

Shocking Revelations

Von Nightstalcer

chapter 1

„Grab your gear!“, the bellowed command carried across the bullpen and two agents sprung into action while grabbing said gear and followed the commanding voice into the elevator that would bring them to the garage where the NCIS-Van was parked.

Their leader didn't need to mention to them that the Truck would have to be gassed or that they needed to call their medical examiner Dr. Mallard to come to the scene too. After so many years of working together they just knew how to proceed when going to a probable crime scene. The only thing that was different was that all these tasks were not as normally accompanied by endless chatter from one of the agents. In fact, there was no talking at all except the command of their leader to grab their gear. They only worked in silence and were finally ready to head out to Rock Creek Park towards the scene in the agency's sedan. The truck would be taken by the MEs assistant.

At least Ducky can't get lost on the way there as murders happen way too often there, Senior Field Agent Anthony Dinozzo thought, as he would have normally commented and probably earned himself a head slap from Gibbs for it.

But today everything was different... In fact, everything just royally changed when Ziva David, his former partner and love-interest had gone back to Israel to find herself. Never mind that he just found the courage to actually tell her that he discovered that she was his salvation and the key for him to finally have a somewhat happy and content life. But as it was with Jeanne Benoit he always fell for the wrong women. Or Kate, or Paula Cassidy... well the list was long enough and you couldn't forget EJ and Wendy. Ziva was just to last of them to take his heart, toy with it, making him believe that she loved him back and wanted to be with him and then crushed it under her ninja-assassin-boots like it was an insect that was bugging her.

Now you're being unfair Dinozzo, he scolded himself in his thoughts, all the while missing the intensive gaze that Gibbs gave his second-in-command and longtime SFA while driving no way near the appropriate speed limit.

Special Agent Timothy McGee also realized that Tony wasn't in the right mind set but he also was pleased with the absence of Dinozzos chattering and bickering with him. He wasn't in high school anymore and after almost ten years or working for Gibbs he was nowhere near a probie but Tony, who worked for Gibbs the longest still called him that regularly.

Oblivious to his team partners' thoughts, Tony returned to the subject of Ziva in his head. She told him that she loved him too but that it was just not enough for her. After her father died she didn't have time to really mourn him and she needed that time and she also realized that she wasn't Ziva David, Mossad agent extraordinaire

anymore. She tried to get a new life when joining NCIS fully and becoming an American citizen but when she was finally free, having quit her job she immediately returned to her roots, going back to Israel. Tony shivered, all his visits to Israel were tainted with something happening that stole the ground from under his feet. First time Ziva assaulted him, wanted to kill him for taking her lover Rivkin away. He never got to explain it to her, she never apologized and he still had forgiven her. That was just the way he was, his father, Wendy, even Gibbs would attest to that. Maybe he was too used to be screwed over which was why he didn't even wonder why he was once again the one that was being used. The second time...

"Something on your mind, Dinozzo?" his boss voice sounded next to him, impatient as always.

Tony looked up "Nothing on my mind boss."

Gibbs just looked at him, aware that that certainly wasn't the truth but they had a crime scene ahead of them and personal affections had to wait.

"Then why are you sitting there?" he just inquired, knowing that his senior field agent would momentarily realize that they were already at their destination and then spring to action.

He knew him too well as Dinozzo acted just as he has predicted, also adding the "I'm sorry boss, coming.", that he would add, even if apologizing was against the rules of Gibbs.

He looked towards McGee who was eagerly waiting for him.

"Dinozzo, bag and tag, McGee, take pictures and finger prints from our victim. I will question the witnesses".

Despite being the number one dump-place for corpses in DC the park was very famous for family gatherings and such. So a whole family with grand-children included was waiting at his disposal. His two agents began working while he walked towards the corpse, a petty officer in his late twenties and approached his medical examiner Ducky and his assistant Jimmy Palmer who was performing his thingy with measuring the temperature of the liver and then announcing to him the approximate time of death. Gibbs never paid attention to the procedure and never would know how to perform this himself but that was what you had MEs for.

"What have you got Ducky?" he asked his old friend, totally aware that without a thorough autopsy he couldn't say much about their petty officers untimely demise. But you had to keep up the appearance and it became a friendly ritual as was his messing with Dinozzo. He sighed, his thoughts turning towards his longtime agent. Something was troubling the boy that much was obvious. And while they all were coming to terms that Ziva wouldn't come back to them it wasn't just that. Tony acted differently when affected by actions of a woman. He didn't recognize it as odd that he referred to a grown man in his forties as a boy but that was what Tony would always be for him and Ducky. The age difference aside but Dinozzo had the tendency to act like a child and he didn't mean his weekly goof-offs with his teammates or the inappropriate comments about sexual intercourse with whoever was now on his imaginary girlfriend-list but more the way he dealt with when he was in trouble or had a problem. Normally kids would go to their parents for help or advice but Dinozzo, having grown up mostly away from his family kept things to himself and dealt with them alone. Mostly he managed and being a well renowned and respected agent throughout the whole alphabet of agencies the US had to offer he didn't turn out too bad as a person but in all honesty he was screwed up. Maybe that was why his team worked so well together and could solve nearly every case they got on their table.

Every member had issues but they were dedicated to their work and didn't stop at the job description but went way beyond their normal duties to bring a murderer behind bars. Or six feet under as he preferred.

"Why Jethro, you must know that I can only say anything conclusive with an autopsy but I believe that our unfortunate officer here was poisoned."

On Cue Jimmy rose and pointed his fingers to the lips of their body.

"They begin to turn blue which is too early to be a result of the death..." Gibbs tuned him out, the word blue being a painful reminder of another "body".

