

Of Presidents and Poor Decisions

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Of Presidents and Poor Decisions

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

"Conrad watched, wondering who the man was, as the taller man grabbed the dirt blond hair that had been revealed and yanked it up, pulling the captive man's face up so that Conrad could see it through the glass.

To his horror, the president found that he recognized it.

The face and hair were dirty, stained by blood, and what Conrad could see of his body- his shirt was torn in a few places, and his face was also covered in bruises- was bruised and scraped.

Despite all this, though, the agent was unmistakably Angus MacGyver, Conrad's nephew's friend."

Knowledge of Madam Secretary not required to read or understand this fic.

Notes

This story is completely written and edited, and has three chapters. I'll upload the next part on Wednesday, and the final part on Sunday.

Edit 1/30/17: dedicated the story to Tamuril2

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

This is an actual, serious story in this verse. Not sure how it happened. Inspired by Tamuril2, who is the sole reason this series even became a series, so thank her.

All you need to know about Madam Secretary and the other stories in this series is:

- Conrad Dalton is the president
- he's Jack's uncle
- Conrad and Mac have met a couple times before

Warnings: Torture, mentions of torture. Nothing above a T rating, though, and, as always, absolutely nothing sexual.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Conrad Dalton woke, he was lying on his back and staring at a pristine white ceiling with lights so bright that a headache immediately began to form. He sat up, and, as he tried to bring his hands up to rub at his head, found that he was now sporting a shiny new pair of handcuffs. They were attached loosely, just tight enough to keep him from taking them off. Frowning, he looked around the room in confusion.

The door in the corner of the room was brought to Conrad's attention as it swung open smoothly; a pleasant young man with a small smile on his face walked into the room. His eyes lit up as he saw that the president was awake. "Hello, Mr. President. How are you feeling?"

Conrad had been trained for situations such as this when he had first become a politician, and more extensively when he had become president. Politicians make enemies, and it paid to be prepared. The path of least resistance to his captors- until they wanted something he couldn't give up- was best for the time being. He responded, making sure to seem calm and casual, "The lights are a bit bright, but otherwise, I'm fine."

The man grinned. "That's good. Oh-" The man's eyes widened. "My apologies- my name is Francis Gardel, but please, call me Francis. And, of course, I know who you are, sir."

Conrad blinked. He was a bit taken aback by the fact that the man had so willingly given away his name, but then again, it could easily be fake. He continued the conversation carefully. "I must ask, Francis, why am I here?"

Francis' grin dropped off his face. "Ah, I hoped you'd take a bit longer to ask that question. Well, you see, my organization is a bit strapped for both cash and information at the moment. You're here to be a hostage, mainly. After it's been twenty-four hours since we've taken you, after the government has sufficiently worked themselves into a panic because they haven't

found you, we'll send a ransom demand. We want six billion dollars and three nuclear missiles."

Conrad was speechless for a moment with shock. "They're never going to give you that."

Francis smiled again. The expression was much colder than previously. "You are the president, Mr. President."

Conrad shook his head slightly. He knew instinctively that reasoning with this man would be futile. Instead, he said, "You said I'm *mainly* here to be a hostage?"

Francis nodded. "Ah, you picked up on that. We need some information regarding your military plans in the Middle East. I don't suppose you'll give them up easily?"

Well, Conrad thought, *the peace was nice while it lasted*.

He shook his head silently. Francis shrugged. "I suspected as much. That's why we've got some incentive for you."

Francis motioned for Conrad to follow him, and the older man did so, not that he had much of a choice. They emerged from the room Conrad had awoken in and found themselves in a wide hallway, sparsely populated with people, with doors dotting either side of the hallway.

As they walked, Francis continued talking. "We captured a government agent a few days ago, and he's been- resistant, to say the least, to our questions about his agency. I'm sure they've noticed he's missing by now, but, by taking him on his way home from another mission, we bought ourselves a day or so, and we put it to good use, as you'll see."

They turned into a smaller hallway, and then into a room that was- like the rest of the base- very, very white. Inside the room there was a table with a few chairs- one on one side of the table, two on the other side- and a large window that showed a small room that was, somehow, even more blindingly white than the room Conrad had woken up in.

All in all, it was a bit of a worrying setup.

Francis motioned to the chair that was by itself. "If you'd oblige me?"

