

## **when Tony met Eliot**

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# **when Tony met Eliot**

by [maan](#)

Summary

a prequel to my "just teasing" story

# Chapter 1

## Chapter 1 when Eliot met Tony

Eliot was just putting the last piece of duct tape on the mouth of one of the two security guys he just disabled, they had been laughably easy to take down, when he heard raised voices in the hallway. He tip-toed to the door and listened.

He could make out the voice of DiNozzo. He had been following the guy for days now and heard enough of the smarmy bastard to recognize him anywhere.

The second voice he did not recognize. Which was slightly alarming as he thought he had known all of the occupants of the house.

“admit it father. The only reason you invited me is because you wanted to impress future stepmother number four.”

Eliot was surprised, in the background check he had done on DiNozzo he had not found one trace of a son.

“what the hell did you think?” he heard the older DiNozzo reply angrily.

“it's christmas so I was feeling generous. I thought you could earn my respect back by helping me out. But noooooooo your so called moral standards are preventing you from helping your poor old dad setting himself up a secure and satisfying old day.

So where are these morals when you are taking it up the ass Anthony, tell me that?”

Eliot heard a deep intake of breath.

“ah as usual it comes down to that again father. Well me and my perverted morals are leaving your home. Good luck with your conquest. Don't bother inviting me to the wedding I won't come.

Eliot heard footsteps coming his way and he...

“what would your precious cop friends think if they knew you were in to guys?” the footsteps halted for a second

“good bye father “

and resumed its course

The door opened and Eliot had to move quickly out of the way. And then stood face to face with a younger version of his target.

Their eyes locked and Eliot was preparing himself to take him down when the man spoke

“a hitter” the man concluded looking at the bound bodies laying behind Eliot.

“I actually prefer the term retrieval specialist “ Eliot replied.

The man nodded and grinned. On further inspection he didn't look that much like the elder DiNozzo. He was taller stronger build yet more lean. And his hazel eyes were far more penetrating. Startling so.

“what are you retrieving?”

Eliot wiped his hair behind his ear. This was so surreal “statue of Achilles by Rodin “ he grunted

The man raised his eyebrows but continued to make eye contact.

“i heard about that job. So dear old dad was in on that. Still has a bit of grifting left in him, the bastard”

he shook himself and shrugged.

“Well I don't know were he is keeping it. But I can point you to his vault. Its in his bedroom under the red chaize longue in the floor, its an oldy so it wont be that difficult. Good luck”

and the man moved to the chair in the corner on wich a coat was laying.

He pulled it on and turned around again. Noticing Eliot still standing there dumbfounded.

He looked slowly up and down Eliot frame and then smiled seductively. “to bad I am not in the mood...your one fine looking specimen “ he turned around again and walked out the door. Cheerfully shouting a goodbey to a stunned Eliot.

## Chapter 2

Eliot was sitting in his truck in front of the warehouse one of Damians so called 'friends' did their business.

He was suppose to keep an eye out and if the friends did skim he was to use his own initiative " He was looking forward to that.

After operation "Snake 2-11-3" turned in a giant cluster fuck and he left the military he felt restless and ready to crawl out of his own skin. Damian came as a god send. Finally a purpose again, the only time he did not feel like he didn't fit in his own skin was when he was fighting. He loved to fight....

"well hello there Mr. Retrieval Specialist "

If Eliot was being honest with himself, something he had been avoiding since starting to work for Damian,he jumped when he heard that voice. It wasn't often that he was startled. How the hell did he let this happen? How could a cop sneak up on him?.He looked at the man in uniform leaning in to his open window.

How he hated cops.

The man in uniform just smiled at him. A very attractive smile. A smile he remembered from a few months back....

Correctly interpreting the expression on Eliot's face Tony spoke" I see you recognize me .

Took you a while. Especially for someone in your line of work". Its the uniform isn't it?

Eliot grunted. This man could talk the ears of an elephant..

"and although dark blue isn't really my color I think I look rather fetching. Still hoping to be a plain clothed detective one day.."

"hey rookie" a voice from around the corner shouted. "write the damn ticket already and move on. Shifts over !!!"

Tony grinned and shouted back "Go ahead and just write the over time Ben, I know you can use it "

He turned back to Eliot who was still wondering what it was that made him react so damn passive tot this man.

"I will write you something " he said leering at Eliot

He quickly scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it over to Eliot.

"no strings attached hitter" smiled seductively and then he was gone.

Dumbfounded Eliot looked at the piece of paper in his hand, Not even having noticed he had took it.

On it was an address, a rather crude drawing and a smiley face.

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