Way down we go

by ThatWALKERKid

Summary

Detective Maggie Sawyer hated doing undercover work. It made her soul feel dirty. The lies, the betrayal of trust, it all ate away at her. This mission however, seemed to grab hold of her in a way she never had expected it to. When she meets Alex Danvers over the undercover line, it was meant to just be yet another connection to a bigger operation, a way in to the inner circle of crime but it turns into so much more. Can she be with Alex and still complete the mission or will she end up losing.. Because When it comes to love, we all go down, its just a matter of how hard.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Chapter 1

Lights flashed around her like bursts of automatic gun fire, mixing with the thump of bass that beat into her chest just as her heart beat out of it.

Hands. *Roaming.*

Lips. *Kissing.*

Teeth. *Nipping*

Breathy *gasps.*

 Everything seemed to phase in and out as her back hit the wall and she clung to the form in front of her. Heat pooled in her stomach as deft fingers dusted their way up her inner thigh, and lips ghosted across her neck, nipping at pulse points.

People bustled around them, letting their bodies do the talking, dancing and clinging to one another.

Alex felt the coil in her stomach tighten as the hand between her legs was replaced by a sturdy thigh, holding her up as her hands were pinned above her head and lips made their way over the swell of her breasts.

She felt a smile ghost across her skin as she couldn't stop herself from grinding down onto the thigh between her legs and almost sighed at the loss of contact and pressure as the thigh was replaced with the wandering hand that had been there before.

Alex lost herself as the hand returned to its prior musings but this time finally reached where she had wanted them the most.

Everything around them seemed to fade out as Alex surrendered to the fingers slipping in and out of her.

This was hardly new for Alex; far from it if she was completely honest. There was once upon a time when this was all she did.

The nightclub.

The alcohol.
The strangers.

The compromising positions in the dark, shrouded by the flashing lights and thumping music.

But with what little clarity Alex had, she could tell for some reason that this encounter was different. This stranger was different. And by all accounts, knew what they were doing with deft fingers, languid tongue and strong arms.

Alex’s breath caught in her throat as the stranger beneath her shifted slightly, pushing further into her. Piercing eyes locked with her own. Even in the dark Alex could tell that they were perfect in every way and would happily get lost in them forever.

A smirk bit its way across the stranger’s lips as Alex gripped on tighter, a wave of pleasure almost pushing her over the edge; eyes never leaving each other.

This part was new for Alex.

The eye contact.

Only her pleasure being sort out.

Her previous encounters had always been quick, without human connection or her pleasure thought about at all. It sent a shiver through her causing the heat in her stomach to burn just a little bit hotter.

Alex’s eyes drifted to supple lips and she couldn’t resist tasting them again. A delicate dance began between them, lips barely a breath apart.

Eyes searching for hesitation.

For permission.

Breathing each other in.

Lips drifted towards Alex’s ear, warm inviting breath ghosting across her neck.

“You wanna get out of here?”

Alex was a goner then. Her body betraying any resemblance of control she had left. The coil in her stomach wound so tightly, snapping, sending her over the edge into a bliss she could only ever had imagined feeling. Her inner walls contracted against slim fingers and it took all she had to keep her balance. A strong arm wrapped around her waist, holding her steady, everything a blur as she rode out the waves of pleasure.

As the world came swimming back into focus,
Lights. *Flashing.*


Eyes locked.

All Alex could do was nod and melt into the woman currently, delicately, purposefully, prolonging the extraction of her fingers from inside her.

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Alex didn't remember giving the cab driver her address but as she stumbled out onto the street in front of her apartment, she realised she didn't really register the ride at all.

How would when all of the senses you are meant to have are being obliterated by,

*Breathy whispers.*

*Teeth grazing sensitive skin on her neck,*

*And barely there touches.*

but was sure he got a good show for his troubles.

As they stumbled out of the elevator to Alex’s apartment door, arms snaked their way around her waist and lips trailed along her neck, making her focus even worse than it had been before. Alex fumbled for her keys and tried to get them in the lock without success. She sighed and leant back.

*“We’re never gonna make it inside if you keep distracting me.”*

Alex could feel the woman smile into her neck, before pulling back to whisper in her ear.

*“I think we both know I’ve already been inside.”*
Alex felt her face flush and heat pool instantly in her core as the words drifted off of hot breath into her ear.

“But if you want me to stop…”

Alex took these brief moments of clarity to open the door, pulling the pair into the apartment.

“Don’t you dare.”

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As the early morning sun began to filter its way through a crack in the curtain covering the window, Alex shifted, sweeping an arm across the bed towards the normally vacant side and found it to be vacant once more. She lazily cracked an eye scanning her surrounds for any unfamiliar sights.

Black skinny jeans shimmied their way over perfect thighs and back muscles flexed as a bra was pulled into place. Alex couldn’t seem to pull her eyes off the image of perfection before her.

This was definitely new for Alex. More often than not, she would wake up alone, cool sheets of the spot beside her acting like no one had been there at all or she would have made her leave long before the rays of first light began their bid for the new day. She didn’t do “the morning after” but in that moment, all Alex wanted was to watch this woman get dressed in front of her forever.

“You know its rude to stare.”

Once again a flush bit at Alex’s cheeks but she chased it down as she sat up, holding the sheet to her chest.

“I think it makes us even actually.”

Alex eyed the woman before her as she bent over to pick up her shirt that had been haphazardly discarded the night before. Red flannel slid effortlessly over arms and sat perfectly around her petite frame. She couldn’t see it but Alex knew that a smirk had inched its way across the woman’s face.

“Oh you do, do you?”
The woman turned around, giving Alex a view of her toned stomach and abs through her not yet buttoned shirt and Alex did stare until she noticed the grin on the woman’s face.

“Okay fine, so maybe not even.”

Alex bit at the inside of her cheek trying to not chicken out of what sprang to her mind next.

“Maybe you should give me your number and we can spend some more time not being even.”

For added effect, Alex let the sheet she was holding against her chest fall away, causing the woman to bite her lip at the sight. Fuelled by the lust and want in her eyes, Alex rose up onto her knees and shuffled forward a little so that she could grab onto that sexy red flannel. She placed a gentle kiss between the woman’s breasts as she did the buttons up on the shirt.

“Or you can just stay right here and we can continue not being even.”

The woman hummed as Alex continued placing butterfly kisses into her skin and almost yelped as she yanked down onto the bed, Alex straddling her, hands held above her head. She smiled as she looked into Alex’s lust filled eyes.

“I really wish I could but I’ve gotta go to work.”

Alex kissed her.

Drawing her back up into a sitting position on the edge of the bed, hands migrating up thighs to cup Alex’s scantily clad ass. Her mind was blur of unprocessable thoughts, needs, wants and desires; some of which Alex had never expected to feel again or want to end.

A sigh slipped from Alex’s lips as she was flipped onto her back; bodies still pressed against one another. Her lips throbbed as they were released, a wave of disappointment flooding over her. The woman smirked as she shimmed her way down Alex’s body and continued to dress. Alex’s eyes darted over every part of her, trying to make sure she saw every inch of this woman.

Pulling on her boots signalled the end of the show, a fact that bit at Alex for reasons she wasn’t sure she should have but before she left, she turned back and leant over Alex who was still lying on her back, and kissed her softly. Alex couldn’t help but melt into her again and sighed when the woman pulled back to look into her eyes, handing her a piece of paper, before leaving.
Alex unfolded the piece of paper and eyed the number and name neatly scrawled upon it. A delicate smile drifted onto her lips as she whispered the name,

“Maggie…”

Maggie fished her phone out of her pocket as it began to vibrate profusely.

“Detective Maggie Sawyer… The usual place, 20 minutes.”

A bell clanged loudly as Maggie swung the door to the coffee shop open, bee lining towards a table already occupied and sat down in front of the man sitting there.

“You look tired.. Not enough sleep detective?”

Her eyes narrowed at him before a grin spread its was across her face; silently pushing down how off putting the comment had felt.

“Shut up and give me your coffee Henry.”

Of course they’d sent detective Alex Henry; the biggest pain in her ass that ever existed. He was an okay cop but Maggie knew he wasn’t as straight lined as he seemed.

He chuckled and pushed his cup towards her, waiting for her to be ready to talk. As she sat back and eyed him cautiously, she knew what he was going to ask, what he wanted to know.

“You called. I came. Are we gonna do this or what?”

Henry threw his hands up in surrender.

“Geez Sawyer you think on an assignment like this you’d be more relaxed.”
Maggie continued to stare him down, unimpressed, until he shrank back a little.

“Okay.. HQ just wants to know if its set.”

Maggie shook her head and internally rolled her eyes at his turn of phrase. It still surprised her how many of her colleagues took their cues from bad cop films.

“Things are on track but this stuff takes time. It’s a long haul, not a sprint to the finish. I’ll keep HQ posted but try not call me unless I signal to.”

Henry nodded and slid a manilla folder across the table towards her.

“HQ wanted me to give you this. It’s just a bit of background on Alex… on what she’s capable of.”

Maggie’s eyebrows furrowed, confusion printing its way across her face.

“What she’s capable of?”

Henry shrugged and stood up from the table, leaning back down slightly so he didn’t draw to much attention to himself.

“Just don’t underestimate her Maggie, she’s not good people.”

Maggie watched his figure retreat to the outside of the coffee shop and disappear from view before staring down at the closed folder. No she thought. She wasn’t going to open it. This was her OP and she was going to run it how she saw fit.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The set up continues. Maggie wants to get to know Alex. A glimpse into Alex's world is at hand.

Maggie stood at one end of the bar nursing a bourbon, the amber liquid rolling back and forth as she fiddled with the glass. A drink long since forgotten; her mind and eyes firmly lock on something else; someone else. It was barely midnight and the club was just beginning to fill up with rowdy twenty somethings, ready for a night of alcohol, sweaty bodies and hookups they would rather not remember in the morning. The laser lights skimmed past her head from time to time, reflecting slightly off the mirror behind the bar and the latest of the top 100 songs was being remixed by the DJ somewhere in the back of the club but none of it really registered to Maggie, who had placed herself at the far end of the bar, shrouded in part shadow, disinterested in the normal reasons people found themselves in these places.

Alex stood at the other end of the bar, pouring drinks to the same rowdy people Maggie had been trying to avoid being noticed by. She knew if even one of those pretend fly boys noticed she existed they would be over to her in a second, all twenty something hormones and bravado, trying every line under the sun to get her to drink with them, to dance with them, to go home with them. She shuddered at the thought and returned her mind to the woman doing everything in her power to move them on quickly so that she could serve the next poor soul; looking over at Maggie with bright eyes and a soft smile.

It had been two weeks since their last encounter and as much as she tried, Maggie couldn’t seem to displace the thoughts of Alex’s hands in her hair, her lips on delicate skin, strong arms holding her as she rode out the waves of yet another orgasm. It was no secret to her colleagues that Maggie liked women but she never made a habit of getting too close to marks, especially women on missions; there was just something different about Alex... and Maggie knew she had a job to do. A soft giggle pulled her from her thoughts, banishing them and the sick feeling rising in her stomach back to the dark depths of her soul.

“You know you’re supposed to drink that right?”

Maggie felt a smile blossom across her face, dimples coming out to play. She looked up at Alex who had managed to escape the other end of the bar, sauntering her way over to where Maggie had situated herself.

“Oh? I thought I was doing the good alcoholic thing and ageing it a little more, you know letting it breathe.”

Alex wrapped gentle fingers around the glass, extracting it from Maggie’s grip. Maggie watched, eyes locked with Alex’s as she brought the glass to her lips and downed the drink in one slow gulp. Their eyes stayed glued to one another for a few moments, everything else seeming to fade into the background. All that existed was Alex, Maggie and the slow synchronised breaths between them. A smirk rolled across Alex’s lips and Maggie began to bit hers. Maggie’s breath hitched as their surroundings slammed them back into the present, music, lights and the smell of regret.
“I do believe that means you owe me another drink Danvers.”

Alex smiled fully this time, a light reaching her eyes, noticeable even in the darkness of the club. She leant forward, barely inches from Maggie across the bar, eyes dancing across her face. With her index finger, Alex mapped Maggie’s jawline, coming to rest under her chin, drawing her in, lips delicately moulding into each other; a soft, barely there kiss. A stark contrast to their last encounter. Alex looked at Maggie as she drew back from the kiss, a small smile was pulling at the corners of her mouth and eyelashes fluttered against perfect skin as her eyes opened; windows to the soul indeed.

Pushing herself back off the bar, Alex grabbed a glass and reached up to a shelf on the wall and pulled down a bottle of bourbon, handing the empty glass and the bottle to Maggie, just as a chorus of whistles went out trying to get Alex’s attention for another round of drinks.

“Pour it yourself Sawyer.”

Maggie couldn’t help but smile at the way her last name rolled off Alex’s tongue and watched as she made her way back to the party goers of the night. It was always risky when coming up with an identity for undercover missions like this one but Maggie found that things worked best if there was a basis of truth and she had chosen her name to be the truth in this particular mission. She poured herself a drink as instructed and watched on as Alex stealthily began to water down the drinks of the group as the night went on.

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**Hands.** Fingers intertwining.

**Arms.** Holding bodies close.

**Lips.** Leaving barely there kisses.

**Teeth.** Marking skin with pleasure.

**Breath.** Raggedly in time with shifting bodies.

**Minds.** A blur of needs and wants. Burning desires and waves building towards climax.

Alex was in awe of how gently yet full of purpose Maggie’s fingers were as they danced across her skin. It was a mix of ‘I don’t want to hurt you but I want to make sure you know how you deserve to be and should be touched.’

It was very new for Alex.

A person wanting to take care of her needs first, never expecting anything in return; like watching her tumble into the abyss of orgasm, the waves rippling through her from spasming muscles and contracting inner walls was all Maggie needed. Alex was certain that she should be put off by that fact because life was transactional, you were never going to get anything for free, there was always a price but here she was being slowly, carefully, thrillingly, guided through yet another earth shattering, mind numbing orgasm that left her body shuddering with little after ripples, each one Maggie seemed to draw out of her with a touch, a kiss, the slight movement of the fingers inside of her and breathy whispers of ‘fuck you’re beautiful’ and ‘lose yourself for me Alex.’

The night had passed like any other for Alex; serving drunk assholes, avoiding sleazy comments and grabby hands. She had called last drinks and the club had closed, sending the revellers out into the crisp early morning air and had her falling into bed with Maggie Sawyer. Alex could do little more
than let go of herself when Maggie had been undressing her with her eyes all night; ‘fuck me’ glances and bourbon laced smiles to go with it.

All thoughts vacated Alex’s mind as Maggie’s tongue trailed a path over her abs, up through the curves of her bare breasts to the pulse point just below her jawline; teeth grazing, lips closing around flesh, leaving a mark, that Alex was sure she wouldn’t care about later. A thigh slipped between her legs and Alex ran her hands down Maggie’s back to grip her still clothed ass, pulling their centres together before flipping them over.

“I think we are a bit uneven here once again Sawyer.”

Maggie eyed Alex playfully, a smirk biting back at her in the dark.

“Oh? I thought that was how we rolled Danvers.”

Alex smirked back at her, knowing full well the comment was meant to be a throwback to their first encounter. Maggie watched as Alex backed up off the bed, pulling her clothed legs with her, until her bottom was near the edge. A giggle escaped her lips as she was dragged down.

“Well we’re all about equality here at the Danvers… so these pants.. are coming off.”

Maggie nodded and closed her eyes as Alex kissed her centre through the front of her jeans, pulling down the zipper as she went. Lifting her ass up so Alex could pull her pants off, Maggie watched as they were discarded somewhere on the floor in the darkness of the room, hands finding their way into Alex’s hair as the warmth of her tongue danced through her centre. Maggie’s mind glazed over as Alex took her time dragging out the first waves of an orgasm. When it hit, Maggie pushed herself up and pulled Alex’s lips to her own, while one of her hands prolonged the pleasure; fingers teasing her entrance. Wave after wave rippled through her, just like they had for Alex not that long ago.

Once her muscles had stilled, Alex guided Maggie back up the bed and cupped her head as she laid her down on a pillow, eyes locked to one another. Morning light had begun to peak into the room and it haloed Alex’s hair as Maggie looked up at her.

“Wow….”

A mere breathy whisper but by sure did Maggie mean it. Bathed in the first rays of the sun’s light, Alex looked like something only divinity could produce and what they had just done was anything put pure. Alex smiled down at Maggie, who rose up to meet her lips in a slow, delicate kiss.

No urgency.

No demanding.

A reassurance of sorts.

A silent compliment.

The smell of coffee had ultimately pulled Alex from her slumber. She picked up the nearest piece of clothing, Maggie’s white button up shirt, and pulled it on over her head. Padding bare foot into the kitchen, where she eyed Maggie in her shirt, a fitted black tank top, that accentuated the fact she wasn’t wearing a bra, breasts cupped only by the thin fabric and Alex didn’t mind one little bit. Maggie looked up and smirked at the sight of Alex in her shirt and nothing else.

“Definitely looks better on you.”
Alex ran a hand through her messy hair and nodded back at Maggie.

“Same could be said for you.”

Placing a cup on the other side of the bench for Alex to grab, Maggie took a sip from her own cup.

“I hope you don’t mind. It was the closest thing I could grab without waking you.”

Alex shook her head, through a mouthful of coffee.

“No it’s fine. To be honest, I thought you would have left already… Its nearly 11am, late start for work today?”

Maggie leant back against the bench and shook her head.

“I politely told them where to go today.. figured we could do something.”

Alex nodded and moved around to the side of the kitchen island that Maggie had situated herself on.

“If memory serves, we were doing something all night.”

Maggie nodded, placing her cup down beside Alex as she stepped into her.

“Alex..”

She breathed her name so effortlessly, a sound Alex could get used to hearing.

“I like you okay.. and thought we could get to know each other properly.”

Maggie’s eyes danced with hope, fear and nerves as they searched Alex’s face for any signs that she had over played her hand already.

Alex smiled.

Bright, hopeful and cute as hell.

“I’d like that… I don’t have a shift tonight but I do have to drop into work for like 2 seconds, after that, I’m free for that getting to know each other thing.”

Leaning forward, Maggie kissed Alex gently.

“Oh, how bout I pick you up from there, say round 2 o’clock?”

Alex nodded and kissed Maggie again; relishing in the taste of warmth and coffee that lingered on her lips.

“Oh? Getting to know each other and romance? How could I ever say no to that?”

Maggie had left Alex to shower and gather herself and had headed back to her own apartment; another part of truth that Maggie had wanted to bring to her identity for this undercover stint.

Leaning on the back of the door as it closed, she took a moment, blowing air out of her cheeks, hand running through her hair. After a few moments, Maggie opened the draw to the table that sat beside her front door and pulled out her department issued Glock, staring at its matte black finish, cold hard steel meeting heavy duty plastic, capable of destroying a life in as little as a second. A silent
indignation began to rise from the pit of her stomach, filling her chest with a heaviness she hadn’t experienced in a very long time.

With a heavy breath, Maggie placed the gun back into the draw, closing it as she drifted away into her bathroom to shower. The industrial bare bulb above her flickered to life like a bad horror movie as she turned on the light. Letting the steam rise up around her as she undressed, she caught sight of herself in the mirror above the vanity; a rosy mark over the swell of her left breast garnering her attention. With delicate fingers, Maggie ghosted over the mark, closing her eyes as the memories of how it had gotten there flooded her mind. She sighed as she discarded her towel and stepped into the shower; water raining down on her from the free hanging shower head above her, soaking into her, the warmth biting at her bones.

As her skin began to prune, Maggie shook off the heaviness that had set itself up in her chest. She couldn’t quite put her finger on why this was affecting her so much. She’s as straight laced as they come; work was her life. She lived for it, breathed for it. Turning off the water, she wrapped a towel around her waist and padded carefully across the tiles into her bedroom to find something to wear. It was a safe bet that jeans were going to be involved, she just had to decide which shirt she was going to wear; didn’t wanna give off that “I’m a cop” vibe. Sliding hanger after hanger she finally settled on a brown sleeved baseball Tee and of course her leather jacket; her favourite outside of her Police windbreaker.

After getting dressed, Maggie grabbed the keys to her triumph and the extra helmet she kept in her hall cupboard just in case and headed out to meet Alex at the club. The ride over would quell any uneasiness she was feeling. It always did.

Breeze.


Heart thumping.

Freedom.

The club looked different in the day light. Its ominously, heavy, studded double doors seemed almost architectural, rather than just for effect. The clubs name, “Cadmus”, which usually shone in green neon above the door, reflected only shades of polished metal, far less impressive and inviting than at night in all of its glory. A chill skated down Maggie’s spine as she pulled into the small parking look behind the building and turned the key to kill the roaring engine of her bike. Pulling off her helmet, she surveyed her surroundings, noting the two security cameras above the door, one on a light pole pointing towards it and the array of sensor lights that littered the perimeter. Heavy duty Maggie thought but then again, this part of the city was rife with crime and any business would want to protect themselves from unwanted attention. Maggie knew just what unwanted attention the owners of this particular establishment wanted to avoid; the blue and red flashing lights kind. The life behind bars in orange jumpsuits kind.