He observed Dinozzos work quietly. He expertly bagged and tagged all evidence and when he finished with that he took over canvassing the surrounded area and looking for further clues. He knew how to handle a crime scene and how to command his team members. So he should be okay by having a new agent added to their team in the near future and having himself more concentrated on the rest of them right?

Gibbs wanted to reassure himself that Dinozzo was a grown man and wouldn't think anything stupid when he turned his attention more on the other members. At least he hoped so while his famous gut gave him a different vibe. He ignored it for now.

He questioned the family, learned that they only discovered the dead petty officer but didn't see the crime being committed or someone near the crime scene. After getting their initial statements he gave them his card so that they could call him if they remembered some important detail. Most of them didn't and he guessed that most of his given cards were tossed in the trash at home. Most likely the way he tossed away the card of the FBI-agent that informed him that they had no idea who murdered his family. Hence why he didn't like the bureau, Fornell excluded.

What was with him today getting so distracted at work? He dismissed the thought being interpreted as worry or something else ridiculous and concluded that he needed more coffee.

"McGee, when you are finished with processing the scene stop by and get some coffee. I'm going back with Ducky to the Yard. Do you know who this is yet?", he asked. Since they got this new technology with a transportable database of fingerprints identifying a body didn't take longer than ten minutes.

"Boss, there is a problem with that. He doesn't seem to belong to the navy as we have no prints of him in our database. I mailed them to Abby already but so far there is no result." Gibbs sighed, so they now had a John Doe at their hands. All this technology and they still needed some good old police leg work, he mused. It seemed that Dinozzo would have to shine in this case as he was familiar with the old ways of gathering information about a suspect or a body.

"McGee, get Dinozzo and go back to the yard and find out who that guy was, everything. I want a detailed background. Going for coffee." He switched the tasks and without waiting for an answer he got to the sedan and drove away from the scene. The others would have to squeeze inside the truck to get back.

McGee nodded and walked to the left further into the park where Tony went before looking for more clues and evidence. He found his partner searching the trashcans next to the jogging track that was momentarily devoid of people.

"Did you find anything? We got a John Doe!" he informed the senior field agent of his findings and joined him.

"Other than dog poop which was not in some bag? Nope, nothing helpful. Thankfully we have enough gloves in our truck or the next one that shakes my hand would be in for a nice surprise.", he grinned and stood next to Tim. The younger agent looked disgusted by the telling of his teammate and he had had his fair share of dog crap

already. Why did he agree to take in that damned German Shepard? He had shit into his home way too often. Still he had grown on the animal and were it not for his work hours he would've kept the dog. He found a nice place for him in the country at one of his cousins and visited him when he had a weekend that they were not on call.

"Very mature, Tony.", he instead said and rolled his eyes. Most of the time Tony was damn funny and his jokes always released the tension that arose when having a very difficult and/or gruesome case. But he would never tell him that or he would find himself even more at the receiving end of his antics. Not gonna happen in this lifetime.

His partner smiled and then turned serious.

"Tim I want to tell you..." he stopped abruptly and clenched his teeth.

"Sonofa..." he hissed and when Tim wanted to inquire what happened he quickly smiled again.

"Oh I just discovered that I still have some dog poop on my gloves. I will just wash it off then come to the truck." he said and left a confused Tim there standing while he ventured towards the exit of the park that was conveniently furthest away from the crime scene and therefore his team members. He spotted a public toilet and went into one of the stalls, having no intention of using it.

"Damn!", he cursed and rubbed his left arm. The same one that was broken during his fight for life with Rivkin and re-injured one day later, courtesy of Ziva David. Right now that wasn't what bothered him but the sharp pain that went through him while talking to McGee. His phone vibrated in his pocket.

"You know I only wanted to ask him how it was going with his girlfriend.", he said to no-one in particular. The screen of his phone informed him that he indeed had a message.

"You know what will happen." He read and sighed once more. All these years everyone he worked with had thought about some way to get him to shut up and now it seemed that someone found one quite effective. Safest option for him was to say nothing at all. With that in mind he turned and wanted to exit his stall as a really intense pain coming from his left arm brought him to his knees.

"Argh..." he bit his lips to muffle a scream. Gasping he grabbed the toilet seat and exhaled long breaths. His lungs ached; they didn't like this kind of exercise nowadays. He tasted blood in his mouth from his bloody lips. He exited the stall once the pain was gone and washed his face at the sink, scrubbing away the remnants of blood from his mouth. He didn't try to think what kind of germs colonized in this public bathroom and how just too much exposure could end deadly for him with his kind of lung issues. Another vibrate came from his pants and he looked at his phone once more.

"Just a warning...less Dinozzo will make them suspicious." The urge to throw his damn phone against the wall was quenched by the thought that then he wouldn't even know where he stood. And knowing he screwed up was better than being unprepared. But now he had to talk, had to act like everything was just peachy and avoids certain series of words strung together. Well, the first he could do in his sleep, he always did. The second was more difficult as he needed some of these words to perform his work. Phrasing them differently should work though.

Deciding that he already spent way too much time for just washing his hands clean from dog poop he exited the bathroom and jogged back towards the truck where McGee, Ducky and Palmer stood waiting for him.

You can do it, Dinozzo. He told himself and smiled once again.

"Sorry McImpatient but there was this really cute student who needed help and..." For

once he was glad everyone tuned him out anyway so the leery gaze he opted for finishing the sentence with wasn't necessary. He got into the car letting McGee drive back to the yard and stayed subdued for the car drive. Jimmy glanced at him but didn't comment on it while Ducky told some fascinating story about his times as a youth.