Conrad sat in the chair, placing his handcuffed hands on the table. Francis smiled again, an expression that did not reach his eyes, and brought a hand up to his ear. He spoke, keeping his eyes on Conrad. "Bring him in."

There were a few moments of nothing, and then a door opened in the smaller room. Conrad watched as two men dragged a smaller man into the room. He had a bag over his head and his bare feet were stumbling as he tried to keep up with the larger men. They dragged him by his arms, his hands cuffed behind his back, and only released him once they reached the middle of the room.

With nothing holding him up, the man crashed to his knees. His head sagged to his chest for a moment before the taller of the two men grabbed the bag and pulled it from his head, handing it to the smaller man, who disappeared out the door with it.

Conrad watched, wondering who the man was, as the taller man grabbed the dirt blond hair that had been revealed and yanked it up, pulling the captive man's face up so that Conrad could see it through the glass.

To his horror, the president found that he recognized it.

The face and hair were dirty, stained by blood, and what Conrad could see of his body- his shirt was torn in a few places, and his face was also covered in bruises- was bruised and scraped.

Despite all this, though, the agent was unmistakably Angus MacGyver, Conrad's nephew's friend.

Conrad's his stomach clenched in horror. He took care not to show his dismay on his face, though, knowing that if Francis saw that Conrad knew the man, things could become much worse.

Somehow.

Francis was looking at MacGyver through the glass. "He's young, isn't he? Probably no more than twenty-one or so. Makes one wonder if he knew what he was doing when he signed up for this life."

Shut up, Conrad thought. Wait. No. Keep talking. Delay this.

Francis, however, had turned from the glass to face Conrad again. He walked to a shelf in the back of the room that Conrad hadn't noticed at first, and pulled a large map and a marker from it. Walking back to the table, he spread the map before Conrad and set the marker on the table by the paper.

It was a map of the Middle East. Conrad raised his eyes to the face of the man before him, and Francis gestured to the map. "Take the marker and show me where the U.S. is going to send troops."

Conrad shook his head. "You know I can't."

Francis shrugged, a careless, lazy motion. Then he rapped on the window.

By this time, the smaller man had reappeared, bearing something that looked an awful lot like a taser. The taller man, however, simply let go of MacGyver's hair, allowing his head to sag to his chest for a moment. Then, so fast that Conrad didn't process the movement for a second, he kicked MacGyver in the side hard enough to send him sprawling.

The smaller man holstered the taser in his belt and hauled MacGyver to his feet, ignoring the way that the lean blond was hunched in on himself in pain. He held the kid on his feet as the taller man laid into him.

The beating continued for a few minutes, and then Francis rapped on the glass again, saying, "James, that's enough. You can let him go, Trevor."

James- the taller man- immediately stopped hitting the blond, who was struggling to keep his head up. Trevor released his hold on the kid, and he fell to his knees, bending almost double in pain. His breathing was harsh and labored, and the wheezing was audible even through the glass.

Francis smiled and turned to Conrad. "Ready to tell us where the forces are being sent?"

Conrad swallowed. He had known, when he had become president, that he would have to make hard decisions- had made them, made many more than he would've liked. Every time he had to make a decision like this, every time he had to look at someone and tell them his decision even as he knew the consequences, his conscience became heavier, the weight on his shoulders dragging him down slowly and painfully.

But. He had known what he would have to do when he swore the oath.

Conrad shook his head.

Francis smirked. "I didn't think so."

The man rapped on the window again. This time, Trevor grabbed the taser from his belt and thumbed a button on the side, bringing it to life with an ominous crackle. MacGyver, still huddled on the floor, seemed to shrink into himself even more. He stiffened, waiting for the pain.

Trevor brought the taser directly in between his shoulderblades.

The blond jerked, his body spasming in an attempt to move away from the pain. When Trevor brought the taser away from the younger man, MacGyver was sweating and shaking. In some corner of his mind that wasn't preoccupied by the scene in front of him, Conrad realized that the taser must've been on a low setting if the kid was still conscious after that.

Francis merely raised an eyebrow at Conrad, waiting for the older man to respond. Conrad shook his head, unable to bring himself to even say the words. Francis nodded.

