

## The Pessimist's Guide to Having A Good Day

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# **The Pessimist's Guide to Having A Good Day**

by [Ceares](#)

## Notes

It takes a village to beat fic into submission sometimes and I couldn't have done it without my village regulars, Lisa and Nikki and the wonderful Gategirl7 who made room for me at short notice. Any remaining issues entirely my own. Also, I'm very happy for a little bit of this to be obsolete now.

G was in half sleep mode, cataloging the sounds of the neighborhood waking up, when his phone rang.

He didn't bother looking at the display. "Hey. You or me this morning?"

"That depends. You missing something?"

G got up and headed for the bathroom, glancing around his furnitureless house. "Is this a trick question?"

"Keys, G. You left your keys at my house. So unless you're carrying me on your back, I'm driving."

He turned on the water in the shower. "Aw Sam, you know I'd carry you anywhere."

Sam grunted. "Yeah well we wouldn't get very far with the crap you eat."

"It's the thought that counts."

"Then think yourself on time. If we're late again, Hetty's gonna break out the cattle prod."

G laughed. "Kinky."

"Fifteen minutes, G. Don't make me come in after you."

They not only weren't late, they were early, which in hindsight should have made them leery about the rest of the day, but then it seemed like they always went into jobs thinking things were going to go as planned. Frankly, G thought something about the California sun had warped the pessimism out of them.

The drug cartel had found an easy pipeline onto base through their suspect, Petty Officer Tim Hagee. Fortunately, he'd also turned out to be an easy target to take down. Everything went smoothly at first. Eric's scan showed nobody but them around, the warehouse was empty exactly as Hagee said, and the codes worked perfectly to get them into the vault where the records were kept. It was when they tried to leave that there was a problem. Sam was working the perimeter and that was the only thing that kept him from being stuck with them when the alarms started blaring and doors started slamming shut.

"Shit! Eric!"

"I'm on it."

They made it out of the first chamber but the barred door had already shut by the time they reached the second one. The code was useless, the key box blaring an unhelpful buzz, and

then the second metal door started coming down.

Sam headed back their way at a full run, managed to get inches away before the solid steel separated them. With the doors closed, the vault was dark, small and airtight. They lost Eric as soon as the door closed, which meant they lost Sam too. G tamped down his reaction to the look in Sam's eyes right before they were shuttered into darkness, one he'd seen all too often since he got shot. He'd gotten used to being metaphorically wrapped in cotton wool--not that Sam wouldn't literally do it if he thought he could get away with it--but just because he put up with it didn't mean he liked it. Sam was the longest relationship he'd ever had though and Sam was a coddler by nature. Even a year ago, it would have made him a lot crazier, did in fact. But, he had a house now, even if it had no furniture. G had learned, was learning, to compromise. He was 'growing'. Nate would be proud.

He heard Kensi flop down with a sigh. "Great! Looks like I'm going to stand up another first date."

G shook his head. "You know if you let them get to a second date sometime, they'd be a little more forgiving."

"Or maybe it would be a horrifying and traumatic experience for everyone involved."

Deeks started a perimeter search, giving up after a few minutes to pace back and forth, tapping at the wall when he got to it. "Which pretty much describes every relationship I've ever had."

Kensi snorted. "And I'm not surprised because?"

"Don't judge Ms. One-date. Anyway, shouldn't we be plotting our daring escape?" Pace, tap, pace tap. It was actually a weirdly soothing rhythm.

"Relax. Sam knows we're here."

"So we just wait for him to come rescue us?"

"That's what partners do."

Deeks finally stopped. "I wouldn't know. You might have noticed the partner thing doesn't exactly work for me."

G remembered the look on Kensi's face when they got to the stadium. She'd still been trembling, and Deeks had been cracking jokes that generated a weak smile and finally a growl of exasperation. He and Sam had both noticed the steady hand he kept at her back. "No, I hadn't noticed that actually. You Kensi?"

G had worked with Kensi long enough to hear the gratitude in her voice "Nope. Haven't noticed at all."

"Don't worry about it, Deeks. You and Kensi will find your niche or she'll kill you and we'll help her bury the body. Whichever."

“Ha, ha.” Deeks, being Deeks couldn’t stay still or silent for long. G heard him back tapping at the walls. It was in a more distracted manner this time.

“So, you and Sam. You guys have been partners for how long?”

Kensi laughed. “Two to five years.”

G leaned his head back against the wall, grinning involuntarily. “Approximately.” Four years. Sam had given him a chip like they used in AA, as an anniversary present.

“So what’s the deal with Sam? I mean, you’re the man with no name and Kensi is little orphan Annie, but what’s up with him?”

“Well, Sam grew up on a small dairy farm. His only desire in life was to produce pure, delicious milk...until the accident with the milking machine. After that, he couldn’t stay on the farm, and he ran away and joined the Navy.” G used his best monotone, the one that screamed ‘so bland it must be true’.

Deeks actually paused for a moment. “Oh, you’re just mocking me now.”