Alex pushed open the heavy side door to the club and worked her way through the maze of tunnels down into the vault. Sprawling gloss concreted flooring gave way to crates stacked 6 deep. The laser lighting from the club above gave way to long industrial strip lighting, casting an eerie illumination on the blood spatter covering a section of the floor where a man sat tied to a chair. He was black and blue, and if Alex could guess barely conscious to answer the questions being asked, but still taking
the metal knuckle dusters with the response of split skin.

After a few more swings, the man noticed Alex standing by the door and wiped the back of his hand across his forehead, smiling. She returned the smile and padded over to him. She needn’t ask who the man was or what he had done to earn this aggravation, that wasn’t in her prevue.

“Hey baby D… Don’t we look fresh today, I know you ain’t looking this good for me.”

Alex laughed and placed a gentle kiss to the man’s cheek.

“Sorry Jack.. maybe next time.”

He chuckled at her response, walking over to a heavy set desk near the edge of the room he wiped his hands on a towel, the metal of the knuckle duster hitting the table with a thud as he threw it down.

“What brings you down to the dark?”

Alex nodded and fished a package out from under her jacket, handing it to Jack.

“Angelo wanted me to drop this off.. A gift from our friends at the docks.”

Jack took the package from her, slicing it open with a knife, revealing its contents. Alex knew what it was already.. this wasn’t the first package the docks had left for her or Angelo. Jack pushed the package back towards.

“You wanna test this for me? I would but..”

He raised his other hand, stained red with the blood and smirked at her.. She eyed him, a small smile pulling at the corners of her mouth..

“You know half the time I think you get yourself out of this Jack.. like you wait for me to drop shit off just so you can watch me test it.”

Jack didn’t deny the accusation and knew he didn’t have to. It was pretty true. He like nothing more than to see Alex dip her pinky into that white powder and she never failed to. This time was no different. Jack watched on as she tested the product, just the tinniest bit.

“Well?”

Alex slid her tongue over her front teeth, clicking it as she did so.

“It’s good grade.. and it would want to be… You remember last time we had to deal with the docks. Things got messy..”

Jack smirked, gold tooth shining through the gap in his lips..

“You didn’t answer me before… Who got you looking all fresh? You never come up in here looking this good unless Angelo asks you to or you have plans..”

A soft silence echoed around the space as the two shared a knowing look..

“Fine.. just make sure his ass treats you right.. and let him know if he don’t.. I will come and teach him some respect.”

Alex genuinely smiled and placed a gentle kiss to his cheek again.
“It’s a woman actually but thanks J.”

Jack walked back over to the man tied to the chair and prepared his knuckles once more.

“Should have figured Baby D… no man would ever be able to treat you right. Go get that action. I’ll let boss know the package is good. See you tomorrow night.”

With that he slapped the side of the man’s face to wake him up and began his questioning again.

Alex made her way back up to the street and exited out the back of the club, into the car park, almost tripping over her jaw as it hit the ground upon seeing Maggie clad in a leather jacket, leaning against a Triumph motorcycle. It was probably one of the sexiest things she had ever seen.

Maggie smiled at her, dimples on full display.

“Hey Danvers… you ready?”
Chapter 3

The afternoon light persisted, reflecting off the black tank of her triumph as Maggie rounded a corner; in complete control, even with a passenger that wasn’t normally there. Alex held onto Maggie, arms threaded around her waist, chest and back melting together like they were one. Maggie could feel Alex’s regular breaths filter through her own lungs, synchronised not only together but with the hum of her bikes engine. There wasn’t anything that Maggie loved more than feeling the vibrations, and weight shift of her motorcycle taking a corner; it was freeing, nothing else mattered in that moment but holding on to the physics of it all, feeling her blood flow through every part of her body igniting her soul with a peace she often pushed from her mind.

*Clutch.*

*Down shift.*

*Decelerate.*

As the bike slowed to a stop under Maggie’s seemingly expertise guidance, Alex shifted, unlocking her arms from around Maggie’s waist, hands coming to rest on Maggie’s leather clad hips as she looked around them. Turning the key to off, the triumph’s engine silenced. For a few moments neither of them moved; Alex’s hands on Maggie’s hips, chest and back still together. Maggie shifted first. Not enough to move away from the warmth emanating through from Alex but just enough to unclip her helmet and take it off, hanging it from the left handle bar. Alex could do little to quell the desire that stirred within her as she watched Maggie remove the helmet. She loved everything about motorcycles and this had been a surprise to know about Maggie. Seeing her waiting outside the club leant against this amazing piece of machinery was definitely a sight. Alex unclipped her helmet and ran a hand through her hair.

“Wow.”

Alex couldn’t see Maggie’s face but she knew a dimple filled smile was etching its way across it; Maggie seemed anything but shy about knowing when she had caused a reaction within Alex. Maggie dethroned from her perfectly crafted steed and held a hand out to Alex, to help her to her feet. A sweet smile filled Alex’s lips as she was helped off the bike.

“Fan of the bike then Danvers?”
Alex placed the helmet she had been wearing on the back of the bike and turned towards Maggie, eyeing her playfully.

“She’s a nice ride…”

Alex leant in, warmth breath ghosting over Maggie’s ear.

“but my Ducati has a heavier purr..”

Maggie laughed and Alex swore it was the most perfect thing she had ever heard, its warmth spreading through her..

“Well Danvers, some of us don’t need the noise, we got it where it counts.”

She wasn’t smiling anymore; eyeing Alex with a sinful amount of need before grabbing Alex’s hand, intertwining their fingers, pulling her down the path towards the park they had come to a stop at.

“Come on..” Smile as bright as ever.

Alex chuckled and stepped into line with Maggie’s foot steps.

The pair had only walked a short way when Maggie had guided them over to a beautiful tree, its trunk large and its canopy stretched out above them. Maggie slid down the trunk, sitting in between two thick roots that had propped themselves out of the ground, guiding Alex to sit in front of her, this time her back to Maggie’s chest. Alex obliged and sat comfortably, leant into Maggie’s chest. The silence they sat in was comfortable, a gentle breeze flicked the leaves above them and Maggie had taken to drawing invisible masterpieces up and down Alex’s arm. Alex hummed her approval which got Maggie’s attention.

“You okay?”
Alex nodded and turned to look up at her.

“I like this getting to know each other thing.”

Maggie smiled down at her, combing her hair behind her ear.

“I haven’t told you anything yet…”

Alex shifted her position so that she was leaning more on one side of Maggie’s chest, head resting on her shoulder.

“Okay, so tell me…”

It wasn’t a demand or laced with sarcasm but a soft nudge towards the actual goal of getting to know each other. Alex did want to get to know this woman. They hadn’t know each other very long and their encounters had only been physically intimate; she was curious and kind of in awe already but wanted to put everything her mind was telling her and everything that she was feeling into a context.

“Well what do you wanna know?”

Alex laughed at that. It had been Maggie’s idea to do the “get to know you thing” and now here she was all in shell and unsure. It bit at Alex for some reason; it was one of the first times she had see Maggie like this. All closed off and not her confident self.

“Sawyer, you kinda suggested this getting to know you thing.”

Maggie began to fiddle with the cuff of Alex’s jacket nervously, trying to find the right words.

“I know. I guess I suggested it because I didn’t want you to feel like I was just using you or only wanted sex from you. I wanted to see if there was more.”

Alex nodded and intertwined her fingers with Maggie’s to get her to stop fidgeting and before she could stop herself said what she had to say.
“I think there’s more…”

Maggie smiled into Alex’s shoulder at how boldly and sure the statement had come out of her mouth but before she could say anything Alex continued.

“Like, I know we haven’t ‘known’ each other that long and talking hasn’t always been our strong point but I don’t know, I feel like I’m meant to know you, like we are meant to be here, getting to know each other.”

It was then Alex who began to fidget, caressing Maggie’s fingertips with her own.

“Well how about we get to know each other as we go along. If you have questions, just ask and I’ll answer. This whole getting to know people thing is a new concept for me and I don’t want you to feel like you have to talk to me or tell me things.. so there’s no pressure okay?”

Maggie’s mind was spinning, trying to figure out what the hell she was going to do. She couldn’t figure out why she just didn’t give her the scripted lines that she had used to other people before. This was meant to be simple, so why did she feel like she couldn’t lie to Alex and every time she thought about it, she felt bile rising from the pit of her stomach. She had to shake this off and fast.

“So on that note, you can tell me your favourite food so I can treat you to dinner.”

Alex smiled and felt her stomach approve of the idea with a growl.

“Food, oh my god, Sawyer you know the way to a girl’s heart. I’m pretty sweet on most foods and will eat anyone out of house and home if it came down to it.. But for these purposes, you can buy me a slice. I know the best pizza in town.”

Maggie smiled, extracting herself out from behind Alex and extended a hand towards her to help her up.

“I’ve got a better idea.”
The skies had darkened and it had begun to rain as Maggie rode them back to Alex’s apartment. The rain had soaked through Alex’s jacket and the tops of Alex’s pants, sending a shiver through her as she removed her helmet in the relative shelter of the awning that jutted out from the front of her apartment building. Maggie grabbed Alex’s hand and dragged her into the dry and warmth of the elevator. She eyed the water drops running down Alex’s neck, collecting in her collarbone, hoping Alex couldn’t tell how much she wanted to take her right there in the elevator.

The elevator came to a stop and with a loud ding opened on Alex’s floor. Thank god Maggie thought. Her self control was beginning to wear thin. Alex glanced sideways and smirked at the look of concentration on Maggie’s face. She stepped out of the elevator and opened the door to her apartment, Maggie close behind. Alec placed the helmet she still held onto the marble bench top, grabbing Maggie’s and doing the same. A silence enveloped the room, save for the heavy drumming beat in her ears. Her heart was hammering, the sound almost as the rain was against the glass panes of the windows of her apartment. Piercing eyes waged a battle across the room, both staring, water dripping from clothes, breaths heavy with anticipation.

Maggie swallowed hard, mentally checking all the boxes as to why what she was about to do was necessary. She knew Alex liked her but she needed to gain entry to her inner circle. That was the goal. Alex was just going to be collateral damage. Without a second thought and in fewer strides than Maggie had thought, she crossed the room and grabbed Alex, lips inches apart, breath heavy, eyes burning with desire.

A dance.

Will we.

Do you want to.

Can I?

Alex made the ultimate decision, just like Maggie had hoped she would. Soft lips pressed into hers, slow, and patient. Maggie pulled back again, hands still cupping Alex’s face; one last chance for her to say no. Alex smiled and that was all Maggie needed. Taking control, Maggie kissed Alex with a fierce wanton, walking the pair backwards until Alex gently bumped into the kitchen table. Maggie moved her lips south, discovering Alex’s neck again; pulse points fair game. Alex’s breath hitched as teeth grazed skin and hands gripped her hip and ass.
“So no pizza then?”

Maggie stopped what she was doing and smiled at her.

“oh no there will be pizza but right now…”

Alex’s eyes rolled into the back of her head as Maggie slipped her hand down the front of her jeans.

“I’m a little busy.. unless you want me to stop”

Maggie made to pull her hand away but Alex grabbed her wrist and guided her hand back down to where she wanted it.

_______________________________________________________________________________________

Alex moaned as she bit into the warm dough of the edge of the pizza, leaning back into Maggie’s chest; Maggie’s baseball shirt the only thing covering her. Maggie placed a butterfly kiss to Alex’s bare neck, arms around her, one hand holding a slice of the pizza they had ordered not that long ago. She could just imagine the look on the delivery guys face as Alex had opened the door threw him a twenty, took the pizza and bid him farewell. She felt Alex relax back into her and a smile etched its way across her face. It had been a very long time since she had done this with anyone and despite the circumstances it spread a warmth through her chest.

“See pizza, as promised..”

Alex nodded and swallowed her mouth full, looking up at Maggie from her slightly lower position.

“Hmm, and is it not the best pizza in town?”

Alex held up her piece to Maggie who took a bite and nodded enthusiastically, actually enjoying the slice.
“Indeed. I now know not to question your ways of a good slice Ms Danvers… but I do have another question.”

Alex nodded and put her half eaten slice down on the lid of the box, giving Maggie her full attention.

“How did you become a bartender at CADMUS?”

Alex shrugged.

“I guess just like any other way you’d get a job. You either get it on referral, or by applying. I was referred. A few years ago I was in a very bad spot and Angelo, the owner, helped me out of it. So in return I worked for him at the club. I guess I just never left after that.”

Maggie nodded, scanning her mental notes bout Angelo.

Late 40s.

Connected to more people disappearing than she could count.

Wrap sheet longer than her arm.

Pimp.

Suspected drug kingpin.

“You in a bad spot? Can’t imagine it.”

Alex picked up her slice again and picked at the edge.

“Believe it or not, I wasn’t always this so put together.”
She chuckled at the thought of being put together.

“*To be honest I’m not even that put together now.*”

Maggie shook her head and grabbed the bottle of beer of the side table and took a swig, offering it to Alex who did the same.

“I think you’re as put together as you need to be. You have a job, an apartment and know the best pizza in town. From where I’m sitting that’s as put together as anyone should be in this world. Lord knows I have been in a spot of trouble myself. Although it didn’t get me a job, just landed me in lock up.”

Alex turned to look at Maggie again, eyebrows raised. No judgement, just curiosity.

“You’ve been arrested?”

Maggie leant them forward to grab another slice of pizza.

“Yes. Spent a week in city lock up. Couldn’t make the charges stick. Circumstantial evidence and all that.”

Maggie bit the inside of her cheek as the word circumstantial fell from her lips. She was sure Alex could see right through the lies but instead Alex smirked causing Maggie to frown in confusion.

“What?”

Alex put down her slice of pizza.

“Nothing. I guess now I know where you got all your moves from?”

Maggie bit back a smile.
Alex grabbed Maggie’s slice from her and placed it in the box closing it, discarding it on the side table next to her.

“A week in city lock up is a long time, long enough for all those hardened babes of criminals to teach you everything they know about being a badass.”

Maggie smiled at Alex and grabbed her face, kissing her. Alex hummed, grabbing hold of Maggie and laying down, bringing her down with her. Maggie rested her arms on either side of Alex’s head and looked down at her.

“I’m not a badass Alex. Just a girl with a checkered past that’s followed her into her present.”

Alex reached up and tucked a loose lock of hair behind Maggie’s ear, eyes searching, catching the glimpse of burden she had felt Maggie carrying. The pair existed in silence for a few moments, Alex playing with the gold chain that hung from Maggie’s neck; the pendant of a saint Alex didn’t recognise catching her eye, drawing her into her own mind. Thoughts of a past she wasn’t privy to drifted across her mind, a wonder of just who this person she was currently underneath was. It wasn’t a panicked wonder but a curiosity that she knew she would get caught up in. Gentle lips on her own pulled her back into the present. As her eyes unclouded, they found themselves pierced by those above her.

Universes swirled, collided and bloomed a new in those eyes and Alex found that a small fire had sparked within her, her own universe shifting slightly. It was something very new.

“That seems like its the definition of badass.”

Alex chuckled, a warmth spreading through Maggie’s chest at the sound, kissing her, stealing the sound for herself. Alex’s breath almost stolen in the most perfect way; not by fear, or death but by all accounts a perfectly imperfect woman that seemed only focused on the needs of her. If Alex forgot how to breath at this point she wouldn’t even care, she would let this woman take everything from her, knowing that she would give it all back in an instant, just to see Alex fall over the edge.

And she would have… If it hadn’t been for the loud shrill of her phone from the bedside table. Alex groaned and felt Maggie smile as she released her lips and concentrated her musings elsewhere while Alex attended to the phone.
“Hello…”

Maggie felt Alex’s attention slid away as the phone call went on.

“I’m kind of in the middle of something J… can’t it wait?”

From the reply and the frown that burned its way across Alex’s forehead, Maggie deduced that it in fact couldn’t wait.

“Fine, but you tell Angelo he owes me.. Give me a half hour or so okay..”

With that Alex hung up and groaned into Maggie’s collarbone.. Maggie smiled into Alex’s shoulder and shifted so she was looking down on her again.

“Duty calls huh?”

Throwing the phone back onto the table with a loud clatter, Alex looked up at Maggie with apologetic eyes.

“I’m sorry…”

Maggie shook her head and kissed her gently.

“No need for apologies.. I get it..”

Placing a delicate kiss to Alex’s collarbone, Maggie rolled off her, allowing Alex to get up off the bed, watching as she searched in a draw for some underwear. It could have been the sight before her that clouded Maggie’s thoughts for a brief moment, making her unable to catch herself before the words left her lips.

“I could give you a ride if you wanted.”
Maggie bit the inside of her cheek as she watched a shade of pink bite at Alex’s neck, and crawl its way up into her cheeks. The words rattled around in her brain for a moment. She knew how it sounded and hoped it would hide any flashes of what she was hiding.

Throwing the shirt she had been wearing to the ground as she walked towards the bathroom, stopping at the door frame, looking over her shoulder at Maggie who was still lying on her bed.

“You coming...?”

And Maggie could have sworn she almost did. A smirk slipping onto Alex’s luscious lips as she turned and continued on her way. Everything had seemed to stop until Maggie heard the water start up in the shower. *Hell yes she was coming.*
Alex seemed to float through the crowded club with Maggie holding her hand, following behind. They had finally left Alex’s apartment after Maggie had worked Alex through yet another orgasm; Alex had clutched at her body, wave after wave crashing into her, fingers curled into the muscles of Maggie’s back. Maggie had eyed the growing line of people standing outside Club CADMUS as she slowed her triumph to a stop in a spot across the street. The dull thump of the music inside the club pierced through the night air every so often as the door was opened to let another patron in. She had also noted the three rather large men manning the door. Her hand had extended towards once again to Alex to help her off the bike and Maggie had smiled as she took in the sight of this woman before her.

Black skinny jeans.

Black combat boots.

Purple flannel.

Her thoughts drew her back into the present as Alex came to a stop, slack falling between their linked arms and hands. They had reached the far side of the club where the bar stood; its mirrored walls reflecting more than the lights flashing around them. Maggie got a distinct feeling they had captured more than their fair share of regretful encounters, sinful desires and good times. Hell, they had probably even held captive her first dalliance with Alex. The peak of the night was just beginning and Maggie knew that before the nights end this place would fill and empty more times over than she could count. Alex stopped in front of a beefy looking man; grey slacks, crisp white shirt. Expensive.

Maggie eyed him cautiously; she couldn’t place him. Her memory banked intel left her blank but she made a note, logging him in to be verified at her next check in. The exchange was brief and Maggie couldn’t make out what they pair had been speaking about but as Alex turned back to her, she smiled. Alex leant into her, Maggie’s hands gravitating to her hips.

“I’ve gotta go do something. Shouldn’t take too long. You don’t have to wait if you don’t want to.. but if you do, anything at the bar is yours.”

Alex’s warm breath sent a shiver up Maggie’s spine, and her fingers instinctively gripped her hips to keep her close. She nodded and whispered back.
“Do what you gotta do Danvers.. I’m not going anywhere.”

Alex bit her lip and nodded over to the bartender who understood her silent order of “whatever she wants she gets.”

“I’ll be right back.”

Maggie smiled and couldn’t resist pulling Alex back towards her as she made to leave; kissing her with everything she had. The world did indeed spin inside her mind, round and round and as they parted, a whisper of “wow” made the score known. Maggie chuckled and walked over to the bar as Alex disappeared through a door in the back.

“Bourbon.”

The concrete greeted Alex with a cold that bit at her bones as she walked across the vast floor towards the desk situated on the other side of the room. She smirked as she saw Jack standing behind Angelo, obviously looking at the cameras from the club upstairs. Jack smirked back as she came to a stop in front of the desk.

“So this is what you’ve been in the middle of?”

Alex shrugged and tried to quell the rising pride within her chest.. yes.. THAT is what I’ve been in the middle of. a fucking babe of a woman. Alex knew that if given half the chance both men before her would try and get into her pants..

“You seem jealous Angelo..”

Angelo grinned; wide.. a hearty chuckle escaping his lips. He eyed her softly..

“Can you blame me?”
He turned the monitor around for her to see; the black and white image displaying Maggie pulling Alex back into her, lips locking in a heated embrace, a moment now sullied by the eyes of two men she would rather have no connection with. She watched the image, a heat stirring in the pit of her stomach. She bit back a smirk and eyed the two men.

“I suppose I can’t… She is…stunning.”

Angelo laughed this time, hitting Jack’s stomach with his hand.

“You seeing this J.. I think someone is smitten.”

Jack walked around the desk and stood beside it, smiling wide.

“He’s right baby D. You got this glow.. you in love?”

It was Alex’s turn to laugh. Not because it was a ridiculous notion but because she hadn’t decided yet.

Was she?

Could she be?

Did she want that?

She steeled her gaze and smirked at both men.

“What do you want Angelo?”

Angelo rose from the desk and walked around it to where Alex stood.

“Sorry to interrupt your evening, but a fresh group just arrived and they need to be processed.”
With a gentle kiss to her temple, Angelo left, and knew what he wanted would be done. Alex smiled until he left and looked up at Jack who had gone back to looking at the Camera’s to the club upstairs.

She hated this part.

But knew she was the best person for it.

“Give me five minutes or so..”

Jack nodded and watched as Alex walked away; she definitely knew he was enjoying the view but pushed that from her mind. She needed to tell Maggie that their night had ended and she would be longer than she had planned.