Conrad felt sick, but he was unable to tear his gaze away from the terrible scene before him. Dimly, he felt that if he was the cause of this pain, he should have to suffer something too.

He was not going to take the coward's way out and refuse to watch.

And so it continued.

Eventually, Francis brought him back to the room he had awoken in, unlocking his handcuffs and leaving him there with nothing more than a polite nod.

After Conrad had been alone for around four hours, Francis returned. He was bearing a glass filled with water and a foil-wrapped sandwich. Offering these to Conrad, he said, "It's been awhile since you ate. Here."

Conrad shook his head, and Francis frowned. "I'd hate for our guest to have to suffer more than he has to, Mr. President."

The threat was clear, even though it went unvoiced. Conrad ate.

After the president had finished the sandwich and drank the water, Francis beckoned for him to stand once again. "It's time for us to have another talk."

They went back to the same room from earlier. This time, there was a chair in the smaller room, with cuffs attached to the arms of the chair.

Just like the last time, MacGyver was dragged in by the men Conrad recognized as Trevor and James. This time, however, the blond didn't have a bag over his head. He walked in under his own power, but there was a new bruise blossoming on his face, and Conrad knew that the kid hadn't received it during the previous interrogation.

He was still fighting, then.

MacGyver was forced into the chair, his token struggles silenced quickly with a blow to the head as the men cuffed him.

Trevor disappeared outside the view of the window for a moment, and returned with something that Conrad didn't recognize. It was oblong and pure, menacing black. The blue electricity that began to hum when he brought it to life was unmistakable, though.

MacGyver tried to move away from the device, but he was securely locked into the chair. His eyes widened as Trevor approached, his struggles growing increasingly desperate and painful to watch.

Then Trevor shoved the device into his side.

Conrad watched in sick horror as the kid let out a pained scream. He tried to twist away from the painful current that was coursing through him, but to no avail. Finally, after a few more moment, Trevor released the trigger and moved away from the smaller man. Angus slumped in the chair, lacking the strength to even hold himself upright.

A drop of blood fell from a reopened cut and slid down his face, a bloody tear mourning the pain of its owner. It hit the ground, marring the white with its vibrant red, a gruesome flower against the white snow of fake decency.

Francis turned to Conrad, the smile that had at first seemed charming but now could only be described as sadistic firmly fixed on his face. The man repeated the phrase that the president had come to hate in a short time. "Ready to tell us, Mr. President?"

Swallowing, Conrad shook his head. Francis' grin vanished, his eyes narrowing. Sure you don't want to reconsider?"

Conrad's gaze fell to the floor, but he forced it to return to the face of the his captor. He would not show fear in front of these men. "I'm sure."

Francis nodded, then rapped on the window as he said, "I think you'll find that we can do this for quite a bit longer than you can, Mr. President."

The older man didn't answer. Instead, he watched the scene before him with a stony face that gave no indication of the turmoil he felt.

The screams continued.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sorry for that cliffhanger.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

thanks to just_another_outcast for putting up with my sleep-deprived ramblings and telling me to take a nap.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It had been three hours after the latest interrogation had ended when the door to Conrad's cell slammed open. Two guards that the president hadn't seen before were dragging a limp figure in. The older man stood, warily eyeing the guards, but they merely dropped their charge on the floor and turned to leave.

Conrad lunged for the limp body, barely managing to catch it before the man's head hit the ground. Carefully tuning the prone figure over onto his back, the prisoner found that it was MacGyver. He breathed out a sigh- partially of relief that he could see the young man and wouldn't have to be tormented by worries of what was happening to him, and partially of sorrow at the close-up sight of the younger man's injuries.

After a moment, once the footsteps of the guards had faded away, MacGyver's eyelids cracked open. Peering up at a surprised Conrad, he whispered, voice hoarse, "Are they gone?"

Conrad nodded. The blond sat up, grunting with exertion. Taking a moment to recover, he spoke in a low tone. "There aren't any cameras in here, but I don't know about microphones. Talk quietly."

Conrad nodded, a thought striking him. "Why aren't there any cameras?"

MacGyver gave a crooked smile, saying, "I heard one of the guys who brought me in here talking. Apparently, this used to be a storage room and was converted pretty quickly right before you were put here."

