick him back against the wall.

It rattled him, but not enough – he spun around, and grabbed my leg, tripping me up and making me hit injured arm against the bed. He towered over me, a syringe in his arm – just before it hit me, I rolled under the bed, coming up on the other side.

I looked down at Gibbs, who was still out cold from the painkillers, and simultaneously drew out my gun. That did nothing to stop the rogue, who seemingly forgot to bring a gun to the fight, and instead brandished a knife.

He stepped into the thrust, but I'd had enough of playing games, and shot him once. Twice. Three times. He stopped in his tracks, falling face first onto the ground.

“Nick?” Ellie burst through the door, the wheels on her wheelchair slipping on the blood that was now flowing across the once pristine white floor.

“All good.” I holstered my weapon down, and stepped over the now dead goon, wheeling Ellie out of the room.

“We need to put this hospital down on lockdown. Now. Stay here. Wait for backup.”

*

“There are two doctors that have gone missing, Agent McGee.”

“Thank you.” I turned to the group, “There’s another one. And he’s going for Sloane. This time, we’ll be ready. Nick, you know what to do.”

We all stood up, walking to our designated spots. We’d been through enough danger and harm. It had to stop and stop it would today.

*

“This hospital is on lockdown. Please remain where you are and await further instructions.”

Oh, and awaiting where he was was exactly the plan. Very soon, there would be no Agent Sloane, and he could take his rightful place as Adrestia’s right-hand man. He would not fail so easily.

The Takedown

Chapter Summary

The final chapter.

Will Adrestia be captured?

Will Jack and Gibbs pull through?

All will be answered.

Chapter Notes

So, the last chapter.

Damn. Sorry I took so long to write this, and sorry if the ending is a bit short, but I wanted to have a nice, happy, ending, a "coming full circle" if you will.

As always, enjoy and I look forward to writing more and more fanfic this summer.

“Unless absolutely necessary, nobody is to go into Agent Sloane’s room. Is that clear?”
McGee finished rattling down the plan to capture the second rogue doctor before anyone else died or was severely injured.

The agents scattered, hunkering down and patiently waiting.

*

Two hours and seventeen minutes later, another alarm blared through the corridor, leading to a frantic scramble past the wretched Agent’s room. Perfect. He slipped into the sea of blue scrubs and snuck into the room, scanning his surroundings to ensure that he wasn’t followed.

So far so good.

He reached his hand into the pocket, procuring the syringe. He turned to the Agent, and in dismay saw the lack of IV’s.

Time was of the essence – there was no time to try and inject this stuff into this Agent. Adrestia would have to make do with his way – the faster, better, more efficient way.

Dropping the syringe onto the ground, he reached for his gun and slowly slid the pillow from under her neck, resting it on top of her face.

He placed the gun over the pillow, reaching for the trigger.

*

Bang.

Blood pooled onto the ground, and a screech of pain echoed across the room.

A gun cluttered to the ground.

He leans rolls out from under the bed, noticing that the now shot goon was limping out of the door. He was about to fire of another shot into the other leg, when he movement coming down the corridor; one second, the goon is limping upright, and the next he was sprawling across the floor, his arm pinned down by the wheel of Ellie's wheelchair.

Nick walked out, gun poised to carry on shooting, but quickly holstered his weapon when he noticed McGee had the situation under control.

They say never to get to excited, and they should have all stuck to that rule; no sooner than Nick and Ellie had exchanged smiles, and McGee had handed the goon of to hospital security, more alarms blared across the hallway, originating from Sloane's room.

*

"Agents you need to leave the room now," the doctor commanded, physically leading them out of the doorway and gesturing to the waiting room.

I followed suite but was too worried to have a seat.

"McGee, you'll make a hole in the ground." Director Vance walked in, followed by Kasie and Jimmy.

"Any news on Gibbs or Dr. Sloane?" Jimmy queried, taking a seat next to Nick.

"Gibbs is still out cold from the painkillers, but I have asked the nurse to inform us when he's back with us. Sloane's in surgery again – something about more internal bleeding that the doctor's need to bring under control. There's nothing much we can do for them, but I think I may have a lead on how to Adrestia."

Everyone perked up at that, and I was more ready to bring down Adrestia once and for all.

*

Adrestia had been driving in circles for the past 30 minutes, impatiently waiting for the phone calls to tell her at least one thing had gone to plan.

 She's a Killer Queen // Gunpowder, gelantine 

“Is it done?”

“It’s done.”

“Rendezvous point in ten minutes.”

Finally, it was all going to work out.

*

I ended the call, nodding up at the Director.

“REACT are already en route to the position, you should hurry if you want to make it.”

I nodded, and promised the team that come hell or high water, Adrestia would be captured dead or alive today.

*

Adrestia was punctual, McGee would give her that. She was stubborn too.

It was becoming increasingly clear that Adrestia was planning to go out in a blaze of glory, but he knew that would be too easy of a punishment.

As climbed out of the car and raised her gun upwards, McGee channelled all his anger and aimed.

Adrestia dropped her gun and clenched her bleeding wrist in agony. Borderline callously, McGee twisted both her hands behind her back, cuffing her and handing her off to the REACT commander.

Adrestia was apprehended. All that was needed for some time, time to heal those mortal wounds.

They had been through worse, and there was no doubt that they would get through this too.

* TWO MONTHS LATER *

“Oh... and another one!” Gibbs’ fishing trip was going splendid.

After three weeks of his impromptu hospital vacation and a few extra days checking up on Sloane, he needed to get back to something normal, something that he was planning to do.

He loved it. Well, they loved it.

“What’s that? Fish number eighty-seven?” Sloane quipped, slowly lowering herself down to a sitting position beside Gibbs.

“I don’t know. Haven’t exactly been counting.” It was true.

“Let me.” Jack gestured to the second fishing rod that Gibbs had bought along for her.

He passed it back in silence, and in silence, they sat together. Staring out into the water, fishing together until it turned dark.

“Thank you, Jack. I really needed this.”

Jack didn't bother to respond, after all there were much better ways of communicating than words.

One kiss turned into multiple, and a fishing trip turned into the best week of their lives.

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