G shrugged. “Well, you do make it easy.”

Kensi snickered. “He does.”

G swore he could *hear* Deeks pouting before he shuffled over and found his partner in the dark, doing something that rated an ‘ow!’ from Kensi and a subsequent thud and grunt from Deeks. It really was like hanging around with a three year old.

Deeks was still rubbing his arm when the doors opened. Sam raised a questioning brow and G shook his head, silently communicating a ‘you don’t want to know’ to his partner.

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Sam watched the door slam shut in disbelief. "You're kidding me! Eric!"

"On it, on it on it! Just need to override their fail safe code."

The singsong tone made Sam want to shove Eric's head into his keyboard, which was irrational, he knew. Eric was the furthest thing from a slacker. If he said he was on it, he was. Still. "Doesn't look like they have a lot of air in there."

"Hold on....okay, based on my calculations taking in the height and approximate weight of the three of them, along with the measurements of the vault, they should have a good hour of oxygen. Piece of cake."

Fifteen minutes later, the doors slid open and the three of them wandered out, blinking against the light. Deeks was rubbing his arm. Sam looked at G who just shook his head.

"And you cleaned up everything?"

Eric nodded. "Yep, as far as their system shows, it was a full out malfunction, so they can take it up with their security guy. Which they really should, considering how easy it was to get into their system."

Hetty eyed them all over the top of her glasses. "Well ladies and gentlemen, that went FUBAR very quickly."

"Fortunately we have a plan B!" Nell's super chipper tone drew stares until she shrugged sheepishly. "It's a really good plan?"

Her enthusiasm reminded Sam a little of the way Dom had been when he first got there, which made it painful to be around her sometimes. At least he didn't have to deal with her out in the field too often.

"Mr. Hanna, you are going to be our inside man this time. Eric will take care of the background." Hetty crossed her arms and favored them with a steely glare. "They've proven that they're lethal and more importantly, they've proven that they are smart. They're good. We're better."

It was more an order than a statement and they all stood a little straighter in response.

Eric pulled up the split screen, Hagee on one side and the surveillance photos of their suspects on the other.

"Hagee is going to take Sam to meet his suppliers. Our cover story is that Sam found out about his alternative revenue stream and decided to invite himself into the mix."

Deeks flipped another picture of Hagee onto the screen. "And there's not going to be any problem with him?"

G shook his head. "Oh he's quite happy to be of help. It turns out he's in way over his head and more afraid of these guys than he is of jail."

Sam met G's eyes with a grin. They'd barely started the interrogation before Hagee broke telling them everything they wanted to know and a lot they had no interest in. Nate would have found his verbal diarrhea fascinating.

Eric put together a solid jacket for him, good enough to handle even a fairly thorough background check, and they walked Hagee through his story. Hetty did her magic and produced a uniform for Sam.

Putting on the uniform felt strange, like he was trying to fit into skin he'd shed. G did the military alters with ease, but it wasn't as easy for Sam. G didn't carry much and dropped what he did easily. Sam shook his head, glancing in the mirror again. He was going to have to get his head in the game. For this op, Lt. Sam Hanna, decorated Navy Seal, didn't exist. In his place was Petty officer Sam Hanson, user, dealer and all around hustler.

G stepped into the room, giving him the once over. "Are you sure Hagee can handle this? He's twitchy."

"Yeah but that will just convince the cartel he's telling the truth. Guy is afraid of his own shadow, so they'll believe he wussed out the minute I approached him. I don't know how he made it through basic. The Seals would have had him for a midnight snack."

"Speaking of..." He stepped up close and slid a hand over Sam's shoulder and down his chest smoothing imaginary wrinkles, and wiggled his brows suggestively. "You look hot in that."

Sam grinned and leaned in. Kissing G was like guessing what was behind door number two. Today the package was lust and a little bit of worry. His fingers dug lightly into Sam's chest as their mouths met and Sam let him have full reign, opening to G's questing tongue, his own hands resting lightly on G's waist. They were both breathing hard when he pulled back. "I look hot in everything."

"That may be accurate Mr. Hanna, but I'd appreciate if the two of you would refrain from making out in public while you're in uniform. At least until Congress pulls its head out of its ass."

G made a face like his mother *and* his father walked in on him macking and stepped back, hands in the air. Sam laughed through his own embarrassment. "Sorry, Hetty." It wasn't like they expected to keep an actual secret from Hetty, but her knowing and them knowing she knew and her 'catching' them was completely different.

He didn't know if Macy had known or not. She took don't ask, don't tell to heart. G told him about Gibbs' rule number twelve about thirty seconds before he had shoved Sam against a wall, and stuck a hand down his pants--six months into their partnership. Hetty thought, she didn't care as long as it didn't fuck with their dynamic. Sam wouldn't be surprised if she included this in one of the many different, 'this is how Sam and G bonded' stories she had in her repertoire. Sam knew that as close to maternal as Hetty ever got, she got for G. The way Sam felt about G just meant she knew that Sam would go to the wire and beyond for him. It didn't stop Sam from blushing a little though.