Conrad nodded again, understanding blooming on his face. The younger man continued to talk quietly, making it was easy to hear how his voice was strained and hoarse. Conrad thought about the screams he had heard over the last day and a half-the closest approximation of the time he had been here that he could make- and internally winced. The younger man said, "I have a plan to get us out of here, but you have to do exactly what I say, okay?"

Conrad took a deep breath. "I understand."

The blond shot him an assessing glance. After a few seconds, he nodded and said, as if to himself, "Okay, this'll work."

Struggling to his feet, MacGyver walked towards the door, then crouched down and peered underneath it. Then he stood again and, producing something small from the hem of his pants, he began to work at the lock on the door. Conrad watched him curiously, having moved to stand just behind him. "What are you doing?"

The blond glanced up at him, shooting him a small grin. "I'm picking the lock. They took my boots, but DXS agents have lock picks stashed almost everywhere on missions like this. Normally I'd be a bit worried about how fast I could do this, but, if you look at this lock," here the younger man motioned with his wrist while keeping his hands firmly on the lock pick, "It's been installed in a hurry. It's a pretty cheap doorknob model, one that people would normally put on their front door."

Conrad felt a smile growing on his face, encouraged by the attitude of confidence and calm that the agent in front of him projected. "You couldn't do it with a paperclip?"

MacGyver shook his head absently, "Oh, I could, but I don't have one here right now, and this'll go quicker anyway."

True to his word, after a few more seconds, there was a tiny clicking noise and the blond carefully opened the door. Peering out into the hallway, he sighed in relief. "There aren't any guards here. I'm guessing that they thought I'd be out for a while." Quietly, he added, "Luckily for us, I never react too much with sedatives."*

Not bothering to explain his comment, the kid slipped out into the hallway and beckoned for Conrad to follow him. The older man did so, moving as quietly as he could.

They made it through a few halls without seeing anyone, and Conrad commented on the fact. MacGyver looked back over his shoulder, a small frown in place. "Yeah, I noticed that too. We just need to make it to a medical room, though, and then I'll feel better."

Conrad thought that was a strange thing to say, but he didn't comment on the peculiarity of the statement. Instead, he followed the man in front of him and worried about the limp he could see, as well as the aborted grunts of pain that sounded every so often.

It took them another five minutes, but they found a medical examination room. MacGyver's face lit up, and he ducked into the room, motioning for Conrad to follow him. The older man did so, watching bemusedly as the younger man flitted around the room, gathering a handful of tongue depressors and stuffing them in one of the pockets of his cargo pants along with the largest bottle of hand sanitizer that the blond could find. Then he turned to the cabinets and pulled two long, thin cylinders.

Conrad frowned. They looked vaguely familiar, but he couldn't place where he knew them from. The president was about to ask when MacGyver removed a cap from one end of one of the cylinders and shoved it into his leg, holding it in place for about ten seconds. Then he threw the cylinder that he had just used into the small trash can resting by the counter and shoved the other cylinder into his pocket.**

Conrad watched this with a growing air of alarm. "What was that?"

The younger man looked up at him. His pupils were noticeably wider than they had been just a few minutes before, Conrad noted with alarm. "I injected myself with adrenaline, or, as it's more commonly known, epinephrine."

"Wait," the president said. "Isn't that for allergic reactions?"

The blond shrugged. "Technically, yes. Right now, though, it's the only way we're going to get out of here. We have to get going, though, because we only have about ten more minutes until this thing wears off, and there was only one more in the cabinet."

With that, the younger man resumed the task of leading them through the hallways. They made it in sight of the exit- Conrad only knew it was the exit because MacGyver told him that he had been led through there when the younger man had been captured- when someone finally came around the corner and spotted them.

MacGyver's eyes widened, and he shoved at Conrad. "Run!" He shouted, all pretenses of stealth gone. The older man and his companion both raced for the exit, chased by the guard that had seen them, who was shouting into the radio that had been clipped to his belt as he ran.

The two men barely made it through the door and slammed it shut before the guard reached them. MacGyver, leaning against the door, took out the tongue depressors he had grabbed earlier. Quickly dropping part of the pile in Conrad's hands, he began to stuff a few at a time in the crack along the side of the door. "Do the same with yours, sir."

Conrad followed his lead, realizing that these would effectively jam the door, buying them at least a few minutes.

