

Nothing is True

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Nothing is True

by [shadesifter](#)

Summary

Eliot's an assassin. Tony's determined not to be part of that world anymore. It works right up until Tony walks into the middle of an operation and they find out they have a lot more in common than they realise.

Absolutely no knowledge of Assassin's Creed required to follow the story.

Notes

I know! Another 'verse! Don't hate me! But 'Where We Love is Home' is almost finished, and I've already started on the sequel, and this just sort of happened.

This came about because I've been playing Assassin's Creed and someone asked for Tony and Eliot absolutely ages ago and I could never quite make it work in my head in a way that was entirely different from the other Eliot/Tony stories I've seen.

For those of you who aren't familiar with Assassin's Creed (a series of action adventure games set in various historical periods), here it is in a nutshell: there's a conflict between the Assassins (good guys) and Templars (bad guys) spanning millennia. The Assassins want freedom and equality for all and the Templars want to control everything. In the present, the Templars hide behind a company called Abstergo. "Nothing is true. Everything is permitted" is the Assassin's creed, hence the name. There's also some politics and some stuff about mystical artefacts, but if that becomes relevant I'll explain as I go.

Chapter 1

Tony didn't know why he'd let his father drag him to this party. Whatever newly kindled relationship they might have had surely didn't obligate him to suffer through this. It was all the kinds of people he'd hated being paraded in front of as a kid and his opinion of them hadn't changed at all. In fact, he was fairly certain the man being steered toward him by his father was actually involved in weapons smuggling and the woman on his arm was suspected of contracting the assassination of a prominent political candidate.

He pretended he hadn't seen them and ducked away, grabbing a glass of champagne on the way. Slipping through the crowd without attracting too much attention was a little difficult, but not impossible, and he found himself alone on the balcony, breathing fresh air for the first time that night. He hadn't realised how much the cloying mix of perfumes and colognes had been getting to him.

"Pull yourself together, DiNozzo," he told himself as he absently watched the guards patrol beneath the balcony.

"Not your kind of party?" a rough voice asked from behind him. He turned, sure that the balcony had been empty. The man who stood there was shorter than him, but of a much sturdier build, with hair just long enough to fall into his face and obscure his eyes. His suit was tailored to him and revealed a strong, athletic physique that Tony couldn't help but admire.

"Not my kind of people," Tony corrected, gaze sweeping over the crowd again, lingering briefly on his father and his associates before returning to the man in front of him. He could see the briefest hint of something like regret before it was swept away and the charming smile returned.

"So, what are your kinds of people?" he asked, leaning casually on the railing and closer to Tony.

"Not..." Tony began only to be cut off.

"Junior," his father called as he stepped out onto the balcony, his two companions following in his wake. "There you are. I've been looking everywhere for you," his father said, striding up to Tony and wrapping an arm firmly around his shoulders. "Mr and Mrs Covington, this is my son, Agent Anthony DiNozzo. Junior, Mr and Mrs Covington are on the board of directors for Abstergo. They're quite curious about what it is you do and if you'd consider consulting them on security issues."

Something about the way they were looking at him made him uneasy and he couldn't stop the flicker of alarm that settled heavily into dread in the pit of his stomach. He glanced back, but the man who'd briefly talked to him was gone without a trace. He wasn't sure what he was expecting from him, anyway.

“My job’s actually pretty boring,” Tony said with an empty smile. He sipped at his champagne. “Most of it’s paperwork; red tape. I’m sure it’s not too different from your job, most of the time.”

“Now Junior,” his father said, hand tightening on his shoulder. “Don’t be modest.”

Clearly, there was something important at stake here, but any of the possibilities that sprang to mind left him distinctly uncomfortable.

“You know how it is,” Tony said with a broad gesture that sloshed the champagne out of his glass and over the cuff of his jacket. “How clumsy of me,” he said with that same empty smile that the couple returned just as rapidly. “If you’ll excuse me, I really should get this cleaned up.”

Tony turned and walked away almost before they’d murmured their assent and kept walking, even when he reached the bathrooms. He turned a corner just in time to see the man he’d encountered earlier slipping into one of the rooms that was supposed to be off-limits. Tony could hear a guard rounding the corner and he slipped into an alcove, waiting for the guard to pass, before he quickly went after the other man. He paused in the doorway to see the man at the computer, brow furrowed in concentration.