There was a shoot out, of course. No bad guy ever happily laid his gun down for them, but the blood on the floor at the end wasn't theirs and Sam counted that as a good day. Karaoke wasn't till Thursday but they hit the bar to celebrate anyway.

Sam had been nursing the same beer all night, content to enjoy being Sam Hanna again. G was next to him, stacking shot glasses into some kind of elaborate tower that he and Deeks were arguing about. Their knees bumped accidentally and deliberately when G felt his architectural skills weren't being properly appreciated. Kensi had scoped out first dates one, two and three and was back at the table, heckling G and Deeks' efforts.

Eric and Nell were trying to out drink each other and arguing about something no one else had a hope of or a desire to understand.

Deeks nodded towards them. "Those two should just get a room or a cubicle or wherever geeks get freaky."

Kensi didn't even look around as she smacked him on the back of the head.

Sam laughed as G rolled his eyes. They had a running bet as to who was going to wind up in bed together first. Sam still thought Hetty had an unfair advantage but you refused a bet from Hetty at your own peril. He glanced over at her usual stool. She'd declined to join them again. She hadn't been out with them since everything with Cole.

G took a sip of his beer and leaned back, eyes on the table where Deeks was working on the 'accident waiting to happen' shot glass Jenga tower. "So how worried are we about Hetty?"

Sam thought about it. Hetty had worn the mantle of Mrs. Cole for a long time. She deserved time to mourn the demise of the cover and the man along with it. "Minus a month."

G nodded. "We can do that."

He nudged Sam a few minutes later. "Hey, you ready to get out of here?"

"Yeah." He finished off his beer and grabbed his jacket. Even with his own place, these days G wound up at Sam's more often than not and almost always after they wrapped a case, so he didn't bother to ask, just headed home.

He very carefully did not make it a big deal that G automatically put his things in the space that had gradually become 'his' at Sam's. Or mention the fact that somewhere along the way, instead of jumping each other like horny frat boys as soon as they got to the house, they puttered around getting ready for bed.

He set the timer on the coffee maker, then leaned against the bedroom door, watching G undress and get into the bed. "Mia's bringing the kids out at the end of this month."

"Yeah? She give you the 'you're a lying liar who lies and whose life is too dangerous for your kids to be in the same city as you' speech again?"

Sam sighed, sliding off his own clothes and hanging them up. "Like clock work." That he was trying to make the world as safe and sane as he could for them to grow up in didn't exactly sway his exes opinion but then there was very little they agreed on by the time they'd parted.

"You take off?"



“Yep, already cleared it with Hetty. You too.”

“Sam.”

“Come on, G. When was the last time you took some time off? And no, being in the hospital after you were shot doesn’t count. We’re going to San Onofre and you promised Jules you’d get on a board with her the next time she came.”

G shrugged. “Maybe a day.”

Sam knew that was as good as he could hope for. G might stay a day, he might stay the whole week but Sam was happy to take whatever he could get. He’d learned early in their partnership what to push and what to let G ease into. The kids helped and G was one of the few people Sam didn’t begrudge sharing the little time he had with them. He undressed and slid under the covers.

G turned to face him. “So, Deeks decided to delve into the mystery that is Sam Hanna today.”

“Really? This is what you do when you’re trapped in a metal box? Talk about me. ”

That earned a smirk. "You're my number one topic of conversation, Sam." He shrugged.

“Besides, it killed some time.”

“So, what did you tell him?”

“The dairy farm.”

“I hate that one, G. I told you to use the vineyard one. I have the sommelier’s badge to support it. I do not look like a dairy farmer.”

“Oh yeah and I suppose you look like a grape stomper?”

Sam shrugged. “Better than the real story. Mom, Dad, sister, dog, suburbs. Perfect Cosby life.” Not that Sam wasn't eternally grateful for his family and his childhood, but it didn't exactly suit the image of the big, bad undercover agent.

G rolled over on top of him, resting his chin on Sam's chest. “Until you joined the Navy because the girl you were dating had a thing for uniforms.”

“Fell in love with the Navy. The girl, not so much.”

G leaned up, mouth brushing his lightly and behind the door this time was affection and comfort and still, nicely, passion threaded through. Sam cupped his hand behind G's head, deepening the kiss, before rolling them both over.

G yawned, sliding the pillow from under his head and tossing it onto Sam's side of the bed. "Tell me why we waited six months again?"

"It took you that long to trust me."

G grinned, eyes drifting closed. "How do you know I trust you now?"

He was asleep before Sam could answer. Sam watched him quietly for a while. He trailed a hand down G's back and his partner murmured sleepily before drifting back off. Sam leaned in and pressed a light kiss to G's shoulder. "I know because you stay."

He rolled over, switching off the light. He'd learned to stifle his natural urge to cuddle when G stayed over. It made his sleep even more restless. G wasn't easy but if Sam had wanted easy, he wouldn't have been a Seal.

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