As he finished, trying to ignore the shouts of the backup the guard had called that he could hear through the door, he turned to find that MacGyver had taken the bottle of hand sanitizer and made a trail leading to a large helicopter.

Helicopter? Conrad blinked. He realized for the first time that they were in a small hangar. There were two helicopters in it, and the smaller one seemed to have just come off of being flown, as it was still primed for flight.

Conrad watched as MacGyver finished his trail of hand sanitizer, the line of liquid about twenty feet long. Then, the blond turned and grabbed a cigarette lighter and a stick of gum that were sitting out on a nearby table. Glancing up at the older man, MacGyver called, "Can you fly a helicopter?"

Conrad nodded. "Yeah."

MacGyver smiled briefly. "Good. I used my last dose of epinephrine a few minutes ago. You're gonna have to fly, okay?"

Conrad nodded. Hurrying towards the smaller helicopter, he marveled briefly at the fact that the door hadn't been forced open yet. The many small sticks that had been used to jam the door were doing an admirable job of holding up under the pressure.

Conrad strapped himself into the pilot's seat of the helicopter and began prepping it for flight, taking a moment to thank whomever was listening that their luck extended to the fact that this was an open hangar, with the ceiling able to be rolled back, allowing for flight from directly inside the hangar. The ceiling was already rolled back, presumably because the person that had just flown the helicopter they were about to fly hadn't bothered to close it.

Conrad watched as MacGyver carefully lit the lighter, using the gum he had quickly chewed to hold the button down. Then he set the lighter in front of the door, balancing it carefully so that when the door was opened, it would hit the lighter at just the right angle to cause it to fall onto the trail of hand sanitizer- which would ignite and lead straight to the engine of the larger helicopter.

The older man shook his head, marveling at the ingenuity of the younger man. As the blond straightened and began to dash towards the smaller helicopter, the door began to shake. The depressors were weakening and becoming dislodged. Silently, Conrad urged the younger man to hurry.

As soon as MacGyver threw himself into the helicopter, Conrad took off. They were barely out of the hangar when an explosion sounded through the air, the shockwaves rocking their helicopter, and the president glanced down to see that the hangar had become a fiery mess. He glanced over at his companion to congratulate him, but was met by a terrifying sight.

The blond was slumped in his seat, and his face- or what was noticeable of it beneath the bruises, anyway- was a worrying pale color, and his breathing was shallow.

Grimly, Conrad came to the realization that if he didn't get the two of them back to help quickly, the younger man could be in some very serious danger. Desperately, the older man flew to the east. The surrounding area was heavily wooded, leading the man to believe that it was somewhere in the midwest.

After about thirty minutes, he began to see the woods begin to fade to houses, and soon, he saw a familiar area- the Pentagon. His instincts had been correct.

After he entered the airspace over the Pentagon, a transmission came over his radio. "Unidentified helicopter, please identify yourself."

Conrad could've shouted in relief at that moment. Instead, he grabbed the radio and replied, "This is Conrad Dalton, President, requesting permission to land."

There was a beat of silence, and then, "Permission granted. Land where directed."

Conrad said, "Acknowledged. I have a severely injured passenger with me that requires medical attention."

"Acknowledged."

Conrad followed the instructions relayed over the radio, and in no time was safely landed on the Pentagon's heliport. Also waiting there were assorted military personnel, all armed. Conrad understood- after 9/11, no amount of caution in a situation like this could be enough.

As soon as he emerged from the cockpit of the helicopter, though, everyone visibly relaxed. Conrad quickly went to the other side of the helicopter and began to release MacGyver's restraints. Medical personnel was with him almost immediately, taking over and transferring the young man to a gurney. Conrad pulled one aside and quickly told him. "He took two doses of epinephrine, one right as soon as the other wore off."

The doctor nodded his thanks, then followed the rest of the medical team as they hurried the unconscious agent inside. The military personnel immediately surrounded Conrad, and, before he was asked anything, said, "Tell the DXS that we have a missing agent of theirs by the name of Angus MacGyver."

The officer he had grabbed nodded and ran off to do so immediately.

From there, it was a blur of medics checking him over, being debriefing, and assuring his family that he was safe. Conrad let the relief of being free wash over him, allowed himself to fully feel the reassurance of being in a familiar place.

