"Oh come on," Emily whined at your side. it was finally out that you and Spencer were an item. Apparently, no one had expected you to be interested in him, but you were and the feeling was very much mutual. “I never expected in a million years that two of my best friends would end up dating each other, you have to give me something.”

Both of you were very private people, but was there really any harm in confiding a little bit in your best friend. “What do you want me to tell you, Em?” You giggled. “I love him. In all his weirdness. With all his ramblings. His mismatched socks and grandpa vests. I love his scrawny ass.” You really did. Soulmates, at least the idea of only one, were foreign to you, but if soulmates did exist in any capacity, you’d found yours.

“Come on,” she laughed, scooting over to you with that smile that said she wanted the dirty details. “You’ve gotta tell me something about the Boy Wonder, is he wondrous all the time?”

You blushed, imagining the night before. Spencer had brought you to the brink no less than four times. Immediately after, you’d been so drained, you both passed out. “His intelligence isn’t the only thing spectacular about him, I’ll tell you that,” you said with a smile. There was no issue for you talking about sex in the abstract - gossiping with your ladies about the theoretical was one thing - but talking about it in this context spread a serious, hardcore blush across your face.

“Oh my god,” she laughed, slapping her knee as she handed you your cup of coffee. “Okay, tell me one more thing, like say…what’s something random about him that turns you on, and I’ll let go of this.”
For a moment, you thought hard. You didn’t want to divulge anything too risqué, like how Spencer had actually brought up the idea of candle wax. That had been a fun night. No, that was too much. There was one thing though. “Okay, I kind of have a thing for how he looks when he’s wearing the vest.” You smirked.

“What vest?”

“The Bureau vest. I don’t know…there’s something about it that just…yum,” you said quickly, turning around to put more sugar in your coffee.

Finally, she let it go. Thank god. There wasn’t much more you were going to be willing to divulge. Let’s just say that Spencer was no kinky bastard, but he sure wasn’t as innocent as everyone made him out to be.

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Nearly a week went by since your conversation with Emily.

The ladies had decided to wake up early to grab breakfast before heading into work, so you all arrived at the office before Morgan, Hotch, Rossi or Spencer. But of course, Spencer was the first one to come in. He was nothing if not an early bird. As you downed your second cup of coffee, you glanced over toward Spencer, noticing that he’d worn one of his crazy ties. It was tucked underneath his dark green sweater vest you enjoyed so much. Something about his grandpa fashion was so very him. It suited him. “Not the kind of vest you’d like to see him wearing, is it, Y/N?” JJ asked, sipping slowly at her cup of coffee without breaking eye contact.

Immediately, Garcia made her presence known. “There’s less to grab onto with just the sweater vests. She needs something a little sturdier.”

Emily not-s-sneakily brought her own cup of coffee up to cover her lips. You glowered in her direction. “Seriously?”

“I was drunk…they got me drunk…it was their fault.”

“Fine,” you growled. “As long as it stays between us.”

Guiltily, Garcia’s eyes floated over toward Morgan’s desk. “I might have-”

Of course she said something to Morgan. Goddammit.

—-

After finishing your cup of coffee, you walked over to Morgan. It wasn’t as if you were afraid of it getting back to Spencer. You’d told him you found the vest hot. The problem was you didn’t want the entire Bureau knowing that on many an occasion, you’d imagined Spencer in nothing but his FBI vest. “Hey Morgan,” you said quickly. “Can I talk to you for a minute?”

“Sure, Y/N,” he said. “What’s up?”

Taking a deep breath, you glared over at Garcia, who refused to make eye contact with you. “There is something in particular that the neighborhood gossip might have divulged to you…about me…I would appreciate it if you kept it to yourself.”

“No problem,” he said, “But I might have said something the other day offhandedly to Hotch and Rossi. Goddammit. You hung your head in your hands. “I’m sure no one’s gonna say anything to
anyone else,” he said. “But I do have to ask…is it just Reid in the vest, or do all of us in our vests get you going?”

Before he could even say he was joking, which you know he was, you really back and smacked him in the back of the head. “Say anything again, and I will murder you. Slowly. Painfully.” As you walked away, you glared at Emily again. “I’m going to kill you.”

After threatening Morgan with certain death, the whole Y/N-enjoys-looking-at-her-boyfriend-in-an-FBI-vest thing died down. Thank. God. Finally, it could just be a thing that everyone forgot about out. Eventually, you’d exact your revenge and find something down and dirty on Emily and then you’d let that fly, but until then, you’d let this whole thing fade into the background.

As you returned from a bust, which had ended up empty handed, everyone returned their guns and vests to where they normally waited to be used. You smiled at Spencer as you turned. For no other reason than he’d said something funny, but apparently, your two bosses thought it was the perfect time to interject. “Should we leave you two alone for a moment?” Rossi asked.

“I mean, I’m sure we could give you a few minutes,” Hotch said.

Again, you took a deep breath and turned around. “I may regret this, considering both of you are my superiors, but…” Just like you’d done with Morgan weeks ago, you reeled back and smacked Hotch and Rossi on the backs of their heads. “Imminent death awaits you all.”

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