Maggie sat at the bar, right where Alex had left her; A bourbon or two had been consumed. A dimple laden smile bloomed across her face as she saw Alex come back out of the same door she had disappeared through.

“Hey Danvers.”

The smile faltered a little when Maggie noticed the apologetic look on Alex’s face but she shook it off and grabbed her as soon as she was near enough, hands on hips, guiding her close enough that her thigh slipped between her legs, looking up at her from her seated position at the bar. Alex bit her lip and cupped Maggie’s cheek with her hand, leaning in close.

“Miss me?” Pulling back, Alex watched as Maggie’s eyes darkened, thumbs snaking their way under the hem of Alex’s shirt, caressing the soft skin of her hips.

Maggie had no qualms with Alex know that she missed her presence; especially in the place they had first me, albeit by no means of an accident. That thought bit at Maggie, a sourness rising within her.
“Who me? I’ve had pretty good company actually. This is great bourbon.”

Alex laughed and grabbed the glass from Maggie’s hand, sipping the amber liquid.

“Hmm, and here I was thinking that you’d be miserable up here by yourself?”

Maggie chuckled and took her glass back from Alex, “I get the feeling I’m about to spend the rest of the evening alone..?”

Alex fidgeted, playing with the collar of Maggie’s shirt. “Some stuff has come up and its going to take longer than I thought to deal with..”

Maggie rose up a little and placed a kiss on Alex’s lips, silencing her worry, her apologies, her nerves. Alex melted into the kiss; the taste of bourbon dancing across her tastebuds, a warm spreading through her chest.

“No need for explanations Alex.” Maggie shuffled off the stool and stood in front of Alex, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. “I’ll see you later?”

A question?

A statement?

Maggie wasn’t sure about anything at this point and if she was completely honest with herself she welcomed the chance to take some time to step out of this world, to ground herself in the reality she could feel slipping away as she chucked herself off the edge. She wasn't regretting getting to know Alex at all, but the circumstances under which they had met were leaving an ugly mark on her soul, a stain of something that could have been inherently magical. She couldn’t blame everything on the circumstances though, she knew what this was going in and had made the conscious choice to blur the lines and Oh how they were blurred.

Alex nodded, squeezing Maggie’s hand. A silent thank you. As she walked away, Maggie lingered for a moment, watching Alex disappear once again; the sounds of the club, filtering back into existence as the bubble she had been in with Alex evaporated and reality came screeching back in. She downed the rest of the bourbon in the glass on the bar and made her leave; weaving in and out of drunk twenty somethings, oblivious to anything but the song playing, the alcohol in their blood
and the person they would inevitably end up going home with. The shame, regret and consequences
the furthest thing away. In a way Maggie envied them. Not the drunken antics but the ability to
throw everything to the wind and say *fuck it*. To not have a care in the world, to be oblivious to the
impending doom of reality. It was all she thought about.

The consequences.

The destruction.

The fallout.

It was coming and she knew it.

As she stepped outside, the night air bit at the sweat on her neck; a welcome change to the stuffiness
of the club inside, even if it was on the verge of raining again. One of the burly men she had seen
manning the door earlier smiled at her as she left, wishing her a good night. It made Maggie wonder
just how much pull Alex had within the club. It had obviously gotten back to the bouncers at the
door who she was to Alex; an order of *touch her and die* had trickled its way down the ranks and
Maggie couldn’t decide whether she felt uncomfortable or if it gave her a better chance at getting
closer to the people she needed to, to do her job and have this thing over and done with.

As she straddled her triumph and started its engine, raindrops pattered on her helmet and leather
jacket.

Fitting she thought.

The storm within in her syncing to the turbulent weather around her.

*Clutch.*

*First gear.*

*Acceleration.*
As she pulled away from the curb she made note of the black sedan starting up a few spaces behind her. Its halogen headlights, piercing the dark.

The game was on.

The SUV rolled to a stop in the driveway of a two storey modern, suburban home. Concrete pillars stood guard at the front door, extending high above to the second storey of the house. A big wooden door, adorned with stainless steel handle, frosted glass panels. Alex had been here more times than she could count. So many things had happened here; most of them beyond anything she could have imagined herself being involved in but she knew that it was apart of the job and she really did owe Angelo for past favours.

Jack took up post by the front door and allowed Alex to enter alone. They had worked out a system for these occasions and if she was honest with herself, Alex felt more comfortable doing the first meeting alone. She smiled at Jack who had put a steadying, gentle hand on her shoulder; a silent check in, making sure she was on her game.

Closing the door behind her, the lights, on an automatic timer, turned up to a warm setting, illuminating the stylish furnishings and modern wood floors of the house. The staircase to the second floor jutted out in front of her, the centrepiece to the kitchen on the right and an entertainment room to the left. Alex looked around the space and seemingly nothing had changed; everything still in its place.

It felt odd.

Clinical even.

Like a waiting room in a hospital.

Albeit a more up market design and expensive furnishings decorated the different sections of the house.

The only comfort Alex could take was that of the weight of the glock 17 automatic handgun nestled in the small of her back, hidden by the length and oversize of her shirt. She closed her eyes and took
a deep breath, her throat dry and nerves bit at her stomach. Swallowing hard, she opened her eyes and began to ascend the stairs to what she knew waited for her, terrified and looking for a way out. Sadly, she knew she wasn’t it.

The door she was looking for was slightly ajar and before she could back out she pushed it open to look into the eyes of five women who were anything but. Five sets of eyes, some red rimmed, others tear laden looked up at her as she flicked on the light. Her heart clenched looking at them individually; barely out of teenage years. Time seemed to stop and the sound of her heart beat pounding in her ears kept her sure of her breathing, kept her sure that she was present, still alive.

“I’m Alex… the only way your gonna make it out of here in one piece.”

It wasn’t menacing or meant to scare the women, and it hadn’t seemed to, as Alex stepped further into the room.

“Do as I say and each of you will be okay… I promise.”

In that instant one of the girls sprang forward towards the door, but Alex sprang across and grabbed the girl into a hug and as she did so the girl collapsed into her; heavy sobs wracking her body, shaking Alex to her core, who held her, trying to convey her sincerity…

“I promise..”

Alex did her best to soothe the young girl. As heavier sobs wracked her body, Alex went to hold her tighter but as the girl flinched, she pulled back to look the distraught figure. Brushing hair out of her face, Alex frowned and lifted the side of the girls shirt up, revealing a jagged edged bruise, blooming in all colours of the spectrum. Alex closed her eyes, trying to quell the rising tide of rage building within her.

“Who… did this… to you?”

The girl shook her head.

Alex opened her eyes and looked at her; jaw clenched.
“I… I.. I fell.” The voice was timid, tinged with worry, apologies and self blame.

Alex knew that was far from the truth and she would get it out of either one of these other girls or out of Jack. He wouldn’t be able to keep it straight while lying to Alex. She nodded, letting the young thing know that she wouldn’t pry any further.

“What are your names?”

One by one.


Alex cataloged them. Each detail. Making mental notes to take with her, to make sure she was able to help them get through this.

About an hour after she had entered the house, the front door clicked closed behind her. Jack was still standing by the pillar, but was now accompanied by Luke, who would be making sure nothing happened to the girls inside. Alex didn’t say a word as she walked past Jack but he knew that she had something on her mind.

A short drive and a rather skillful interrogation, Alex strode across the polished concrete floor towards Angelo and her target James. Without warning, or much thought at Alex turned him with one hand and swung a right hook at him with the other, sending him sprawling across the floor, blood raining from his nose. Angelo watched the story play out before him, joyfully laughing as James went scrambling onto the floor.
“Don’t. You. Ever. Lay a hand on one of the girls again.”

James wiped at the blood on his face, looking at Alex disdainfully.

“What the fuck Alex..?”

In seconds Alex was leaning over him, her gun drawn, pressed against his temple, hand clutching at his shirt front holding him off the ground. James raised his hands, freezing, save for his eyes which were pleading with Angelo to step in.

“Don’t look at him, look at me so I know you can hear and understand me, because I’m only going to say this once. You touch one of my girls again and your gonna wish I had of shot you right here.”

Moments of silence passed between the pair. Eyes locked, in a battle for understanding and clarity. James nervously nodded his head, silently praying for the encounter to be over. Alex released her grip on his shirt, letting him fall back to the floor. Turning as if to leave, James relaxed a little and wasn’t expecting the blow Alex had struck across his face with her glock, knocking him out.

Without further words or acknowledgement, she walked back across the room and disappeared back up to the furore of the club.

She needed a drink.

"Bourbon."
Shrugging off her rain laden jacket, Maggie breathed in deep, the heaviness in her chest grabbing at her lungs. She had rode slower than she normally would have but she was enjoying the chill the rain brought to her bones, pulling her mind into focus, collecting all of her thoughts. She had arrived back at her apartment, knowing that the black sedan had followed her right up until she pulled her triumph into secluded carpark beneath her building. It had stayed at a discrete distance but Maggie knew it was there. It didn’t bother her too much if she was honest. She was hoping it would allow who ever it was to see that she was worth trusting. It had occurred to her that now they knew where she lived they would probably break in and make their presence known.

Grabbing a beer out of the fridge, Maggie plopped down on the sofa, kicking off her boots, feet on the edge of the table. She sat in silence for a few moments, the quiet quelling the noise rattling her mind; the beer quenching a thirst she hadn’t realised she’d had. After downing nearly half of her beer, she sat forward, bottle on the table and reached for a metallic silver case she had pushed under the couch for safe keeping. It’s surface clattered against the hard wood of the coffee table in front of her; its metal somewhat cold, having been hidden in the shadows. Putting in the 3 digit combination for the lock, the case popped open.

The first things she noticed was the black butt of her KP-02 Sig Sauer P229; smaller than her usual piece but she was undercover and couldn't be carrying a big weapon around. She picked it up, its weight somewhat comforting in her hands, the design of it familiar; its clip full, with one in its chamber, ready for use if it came down to it. Placing it on the table, Maggie went back to the case and pulled out a manila folder; closing the case and placing it on top of it. She sighed, closing her eyes, taking a swig of her beer. At the rate this case was unravelling her she would most definitely be asking to be taken of UC work; as much as she knew she was doing good, she could also tell that this one was going to be the one that cracked her. Every detective that went into UC had one; the one that would burn them to the ground, make them lose sight of everything that they had set out to do, the one that would bring their real like to its knees and if Maggie was honest with herself, her knees where already shaking.

Flipping open the front cover, a familiar face greeted her; a photograph of Alex. Maggie’s fingers migrated to it, caressing its edge. It was a mug shot but some how Maggie still found it to show every beautiful part of Alex. Unpinning it from the file, Maggie sat back on the sofa and looked at the photo, sipping the rest of her beer. It had never crossed Maggie’s mind that trying to bring down a brutal man, would lead her to find someone like Alex. She had obviously been put in Alex’s path. It had seemed like the easiest way to gain entry into Angelo’s inner circle, to get close to the inner workings of the operation.. and for the most part it had begun to be just that.

Maggie hadn’t known how much time had passed but jumped as someone knocked on her door. She scrambled to put everything back into the case and lock it..
“Just a second..”

Shoving the case back under the sofa, she made her way to the door. A frown planting itself on her face as she looked through the peep hole at the person on the other side.

“Alex?”

Opening the door, Maggie looked at Alex. She was confused and it must have shown on her face.

“Angelo followed you home… I think he might be a little jealous.”

Maggie could tell Alex had been drinking, her words lilted with a slight slur.

“Did you drive over here?”

Alex shook her head and leant on the door frame, playing with the hem of Maggie’s shirt.

“No.. taxi.”

Her voice was small, laced with hurt and sadness and wanton for escape. Maggie knew that feeling all to well. Pulling Alex into the apartment, closing the door behind them. Alex stumbled a little, signifying just how drunk she was. Maggie guided her over to the kitchen bench, leaning her there while she fetched a glass of water. Before she could turn back around, Maggie heard the unmistakable clatter of a gun being placed on to her bench top. She herself had done the exact same thing many times, but this time it made her freeze, her heartbeat thumping just a little harder, her pulse picking up just slightly. She shook it off and turned back to Alex who stood with her arms bracing herself against the bench, gun clasped in one hand on the counter, head hanging low, chin to chest. Maggie approached her slowly, placing the glass of water in one hand, and then gently extracted the gun from Alex’s hand; guiding her over to the sofa where Maggie herself had just been sitting.

Alex had let herself be guided away from the weapon with out much fuss; she hadn’t meant to bring it with her, but she had left the club in a rush, wanting to get as far away from it as possible. It wasn’t until she was in the taxi, heading to Maggie’s apartment, having already given the address to the driver without thinking, that she realised she still had it. Before Maggie could make her sit, Alex turned Maggie around and backed her up against the arm of the sofa, the backs of her legs bumping
into it gently.

Maggie wasn't sure what to do. Everything was running red hot and having Alex this close to her had clouded her judgement yet again. She swallowed hard and closed her eyes as Alex lent into her, lips barely a breath from hers; she was buzzing inside. Alex moved away momentarily to place the glass onto the table, limiting her ability to drop it or knock it over. She drew Maggie in, arms wrapping around her. Maggie was surprised but returned the hug, feeling Alex relax into her.

“I’m sorry.”

It had been a barely there whisper, a ghost breathing out.

Maggie frowned and tried to figure out what Alex could possibly be apologising for and before she could ask, a hardened sob rippled through Alex’s body into her own. Maggie pulled back, cupping Alex’s face in her hands.

“Hey… Hey… What’s going on?”

Alex wiped at the tears on her cheeks and shook her head.

“I can help Alex, with whatever it is.. but you gotta talk to me..”

Alex lent into Maggie again, foreheads resting against each other, eyes closed, breathing each other in.

“Alex..”

A whisper from Maggie’s lips, a last attempt to get her to talk without pushing her.

Maggie pushed the pair back away from the sofa and extended a hand out for Alex, who wiped at her face again and grabbed the offered hand, letting Maggie guide her through her apartment to the bedroom. Sitting her down on the edge of the bed, Maggie disappeared into the bathroom, and Alex could hear the tap turn and water begin to run. She wasn't really registering much anymore, she was just done with this day, which had by now mostly likely rolled into the next. She allowed Maggie to
guide her to the bathroom; allowed Maggie to take care of her.

The bathroom was slick with steam from the bath that Maggie had run; a candle on the sink illuminating the space. Maggie got undress first, before helping Alex out of her clothes; not wanting her to feel exposed any more than she obviously was already feeling.

*Shirt.*

*Boots.*

*Jeans.*

*Bra.*

*Underwear.*

Everything ended up on the floor and Maggie didn’t even care. She just wanted to help. In any way she could.

Maggie sat at the end of the tub, the water rising up around her as she helped Alex to sit in front of her. Alex relaxed back a little into Maggie’s chest, her arms resting on the tops of Maggie’s raised knees. Her eyes closed as she let the steam and comfort wash over her. She couldn’t remember the last time she had just let everything go and relaxed fully, something she found herself doing right now.

Maggie placed a gentle kiss into the side of Alex’s neck, her head resting on Maggie’s left shoulder.

“Thank you..”

Maggie smiled sadly as she felt Alex’s breathing settle and sync with her own. It was honestly the first time she had felt Alex fully relax since they had met. There had always been this guard line that she could never get quite get across but right now in this bath tub she felt it melt away.
“You don’t need to do this alone Alex. You can trust me… But I get it if you can’t.”

Maggie wrapped her arms around Alex, intertwining their fingers, lips resting on her shoulder, trying to show Alex that there was no pressure and either way, she wasn’t going anywhere. A pang of guilt hit Maggie in that moment. A guilt of true feelings growing beneath an ugly deception. She shook it off and waited to see if Alex would let her in; let her help.

Alex swallowed hard and fidgeted with Maggie’s fingertips.

“I don’t just bar tend for Angelo at CADMUS.”

Maggie rested her chin in the hollow of Alex’s collarbone, trying to get closer, to show her that it was a safe space, and nothing she could say would change that.

“Okay, what else do you do?”

A heavy breath whistled through Alex’s lips, heaving her chest.

“Every so often, Angelo will call me in to help him settle in a group of girls he has acquired from other places… other men who he does business with.. girls who provide the clubs private services.”

Alex sat forward and Maggie let her. It gave her the ability to cup her hands and gently cascade water over Alex’s shoulders; still trying to foster the notion that she was safe and she could say whatever she needed to.

“So, Angelo hires these girls for the private parts of the club and you look after them?”

Alex nodded. Her mind was swirling. She was still angry but also confused about how Maggie could still be so willing to take care of her.

“It’s more than that…”

Maggie lent to the side and combed a loose strand of Alex’s hair behind her ear, causing Alex to glance at her; reddened eyes, guilt etched across her face.
“It doesn’t matter Alex, whatever it is you do, I’m sure you have your reasons. Did something happen with the girls you had to help earlier?”

A solitary tear slipped its confines and slid its way down her cheek; Alex catching it quickly.

“Yes. I was sent to the share house to make sure they got settled in and I found out that one of them had been mishandled by James, one of Angelo’s guys… and I just lost it. They go through so much and are promised a better life and then they get here and before all the bad stuff even starts, they are abused by James?.. I went back to the Club and told him, if he ever touches one of them again I’d kill him… and the scary part…? I meant it Maggie. I would kill him, hell I almost did. I had my gun to his head, I wanted to.”

There was no stopping the tears now. A little reality dawning on her. She had wanted to kill him. To pull that trigger, inflicting pain and destruction and avenge everything horrible he’d ever done. Maggie held her tight; without judgement, without fear or trepidation. She was just there. Alex wiped at her face. She couldn’t understand anything right now; her thoughts, her emotions, all swirling in a massive vortex that was threatening to swallow her whole. But apart of her felt grounded; Maggie was doing that. Tethering her to what was left of her soul and humanity.

Long after the water had gone cold and the echo of Alex’s words had dissipated, Maggie had wrapped Alex in a towel, given her some clothes and now held her close, lying in her bed. The sun had begun to filter its way through the gaps in her closed curtains but not enough to disturb Alex from her rest. She had slipped into a restless slumber, filled with tremors, whimpers and Alex pulling Maggie closer every time she was assaulted by something or rather in her dream state. Maggie soothed her, told her it would be okay, even if she didn’t know that it would. She traced invisible works of art through Alex’s hair on her scalp; depictions of better times, away from fear, guilt, remorse and self hatred. Alex was safe. Nothing could get to her here and she didn’t know why but Maggie felt herself wanting to make sure that nothing bad ever happened to Alex again and if it did, she was getting the sense that she could burn the world to the ground just to make sure that the bad in the world paid the price.

Grabbing her phone, Maggie sent a text.

*Coffee shop. Corner of Queen St.*

*Tomorrow 10am.*

Maggie placed a gentle kiss to Alex’s head, causing her to turn in her sleep to face her, snuggling against her chest.
A warmth blossomed in her chest. No matter what other feelings she was having right now, Maggie knew that her world was already burning to the ground, her life was an inferno and in this moment she would let the flames engulf her even if that meant losing everything she had ever known; and if she was honest, she didn’t care one bit.
Chapter 6

Maggie had slipped out of her apartment as quietly as she could, trying not to wake Alex. She was sure that she wouldn’t wake up because of how exhausted she was but just in case Maggie left a note on the night table next to her.

_Gone to get coffee._

_Make yourself at home._

_Be back soon._

_Sawyer xx_

Grabbing the case from under the sofa, tucking the gun into the back of her jeans, she headed to the meeting point. It was dead on 10:00am when she arrived and made no effort for small talk as she sat down in front of Henry.

_“I need you to put this in an accessible place, a security box or something. I can’t have it in my apartment anymore.”_

Henry sipped his coffee nonchalantly and pretended to ignore her hurried request.

_“Henry?”_

With a smile, he eyed her over the top of his cup.

_“Sawyer, calm down. I got it. What’s gotten into you?”_

Maggie slid into the chair opposite him, a deep _“are you fucking kidding me”_ look etched across her face.

_“I am knee deep in a UC op, and you are supposed to be my support, giving me the things I need to make sure I can do this.”_
Henry placed his cup back on the table, an apologetic look on his face. Maggie ran a hand through her hair and sighed.

“Can you?”

Maggie frowned at the question.. but didn’t respond.

Henry pushed further. Curious.

“Can you… do this?”

Standing from her seat and handing him the case, Maggie swallowed hard.

“Just put this somewhere safe, send me the details and be there when I need you.”

Without waiting for his reply she walked out of the coffee shop back towards her apartment; stopping at a shop closer to get the coffee she had told Alex she was getting.

A short walk later she was closing the door to her apartment, coffee and pastries in hand. Putting her keys on the kitchen bench she made her way back to her bedroom, discovering Alex right where she had left her. Maggie leant on the door frame, just looking at Alex’s sleeping form, until she noticed a small smile etching its way onto Alex’s face. Without saying anything Maggie walked further into the room, placing the coffees on the night stand, and a gentle kiss on Alex’s head but before she could move Alex grabbed her, pulling her down onto the bed.

Maggie giggled and held onto Alex.

“I knew it. Faker.”

Alex rolled Maggie over onto her back and leant over her, hair cascading down around her face. Eyes less red, expression less dire; even a small smile was evident.