Allowed himself to acknowledge that everything was going to be okay, for him at least. He could only hope that the same could be said for MacGyver.

Chapter End Notes

*That's right, I'm hopping on the "mac reacts strangely with sedatives and/or pain drugs" train. I'm not even sure where this belief started, but whoever started it, thanks!

**do!! not!! use!! epinephrine like this!! what Mac is doing is pretty dangerous and shouldn't be attempted. While it's true that epinephrine is adrenaline, there can also be a lot of dangerous side effects if you use it when you're not having an allergic reaction, and he's only doing it because he has no other options. 0/10 would not recommend.

Still not sorry for the cliffhanger.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

i almost forgot to post this whoops

Also, there's potentially a 'deleted scene' type of thing that'll be up when I have time that'll deal with Jack's reaction to Mac coming back. I'm in the midst of writing another multichapter right now, so it'll likely be a bit until it's posted, but it'll be added to the end of this.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It took eight hours before everything was completed and Conrad was able to find out where MacGyver had been taken. He was told that the young man had been taken to a nearby hospital and assigned bodyguards.

The president wasted no time in getting there. His bodyguards stuck close to him, their behavior indicating that they were more on edge than usual, which was understandable, given recent events.

When he arrived at the hospital, a somewhat awestruck nurse working the front desk informed him that it was past visiting hours, but for the president, well...

A few minutes later, Conrad was standing outside MacGyver's hospital room. The blond lay pale and still on the bed, and by him, sitting in a hospital chair, was Conrad's nephew, Jack.

Conrad rapped on the doorframe lightly. "Can I come in?"

Jack's head whipped around to see who had intruded on the scene, but he relaxed when he realized who it was. Nodding, the man returned his gaze to the figure in the bed. Conrad stepped into the room, murmuring to the Secret Service agents, "Give us a couple minutes."

The men nodded and stayed outside the door. Conrad, meanwhile, sat in the other chair in the sparsely furnished hospital room, just a few feet away from Jack. There was a few moments of silence before Jack broke it. "How are you doing?"

Conrad shrugged. "I've been better, but I've been worse, too."

Jack rubbed at the bridge of his nose. "I'd have come to see you, but I didn't know if they'd let me in, and Thornton- my boss- told me you were okay, and Mac's got no one else to be here..."

He let the sentence trail off and Conrad placed a hand on his arm. "Jack, it's fine. I expected you to be here."

Jack sighed, but refrained from saying anything. Conrad spoke again, reluctant to let the silence perpetuate. "He was amazing. You told me that he was smart, but I've never seen anything like that."

Jack grinned, the worried furrow in his brow finally smoothing out a bit. "Yeah, that's a lot of people's reaction. What'd he do this time?"

Conrad grinned, remembering. "He got us out of the room we were being held in using a lockpick hidden in the hem of his pants, and then when we got to the hangar where we found the helicopter, he showed me how to jam the door with *tongue depressors*, of all things. While I was doing that, he somehow set up an explosion trail using a cigarette lighter, some gum, and hand sanitizer."

Jack let out a quiet chuckle. "Sounds like him."

Silence fell again, but it was a more peaceful quiet than the worried one that had filled the air earlier. After a minute or two, Jack spoke again. "He just looks so small, you know? I mean, you haven't seen him much, but he's always moving. He's always doing something. We even had to start giving him paperclips to give him something to do during briefings and debriefings."***

Jack fell silent again. The president didn't push, knowing his nephew would continue in a moment or two. Sure enough, the younger man soon began to talk again. "He was gone for three days before we got your ransom demand. He was in their hands for three days and they-

Jack didn't finish his sentence, but there was no need to. The evidence was before the both of them, painted over the young man's body in the form of bruises and cuts and electrical burns, all in vivid, technicolor detail.

"He only turned twenty-one a few months ago, Conrad."

Conrad decided to respond now. "But he's back, Jack. He's safe."

Jack ran a frustrated hand through his short hair. "I know. I just wish I could keep him safe, but in our line of work, that's not possible, not all the time."

The older man nodded. "That's true. But, Jack, he doesn't blame you. Like you said, it's impossible to keep him safe twenty-four seven in your line of work." The president let that sink in, then added, "You shouldn't blame yourself either."

The brunet's eyes flicked up to meet his uncle's gaze. Conrad gave a wry smile. "I've known you your whole life, buddy. I know how your mind works."