“Corporate espionage,” Tony said with a wry smile as he leaned casually in the doorway. “How cliché.”

The man shrugged, not stopping what he was doing. Tony didn’t stop him either. As far as he was concerned, it couldn’t happen to nicer people.

“It’s not what it looks like,” the man said.

“That’s what they all say. It’s rarely, if ever, true,” Tony told him, unable to entirely hide his amusement.

“Nothing is true,” the man said with the inflection of something spoken often, a mantra, and Tony felt his heart thunder in his chest. Half-remembered evenings with his mother flooded his mind before he determinedly pushed it all aside.

“You really shouldn’t be here, Assassin.” It was a statement, not a warning. The Assassin was, after all, in the heart of Templar territory.

“Are you going to stop me?” he asked, eyeing Tony keenly. Tony sighed.

“I really should.” He said it with an air of weary resignation and the other man smiled a little though he didn’t relax. Tony was law enforcement and the man was stealing information. It was part of the reason Tony hadn’t wanted anything to do with the Templars. He didn’t want his loyalties divided when he’d sworn first and foremost to uphold the law.

“You’re not a Templar,” the man said. It wasn’t a question and Tony felt uncomfortable with the ease with which this man could read him.

“No.”

“And you’re not an Assassin.”

“No.”

The man tilted his head, evaluating Tony and he withstood the scrutiny without folding. The computer beeped, signalling it had completed the file transfer, and they stood, transfixed, watching each other and waiting for the next move.

“They’re going to start to wonder where I am,” Tony said.

“They’re not the kind of people you want paying attention to you,” the man told him with a note of warning. Tony appreciated the effort, even if it was redundant.

“No,” he agreed. The man pulled the drive out of the computer and slipped it into his breast pocket. Tony stepped to one side, out of the doorway, letting the other man pass. The man paused as he passed, standing almost chest to chest and Tony felt a frisson of anticipation shiver down his spine. Intense green eyes narrowed as they looked up at him, searching his features.

“Keep your eyes open,” the man told him roughly, not moving until Tony nodded, and then he was down the corridor like a silent shadow. Tony had to admire the display of skill.

He was just about to turn and head back to the party, if only to make his excuses, when he heard the sounds of a commotion. Turning, he jogged in the direction the Assassin had gone and came upon him taking out two guards with a third sneaking up on him. Tony sprang into action, grabbing the man in a choke hold, only lowering him to the floor when he was unconscious and had stopped struggling.

The man looked at him in surprise and Tony smiled a little.

“Everything is permitted,” he said with a shrug. The Assassin shot him a quick smile before diving out a window.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I had no idea if Tony's mother's been named in the series, so I made up a name for her.

Eliot looked at the information Hardison had pulled up on the screen from the files Eliot had retrieved. Anthony DiNozzo Jr's face took up one corner of the screen, along with a series of candid photos of him going about his daily routine. Running, hair sweat-slicked back and shirt clinging to a well-developed chest. At a crime scene, NCIS flack vest strapped on and sunglasses shading his eyes. Taking out the trash early one morning. Shopping for groceries.

Despite the fact that they'd done similar or worse to several of their marks, it felt like an invasion. He'd liked DiNozzo when he'd run into him the other night. The man hadn't liked the Templars much, which spoke volumes about his taste, and he'd been easy going and had even helped Eliot when it could have cost him more than DiNozzo was probably aware of.

He seemed like a good guy, which was proved by his record on the other side of the screen. DiNozzo hadn't had much contact with Templars since he was twelve. Everything seemed to indicate that he was what he appeared to be; a dedicated agent with a deep-seated belief in seeing justice carried out for those who couldn't defend themselves.

None of that explained what DiNozzo was doing at that party or what interest the Templars might have in him. Clearly, DiNozzo was familiar with the hidden conflict between the two orders and the struggle that had lasted millennia, yet he'd not claimed a side. He had, in fact, managed to stay out of the fight entirely.

"He doesn't look like a bad guy," Parker said, squinting and tilting her head to one side as though a different perspective might change her perception. Eliot could only agree with her. His instincts were telling him DiNozzo generally had nothing to do with the Templars, which begged the question then of what he was doing at that party and why the Templars had a file on him.