“I’m sorry I took so long, I decided to walk to the coffee shop. But you have to forgive me because I
brought pastries too.”

Alex tapped her lips with her index finger pretending to think about it.

“I got your note Sawyer. You’re a brave woman leaving a stranger in your home by themselves. I could’ve been a creeper and have gone through your underwear draw..”

Maggie raised an eyebrow, smile etching its way across her lips.

“I’m pretty sure that we are way past the being a creeper point Danvers but if you wanna see my underwear all you gotta do is ask..”

Alex’s smile blossomed then and Maggie could not resist leaning up to kiss her gently, making sure that smile was just for her. Alex tried to deepen the kiss but Maggie gently extricated herself.

“Hmm no no.. coffee.. and pastries.. Then extra curricula activities.”

Alex grumbled playful and sat up in Maggie’s bed, grabbing the coffees, handing one over. A delicious moan escaped her lips as she sipped the beverage.

“Oh my god, Sawyer, you definitely know the way to a girls heart.”

Maggie chuckled and sipped her own coffee. Smiling as Alex screwed up her face at the contents of one of the paper bags.

“These however, you can keep. They look like they have been sitting in the oven for days…”

Handing the bag over to Maggie who dived right in, munching into the double toasted bagel. Maggie knew it was an acquired taste and had gotten Alex a croissant to spare her from having to deal with the bagel.

“That’s why I got you a croissant..”
Alex eyed the other paper bag and smiled. The last thing she had eaten had been pizza, right here in this bed; she was getting used to this. Being thought of, being taken care of. Maggie, still munching on her bagel, put her coffee on the side table and got up off the bed. Alex caught sight of the gun tucked into the back of her jeans.

“Looks like I’m not the only one packing a little heat.”

It was an off the cuff comment and Maggie knew that she was trying to make light of having brought a gun to her apartment last night. Pulling the weapon out of her waist band, placing it on the draws in front of her, Maggie shrugged.

“It’s like I said, I’m not a badass, just a person with a checkered past thats not quite left her behind Danvers. A girls gotta make sure people know that she can take care of herself. you know what I mean…”

Alex nodded as Maggie turned back towards her, shucking off her jacket. She then shuffled her way back up the bed and laid on her side facing Alex. Putting her coffee on the table beside her and mirroring Maggie’s image, Alex caught sight of the pendant she had been looking at earlier. She picked it up and looked at it once again. Maggie watched the fascination paint its way across Alex’s face.

“Saint Peter… My father gave it to me when I was a kid.”

Alex traced the delicate face of the pendant with her finger tips and sensed she had stumbled into some very sensitive territory. Resting her head on her hand, Alex looked at Maggie. Just looked. No hidden agenda, just seeing her.

“i’m sorry about the gun… That I turned up without warning… That Angelo followed you home…”

Timid.

Apologetic.

Maggie shook her head.
“I understand the gun and the turning up… However, the Angelo thing? Maybe he just needs to meet me to see that I’m worthy of the great Alex Danvers? I gotta say though, he should be jealous.. because there is no way he’s got a shot.. right?”

Alex laughed. From deep within. It made Maggie’s chest swell with happiness, every colour of the rainbow blooming bright.

“Are you trying to make me gag Sawyer? He has no shot what so ever.. Would you be jealous if he did?”

Maggie smirked, eyeing Alex and her ability to get under her skin.

“Maybe.. why? That turn you on Danvers?”

Leaning over, capturing Alex’s lips with her own, Maggie tried to quell the definite fire of jealous that showed signs of sparking within her. But this time it was Alex who pulled away.

“Nope.. Not happening Sawyer. Drink your coffee and eat your cremated bagel.”

Maggie smiled and laughed at having been subjected to her own tricks.

“Double toasted.”

Grabbing her coffee and taking a sip, Alex scoffed.

‘I stand by what I said Sawyer.”

A comfortable silence fell over the room and the pair enjoyed their coffees and pastries until Maggie’s phone beeped, signalling a text message had come through. Fishing it out of her pocket, reading its screen.
“PO Box, corner of Matlin and George.

Chill Sawyer.

I got your back.”

Rolling her eyes, she placed the phone on the table next to her discarded coffee and almost devoured bagel.

“Duty calls?”

Maggie smiled and shook her head.

“Nope. I make my own schedule. I do work, work doesn’t do me. And besides I’m kinda between gigs.”

Alex looked at Maggie, surprise on her face.

“So that first morning you were just trying to get away from me then?.”

Maggie shuffled closer and fiddled with the hem of her shirt, which she had to admit look fucking sexy on Alex.

“Oh no I had work that day.. but in case you hadn’t noticed I don’t have your conventional 9-5 office job. I do my own thing, when I want to. Life’s easy that way. Not all of us can hold down a job like you Danvers. Seriously, I don’t know how you put up with those drunk assholes every night. Tell me the truth, you take a sneaky shot every now and then don’t you?.. Come on.. I wont tell, I promise.”

Alex pushed at Maggie’s shoulder playfully.

“I might do. Got you interested didn’t it? And besides who are you gonna tell? Angelo practically encourages it and I always make sure I’m in control.. at work anyway.”

Maggie knew Alex was still feeling a little off. She guessed that Alex didn’t like to lose control of
herself, and having done so last night had left her a little on edge.

“Speaking of work, I’m guessing you have to work tonight.”

Alex sighed and grumbled at the same time. The lack of joy evident.

“Yes… unfortunately.”

Maggie bit her lip, not wanting to burst the comfortable bubble they were currently situated in but she wanted to know more about what Alex did for Angelo.

“So, you said last night that you take care of the girls who cater to the private sections of Club CADMUS…”

Alex nodded and looked at Maggie curiously.

“Yeah…?”

Maggie glued her eyes to an invisible spot on her duvet cover.

“Have you ever…?”

Alex now knew where this was going… It wasn’t a bad question, or one she found difficult to answer.

“No… I haven’t worked in the private sections of the club. I just make sure the girls know the rules, how things work in the club and that they are safe and taken care of.”

Alex lifted Maggie’s chin so that their eyes locked.

“Why? You want a show Sawyer?”
Alex lent forward as if to kiss Maggie but pulled away at the last second, getting up from the bed, disappearing into the bathroom. With a heavy breath through her lips, laying on her back, Maggie shook her head; a coil tightening in the pit of her stomach. She was going to get Alex back for that one.

“Tease.”

The atmosphere was completely different to Club CADMUS, and if she was honest Alex preferred this quieter, more intimate place. Maggie had suggested that while Alex may be a bartender, among other things, she hadn’t been to the best bar in town; Maggie’s favourite bar. They had given a password at the door, something Alex hadn’t expected, neither was the alley they had to walk down to get to the entrance. Maggie had said that the best things are those, you have to search to find and as Alex stood watching her take her shot at the pool table, she found it to be true; not knowing whether she was thinking about the bar they were standing in or the woman she currently was staring at.

Maggie took her shot, Alex staring at her not deterring her one little bit. The ball sailed towards its target but missed; a terrible shot by a terrible pool player. While Maggie did come here for the pool, it was the shots, the anonymity and the tolerable music that wasn’t being blasted at you from all angles, but rather served as a background to the conversations you could have or the games of pool you were going to fail at, that drew her to the spot.

“Ohh Sawyer, you really are bad at this.”

Maggie sipped her beer and eyed Alex playfully; watching her skilfully line up her shot, sinking the ball intended. She walked over to the other side of the table where Alex stood watching the ball sail into the corner pocket.

“You have the things you’re good at and I.. well yeah I’m pretty bad at this.”

Alex chuckled and lent forward kissing Maggie gently, who stepped into her.

“Ha, nope. You can’t distract me from the fact that you’re a terrible pool player with seduction eyes and smooth moves…”
Maggie feigned a look of shock and disbelief that faltered into a smile.

‘Who me? I don’t know what you’re talking about Danvers.”

Alex moved around the table to line up her next shot, keeping Maggie in her peripherals.

“I will give you one thing. This is a great place. Mostly because I’m mopping the floor with you at this pool table.. which, I do believe means you owe me a drink ms I’m an excellent pool player and will beat you blindfolded. It’s a pity I’ve gotta go back to the mayhem that is CADMUS later tonight.”

The cue ball slid across the green without protest and struck the ball Alex had aimed for, but not going as far as to sink it. Looking up from the table, she was greeted with the most perfect smile; the Sawyer smile, dimples and all. But somehow had a cheeky undertone that clued Alex in to what was happening. And she knew that if she was a snowman she would have melted right then and there. Alex frowned.

“Wait… Have you been letting me win?”

Maggie shrugged and took her shot, lining it perfectly to sink a ball in the pocket furtherest from her.

“I stick by my statement Danvers.”

Echoing Alex’s earlier sentiment.

Lining up shot after shot, Maggie sunk all of her balls until only the black remained. Alex stood mouth open, shock, awe, horror, a mix of emotions rolling across her face. She was more so shocked about the fact she had let Maggie best her, pool had always been Alex’s game and here she was playing against this beautifully, amazing woman, who was beating the pants off her; literally. She watched as Maggie sent the 8- Ball rolling into the net of a pocket.

“I do believe that means you owe me a show Danvers.”
The words rolling off Maggie’s tongue would have been enough to make Alex fall over the edge right then and there but she held it together; barely.

Placing the cue on the table, Alex sauntered her way over to Maggie, who stood grinning like the cat who had gotten the cream.

“Fine... Tonight. Private room, Club CADMUS. Come... don’t come...”

Maggie smiled brighter, if Alex had thought it possible, lifting her up until she was sitting on the edge of the table.

“Oh? Do I get a tour do I?

Alex gripped the edge of the pool table, trying to stabilise herself as Maggie kissed her; it reminded Alex of their first encounter in the club, and it send a thrill down her spine.

Teeth. Nipping.

Tongues. Dancing.

Hands. Gripping.

There moment interrupted by a woman clearing her throat.

“SAWYER! Not on the tables. How many times do I have to tell you.”

The pair giggled, Maggie resting her forehead on Alex’s shoulder.

“Oh, so I’m not the only one you’ve hustled into sitting on the edge of this table then...”

Maggie looked into Alex’s eyes, a lust she could only describe as primal stared back at her, she
helped her off the table.

“That’s Darla.. She’s just jealous.. My ex… from long ago.. The down side to dating your bartender, they are always going to be at your favourite bar no matter how shit went down. You get bourbon with a side of history..”

Alex put her arm around Maggie’s shoulder and guided her towards the door.

“Good thing I don’t work here then.. Nothing would get done.. ever.”

Maggie smirked as they exited out into the night air, walking arm in arm.

Club CADMUS was already well into party mode when both Alex and Maggie had made their way through the doors. Bodies packed in, close, sweaty, drunk and not giving a fuck; it was exactly what Maggie wanted to feel. Following Alex through the back doors of the club, into the private section had sent a thrill down Maggie’s spine; an electric jolt to her core, a spark to ignite. As Alex pushed open a door, a red light flooded across Maggie’s face; masking her desire.

The room was empty, bathed in a red glow. Plush chairs lined a wall, a stage with a pole dominated the centre and chains that Maggie could only hear, hung on the wall to her far left. A song began to play as Alex pushed Maggie down onto the sofa along the wall. It sounded familiar but Maggie couldn’t place it, nor did she want to, not when Alex was doing things in front of her.

Maggie sat back and watched as Alex walked around the pole in the middle of the stage, a hand tracing her plotted course around the pole into bending over as she got in front of Maggie. She was wearing high waisted black slacks, those that a leggy office assistant would wear to entice her boss to the copier room for the type of fun that would most likely get you arrested. As she bent forward and came back up in time with the music, her ass was perfectly cupped by those pants and Maggie had to do everything she could to stay seated like she was directed to…

She swallowed hard as Alex stepped down off the stage, her heels not inhibiting her at all. Maggie could never have pulled that off, and she wasn’t ashamed to admit it. Unbuttoning her shirt, Alex never took her eyes off Maggie for a second; the eye contact was driving her nuts but Maggie knew there was more to come and that she would give Alex everything of herself later.
Maggie watched Alex dance. It was definitely a show and she could tell it definitely wasn’t the first dance she had given in this room but at that moment she didn’t care; it was her and Alex and Alex was dancing for her, and only her. As she moved closer Maggie couldn’t stop herself from sitting forward, head tilting to the side as Alex’s hips swayed, her hands running up and down her body, eyes never leaving Maggie’s.

As Maggie watched on, Alex extended a hand towards her, inviting her to join her. Maggie of course accepted and Alex drew her forward; her arms over Maggie’s shoulders, Maggie’s hands on her hips as they continued to sway..

Breaths. Heavy.

Bodies. Close.

Minds. Present.

“Ask and thou shall receive..”

The comment eliciting a laugh from Alex who leant forward; lips barely an inch apart from Maggie’s.

“I don’t think god wants to see what happens next...We’ll be black listed from the good list for sure.”..

Maggie bit her lip, breath dancing over Alex’s. But before she could reply, the door opened, flooding the space with white light. Alex grumbled a little, kissing Maggie quickly before turning around to face the intruder..

“Aren’t you going to introduce me Alex?”

Alex smiled and nodded in the person’s direction and motioned towards Maggie..

“Angelo... This is Maggie Sawyer.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Firstly I'd like to thank each and every person who has read, given kudos and left a comment on this story. It really helps to know that people are enjoying this story and where I am taking it. I hope you all continue to read and enjoy it.

Okay, So im putting a TRIGGER WARNING in this chapter. it contains drug use and mentions of sexual assault.

This chapter has been one of the harder ones for me to write. Some of the things in it hit me on a personal level and I wasn't sure if I should write some of the things at all but pushed through and feel I have put as much forth as I am willing without hopefully causing to much stress or anxiety to anyone else.

Its not all bad stuff this chapter! Some fun cheeky moments between our amazing ladies and other characters that I hope you will all enjoy..

Well enough from me. Please leave a comment with your thoughts on this chapter or if you have any questions or suggestions. Happy reading!

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Alex tried her best to force the rising tide of jealousy back down into the dark depths from which it came.

Of course Alex had been jealous before, but this was different. It was darker and more intimate than she had ever experienced; she almost relished the feeling. A fire burning red hot; the flames licking at her senses, pushing her towards the very peripherals of her control.

The spark had ignited the moment Angelo had waltz his way into that darkened, lust filled room, interrupting a moment Alex had built so delicately, so purposefully slow, that there was a surpassing of everything they knew about each other; a new level of understanding, of wanton? Of need? Of respect for each other.

She had been cordial enough, introducing Maggie, a smile had even graced her lips but deep inside a monsoon raged, the flood gates threatening to burst, her control slipping with each quip he made, with each suggestive look he gave. Alex had watched as Maggie charmed Angelo with her wit, her smile, her somewhat mocking tone and her constant contact with Alex. That had been the only reason Alex hadn’t broken and let loose.

Her body pressed into Alex’s side.

A hand on lower back.

Constant contact.

Maggie had even turned her back on Angelo to button Alex’s shirt for her, a gentle kiss to her lips to
follow the gesture.

But now they sat in a private booth and Alex was beginning to find it harder and harder to control how she was feeling. Alex was meant to be working but Angelo had told her not to worry and to just enjoy herself tonight. Drink after drink followed each other, and Angelo had called for one of his new girls to join them. Alex wasn’t sure how Maggie was dealing with it but appeared to be holding herself together; better than she was apparently.

“So Maggie, what is it you do when you’re not taking up my girl Alex’s time?”

Alex almost gagged at the suggestion that she was his girl; it was the furtherest thing from the truth that they could get. She watched a mischievous “okay, I’ll play your game” smile slip onto Maggie’s lips.

“Firstly, I’d like to think I’m not taking up Alex’s time from the things she needs to be doing or the things she’d rather be doing; and let’s face it, I have it on good authority that she would rather be doing me… every time… and second I’m a private contractor.. of sorts.”

Alex had sat forward and took the shot that sat on the table in front of her; hearing Maggie be so confident and somewhat possessive of her, had almost sent her over the edge into an atom spitting orgasm and the smirk on Maggie’s face signalled that she had gotten the response she had wanted.

Angelo laughed and took a sip from the amber liquid in his glass.

“Private contractor?.. And what is it that you contract?”

Maggie sat back, her own drink in hand and drew Alex closer a hand resting on her thigh.

“I contract what ever is needed at the time.”

Taking a sip of her drink, she beckoned Alex towards her, a finger under her chin, and kissed her, moaning as the vodka on Alex’s tongue fought for supremacy with the bourbon on her own lips before turning back to Angelo.

“Supply and demand and all that.”

Angelo nodded thoughtfully and smiled.

“Indeed… It’s all transactional these days.. I scratch your back, get you the things you need and you do favours for me.”

A moment passed between everyone in the booth.

“Is that something you’d be interested in Ms Sawyer?”

A slight frown passed across Alex’s brow; she was confused as hell. Did Angelo just offer Maggie a job?

Maggie felt Alex tense slightly and slid her hand around her thigh to where Alex’s hand sat and intertwined their fingers.

“You tell me Angelo? Is that something I’d be interested in? You’ve obviously done your homework on me and have made your decision about what kind of person I am; and given you already know where I live, I don’t feel like I have a choice in the matter.”

This made Angelo bellow with a laugh that wracked his chest.
“Your honesty is refreshing. Yes I did follow you the other day. Alex is an important part of our family here as club CADMUS, and I just wanted to make sure you are who you seem... Are you?.. Who you seem?”

It was Maggie’s turn to laugh; was he really testing her?

“If your asking me if I have a problem living outside the law then I guess all you need to know is that, I’m who I need to be in the moments it matters most. Whether thats the kind of person you need is of no consequence to me. You want something done and I can do it.. I will…”

Angelo motioned for the woman with them to leave, Maggie presumed to get them another round of drinks, his eyes following her scantily clad ass as it disappeared into the calamity of the club before he turned back to Alex and Maggie.

“Alex.. this one I like. You finally found a good one.”

The woman returned with a tray full of drinks and from what Maggie could see an assortment of pills and cocaine.

“Tomorrow is for business! For now, lets celebrate.”

Once again Maggie felt Alex tense a bit at the sight of the drugs on the tray. Maggie guessed that she was trying to gauge what Maggie was thinking and feeling and what she was going to do. Angelo held out a clear ziplock bag that contained two pills and from previous experience Maggie knew them to be ecstasy. She took the bag and turned to Alex who looked her dead in the eyes; silently telling her that it was okay if this wasn’t her thing. And if Alex was honest this wasn’t her thing either but she knew that saying no to Angelo meant repercussions and she definitely didn’t want that for Maggie.

As if having read her mind Maggie smiled and nodded slightly, taking the two pills out of the bag, handing one to Alex. Angelo completely forgotten for a moment, and in sync with each other, Maggie mirrored Alex’s movements and placed the pill on to her tongue, eyes never leaving each other; a confirmation that she was with her in this. Alex leant forward and kissed Maggie, the green eyed monster roaring within her. She wanted Angelo to see once and for all that there was no chance for him and that he couldn’t get to Maggie like he had done with her when they had first met; Alex wouldn’t allow it.

Angelo laughed joyfully and took a pill of his own, watching with arrogant lust as the woman he’d called over earlier did a line of cocaine, falling into his arms..

“Let’s dance.”

Maggie laughed as Alex pulled back and smiled at her; her eyes alight with desire. Maggie nodded and followed as Alex led them to the dance floor, to where Angelo was dancing. Maggie closed her eyes and let the beat of the music blasting around her vibrate into her, dropping her guard and the facade she had been trying to hold on to. It wasn’t her first time undercover and she knew that drugs were going to be apart of this operation; and if she had to live this life, even as a cover, she was going to enjoy what it was doing to the woman dancing in front of her.

Everything seemed to phase in and out around them. Maggie knew that was part the ecstasy but it also felt like Alex was the only person in the club with her; or the only person she wanted around her. The laser lights flashed and the DJ kept mixing tracks completely oblivious to the scene playing out between them. They had been dancing for a while but Maggie couldn’t tell exactly how long; Angelo had left with the woman at some point but her attention to Alex’s body hadn’t wavered. She
hadn’t danced like this with someone in what seemed like forever and if she was honest, it never made her feel like this.

As one song ended and blended into the next, Maggie stopped dancing and just looked at Alex. Alex smiled and threw her arms over Maggie’s shoulders, bringing them even closer than they already were.

“Take me home.”

It was crystal clear even amid the noise of the club and Maggie didn’t need to be told twice.

Like a moment of déjà vu, Maggie found herself trying to control herself in the elevator of Alex’s building; the floors ticking by so slowly. The memory of her first encounter with Alex in this elevator came flooding back; that want, need, desire. As the doors slid open with a ding, Maggie let Alex exit first, hanging back to try and stop herself from preventing Alex opening her door. As her keys slid into the lock, Maggie stepped up behind Alex, hands sliding around to her front, lips on her neck, nipping at pulse points. Alex leant back and cupped Maggie’s head as she sucked on the sensitive skin on her neck.

Gently guiding them in to the apartment and closing the door, Maggie pulled her shirt over her head and discarded it on the floor. She stepped up to Alex, fingers locking into the loops of her pants, pulling them together. Alex stared back at Maggie whose eyes had not left her own. They both took a moment to just exist with each other.

Breaths. In sync.

Heartbeats. Pounding.