Jack gave small smile at that. His gaze wasn't as troubled than it had been half an hour ago, but Conrad suspected that the last remnants of worry wouldn't fade until his friend was fully recovered.

Conrad stood, clapping a hand on Jack's shoulder. "Bring him to the office when he's strong enough. I want to thank him in person, but if I come here in broad daylight, it might draw too much attention to the two of you, and I'm guessing neither you or the DXS want that."

Jack gave a rueful nod. "Exactly. I'll give you a heads-up a bit in advance."

With a final pat of his nephew's shoulder, Conrad headed out of the hospital and back towards his home.

It took two days for MacGyver to be discharged and able to come into the White House.

Conrad decided to welcome him in the family's rooms, feeling that it would be both more comfortable for the younger man to do it there, as well as more discreet, than in the Oval Office or the Treaty Room. As he walked towards the family room, where Mac and Jack had been led when they arrived, he paused before alerting the two of them to his presence. Instead, he took in the sight before him.

MacGyver seemed stronger than he had a few days ago, having regained a bit of color in his skin. The bruises he had gained had begun to fade- the ones on his face, at least-, though the young man was still sporting an impressive black eye. The shallow cut along his temple was held closed by a butterfly bandage, and, as he watched, MacGyver stretched his arm out to point something out to Jack, causing the blond to wince.

Jack immediately said something to him, too softly for Conrad to hear, and MacGyver, carefully bringing his hand down to his ribs, shook his head.

As he watched the two of them talk quietly, laughing at a private joke, with Jack's arm slung over the younger man's shoulders and pulling him close so that the older man could ruffle the blond's hair, Conrad was struck by how familiar the scene seemed. He and Jack's father had interacted the same way countless times when they were young.

Conrad smiled to himself, a small, private motion. Jack had always wanted a younger brother, and it seemed as if he'd finally found one.

Things were looking up.

Chapter End Notes

***This is a reference to my other story, "Of Paperclips and Busy Minds (and Busy Hands). Feel free to check it out.

I know a couple things in here were kind of like "okay but what are the chances" and I would like to ask you to remember that there were a few scenes in the show like that. All in all, though, I did my best to make it as realistic and plausible as possible.

Hope you enjoyed, Tamuril2!

P.S. If y'all are in the Legends of Tomorrow fandom, I'd really recommend heading over to Sabra Jaguar over at Fanfiction.net... She's got some amazing fics up!

Bonus scene 1

Chapter Summary

a small bonus scene set in chapter one

Chapter Notes

I have two more bonus scenes, and I'll post one tomorrow and the last one on Sunday.

MacGyver stumbled through the halls of his captors' base, his bare feet slipping over the slick tile and the cuffs that bound his wrists behind his back biting painfully into his wrists, as he was pulled by two large men to- somewhere.

The blond was effectively rendered blind by the bag over his head, and he was distracted from his predicament by the pain radiating from almost every part of his body.

The agent had been captured by a terrorist group three days ago on his way home from a mission, and in that time had been interrogated relentlessly for information on his agency. Now, however, the interrogators were taking him somewhere other than his usual cell. They had grinned when he had asked where he was going, and the cruel smiles hadn't boded well for Mac.

Suddenly, the men made a sharp turn to the left. Mac stumbled over his own feet, thrown by the unexpected change in direction. His arms were released suddenly, and the young man fell to his knees, too weak to hold himself upright. Exhausted by even the short walk, Mac's head drooped for a moment, his chin hitting his chest, before one of his guards pulled the bag from his head and then yanked his head upright using his hair.

Mac blinked back the involuntary tears of pain and peered through the glass that was at the forefront of the room he found himself in. There were two men visible through the glass, one of them looking at Mac while the man that was standing looked over at the one who was sitting. Mac took in their faces and took in an involuntary breath.

The man staring at him through the glass was Conrad Dalton, Jack's uncle and the President of the United States.

Okay, Mac thought to himself, time to modify the plan.

He might currently be in for quite a bit of pain right now, but, really, it was nothing he hadn't done before. Besides, there were more important things to worry about than his pain, like Jack's uncle's safety.

Mac hunched his shoulders and braced himself.

Bonus Scene 2

Chapter Summary

Set between chapters two and three.