"Oh, now this is interesting," Hardison said, eyes quickly scanning the screen. "While his father, Anthony DiNozzo Snr, is affiliated with the Templars, his mother, Amelia Paddington, came from a family of Assassins."

Eliot found himself drawn to this son of a Templar and an Assassin, yet neither himself. It had echoes of Eliot's own tumultuous induction into the Assassins after a youth buying into Templar doctrine.

"Why are they so interested in him?" Eliot asked.

“There isn’t a lot here, just a project number and a mention of his mother’s inheritance,” Hardison told him. “They’re keeping this one close to the vest.”

“Find out everything you can,” Eliot told him. He grabbed his jacket and made for the door.

“Where are you going?” Parker asked, jumping to her feet. They’d all been a little on edge since the Templars had started wiping out the Assassins in earnest. There were only a handful of groups like theirs left. But that didn’t mean he couldn’t look after himself.

“Recon.”

“Keep your comm. with you,” Hardison told him without looking up, though Eliot could see that his shoulders were tense as he waited for an answer.

Eliot pulled the comm. out of his pocket and slid it into his ear without turning it on, which he would only do in an emergency. Where he was going, he didn’t want Hardison listening in, but he agreed that precautions were a good idea at this point.

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Despite there being no noise, or any indication otherwise, Tony became aware of another presence. He turned quickly to see the Assassin from the party leaning against the doorway.

“Good reflexes,” the Assassin told him.

“Comes with the job,” Tony said, watching him cautiously. Helping out an Assassin who was in a Templar den was one thing, especially when he felt no particular loyalty to the Templars, but inviting one into his home was another entirely.

“And the family,” the Assassin added and Tony ducked his head in acknowledgement.

Between his mother’s stories and his father’s training, he’d been well prepared, at least until the age of twelve when he’d refused to have anything to do with his father or his father’s business. Finding out your mother from an Assassin family killed herself because she couldn’t live with her Templar husband wouldn’t do a kid any favours.

“They want something from you,” the Assassin told him, stepping into the room. Tony tensed, prepared to defend himself if necessary. He knew the ruthlessness of both sides. If the Templars wanted him and the Assassins couldn’t prevent it, they’d likely try to take him out just to prevent the Templars from getting what they wanted.

“You got anything more specific?”

The Assassin shook his head and Tony wondered if that was all he was going to get.

“Look, Assassin,” Tony began.

“Eliot,” the man interrupted.

“Eliot,” Tony conceded. “I appreciate you taking the risk to come warn me, but that’s about what I’d figured out already.”

“They have a project dedicated to you,” Eliot told him plainly but not unsympathetically. Tony felt the blood drain from his face as fear coiled tightly in his stomach, gripping tight and refusing to be shaken. “Their file is... extensive.”

“I don’t have anything they could want. I haven’t had anything to do with either side for years,” he denied. Eliot grimaced.

“They believe you do.”

They both knew that was all that mattered. The Templars thought he had something they wanted and they wouldn’t stop at anything to get it. He knew what the Templars were capable of and he was sure what he’d uncovered was only the tip of a very deep ice berg.

“They’re going to try to convince you to join them.”

“And when that doesn’t work...” Tony trailed off and Eliot remained silent. They both knew it wouldn’t end well for him if the Templars thought he was going to be a problem. “There isn’t anything I can do, anywhere I can go, that they won’t know about.”

“Probably not.”

Eliot reached into his pocket and withdrew a small device, putting it on the coffee table between them. Tony immediately recognised it as an earbud, though it was far more high-tech than the stuff he was used to.

“If you need to contact me, use that. There’s always someone monitoring it.”

Tony nodded, aware of exactly how serious the situation was and exactly how much of a lifeline what he’d been offered was.

“I could really use a drink,” Tony said, without moving. It wasn’t going to solve his predicament, not that he was entirely certain anything could, and, while he indulged on occasion, he’d sworn to himself decades ago that he would never use alcohol to hide. He ran a hand through his hair and sighed. “Coffee?” he asked instead.

Eliot quirked a smile and Tony felt like he’d passed some test he didn’t even know he was taking.

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