Blood. Pumping.

“Can I?”

The simplicity of the question took Alex’s breath away. It was something she had never experienced before, but upon hearing it, realised how important it was for Maggie. Alex nodded and smiled at Maggie as she unbuttoned the shirt she had so diligently done up hours before. The act was slow and deliberate and grounding and Alex knew that Maggie wanted her to know that she was in control and Maggie would only continue if Alex was in the moment with her. Despite the dregs of ecstasy in their systems, Alex felt more present for Maggie than she had ever felt with anyone before her. Maggie slipped the shirt over Alex’s shoulders and let it fall to the ground.

Alex’s chest rose and fell with regular breaths, her stomach muscles contracting every now and then. She felt somewhat exposed, her skin, her fears, her soul bared in the act of standing in her bra and pants, heart beating with anticipation but the way Maggie was looking at her began to settle any self judgements she was having at the moment.

Maggie couldn’t help but look at every part of Alex. Everything about her seemed crafted from the stuff of gods and she couldn’t quite believe that she was standing before her, so willing, so perfect. Maggie trailed ghostly finger tips across Alex’s skin, her abs dancing at the delicate touch. Leaning forward, breath whispering across Alex’s lips, Maggie breathed her in, trying to ground herself in the moment. It was Alex who closed the distance, drawing Maggie into her. It began as an exploration but Alex couldn’t quell the heat that had risen within her; a struggle, not for power or dominance but of the need to give everything began.
Her lungs burned as hot as her skin and her head began to swim. Her senses were on overload, the room blurring around her, her own heart beat unfamiliar in her ears and as her back hit the sofa Maggie had expertly guided them to, she tried to crush the panic that had begun to ascend from the pit of her stomach. As Maggie broke their kiss and trailed her way down Alex’s skin, Alex closed her eyes, daring herself to calm down, to breath, but the tide bearing down on her broke the banks of her restraint and flooded over her.

Breaths. **Ragged.**

Mind. **Screaming.**

Alex’s chest heaved as she tried to suck air into her lungs, as she tried to make everything stop. Maggie sat up and looked at Alex, breathing laboured, tears beginning to rim her perfect eyes.

“**Alex?”**

It was soft, as to not startle her. A question, a statement, a fixture of Maggie’s worry about what was happening. She scooted back down the other end of the sofa, distancing herself, removing herself from Alex’s space, to try and help her. Without warning, Alex sprang from the sofa and disappeared down the hallway, a door clicking, signalling she had most likely gone into the bathroom. Maggie frowned and pushed her hair off her slick forehead, not quite sure what was happening. Her mind ticked over the past few minutes, or what had seemed like only minutes. Had she pushed Alex too far? Done something she didn’t want her to? Questions swirling in her mind. She shook her head to clear the fog she sat in, getting up of the sofa, retrieving her shirt and replacing it, she walked tentatively down the hall into Alex’s bedroom, a closed bathroom door notifying her of Alex’s location.

Maggie slid down the wall next to the door frame; knowing that she didn’t want to leave Alex alone like this.

“**Alex?..**”

She didn’t want to ask if she was okay; Maggie knew that she wasn’t. Silence echoed back at her for long moments and for Maggie that was okay. She would sit here for as long as Alex needed, to be silent with her, for as long as she needed and it was a long while before Maggie heard the barely there whisper from the other side of the door.

“I’m sorry.”

Maggie’s heart almost broke. Her chest constricting, her lungs fighting her rib cage for space. She caressed the door with a gentle hand, hoping Alex could feel her there.

“No.. please don’t apologise Alex.. You didn’t do anything wrong.”

Maggie heard Alex slide down the wall on the other side of the door, mirroring her position sitting on the floor.

“I should be the one apologising..”

Alex’s reply came fast. “No, you didn’t do anything wrong either Mags.”

The nickname, that normally would have sent her into a homicidal rage, bit at the soft edges of Maggie’s soul.

“I’m here for you Alex…”
Maggie could hear Alex shuffle around, trying to get comfortable on the floor, the tiles and wall not making for the most comfortable combination.

“A few years ago, right before I started working for Angelo at Club CADMUS, I was very much a party girl. Out every night, drinking, doing drugs and meaningless sex with strangers was the checklist. I was a mess and couldn’t really see a problem with it. Until, one night, I was out at Club CADMUS, drunk and high on a number of drugs, I couldn’t even tell you what I had mixed together but I was so far gone. I had been dancing and I noticed this guy had been eyeing me from the bar for a while, he saw I had seen him and he came over to me; we danced and drank and everything I had been trying to get away from seemed to be slipping further and further from my mind. Anyway, all of that turned into him taking me into the alley behind the club and forcing himself on me. Fortunately for me Angelo has cameras everywhere and had seen what was happening. Next thing I knew I was behind wrapped in a coat and taken into a private room of the club; Angelo had sent Jack to stop the guy from raping me, he beat him to a pulp and helped me realise that while it was good to have fun, you have to be able to control it. It sounds weird but he helped me to gain control of my life. Gave me a job, which I know isn’t as above board as any regular 9 to 5 but he saved me and if I hadn’t taken his help I don’t know where I’d be.. I know it seems hard to believe because I still work in an environment that could have me end up in that exact same position again but I know I can’t ever get to that point again, because I’m needed, I’m relied upon.”

Maggie bit back the rage she felt rising within her at hearing what that guy had tried to do to Alex. She couldn’t fathom why guys think its okay to try it on when a girl can’t give consent to the action. She also was fighting herself about having put Alex in a position where she felt like she was in that moment again.

“So when we took that ecstasy earlier and were drinking and dancing and then we came back here, I put you in that same position that guy had done.. Alex I…”

Before she could continue the door clicked open and Alex emerged, hand extended down towards Maggie. Maggie grabbed it and Alex helped her up, arms wrapping around each other.

“You didn’t know Maggie, thats on me.”

Maggie released Alex and led her over to the bed, sitting up against the headboard, guiding Alex to sit in front of her, her back resting against Maggie’s chest; Arm’s wrapped around her, keeping her close.

“I never wanted to put you in that place, to ever make you feel like I was taking advantage. I like you Alex, a lot, and will never do anything that you’re not 100 percent comfortable with.”

Alex shook her head and threaded her fingers threw Maggie’s.

“Maggie, it wasn’t you. I just felt my control slipping away a little and thats because of the choices I made, and if I’m honest its because I like you a lot as well and I didn’t want to lose control and actually acknowledge what that meant, what that felt like. You didn’t make me feel uncomfortable, hell you asked if it was okay to unbutton my shirt.”

A small smile bit at the corners of Maggie’s mouth as she placed a gentle kiss to the side of Alex’s head.

“Consent IS sexy…”

Alex turned in Maggie’s arms and beckoned her to lie down with her. Maggie obliged.
Eyes. **Locked.**

Breaths. **Synced.**

Thoughts. **Calming.**

Soon enough, Alex had drifted off, Maggie keeping a watchful eye on her. In her sleep she shuffled closer, balling the front of Maggie’s shirt in her hand; A tether, a safety net to catch her if in her sleep she began to lose touch with what she knew to be real, to be one of the first good things to happen to her in a long time.

Maggie didn’t sleep. Not really. A mere doze, ready to leap to Alex’s aid if she was required to. The events of the past few weeks played over and over in her head; the merry go round spinning out of control, from which, in the beginning, Maggie wanted off, but now?

She had found the calm in the eye of the storm; right here, with Alex.

But just like every storm, the calm always passes and your tossed back into chaos and destruction and for Maggie, it was going to be a delicate balance of how to pick of the pieces when it all came apart.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Maggie settles in to the life and world of working for Angelo at Club Cadmus.. and how could she not be okay with protecting Alex's ass all day..

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! I know its been forever since I have updated this story. I apologise for not having gotten another chapter up sooner but it took me a while to be able to continue writing after the events of the last chapter. Some very personal things were laid out in the last chapter and it brought up some things for me that I had to re-deal with.. but Im back and I'm going to try my hardest to make sure I update a little more regularly. Thank you for continuing to read, follow, comment, kudos and enjoy my stories.. hearing from you guys is what makes it worth while and pushes me to continue.. SO THANK YOU...

Maggie shifted from one foot to the other; trying to keep herself focused. The weight of her gun tucked in the back of her jeans wasn't an unusual thing and she had enjoyed being able to carry it freely around Angelo, his men and the club, ever since she had taken the job Angelo had offered to her a little more than a month ago. However, the job she had been given today made that weight feel necessary and more prominent than it had done previously strapped to her hip in its holster.

Angelo had made her complete a few tests before he had even remotely began to show that he trusted her and she had completed them all without visual hesitation. She knew that if she was gonna take him down she needed to be on the inside and as much access that being Alex’s girlfriend gave her, it wasn't enough to have her gain access to where she needed to be the most.

Today’s job was her graduation of sorts.

He had made her deliver packages, collect debts and work security at the club; each task saw her step way outside of her cop world as she could get but she had enough experience in other UC roles to know that she had to do what was asked of her. She had committed crimes, used violence and everything else in the “underground” handbook to make sure she wasn't being suspected as anything but another thug added to his payroll.
It was all apart of the job. She knew that.

But then there was Alex.

The lines had begun to blur when it came to that part of the operation.

Maggie knew it had started as just a way to gain access to the inner workings at Club CADMUS and Alex gave her that but now? It had been just over 2 months since she had begun things with Alex and if she was completely honest with herself it felt normal and the mark aspect had slipped away.

Maggie closed her eyes and breathed in deep. Everything thought of Alex had her mind spinning, every touch had her skin set on fire and every kiss took her to another dimension entirely.

Everything was Alex. Alex. Alex.

And Maggie didn’t mind one little bit.

Standing in front of a house like a secret service agent she shook her head and adjusted her stance once again. She had been told that she would be protecting and delivering another package today but this time she knew was a little different. They had arrived at the house and Alex had asked her to wait out front while she went inside. Maggie had complied and had taken a station standing on the other side of the front stoop, across from a beefy looking guy, dressed in black pants, black polo shirt and a gleaming desert eagle strapped to his side.

He had greeted Alex warming but had only acknowledged her with a nod of his head before returning to his watchful stance. Maggie didn’t know how long Alex had been inside but as the front door clicked open she turned and eyed the package for the first time. The pit of her stomach seemed to lurch and her heart constricted a little; she didn’t let her discomfort for the situation show but she knew that this whole thing was bigger than she had ever known.

The young girl Alex ushered out of the house looked from the big beefy guy over to Maggie, a glint of hope in her eyes. Closing the door behind her Alex gently guided the girl forward towards the SUV they had arrived in earlier.

“You all set Baby D?”
Alex handed the girl over to Maggie, who guided the young girl over the the vehicle and smiled at the man, patting his arm affectionately.

“Yeah all good to go.”

The man smiled, looking over Alex’s shoulder to Maggie.

“One day you’re gonna have to tell me how you do it D.. I mean damn…”

Alex smirked with pride and stole a quick glance at Maggie before reaching up to place a gentle kiss to his cheek.

“Sorry Dom, she’s all mine.”

He smiled wider this time and chuckled to himself.

“Half my luck D… See you later.”

Alex nodded back at him and gave a wave before hopping in the passenger side of the waiting vehicle.

Maggie followed the directions Alex gave her to their next stop; a normal looking suburban two storey house, much like the one they had come from but instead of white picket fence, a high, spiked top, black metal fence guarded the seemingly innocent property’s secrets.

Maggie got out of the SUV as the heavy gate groaned along its track until it closed, opening the back door for the young woman to get out. Unlike where she had picked the young girl up from, Alex requested that she follow them into the house. As they stepped over the threshold, Maggie surveyed her surroundings, making mental notes, just in case she needed a quick escape.

The front of the house was open plan with a Tv room to the left and a dinning room to the right. It was modern, tasteful and if she thought she could afford it, somewhere Maggie might like to live.
Her apartment was nice, cosy and hers; nothing extravagant but it was by no means a bad hook up for the price she paid. Hell if she kept up this gig with Angelo she would be able to afford a lot more than she could just on her government salary.

The man that had met them at the door, eyes roaming over every inch of the woman with Alex, finally took notice of Maggie. She had already inventoried him; hispanic male, late 20’s, close shaven head, ear piercing and a hand gun tucked into the front of his jeans. Maggie was used to all types of people in her line of work and was very good at knowing what kind of people they were. She didn’t like to stereotype and tried to avoid it like the plague, but this guy was ticking all the boxes to being a pimp. He moved himself so that he was standing in front of Alex and the girl. It made Maggie tense a little; he had made sure a barrier was now between him and her.

“Who’s this?”

He motioned to Maggie, hand migrating to the weapon, not at all hidden, in the front of his pants. Alex glanced along her peripherals, knowing that Maggie was also carrying; not wanting anything to start up.

“She’s with me..”

He placed his hand firmly around the grip of his weapon, looking back and forth between both Alex and Maggie.

“I don’t know her… or her business here.”

Alex stepped towards him, trying to keep him calm…

“You don’t need to know me… or my business here… just know that I’m here.”

He stared at a defiant Maggie and sucked his teeth before smiling broadly, pulling Alex into an embrace, making Maggie twitch with a simmering annoyance.

“Alex, she’s funny… and much better looking than all the other guns you bring here.”
Alex smiled back and removed herself from his embrace and back over to the young woman who just stood there, not having said a word since they had left the house earlier.

“Well Timor, a girls gotta have a little assurances when it comes to these sorts of things.”

He hummed and stepped over to the girl, brushing a loose strand of hair out of her face, examining his product.

“Is this your best?”

Alex stepped away from the girl and let Timor take her in. It almost made Maggie cringe, but the girl let it happen, let his hands slide over her, let his gaze go right through her.

“You know Angelo only ever sends you his best.”

Timor nodded and scratched his chin.

“JESSICA!”

A woman came down the stairs; heels, boob tube and high wasted barely there jeggings, covering well maintained curves.

“Take our guest up to meet the rest of the family.”

Jessica extended her hand towards the young woman, who took it and followed her up the stairs. Maggie made to step forward but was stopped by a gentle hand on her stomach by Alex reaching back. She stopped and eyed Timor who wore this shit eating grin, one that said to Maggie that she had no clue what she had gotten herself into, what she was now in the middle of or just how far she was going to have to be willing to go to.

“You know the price.”

Timor once again nodded and pulled out his phone.
“I’ve sent you the details of payment pick up… but girl you don’t need to make a delivery to come and see me.”

Before Maggie knew it, he had pulled Alex towards him, arms around her waist, head in the crook of her neck. It made Maggie’s stomach flop harshly, a fire rising up within her. She pulled out her gun from her waist band and put it to the dome of his head.

“You need to remove your hands from her, right now.”

Timor released Alex who stepped away from him.

“Good… Now apologise.”

Timor straightened up and put his hands up in front of himself.

“Okay girl… No hard feelings.. I’m sorry.”

Alex stepped forward and placed her hand on Maggie’s arm. She did as she was directed and lowered her gun, putting it back into her waistband.

“I’ll let you know when I’ve picked up the payment.

He nodded and softly smiled at Alex who had a bemused look on her face as she turned to walk out of the house. Maggie just stared at the man, a silent contract of touch her again and I’ll break your fingers passing between them.

Alex had decided that they would head back to the club to wait for the pick up time; another job that Maggie would be accompanying her on. The drive back from Timor’s had been silent and it had Maggie wondering just how many times Alex had been grabbed at, been poached as game rather than for the hunter that she was. As the SUV came to a stop at the rear of the club, next to Maggie’s triumph, a sigh rippled through her chest. Alex frowned and turned in her seat to face Maggie.
“Are you okay Mags?”

Maggie released her grip on the steering wheel and turned to face Alex.

“Are we seriously not going to talk about what happened back there?”

Alex let her shoulders sink and she grabbed one of Maggie’s hands, a soft look imprinting on her face.

“It was nothing… It was business thats all.”

Maggie looked down at her hand in Alex’s; a thumb caressing the back of her hand.

“You shouldn’t have to deal with that Alex. He doesn’t get to touch you.”

In that moment it dawned on Alex and it sent her senses into a free fall. Her heart hammered, her lungs ballooned and a fire burned at her core.

“You’re jealous?”

A statement rather than a question.

A flush screamed its way up Maggie’s neck and across her cheeks. She bit the inside of her cheek at the assumption; the true assumption. Her eyes flicked back to Alex’s, her gaze dancing in the afternoon sunlight reflected there.

Alex leant forward, a finger under Maggie’s chin directing her forwards.

“You don’t have to be jealous Maggie… I’ve only got eyes for you.”
Maggie nodded, unable to get her voice to work; a force holding her in place, a fixed point in time, inches away from Alex’s face, from Alex’s lips. Her gaze flicked down to them and her tongue slid over her own. Alex nodded and smiled as she brought their lips together, a barely there kiss before pulling back to look at Maggie’s lips.

Their usual dance began.

Will they?

Wont they?

Can I?

Please do.

Maggie brought her hand up and cupped Alex’s cheek, her thumb running over her lips; their soft flesh moulding to it as Alex kissed.

“I won’t let anyone touch you like that again…. I know you can take care of yourself but…”

Alex shook her head and kissed Maggie soundly, hoping that she was expressing everything she could have ever wanted to say. The kiss became heated.

Hands roaming.

Breath catching.

Minds spinning.

The pair jumped slightly as Jack knocked on the window of the SUV.

Alex burst out laughing, feeling like she’d been caught like a school girl making out with her crush underneath the bleachers. Maggie rested her forehead against Alex’s and chuckled herself.
“I guess that's not gonna look good on my performance review?…”

The statement made Alex laugh harder, and she covered her mouth trying to calm the sound; to Maggie it was the most beautiful sound in the world.

“Come on Danvers, let's go before we get ourselves sprung doing something really not good for my performance review…”

They had spent the afternoon avoiding Angelo and Jack after having been caught making out like teenagers in the car by hanging out in a private room at the back of the club. But soon it was time to get back to work and go and pick up the payment for the earlier transaction. So both Maggie and Alex slipped back into the SUV and headed out to the docks.

Maggie guided their vehicle through the maze of shipping containers to a particular row. As they pulled up, Maggie noticed that another vehicle was already present, lights projecting into the night air, almost blinding them as they came closer. Maggie felt her nerves shift, a tension building with in her muscles and a hollow opening in the pit of her stomach. She knew the feeling well. It heightened her sense and she tracked every possible exit she could to be on the safe side. She looked out of the windshield at the scene before them. The escalade with dead of night tint, chrome rims and shiny grill sat like a stallion ready for its big race. It was a thing of beauty, a status symbol Maggie knew could only have been gotten through rivers of blood, by pain and violence.

Glancing at Alex, Maggie nodded and got out of the car to open Alex’s door for her; it may have been the 21st century but chivalry wasn’t dead to her and it gave her an opportunity to further surveil the scene they were about to paint themselves into. Two men stood on either side of the vehicle, pistols in hand, another stood at the front of the car, metal brief case in one hand, gun in the other. She could also just begin to make out a figure inside the car, hidden by the tinted windows and limited lighting of the area. Her senses prickled as she opened the door and Alex stood down from the vehicle.

Alex noticed Maggie’s wariness and decided to allow the woman tasked to protect her to walk slightly a head until they reached the front of their own vehicle and took a few steps towards the other man who had done the same.

“Alex… right on time.”
Alex smirked and nodded at the man; like she had ever been anything but.

“You know me... always on time when it comes to business.”

The man chuckled and sucked his teeth like Timor had done earlier in the day. It put Maggie on edge and she took a slight step towards Alex, her hand migrating to where her gun sat, this time in its holster on her hip, covered by her leather jacket.

“How many of these have we done Alex?... How many deals have we successfully completed, without anything going wrong?”

Alex frowned slightly at the question and the assumption that this deal was going to some how go awry.

“Is there a reason I should think this deal is going to be different..”

The man shrugged and raised his gun towards Alex’s head. Within a second Maggie sprang forward and placed herself in front of Alex, gun raised at the man in front of her..

“There she is..”

Maggie frowned stepping a little closer to the man.

“Here I am..”

She wasn't sure how but she knew she had to get the payment and Alex to safety.. but if it came down to it, Alex was going to be the priority.

“Timor had said you were a strong willed woman... he also said that you embarrassed him in front your boss... he doesn't like to be embarrassed.”
A smirk bit at the corner of Maggie’s lips as she recalled her earlier encounter with Timor.

“Funny.. seems like he is still embarrassed if he’s not here in person to tell me that I hurt his feelings..”

The man spat and stepped closer, his gun level with Maggie’s head.

“Timor doesn’t get his hands dirty… that’s what he pays me for..”

Maggie took a slow breath in and steadied herself. It was becoming increasingly clear what this was; not a payment pick up but a calculated revenge plot too soothe Timor’s burned ego.

“Right... or.. he sent you because he couldn’t bare to face me..”

She felt Alex shift behind her and before she could react a shot rang out behind her, skimming past head, exploding into the man on the left hand side of the car.

Her heart thumped heavily in her chest, as her surroundings slowed to almost millisecond fractions. She watched as the body fell, scattering dust. Her gaze flicked to the man in front of her, his surprise at the events firmly fixed to his face. His gaze caught hers, a snarl flicking its way across his face, his finger tightening on the trigger.

Maggie knew it was now or never.. this moment.