Chapter Notes

AFTER I DO THIS AND EAT I'M GOING TO WATCH THE NEW EP

I like the next scene more than this one but eh

Jack's head snapped over to look at Patty when she rapped on the door of the War Room, her face grave. Jack almost couldn't bear to ask, but he forced the words out. "Any news on Mac?"

The blond had been missing for four days, taken after a mission. It had been a four hours until anyone had noticed he was missing- four hours until Jack headed over to his house and found it completely empty, the door still locked.

Jack had called Patty immediately, and a manhunt had been instigated as fast as she could manage.

Four days of searching, and they hadn't found him yet.

Patty opened her mouth to reply, and Jack braced himself for another piece of bad news. The words that came out of Patty's mouth, though, surprised him. "Yes. He and the president both just landed at the Pentagon. I'm sending you to go to Mac while I sort out everything with the President's security. There's a helicopter in the hangar waiting for you."

Jack was out the door in an instant.

The time until Jack reached the hospital passed in a blur, and before the brunet knew it, he was standing outside the door of Mac's hospital room.

The brunet drew in a breath, nodded to the guards stationed outside the door, and walked in.

He stopped once he reached the side of the bed. The form before him was pale and silent, and the still hands lying on the white sheets seemed especially wrong. Bruises were painted in disturbing colors across the younger man's face, with blond hair brushing the top of a spectacular black eye. Jack had no doubt that the rest of Mac's body looked the same.

Jack sighed, pulled up a chair and began to wait. Five minutes in, he asked himself if he should perhaps go to the White House and try to see his uncle. Almost immediately, he dismissed the idea. Not only did Conrad have a plethora of people to ensure that he was fine after his ordeal, there was also the small fact that Mac had no one to come and watch over him except for Jack, since his roommate, Bozer, was unaware of Mac's real work, and Patty was dealing with the multiple government agencies that would no doubt be wanting to sit in on the debrief that Mac would have to be given once he was well enough.

After he shot off a quick text to Conrad's wife, guessing that she'd be the person most likely to respond, Jack settled back in his chair, settling in for a long wait.

The brunet was roused from his daze by a knock at the door, and he turned to see his uncle standing there, looking a bit pale, but otherwise well.

continued in chapter three

Bonus chapter 3

Chapter Notes

set just before the final scene in Chapter 3.

Jack helped his friend settle into the comfortable couch as they waited for Jack's uncle to arrive in the First Family's living room, where the two agents had been directed to wait for the president.

As the blond sat back, carefully avoiding jostling his ribs, Jack hovered nervously over him. After a moment, Mac looked up at Jack and gave a wry smile. "I'm still breathing, Jack. Sit down, you're making me nervous."

Jack let out a sigh as he dropped onto the couch next to the younger man. "Well, you *were* missing for four days. I think that entitles me to a little worry."

Mac's hand unconsciously went up to touch the slowly-fading bruise that enveloped his eye. "Well, maybe a little."

The two men sat in a comfortable silence for a few minutes, and then Mac reached out an arm to point at a painting before flinching in pain. Jack immediately turned to him with a worried expression plastered on his face. "You okay? What happened? Did you hurt yourself?"

Mac slowly brought his hand down to his ribs while shaking his head. "No, I'm good. Just forgot myself for a minute."

Jack waited a moment, then cleared his throat. "So, I saw this picture back in one of the hallways..."

He let the sentence trail off, knowing that Mac's curiosity wouldn't let the young man rest until he knew what Jack was going to say. Sure enough, the younger man made a motion for the older man to continue after a moment. Jack tried to hide his grin as he said, "I think it was a picture of this little puppy that was staring at some floor. So anyways, I saw it and I thought to myself, 'Wow, I didn't know they had pictures of Mac in here!'"

The blond stared at Jack for a moment, his mouth falling open. Jack snickered and said, "Wow, you really *do* look like a puppy now."

Mac shoved at Jack, grinning.

Jack slung an arm over the younger man's shoulder, gently drawing him closer so that the brunet could ruffle the blond's hair. Mac tried to squirm away, but it was a half-hearted effort and the young man was laughing.

Jack felt a bit of the worry that had been resting on his shoulders since he had seen his injured friend begin to lift. Things were looking up.

continued in chapter three

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