A shot rang out.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Alex does her best for Maggie considering the world they are both involved in. Maggie puts herself in Alex's hands and Alex realises somethings.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all those who read and commented on the last chapter. Comments fuel me and they have sparked the muse to write this chapter fast than most of the other ones in this story. This one is full of ups and downs, twists and turn. Feel free to yell at me about it in the comments. ALSO A LITTLE NOD TO ANOTHER OF MY FAV SHOWS/ SHIPS IN THIS CHAPTER. Hit me up in the comments if you know which one it is! Hope you enjoy the chapter and the many more to come!

She felt like she was in a bubble.

Everything around her was muffled like she was under water. Only her heavy breaths breaking through the barrier. She swallowed hard trying to clear her ears but nothing worked.

She felt numb.

Not cold.

But numb.

Like she was dead inside. She had felt it before; had always felt it.

A weight in her chest, a cold touch infecting every part of her; her soul black as night.
But that was before.

Before….

Maggie frowned.

Apart from her heavy breaths and heart beat pounding in her ears, she could hear something else trying to pierce the seemingly invisible barrier that had set itself up around her.

As she tried to force herself to hear the sound properly, her breaths became quicker and harder to come by; her heart constricting painfully at the lack of oxygen, her lungs screaming.

She tried to look around her, to see where the sound was coming from but was frozen, unable to make herself move at all, until the limited air was leaving her lungs, and she was stumbling sideways, a body crashing in to hers..

The world came screaming back into focus.

Her breath still heavy but filtering its way through her lungs, everything around her was visible again.

Arm outstretched.

Elbow locked in position.

A body crumpled on the ground in front of her.

“Maggie! We’ve got to go… NOW!”

Like a spell had been undone, Maggie turned her head towards Alex; eyes locking.
Alex pulled at Maggie’s arm, unsticking her legs from their cemented position. She stumbled towards Alex but turned back for a split second noticing the metal briefcase lying on the ground next to the body. Retching her arm free from Alex’s grip she dove for the case, grabbing its handle.

More, now what she knew to be gun shots, rang out around her.

A volley of fire from in front and behind her.

Alex was firing back at the two men at either side of the car; taking out one.

Maggie fired at the man on the other side, watching as his body spun and crashed to the ground as a bullet hit him in the chest.

Scrambling back towards the SUV, Maggie made sure she could see Alex doing the same before jumping in the drivers seat. Throwing the vehicle in reverse, turning them around, screeching out of the area through the maze of shipping containers away from the carnage, back towards the club.

Maggie stole quick glances at Alex every so often, trying to gauge how she was. Alex kept an eye out behind them until they cleared the docks and were on seemingly normal streets.

The SUV swerved in and out of traffic, probably faster than it should have been as to not attract attention but all Maggie could think about was getting as far away from where they had just been. She was breathing heaving and as her adrenaline faded, a piercing heat plagued her left side…

Gripping the steering wheel tightly with one hand, Maggie palmed her side. A pain shot into her and she winced, catching Alex’s attention..

“Are you okay..?”

Maggie nodded and and put her blood slick hand back onto the steering wheel.

Alex frowned and moved Maggie’s leather jacket to the side, revealing a blood soaked shirt underneath. Maggie winced again as the jacket moved against her.
“Shit, Maggie did you get shot?”

Maggie kept her focus on the road in front of her and in making sure she didn’t kill them in a crash. They were almost back to the club any way… She would be fine.

Wouldn’t she?

She had to be.

She did not just go through all of that to die from a bullet wound.

“I’ll be fine Alex… I gotta get you and the payment back to the club. That’s the mission. You are the priority.”

Alex shuffled in her seat and took a closer look at the wound and at Maggie’s overall condition. She had beads of sweat coating her forehead; mixed with smears of blood as she tried to wipe the away. Her colour had faded to a pasty greyish, white and Alex could tell she was gritting her teeth through the pain. Although the slick shirt was somewhat stuck to Maggie’s side, Alex could tell that the wound was still bleeding and that if she didn’t do something to stop it soon, things could get even worse than what they already were.

Before she could do anything, the SUV came to a stop in the back parking lot of Club Cadmus and Alex found herself stumbling out of the vehicle after Maggie who clung to the side mirror as she closed the door. Without even hesitating, Alex picked Maggie up in her arms, Maggie groaning in pain, still clutching the brief case close to her. Making her way through the maze like veins of the underground area of the club, Alex brushed everything off the wooden desk in the main area of the underground that she had been in only hour before. Placing Maggie onto the desk, she opened the leather jacket and lifted the bloodied shirt to get a better look at the wound. The action made Maggie fidget, to try and get away from Alex’s hands but Alex held her down with a hand to her chest and a look into her eye.

“I know you’re scared and in pain but I need to take a look at the wound and figure out how stop the bleeding. You need to trust me okay? Can you do that?”

Maggie nodded and gritted her teeth as Alex poked around the wound, trying to get a better look. More blood spilled out of small hole in Maggie’s side and Alex removed her shirt which made
Maggie chuckled, if only slightly.

“If I knew this is what it took to get you out of your shirt Danvers, I should get shot more often.”

Alex raised an eyebrow and threw some major side eye that Maggie knew was her way of saying she was going to pay for that comment later; and as if to emphasis her point, Alex pressed the balled up shirt into Maggie’s side causing her to grimace.

“You know what Dr. Danvers, I don’t think I approve of your bedside manner.”

Alex knew this was Maggie’s way of dealing with the very real situation she found herself in. Reaching into her pocket for her phone, Alex dialled Jack’s number.

“Jack… I need you to get here now! Maggie’s been shot and I have to get the bullet out and stop the bleeding.”

Without waiting for a reply, Alex hung up the phone and let it fall from her grip, clattering onto the top of the table beside Maggie’s legs.

“You’re gonna get me outta this right Alex?… Cause it would kinda ruin my street cred if I was to die by a gang banger’s stray bullet.”

She tried to smile but barely managed to move the corners of her mouth. Even though they hadn’t known each other that long, Alex knew Maggie was scared; she had seen the look many times before. Even from the people she thought to be tough as nails; they all eventually would ask in one way or another whether this was it, whether they were going to die.

Alex didn’t always know the answer but would always reassure them, even if it turned out to be wrong.

But this time, she knew Maggie was going to be just fine. She had to be. There was no way Alex was going to let her die, not like this. Leaning over her, so Maggie could see her, Alex look her in the eyes. Maggie’s were red and slick with tears she didn’t want me shed but looking up at Alex opened up something inside of her and a trail of tears slipped from the corner’s of her eyes and slid down her face. She closed her eyes to hide from Alex.
“Look at me.”

Maggie still held her eyes shut, until Alex caressed her face with a thumb, coaxing her out of hiding.

“You… are gonna be just fine. I promise… I’ll get the bullet out and fix you right up…and you’ll have a souvenir scar.”

Maggie looked into Alex’s eyes, trying to figure out if she was just telling her what she needed to hear, but only found a solid truth and reassurance staring back at her. She nodded as more tears slipped down her cheeks and a smirk pulled at the corner of her mouth.

“Do chicks dig scars?”

Alex shook her head in amusement and placed a gentle kiss to Maggie’s lips just as Jack ran into the room.

“Baby D… what the hell happened?”

Alex look at him as he came rushing forward, relieved he was there.

“I don’t have time to explain J… I need you to go into my office and get that hard case that sits in the corner, the black one… That bottle of bourbon from the desk and I’m also gonna need towels, or something clean, whatever you can find… “

He hesitated for a moment, looking at the blood covering Alex’s hands.

“GO!”

Jack nodded and sprinted away to get the things Alex had requested of him. While still holding pressure to the wound in Maggie’s side, Alex rummaged through the draw by her thigh for what she knew to be hiding there. She leaned over Maggie once again.
“I’m not gonna lie to you Maggie… what I’m about to do is going to hurt… and I don’t have any anaesthetic or anything to knock you out… but I’m gonna need you to stay very still.”

Alex raised her other hand from below Maggie’s field of vision and held up the handcuffs. Maggie eyed the cuffs and then looked directly back up at Alex and nodded.

“I trust you Danvers…Do what you have to do.”

Maggie closed her eyes as Alex clicked the hand cuffs into place; around her wrists, onside to the handle of a draw and the other to one of the ornate rings jutting from a gold lions mouth that decorated the front side of the desk.

Jack returned with all that Alex had asked him to get.

Alex placed the hard case on the chair beside her and cracked its locks open. She rummaged through it pulling out a bottle of antiseptic gel, squeezing a sizeable amount onto her hand and then tossed the bottle to Jack who caught it flustered.

“What do I need this for?”

Rubbing her hands together, Alex looked at him.

“I may need you to help me with this.”

He looked from the bottle to Maggie, and then up to Alex.

“Help you do what exactly?”

Alex rummaged through the case some more and began pulling a few things out of it she needed, including a scalpel, which she held up to Jack.

“What I’m about to do is going to hurt and she is going to want to move and try and stop me… It’s also very delicate so if she moves while I’m using this she will end up doing more damage and I
Jack gulped hard, trying to clear his dry throat, eyes still locked onto the scalpel.

“I need to know you can do this J…”

Jack broke his gaze from the instrument and looked at Alex and nodded.

“I can do this baby D… I can help.”

She nodded and he applied the gel to his hands. Alex then instructed him to roll up one of the towels and place it under Maggie’s head, so that it was slightly elevated. Maggie was silent, whether that was from fear or pain, Alex didn’t know. She took a swig from the bottle bourbon, and hissed as it burned its way down her throat. Pulling on some latex gloves, Alex leant over Maggie.

“Hey Mags… I’m going to start now okay?…”

Maggie nodded, trying to quell the nerves that she felt building within her. With Jack’s help Maggie took a swig of the bourbon that Alex had handed to him.

Alex took a breath to steady herself. Her mind was racing and her heart was pounding and every emotion she could possibly be having was rushing through her veins. She shook it off and placed a steadying hand onto Maggie’s abdomen; fingers splayed acting as a sort of retractor, holding Maggie firmly. Alex threw her gaze over at Jack who nodded and placed his arms across Maggie’s chest and pelvis to hold her in place.

With the scalpel, Alex began to make the wound a little wider; as soon as the blade sliced through Maggie’s flesh she began to scream. The sound almost shattered Alex’s heart completely; tears welling in her eyes at the pain she was causing her. Maggie tried to move but Jack held her as still as he could. As Alex retracted the blade from her skin, Maggie blew breaths through her gritted teeth, trying to quell the rising tide of sick in her stomach brought on by the amount of pain she was in. She looked up at Alex, eyes pleading with her to make it stop… Deep down Maggie knew that what Alex was doing had to be done, she was saving her life; all she had to do was hold out a little bit longer..

Alex focused on what was in front of her. After having opened the wound up a little more, to get a
better view of what she was dealing with, she pick up her forceps and inched the end into the wound. Maggie screamed again, tears streaming from her eyes, shaking her head, wanting it to be all over. It shook Alex to her core and she thought she wouldnt be able to continue if she heard Maggie scream any more. Grabbing a smaller hand towel that Jack had brought in with everything else, Alex placed it in Maggie’s mouth, teeth clamping onto it straight away. Maggie knew it was so that Alex could work and not have her screaming with every movement, distracting her. She looked up at Alex again and nodded for her to proceed.

The cotton muffled Maggie’s screams enough for Alex to concentrate as she located the bullet lodged in her girlfriends side; its metallic surface a little slippery, coated in blood. She got a good grip on it with her forceps and gentle eased it out the path it had entered. Blood spilled out of the wound and onto the table top, Alex’s shoe and the floor as the bullet gave one last final rebellion against Maggie’s skin. As she pulled it clear, she watched Maggie’s eyes roll into the back of her head, passing out. Alex sighed and applied pressure to the wound for a moment, before pulling back the towel and beginning to suture it closed.

Jack watched as Alex worked in silence, threading the needle through one side of the ripped flesh in to the other, pulling the two pieces together to make it whole again. It amazed him that Alex had the steel to finish what she was doing. Sure she had sewn up many of Angelo’s boys, including himself at some stage or another, but he knew this time it was different.

This was Maggie.

Jack had come to like Maggie very much. He had seen the way Alex had opened up and become happier since she had been in her life, had noticed how Maggie protected Alex from anything and everything bad. They had, had many conversations where Maggie had told him something new about the world or about himself and he felt more like a person than just a muscle man for hire. Maggie had become apart of the Club Cadmus family, and now as she lay on the table, Alex basically knee deep in her insides, trying to put the piece of her back together, Jack could see that if this didnt work, Alex would be lost to everyone forever.

As she pulled the last stitch through and had tied it off, Alex looked at the ceiling, tears finally succumbing to gravity, rolling down her cheeks. She had made it. Done everything she could to make sure Maggie was gonna be okay and now it was just a waiting game, to see if everything was going to in fact be alright. Placing a dressing over the wound, Alex made sure her handy work would hold and hopefully be free from anything problems.

After packing up everything and putting the black hard case on the ground, Alex sat on the chair it had been on. She looked down at herself, in just a bra, her jeans and now blood stained shoes. It had felt like a marathon but in reality she knew it had been over as quickly as it had begun. She looked up as Jack moved from un cuffing one of Maggie’s hands to the other on the side where Alex sat. He knelt down beside the chair and looked at Alex, weary, tear stained eyes looking back at him. He
nodded and undid the cuff and carefully pulled Maggie into his arms, a gentle giant in the midst of so much madness. He carried her to Alex’s office and placed her down on the couch that sat across one wall, covering her still unconscious body with a blanket.

When he came back out he could see Alex was beginning to clean up the mess; blood pools, marked towels and office paraphernalia she had swept across the room in her haste to treat Maggie. Striding over to Alex, he lifted her to her feet and shook his head.

“Baby D.. I got this.. Go watch over your girl..”

She tried to protest but with a gentle finger under her chin and understanding eyes, he shook his head.

“Alex.. please. She needs you.. and you could do with the quiet. I’ll take care of everything.”

Alex nodded, palming the bullet off the top of the desk, holding it tightly.

“I will need you to do one more thing for me… She’s gonna need antibiotics..”

Jack nodded, understanding what she needed him to do without her actually having to say it. She turned to leave but stopped short and turned back towards him.

“Thank you J.”

With a tight lipped smile and sad eyes, he watched her disappear into her office, pulling the door to.

Alex watched and waited.

It was all she could do.
Hours passed.

Jack had returned with a bag full of everything Alex was going to need.

Antibiotics.

Fluids.

Bandages.

A change of clothes for her and something more comfortable for Maggie to change into when she regained consciousness.

And if Alex was honest she wasn't exactly sure when that was gonna be. She had administered the drugs and the fluids in a hope that it would help things move along faster but she knew that having surgery on a table in a less than sterile environment, without so much as a lick of anaesthesia, would take its toll and thus its time to repair.

It had been hours.

Alex had sat.

Alex had stood.

Alex had paced.

Alex had hovered.

It had been hours.
Sitting on the floor, back leant against the couch near Maggie’s head, hand in her own, Alex stared at the bullet she had pulled out of Maggie, now in a small clear, plastic container. She had seen many bullets in her time working for Angelo, some of which she had fired into others. Every time one of Angelo’s men needed patching up or medical attention, Alex would be pulled off duties elsewhere and she would be the Club’s makeshift doctor. It hadn't occurred to Alex just how normal this had all become; from that very first time she helped save somebody to now.

But this time was different.

This time it was someone she really cared about.

Someone that she loved.

It had only been a few months but Alex had never felt like this about anyone before and if she was honest, she had felt it that first night at the club. Maggie’s hands all over her, seeking her pleasure with prolonged kisses and expert touches. It had been the first time, well ever, that she had been taken care of without it having been transactional. She had fought herself for so long. Had hid who she was tried to make herself something she knew she could never be, until one day she stopped trying to be anything at all. Maggie had caught her eye that night a a spark reignited something within in her and as they continued to spend more and more time together, Alex felt the pull of her heart beginning to beat once again.

It had been the most glorious feeling..

But right now all she felt was fear.

So there she sat.

For hours.

Until the hand in her own twitched and squeezed back gently.

Alex turned slowly and looked at Maggie, eyes fluttering open. A smile spread across Alex’s face; one that could have split her face in two, reaching her eyes.
Maggie swallowed hard, trying to coax her voice into presenting itself.

“Hey Danvers…”

The tears fell freely from Alex’s eyes now and she didn’t even care. A swell of happiness bundled up her insides, her heart beating out the perfect rhythm against the cage that held it captive, threatening to break free and dance.

Alex laughed and leant up and placed a gentle kiss to Maggie’s lips.

“Don’t you ever do that to me again Sawyer… You hear me. Or I’ll kick your ass!”

Maggie smiled softly up at her girlfriend, the hint of dimples hiding behind a mask of pain.

“Is that a promise?”
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

A little domestic/ cute/ fluffy Sanvers mixed in with a few home truths and getting back to it after everything that has gone down

Chapter Notes

Hi All! I feel like the worst human ever for not having updated this in like forever, but HERE is a chapter, not the usual action packed as such but that comes back next chapter...

Maggie tried not to grimace as she shifted position to get up off Alex’s bed but the sudden pain coursing through her made her suck in a sharp breath, jaw set tightly.

She froze.

Praying to whatever god existed that Alex hadn't noticed.

But of course she had. It was Alex.

Alex Danvers; this amazingly, perfect, kind, caring, badass woman, had noticed Maggie.

Not just now. No.

In the before. When they had first met. She had eyed Maggie from across the club.

 Noticed the way her hips swayed this way and that.
Noticed how her hands travelled up and down her own body.

Noticed her own eyes locked on to the woman across the dance floor.

Her eyes had said so much that night. Told her secrets no one else knew and right now those same eyes were filled with worry and staring right through her as Alex practically threw herself across the bed to make sure Maggie was alright.

“Maggie?... what is it? are you okay? What do you need.”

Maggie’s look softened as Alex settled in front of her; a small smile lifting her lips.

“A.. I’m fine.. It’s been three weeks. I’m just getting over being stuck in bed all day.”

She cupped Alex’s cheek gently, trying to reassure her that she was indeed okay.

“But you’re still in pain.”

Maggie nodded and pecked Alex’s lips lightly.

“Yes I am but I had expected to be after being shot and having someone fiddle with my insides.”

She kisses her again with a little more force, lingering a little longer, enjoying the relaxed smile on Alex’s face.

“Do you need more pain killers or for me to get you anything or?” Alex made to leave but Maggie grabbed for her wrist and gently guided her back towards her, making her sit as close as possible.

“Alex seriously, I’m fine… it just pulls a bit when I stretch too far. I promise I’ll let you know when it's all too much.”
Maggie kisses Alex again, this time she gives everything she has, almost knocking the air out of her lungs.

Alex moans into Maggie’s mouth as she struggles to remain in control of herself. It had indeed been three weeks since Alex had patched up this glorious woman, who was currently painting masterpieces in her mouth with her tongue and Alex had made sure that Maggie felt safe, secure, cared for and not pressured to do anything she wasn’t ready for.

Her lungs burned and as she pulled back Alex knew that her lips were swollen and that she had a disappointed look on her face. Maggie smiled at her and she felt her guts melted she swooned hard, but as Maggie made to kiss her again, Alex out gentle palms to her shoulders, stopping her.

“hmmm.. Maggie hold on.”

Alex closes her eyes and Maggie sees how hard she is fighting every muscle in her body not to jump Maggie right then and there.

“Come on Danvers… You’ve taken such good care of me… let me take care of you.”

Alex felt the heat pooling in her core intensify; she wanted Maggie more than anything but didn’t want her to hurt herself any further. She began fidgeting with the hem of her henley until Maggie hooked a finger under her chin.

“Alex please look at me?…”

Alex worried her bottom lip between her teeth as her eyes found Maggie’s.

“Please Alex, let me take care of you… I promise I won’t do anything to hurt myself any further.”

It was in that moment that Alex realised that Maggie wasn't just wanting to make sure she felt good but rather to do as she had done and make her feel safe, and loved and secure and cared for. She remained silent, searching Maggie’s eyes for any signs of doubt, of conflict, of unease but found only desire, want, need and love.
Maggie’s eyes softened further as Alex looked at her.

“Alex what is it?”

Alex’s eyes bristled with tears of realisation.

“You love me…”

It was more a statement than a question and it made Maggie’s heart swell with pride and acceptance and happiness.

“Well I was hoping to get to say it to you first but yes, Alex Danvers I do love you. Ride or die.”

The tears in Alex’s eyes began to fall and Maggie did her best to catch them with the pads of her thumbs, her hands cupping Alex’s cheeks softly.

“You don’t owe me anything Maggie.”

Maggie frowned.

“Yes Danvers I do.. I owe you a hell of a lot… but thats not why I love you. Yes you saved my life but that just cemented how I think I’ve always felt about you. The first time I saw you in that club I wasn't expecting anything, I wasn't looking for anything but then you smiled, poured me a drink without asking what I wanted and without words, set a calmness inside of me that said, there is something about this woman that I’d give up everything for… and I will Alex, give up everything for you, but only if you want me to.”

As Maggie fell silent, she felt exposed and vulnerable; she’d laid down her cards. Her true cards… not the “I’m a cop undercover, needing to hold onto my cover, so I’m telling you what you want to hear” cards.

No.

Maggie felt Alex in her bones, in her soul.
It was like nothing she had experienced before and as much as she knew this was going to end badly, she was going to try and make sure that Alex came out the other side unscathed.

She looked at Alex, trying to make sure she was understanding what she was saying, because lord knew in the past she’d had the worst time at making herself clear in relationships and this was definitely one she didn’t want to get wrong; no matter how it had started.

Alex’s eyes met hers and the spark in them ignited into a fire; a raging inferno that Maggie could tell was going to burn everything down around them but she didn’t care. Alex was wildfire and Maggie had only ever been standing in the rain before now; until Alex.

“So you’re saying you actually love me?… cause thats what I’m getting…”

The watery smile on Alex’s face was everything and Maggie chuckled at the reference to the time she had told Alex she had liked her for the first time.

“Yes you nerd..”

Alex cupped Maggie’s face in her hands, the warmth of her skin jolting through her into her already bursting heart.

“I love you to Maggie Sawyer.”

Alex kissed her then.

She kissed her soft.

Kissed her slow.

Kissed her perfect.
Because Maggie, Maggie, Maggie.

The water had been steaming when they got in but now only a warm envelope remained, matching that of Maggie’s arms around Alex’s body. Alex trailed delicate finger tips up and down Maggie’s strong arms, painting thank you’s and I love you’s into her soft skin. Her back melted into Maggie’s chest, her head resting perfectly on her shoulder like it had been made only for that purpose. Maggie’s lips were soft against the side of Alex’s head and the pair had just lost themselves in holding each other together, placing the pieces of themselves in the spaces they both provided each other.

“You okay there Danvers?”

Alex nodded ever so slightly and laced her fingers in between Maggie’s own.

“If I can stay like this forever then yes.. I am absolutely perfect.”

Maggie shifted forward off the back of the bathtub, wrapping her arms further around Alex’s chest, lips butterflying across her shoulder.

“I want nothing more than to stay like this but we are going to have to talk about the fact that I’m going back to work tomorrow..”

Alex’s phone had rung as she was drawing the bath and to her surprise Alex had handed it to her. Angelo wanted to speak to her about when she was going to be back on board at the club. It seemed that Maggie had garnered a reputation with Angelo and the people who worked for him. It was one of respect, gratitude and of belonging. She had been fully accepted into the inner circle and all it had taken was Maggie getting shot protecting Alex, his drugs, his money and showing all his enemies that he had an enforcer willing to do anything including kill for him.

She had told him she was feeling better and that if he needed her to be at the club then she would be. If had become like a law that where ever Alex was, Maggie would be. Angelo wanted Alex protected at all times and apparently Maggie had shown that she was willing to put it all on the line to do just that.
Alex turned in Maggie’s arms slightly and looked up at her.

“You know you don’t have to go back. I can tell Angelo that you are done and that he needs to leave you alone.”

Maggie kissed Alex’s rambling lips before pulling back, a soft smile etching its way across her face.

“You’re scared aren’t you Danvers?”

Alex began to fidget a little until Maggie tilted her head up with a finger under her chin.

“Thank you.. But you don’t need to worry… I’m a big girl.. I can take care of myself and as it turns out all I’ll be doing it taking care of you… making sure I get to kick everyone’s ass who even tries anything with you… I’d like to think its more of my life’s mission than a job."

Alex looked at Maggie, eyes locked, a worry projected through them.

“It was protecting me that you almost died Maggie. You got shot keeping me safe.”

It hit Maggie then.

It wasn’t that Alex didn’t want Maggie around, it was that she didn’t want to be the reason she could potentially get hurt again. Maggie knew that it was as far from the truth as it could get.

“Alex, I didn’t get shot because of you. It wasn’t your fault. I got shot because I’m the new player in all of this and didn’t know my place. I was out of line back at that house, I made a fool out of them. I got shot because a man didn’t like the way I spoke to him… That is all…and besides I’m pretty sure that no one is going to mess with Angelo or anyone else from our Club CADMUS family with me around. I knew what I was getting into when I signed on… I know you can take care of yourself and I would never try and say other wise but I would take that bullet for you again and again.. because thats what ride or die is Danvers.”

Alex has never been one to succumb to possession and knew Maggie had not meant to sound like she owned her but in this moment Alex felt proud to belong to someone; someone who would do
anything and everything for her. Closing her eyes, Alex kissed Maggie, a hand on the back of her neck, grounding her. She felt Maggie shift closer, the arm around her gripping her hip below the waters surface, tongue begging for entrance into her mouth, a plea happily obliged by Alex.

A heat blossomed in the pit of Maggie’s stomach that burnt its path into her core, causing her hips to shift closer to Alex; an unconscious move that did not go unnoticed by the pair. Alex pulled back from the kiss, eyes shining in the dim light of the dancing shadows cast across the walls by the candles on the vanity. The question was silent but they both knew the answer, Alex confirming it with a slight nod. She relaxed back into Maggie’s shoulder and watched as she painted a path with gentle fingers from her shoulder, down over her sternum, through her breasts, across her stomach and then disappear below the waters surface. Her breath caught dangerously as she felt Maggie’s fingers begin to tease her; one of her own hands gripping the side of the tub. Maggie whispered sweet nothings into her ear and her grip on the side of the tub was all that held her up apart from Maggie’s strong arms.

“Raise your knees.”

Alex obeyed immediately; knees rising from the water, her back arching slightly, a small gasp escaping her lips as Maggie’s fingers slipped inside her, the heel of her hand applying pressure just where she needed it.

Maggie watch Alex’s chest rise and fall, setting herself a rhythm. She could feel the muscles in Alex’s stomach writhing and contracting under arm as she tried to control her breathing. She knew it wasn't going to take much to get Alex off and she didn’t care. She was too much in love with the sight revealing itself before her, too much in love with the woman coming undone in her arms. As she continued, she adjusted herself to the way Alex’s body moved, the signals it was throwing out like sparks of electricity telling her that Alex wasn't going to last much longer and Maggie wasn't going to make her. Alex had given everything to her in the past few weeks and had not asked for anything in return, and in some instances had refused when offered to be loved. The hand Alex wrapped around the back of her neck tightened its grip, causing Maggie to bite her lip and curl her fingers inside Alex as she continued to slip in and out of her.

They both came undone then.

Maggie guided Alex through the ripples of her orgasm, through the heavy breaths wracking her chest, through releasing her grip on the side of the tub. The water was well and truly cold now and their fingers beyond pruned but neither of them cared. The warmth between them sufficed as they took tender moments for themselves; silent promises to each other that no matter what happened they were in this together.

After cleaning themselves up and draining the tub of its water, Maggie had wrapped Alex in a towel
and scooped her up into her arms and had carried her to bed. She did it not only to prove to Alex that she was indeed fine but to show her that she was loved and taken care of, just like Alex had done for her over the past few weeks. The pair fell asleep in each others arms. Alex death gripped Maggie’s arms as Maggie spooned her from behind, their bodies seeming to melt into each other as one, legs tangled together beneath cool sheets.

The sun had risen long before either had stirred from sleep, still safely wrapped in each others arms and it had been late afternoon before they had left the bed in search of caffeine and food. Alex had watched as Maggie chose a shirt from her closet and approved greatly as the material of one of Alex’s flannels slipped its way down her body. They were definitely going to have to get some more clothes from Maggie’s apartment, which had sat vacant for the past month as Alex took care of her, but definitely didn’t mind the sight of Maggie in her clothes. Alex had decided on a pair of black skinny jeans, a form fitting grey tank top and her leather jacket before they were both ready to head back out into the world; back to the realities of Club CADMUS.

Alex drove, one hand on the wheel, the other interlaced with Maggie’s own on her thigh. They drove in silence expect for the soft strains of the radio, playing some band Maggie didn’t quite recognise. Maggie looked out the window, watching the streets pass as they drove by and before she knew it they were pulling into the back carpark of Club CADMUS and Alex was coaxing her out of her own mind with the gentle touch of her thumb to the back of her hand.

“Babe?… You okay?”

Maggie shook off her daydream state and smiled at her.

“Yeah, was just lost in my own thoughts for a second there.”

Alex brought there joined hands to her lips and kissed them.

“You sure? Cause we haven’t left the car yet so technically I can still call in sick and we can go back home to bed.”

She waggled her eyebrows suggestively causing Maggie to laugh; dimples on full display. Maggie caressed the side of Alex’s face and shook her head.

“No… I’m okay. I promise. It’s gonna be fine… an easy night. Just your run of the mill drunks, handsy ass holes and girls who I’m not gonna like taking too long of a look at you.”
Alex smirked and leant in so that she was barely a breath away from Maggie’s lips.

“Jealous there Sawyer?”

She kissed her softly; a barely there touch that sent a shiver through to Maggie’s soul.

“Don’t worry... I’ve only got eyes for you..”

This time Maggie pulled Alex towards her, a more lingering kiss playing out before the pair exited the SUV and entered the back door of the club, reserved for staff, Angelo’s men and the occasional drunk douchebag that had to be thrown out after a thorough going over.

Jack was the first one to seem them.

He smiled wide as Maggie came into his view. It was rare and Maggie felt emotional at the thought of it being used for her. Jack was usually stoic and stone faced.

“Hey Sawyer! Good to see you back with us...”

Maggie smiled back at him; thankful for what he had done to help Alex that night.

“Me to J... Thanks for not letting me die... I appreciate it... Drinks are on me next time we’re out.”

He chuckled, hugged her gently and kissed Alex’s forehead before heading on his way.

Alex blew a heavy breath through her lips as they entered Angelo’s office. Maggie could sense a shift within her. Her eyes locked onto the desk before her, images of its disarray playing in her mind; only now it stood regal, items arranged in order, and no one lay on it bleeding.

Maggie slipped her hand into Alex’s and felt her squeeze back in response; she just needed a minute. They walked further into the room and over to Angelo who sat behind the desk.
“Maggie!”

He stood and came around the front of the desk and pulled her into an embrace. She was slightly confused but hugged him back anyway.

“Angelo.. sorry it’s been a while!”

His laugh echoed around the space as he stood back and looked at them both.

“Nonsense! I’m just glad that you’re okay and that you’re still with us… from what Alex and Jack told me it was touch and go there for a while.”

Alex leant into Maggie’s arm and smiled; she bristled with pride that she was able to save her but also with the joy of not having had Maggie die on her watch.

“She did most of the work Angelo…”

He smiled again and nodded.

“Yes… she did. I’d like to thank you for keeping Alex safe and for keeping those ass holes in line. They needed to be shown that they cant mess with us.”

Maggie shook her head.

“No need to thank me for doing my job. I’ll do what ever I have to, to protect Alex. I just reacted to the situation.”

Angelo nodded and moved back behind his desk and opened its top draw. He pulled out a holstered weapon and handed it to Maggie who stepped forward to grab it.

“I believe that this… belongs to you.”
Maggie let the weight of it ground her, let it pull her back into focus… on what she was there for, onto what she had to do.

“Thank you.”

He waved her off and smiled as he sat down.

“You're family Maggie… we take care of our own… Anyway, should be an easy night. You get to sit at the bar, have a few drinks and make sure no one messes with this one.”

He points at Alex and laughs.

“I think I can manage that.”

Alex hugged Angelo tightly, whispering thanks into his ears. He let her go and they both went up into the bustle of the club; it wasn't too late yet but Maggie knew the club would fill up fast. She took up her seat at the furthest end of the bar and Alex set her up with a glass and bottle of scotch. She sat and she watch and her mind ran a hundred miles an hour.

It had been a few months since she had contacted base about this UC mission and given her current state and involvement she knew she was going to need some help at some point. She just hoped it would be long before everything went to hell and her world got caught up in the flames.

It was now a waiting game. A game Maggie had to figure out how to play carefully.
Things are either falling apart or being the best they've ever been. Maggie was trying to make it the latter but it just didn't seem like she could keep all the pieces from cascading down around her.

Maggie let the white ceramic warm her hands. It was a simple pleasure that she tried to indulge in often; even if she was just having a cup of coffee at home. People seemed to have forgotten how to stop, experience and feel; walking around, heads buried in their smart phones, cardboard cups delivering caffeine hits but nothing else.

Apart from warming her hands, the cup served as a distraction from what she was doing sat in a coffee shop at a table close to the back, out of view from the street. She wasn’t a fan of this cloak and dagger stuff but it had been verging on months since she had checked in with her superiors and after the events leading up to and including her shooting, she figured she should at least notify Henry as to what was happening and where she was with setting up the take down.

Her soul ached with any thought of taking down CADMUS and Angelo. She knew Angelo and his organisation needed to be stopped but stopping him meant that Alex was going to be in the crossfire; she was going to bring them down but she was as sure as hell going to make sure Alex wasn’t apart of the damage, collateral or otherwise.

She sighed and slumped back against the booth chair, its leather squishing with the force. Closing her eyes Maggie tried to catch a minute to herself; tried to calm the calamity in her mind.

“Jesus Sawyer... You look like crap.”

And there was; reality crashing down on her.

The air caught in her lungs, almost as if sucked out by the cold, hard vacuum of space. She gritted her teeth and opened her eyes to the sight of Alex Henry before her, disposable coffee cup and phone in hand. He sat down across from her in the booth and looked her over; she gave him a minute to eyeball her but nothing longer than that.
“It’s good to see you too Henry.”

He raised his hands in surrender and lent back against the booth.

“Sorry, it’s just.. its been months Maggie.. No one has heard from you. No updates, nothing.”

Maggie picked at a non existent speck on her mug and tried to order her thoughts… to tell him something… anything that wasn’t the truth, anything that wouldn’t implicate Alex any further into this game.

“I can’t come running every five minutes to give every little detail over to the big wigs… I’m handling the situation and when everything is in place I will let you know.”

Henry shifted forward, elbows planted onto the table; closer to where Maggie sat looking at him.

“I don’t think thats gonna fly anymore Maggie. The big wigs are worried you are becoming compromised… that there are factors that are preventing you from pulling the trigger on this thing. The instructions are that you have two weeks to set this thing up and then with or without you, the take down is going to happen.”

Maggie felt a rage building within her. They had chosen her for this UC job and now they weren’t even going to let her do her job. She resented Henry in this moment, flaunting the truth that no one else was meant to be privy to. She was pissed that she was in this position. Normally nothing like this would ever happen on a UC mission but it wasn’t on every mission that she met anyone remotely like Alex Danvers.

She internally berated herself for having to succumb to temptation but held steadfast in her commitment to saving this amazing women who just happens to be on the wrong side.

“This is MY mission… I’m the one on the inside. If they do this wrong, things could go very bad and a lot of innocent people could get hurt. I know Angelo and CADMUS need to be taken down, why do you think I am doing this? Why do you think I would give up my life, my friends, my family to chase this down if I wasn’t going to get it done. And you can tell HQ that the only thing that I’m compromised by is their lack of faith in the very person they chose for this.”
Henry stared into her eyes and saw the fire behind them. Maggie knew he wasn’t smart enough to connect it to the fact that she was terrified that this was all going to hell but she prayed he took it to mean that she meant nothing but business and that all she needed was a little more time before the cavalry came in all guns blazing.

“Okay Sawyer. I get it. I’ll try and hold them off for a little longer…”

She nodded at him and took a sip of her now lukewarm coffee.

“Thank you…”

He took a sip of his coffee and they sat in silence for a few moments before Henry got the courage to ask the question that Maggie could see was sitting just beneath the surface since he had arrived.

“Just ask Henry..”

He frowned but soon realised it was futile to try and out smart Maggie.

“So… a few weeks ago there was a fire fight down by the docks. Timor and some of his goons got taken out.. looks like a drug deal or something that went south… We picked up the case and when CSU were doing their thing they found blood that didn’t belong to Timor or any of his men…”

Maggie bit the inside of her cheek, images of that day flashing silently behind her eyes; the smell of spent gun powder burrowing into her sinuses and a flair of pain bit at healing wound she now sported on her abdomen.

“They ran it through the database and…..”

Maggie sat forward her eyes never leaving Henry’s.

“And it was a match to me… right… being subtle isn’t your strong suit Henry… why don’t you just ask what happened… or better yet, how about you don’t because the moment I tell you that I shot and killed three people, fled the scene of the crime and have spent the past 3 weeks recovering from being shot, you become an accessory after the fact.”
Henry’s mouth fell open and then closed again, seemingly unsure what to say or how to react. Maggie shook her head and gathered up her things to leave; she had to get back to Alex.

“Tell HQ I have everything in hand and it would do them no favours to rush into my op.. I’ll check back in later this week.”

With that Maggie walked away, leaving Henry still slightly slack jawed about everything she had just told him. Her heart was heavy at the thoughts of the people she had shot that day but knew it was either them or her and Alex. She had killed before but only ever in self defence or because someone else was in danger and if she thought about it all of those things had been true in this case too but she couldn’t help the niggling feeling in the back of her mind that it was an action she should regret taking a lot more than she did.

Pushing open the cafe’s closed door, the sun sprung from behind a cloud and hit her face, its warmth a stark contrast to the clinical strip lighting of the building she had just exited. Alex’s apartment was just around the corner and if Maggie was honest she couldn’t wait to get back to Alex, whom she had left sleeping soundly.

Alex could hear a key scraping into the lock of her apartment door. She was still partially succumbed to sleep but knew that it was just Maggie and that there was no need for alarm. She had felt Maggie extricate herself from her arms earlier that morning but had fallen back to sleep almost instantly and hadn’t really registered much of anything up until a few minutes ago. Her eyes were still closed and she had pulled the duvet up and tucked it under her chin, its warmth an inviting cocoon that she wouldn’t mind if she never left again.

The night had been long and repetitive and something Alex had not missed in her time off taking care of Maggie. Her absence had been noted by many of the regular club scene goers and they had welcomed her back enthusiastically. Alex didn’t mind them but did enjoy the way their interactions with her seemed to make Maggie bristle. She felt a smile cross her lips at the thought, hugging the blanket around her a little tighter.

“That smile better be about me Danvers.”

Alex nodded and preened, eyes still closed as she felt Maggie move closer and place a gentle kiss to her lips.
“Hmm, it might have been.”

Maggie made to move away from Alex but was defiantly held in place by Alex’s fingers hooking into the belt loops of her jeans. She smiled as she looked down into the now open, still doe eyed, sleep filled eyes of Alex Danvers. Her heart blossomed and she couldn’t stop herself from leaning down and kissing her again. Alex used this moment to pull Maggie completely off her feet and on to the bed with her; rolling over so that she was holding herself just above Maggie.

Maggie stared up at Alex, her heart thumping almost painfully in her chest. The sight above her was nothing short of perfect; eyes filled with nothing but love, and lips that beckoned Maggie’s own but it also reminded her what was at stake, what she could lose.

Alex frowned down at her; a crease of worry edging its way across her forehead.

“Maggie?”

Her name on her lips.

It hit her hard.

It hit her whole.

It hit her perfect.

It danced on her ears like a song written just for her; normally uttered in reverence during intimate moments shrouded by the dark of night. Normally it would pull at the corners of Maggie’s mouth, blossoming a smile reserved only for Alex Danvers.

But this time it was laced with worries, and doubts and questions. Maggie wasn't sure why until her eyes burned with the need to blink and she felt a tear slipping from the corner of her eyes, over her ears and into her hair.
Everything came screaming back into play as Alex scrambled off her and she sat up. Maggie cleared her throat and wiped at her eyes, trying to gain some control of herself. Alex sat beside her wrapped in the blanket Maggie had found her under minutes ago, looking at her hands, fiddling with its edge.

“Maggie, I…”

Maggie grabbed Alex’s hands and shook her head.

“You didn’t do anything wrong Danvers. I’m sorry.”

Maggie pulled Alex to her chest revelling in how she snuggled into her, still finding her as a safe space.

“You overwhelm me Alex, not in a bad way, but in the best way possible. You are extraordinary and perfect and everything I would never have thought I would find and just now, looking at you, I couldn’t imagine my life without you in it and how much I would hate myself if I ever did anything to hurt you or screw this up. It just hit me that I’m in this… I’m in this for the long haul and I know this is new and I don’t wanna put any pressure on you but I really do love you Alex and I’d do anything to protect you… to keep you safe.”

Alex shifted and looked up at Maggie, perfect eyes rimmed red, sparkling like pure diamonds with affection, hope and what Maggie could only hope to be as much love as she felt.

“I’m here Maggie…. I’m not going anywhere I promise…”

Maggie read the truth in Alex’s eyes over and over and over again because the truth was Alex, Alex, Alex and no matter how hard she tried Maggie couldn’t, wouldn’t give any of this up. There had to be a way out of this for both of them; why would they have found each other now only to be destroyed in the burning ruins of a life neither of them had wanted in the first place.

Alex had been sucked into Angelo’s world and Maggie had been inserted into it. But now they both had a chance to have something more, to exist outside of the danger, the crime, the necessity of belonging to someone unworthy. They had the chance of each other.

“I’m sorry, this isn't what you deserve first thing in the morning.”
Alex smiled and shook her head; even in moments where Maggie was utterly destroyed, she still managed to put how someone else was feeling before herself.

“Maggie, I’m not here to judge you or to be the only one who has feelings… I’m here to help you heal and if that means hard times, talks about our emotions or how we are feeling or you needing to breakdown for a few moments then so be it.”

Maggie felt her heart contract with the overwhelming feeling of someone else caring for her.

“So you don’t think I’m broken?”

Alex shifted and pulled Maggie into her arms completely; moulding them together as one.

“Well I always thought you were perfect, so its kind of a relief to know you have flaws too…”

The chuckle that bubbled up through Maggie’s chest and reverberated into her own made Alex melt and it made Alex preen and it made Alex love, love, love.

Maggie tried not to interact with the young girls at the house. She had been tasked with escorting Alex to the house to check on them and for Alex to teach them what they needed to know about how things were going to be for them from now on. She didn’t want to get too involved with this side of things. She would protect Alex, make sure nothing happened during visits and keep the other guys in line when they got too handsy but that was it.

Alex wasn’t overly friendly with the girls either, often treating them very methodical in nature, like she too was trying to keep from getting sucked into the tainted affair. Her daily duties had just begun, the first having been to report to Angelo on the previous evenings activities; the who’s, the whens, the whys and how she handled it. The next thing had been to escort Alex to the house to prepare the girls for a party Angelo was going to be throwing, a viewing of stock he’d said; Maggie doing everything she could not to pull her gun on him right then and there.

So there Maggie stood by the front door on the inside of the house, practically mirroring Nico outside. Alex and a few of the girls were in the living room sitting on the sofa, Alex sitting on the
small coffee table in front of them. It had been all business till one of the girls had smirked at Alex then glanced at Maggie.

“Will Ms Maggie be at the party with us?”

Maggie couldn’t see Alex’s face but could feel the smile blossom on her lips; all the same she was curious as to how Alex was going to answer.

“Ms. Maggie will be working at the party yes… Why? Do we like Ms. Maggie?”

A few of the girls giggled and Maggie saw them glance in her direction out the corner of her eye.

“Not as much as you Alex… but yes, we like her better than some of the other security- she’s not handsy and doesn’t stare at us like we are meat.”

Alex looked over at Maggie then and bit her bottom lip, a sparkle in her eyes.

“That’s because Ms. Maggie only has eyes for me.”

Maggie could feel the heat begin to pool in her core and she shifted from one foot to the other, gently clearing her throat.

Alex chuckled and watched a shade of pink creep its way up Maggie’s neck.

“Okay ladies, remember, just do what they tell you, smile and be polite. These people are very important to Angelo- I will be here if you need anything and so will Maggie, she will make sure nothing happens to you okay..”

All the girls nod and utter their understandings as Alex stands and walks over to Maggie who had shifted, opening the door for their impending departure.

“Come on Ms. Maggie… things to do..”
A chorus of giggles erupt as Maggie pulls the door closed for Alex to lock. Nico looked at Maggie and offered a smile.

“Good to see you back on your feet Sawyer. It’s been quiet without you following baby D around.”

Maggie smiled back at him as she followed Alex over to their SUV.

“Gotta keep you on your toes Nico. Keep an eye on our girls okay?”

He nodded and returned to his previous position.

The drive back to the club had been silent, save for the loud ticking over of Maggie’s mind. Alex let it slide, she didn’t want to push Maggie into talking, not after the events of that morning. Alex knew Maggie would talk to her when and if she was ready.

So Alex painted patient patterns on the back of Maggie’s hands with her thumb, painted master pieces fit only for the canvas of Maggie, painted futures beyond the now.

Alex used that same hand to lead Maggie to one of the club’s private rooms; the one that Maggie had so diligently stood up to Angelo, the one she had treated Alex with respect, the very one Alex had begun her lap dance in, the one they had been so rudely interrupted in. They had some time before Alex’s bar shift began and she was going to make the most of it.

Maggie smiled as Alex walked them backwards to a sofa that sat along one of the walls, pushing her leather jacket off her shoulders. Her smile melted into Alex’s lips as the back of her knees nudged the edge of the sofa. Her lips swallowed a yelp of surprise from Alex as she turned them around and gently lowered Alex down on to the sofa.

“hmm… and here I was thinking you were about to be the one getting lucky.”

Maggie grinned like a cat who’d gotten the cream.
“I’m already lucky Danvers… Let me spread it around a little…”

Alex shifted a little further down the sofa cushions to reach Maggie’s knee that was resting between her legs.

Maggie could barely suppress a moan as she felt Alex press against her. She removed her gun and holster tucked in the small of her back and tossed them to the side before continuing her ministrations of Alex, making quick work of the button of Alex’s jeans. She smiled into Alex’s lips as Alex began unbuttoning her shirt and soon she stood in just her bra and jeans; shirt and jacket having been discarded into the low light.

Alex pushed Maggie backwards so that she could stand up- even the playing field as it were. But there was no chance that Maggie was going to let Alex gain control that easily. She was going to make sure that Alex only had breath to scream her name and whisper platitudes of thanks as Maggie made her legs shake and the toned muscles of her stomach dance through a mind altering, earth shattering orgasm.

Alex delighted in the way the muscles in Maggie’s back danced as she picked her up; her legs locking around Maggie’s hips as they traveled over to the stage. She revelled in the way Maggie’s tongue danced across her chest as her back was laid gently down.

The stage sat higher than any of the chairs in the room and it gave Maggie the perfect level to give Alex what she had planned. Maggie pulled Alex forward a little more so her ass was just near the edge of the stage and pulled down Alex’s jeans and panties. It was purposeful but Alex felt safe, and cared for, and turned on beyond belief. Her breaths were heavy and her mind was awash with haze but as she rested on her elbows and watched as Maggie’s head disappeared between her things she thought that if she were to die right now, she would be fine with it, because the sight made her heart race and stop all at the same time; it made her stomach flip flop and her lungs forgot how to take in oxygen.

Stars exploded behind her eyes as Maggie’s tongue flicked across her core, working unison with the fingers curling inside of her. And Alex begged and uttered Maggie’s name like a prayer as she felt the coil inside her tighten and snap, pushing Alex over the edge. Her whole body screamed of fire, her muscles dancing, her mind a code of euphoria that she’d only ever read about feeling. And Maggie held her strong, held her calm, held her steady as the ripples of her orgasm made her tender, made her sensitive, made her writhe; a hand splayed across her stomach.

As the fog in her mind cleared and she could control her body again, Alex beckoned Maggie up over her, arms locked beside her head. Maggie’s lips to her head coaxed Alex completely back into reality. Alex’s heart burst and all she could think to do to contain it was kiss Maggie hard, kiss Maggie tender, kiss Maggie whole.
Maggie smiled down at Alex as their lips parted.

“Hey there Danvers…”

The party was in full swing.

Young women in next to nothing doing their best to make a good impression and all types of other people looking to acquire them for less than legal services. Maggie did her best not to look at too many of them with the utter disdain she felt; it made her sick watching them grope, fondle and look them over like cuts of meat. Her soul felt heavy watching Alex usher them around like a shepherd to a flock- making sure each girl was seen by every prospective buyer; but Maggie knew she couldn't react any differently than Angelo’s other security.

So there she stood in a back corner of the living room watching and keeping herself to herself; at least until a semi familiar face clocked hers from across the room. She felt the room flip flop and had to rest her back against the wall to stop herself from hitting the deck. Her stomach twisted as the figure cam bounding towards her.

“Hey officer Sawyer!..”

Maggie knew this was bad… very very bad and as she looked around she couldn't help but feel like this was the beginning of the end of everything….

And boy did it suck.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Maggie is feeling the pressure and things are about to go from bad to worse.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to all those who have kept up with this story. I know I am horrible at updating regularly but am glad for those who have stuck with me. The story is coming to its ending with maybe 2 or 3 more chapters left after this one. I hope you like where this story has gone and how it will inevitably end. Here we go....

It seemed to take a moment for her legs to respond the commands her brain was giving them. She scanned the people closest to see if they had heard or registered had the man before her had declared, but all attention was still firmly fixed on the purpose of the party; the girls.

Finally responding, Maggie made short work of the space between her and the person she now recognised as Nate Osmond; low level drug dealer and all round good for nothing human being. She grabbed his arm, wrenching it up behind his back and guided him through the house to the backyard where they'd have more privacy.

Her mind was scrambling, trying to come up with a cover to why she was here and how to keep him from telling anyone else.

“Woah, someone's more uptight than I remember.”

Maggie released his arm and shoved his shoulders.

“What the hell are you doing here Nate?”

Nate smirked and it bit at Maggie’s soul.

“I could ask you the same thing but judging by the piece your packing in the holster at your back, I’d say it’s official business rather than a social call.”

A moment of silence passed between them.

“Unless the great officer Sawyer has traded sides?”

A smirk bit at Maggie’s lips. She new that Nate wasn’t the sharpest knife in the block but had he really just given her an out, a reason for being here?

“So what if I did?”
Nate clapped his hands together in delight.

“Oh my god, are you serious? I mean damn, hypocrisy aside, I never figured you for a bad girl…”

Maggie stepped forwards into his personal space.

“The people here don’t know what I used to be and unless you wanna find out just how much of a bad seed I am, you will keep the fact you know me or that I was a cop to yourself.”

He swallowed harshly, seeing a darkness in her eyes he'd never seen before.

“Oh… I get it. Am I free to go officer?”

Maggie gritted her teeth and nodded. Nate bounded away down the side of the house, knowing better than to go back to the party inside, not with Maggie’s threat firmly in the forefront of his mind.

Maggie took a deep breath, trying to calm herself before she went back inside, but felt her stomach drop as Alex stepped up behind her.

“Maggie?”

She turned around, smile on her face.

“Hey Danvers, just needed a minute.”

Alex shook her head and stepped closer.

“Are you okay? That seemed pretty intense? What did he do?”

Maggie’s mind flip flopped again; she so wanted out of this damn assignment.

“He was being mouthy, so I told him if he couldn’t show some respect, I’d make sure he knew just how disrespectful I could be.”

Alex frowned.

“That doesn’t seem like you… what was he being mouthy about?”

Maggie shifted from one foot to the other and before she could stop herself she did the one thing she swore she’d never do.

“He was saying things about… you and what he wanted to do to you.”

The manipulating lie fell from her lips so effortlessly that Maggie swore she almost believed it herself. Her heart thumped in her chest, her stomach awash with a tide of fear, disappointment and self hatred. She swore to herself as soon as she realised she was falling for Alex, that she’d never used Alex against herself, or her feelings for Alex to convince her of a lie but there she stood having done that very thing. It stung further as a flash of understanding tinted Alex’s eyes.

“Bit jealous there Sawyer?”

In truth Maggie was jealous anytime someone even laid eyes on Alex but this time hadn’t been amongst them, but the lie she had so fruitfully played to Alex called for that exact narrative.

“How could I not be? Only I’m allowed to be scandously blasphemous towards you.”
She slipped one of her signature dimpled smiles into the mix as she rested her arms on Alex’s shoulders. Alex smirked and placed a gentle kiss to Maggie’s lips.

“Hmm, I just have one question… why did he call you officer?”

Maggie’s heart clenched painfully in her chest again and she scrambled to hide the torment form showing on her face.

“We’ve met before… and at the time I was doing security for a high end limo service, he mistook me for an actual cop and now overtime I’ve seen him since then he’s always called me officer.”

Alex nodded and kissed her again, seemingly happy with the explanation she had been given.

“I can just imagine you in a uniform Sawyer..”

Maggie raised an eyebrow in surprise.

“Oh? I don’t think that would go down well given our current employment… speaking of which we better get back inside before we are missed.”

The pair slipped back into the party and Maggie once again took up her post against the wall, looking over everyone at the party. She was tense and knew that while she had adverted the inevitability of her secret coming out, it was only a matter of time. It was now or never; this was coming to an end - she just hoped that both she and Alex made it out alive.

The party had ended late into the afternoon and the last strains of sunset bit at Maggie’s eyes as she sat on a bench looking out into the harbour, watching the beginnings of a storm roll in. Alex had club business to attend to so Maggie had suggested they meet back at Alex’s apartment after she was done. It was the perfect excuse to be able to set a meeting with Henry. He had bee surprised to hear from her but nonetheless agreed to meet up. So there she sat trying to cram the serenity of the harbour around her into her soul until a man sat down on the bench behind her.

“I was surprised to hear from you so soon Sawyer.”

Maggie sucked her teeth and continued to look straight ahead as she spoke.

“Things change Henry… I was almost compromised.”

Henry almost turned to look at her but thought better of it.

“Oh shit.. by who?”

She shook her head slightly and dusted her position on the bench.

“No one important. Low level drug dealer I’d dealt with before. He did call me out in a room full of pimps and Angelo’s crew - but I covered it up.”

Henry stood from the bench and moved to sit next to Maggie.

“What do you need Sawyer? How can I help?”

Neither of them looked at each other but knew Maggie was more than a little stressed about her current predicament.
“We need to move on the club and soon. I need this done Henry, because I really don’t know how much longer I can be in this…”

She took a deep breath and blew it out of her cheeks.

“Hell… I am compromised.”

She knew Henry already knew this but she had to say it out loud for herself. It wasn’t news to her either; from the start she had been sucked into the world by her own doing and her affection for Alex and now she was so far in she was starting to lose sight of why she had gone into it in the first place.

“Maggie…. It’s okay.”

Henry had never used her first name. It was always Sawyer or detective but he could tell that her heart and soul had been captured by something he could only ever dream if having one day, it just happened to be with a woman mixed up with one of the most notorious crime gangs in the city.

“This kind of thing happens sometimes and we all know the kind of person you are- you would never intentionally compromise an op and you haven’t with this one either. HQ is already gearing up to move on the club, they just needed a reason to raid it and judging by the fact that I knew you’d never come and request extraction if you didn’t have a plan.”

Maggie turned and looked at him then. She had always held a little contempt towards Henry but in this moment she was grateful to him for giving her an out, for allowing her to be human where everyone else had treated her like a favour to trade.

“Angelo has a big shipment of cocaine being delivered to the club tomorrow night. It’s scheduled to come in around 8pm.”

Henry nodded.

“And where will you be for extraction?”

Maggie shook her head and steeled her gaze at him.

“This isn’t an extraction OP Henry.. You tell HQ that they do a full blown raid - storm the place, arrest everyone, including me. It needs to look real, because as soon as they catch wind that I’m a cop all hell is gonna break loose and I want sometime to talk to Alex before my whole life falls apart.”

Henry went to protest but Maggie shakes her head and stands, ready to walk away.

“Please Henry… I wouldn’t ask you to do this if it wasn’t important.”

Without waiting for his reply, Maggie walks away headed for Alex’s apartment. Henry watches her leave before pulling out his phone.

“It’s happening tomorrow night… right as the delivery comes in.”

Maggie had reached Alex’s apartment just as the first raindrops from the brewing thunderstorm had begun to fall. She felt the weather a fitting statement for what her life was about to become. She
memorised how many steps from the lobby to Alex’s apartment, the way the number on her door sat on the slightest angle and the light in Alex’s eyes as she opened the door to greet her, because if it was all going to go to hell she wanted to hold onto the good things.

There was so many good things about Alex; the small things they did together.

As Maggie closed the door behind her, she watched as Alex lit a few candles around the apartment, her hips swaying slightly to the soft strains of a song Maggie couldn’t place in that moment and if she was honest, she didn’t care; she was more focused on the woman before her, focused on this calm before the oncoming storm.

A smile bit at her lips as Alex turned around to face her.

“God I love you…”

The words still rang true.

She loved Alex more than she ever thought she could. The smile that spread across Alex’s face mingled with a slight blush that tinted her cheeks and Maggie took a mental snapshot of it, filing it away, never wanted to forget having seen it. Alex then went into the kitchen and poured two glasses of scotch, one of which she handed to Maggie, who accepted it gratefully.

They sipped their drinks in a comfortable silence, each mapping the other with their eyes. Maggie relished the way the amber liquid coated her throat with a heat, it’s presence lingering, slowly making its way down into her chest, mixing with the thud of her heartbeat and the growing desire in her core. Before she could even register it, her legs had carried her over to Alex, into her personal space. Maggie felt rather than heard Alex gasp as her fingertips gripped her hips through the thin fabric of the tank top she was wearing.

Alex’s eyes danced with fire, and Maggie could have sworn she saw her soul in them. They had barely said two words to each other since Alex had opened the door but Maggie didn’t feel the need for words; words were not going to save her, words weren’t coherent enough in her mind to be spoken. No, words would not do for Maggie in this moment and as Alex’s tongue flicked across her lips, any thought of trying to speak was obliterated from her mind and she could do little more than oblige Alex’s tongue entry into her mouth.

It began slowly; an exploration rather than a need but as Maggie felt Alex’s back bump softly into the marble countertop of the kitchen island, the flame of desire, want, and need spread like wild fire; scorching fingertips needing to touch skin, lips, teeth and tongues wanton to taste and arms that lifted Alex up onto the countertop, things clattering to the floor as Maggie swept an arm across to clear the space.

Alex’s breath was heavy, her lips swollen and Maggie could tell how turned on she was by how she shifted her hips, heat pooling at her core, eyes locked on Maggie’s own as she urged Alex to take off her shirt with gentle fingers at its hem. A few moments passed and Maggie found she was unable to continue worshiping Alex. Alex must have felt her hesitation because she had lowered herself down off the counter to stand in front of her. Concerned eyes showed no judgement as Alex cupped Maggie’s face and pressed the sweetest kiss to her lips.

It was like fire, red hot and searing. It jolted through her, sparking her back to life, re-engaging her
soul to what she had been about to do to this amazingly perfect, sexy woman in front of her.

It was all she needed.

All the permission she could ever ask for to paint masterpieces on skin, to forge paths of bliss over toned muscles, to hear Alex say her name life a prayer.

“I love you..”

Maggie says it again; trying to remember what the words sounded like for when she would no longer be able to utter them. It was then Alex’s turn to close the barely there gap between them; a knee locking into Maggie’s core, hands gripping hips, lips painting masterpieces on the canvas that was Maggie. Maggie got lost in the taste of Alex, scotch lingering on her tongue mixing with the uniqueness that Alex always seemed to have. She relished in the moan that slipped from Alex’s lips into her own and the gasp that followed as Maggie slipped a hand down the front of Alex’s jeans; she smiled into Alex’s lips as she felt fingertips tighten their grip on her hips.

Thunder cracked and lightening flashed as Alex’s back hit the bed. Maggie had lifted her up with strong arms and Alex’s legs had locked around her waist; lips never apart for more than a few moments as by muscle memory they made their way to the darkened bedroom. Alex’s eyes shone in the darkness as they stared up at Maggie, who straddled her hips, watching as she took off her shirt, revealing the toned body underneath it.

Maggie stared back at her.

A moment of peace passed between them; heavy breaths, want and desire the only things spoken even without words.

Maggie’s eyes fluttered shut as she felt Alex’s delicate finger tips caress the still pinkish, healing scar on her side. Her hands were warm and inviting and healing and grounding and everything Maggie was going to remember. Alex leant up and kissed Maggie’s chest as she unclipped her bra with an expert hand, the other slipping down the front of her pants and with one swift movement Maggie found herself on her back, Alex above her.

“Enough foreplay Sawyer..”

Maggie smirked up at Alex in the darkness.

“You know me Danvers… It’s all about the....”

Alex unclipped her bra and threw it off into the darkness, rendering Maggie’s ability to string words together ineffective.

Maggie swallowed harshly, her throat now drier than the Mojave desert.

“… Chase.”

Alex shuffled down the bed and dragged Maggie’s pants with her. She closed her eyes as deft fingers ghosted their way up her inner thigh, hooking into the band of her underwear. Delicate barely there kisses followed through the fabric to her core and she felt herself unconsciously shift her hips to seek out more pressure. She forced herself to open her eyes and look at the scene playing out before her. She found Alex’s gaze never faltering as she ever so slowly dragged the garment down her legs. Alex crawled back up on top of her and Maggie could barely suppress a moan as Alex shifted and the fabric of her jean clad thigh settled into her core.
Hands. *Roaming.*

Lips. *Kissing.*

Teeth. *Nipping.*

Breathy *gasps.*

They had set a rhythm reminiscent to the thunder storm raging outside; devastating, yet beautiful and perfect all at the same time. Maggie felt the coil in her stomach tighten as Alex continued to shift against her; the rough fabric and Alex’s expert movements guiding her to the edge and Maggie knew she would be thrown over it but she held back because if this was happening she wanted Alex right there with her. With a gentle yet commanding hand to Alex’s toned stomach, Maggie ushered Alex to stop for a moment.

“I wanna feel you…”

Alex kissed her then; soft and sweet with promises.

She shifted and shimmed her jeans and underwear down her legs. When they were off Maggie rolled them over so she was on top of Alex. She wanted to see her, wanted to watch as she fell apart beneath her. Slipping her thigh into the position Alex’s was Maggie began to move back and forth, making sure Alex had enough pressure pushing against her core. Maggie felt heat and Alex’s wetness coat her thigh and it pushed her closer to the edge than she already was. Alex’s hands held her hips, not with any sort of pressure but as a steadying brace, moving in time with Maggie’s thrusts against her.

Maggie balanced herself above Alex with palms splayed against her chest. She delighted in the way Alex bit her lip as she felt her climax building, her brow furrowing slightly in concentration. They moved against each other and before long Maggie had to shift a steadying hand to hold onto Alex’s hip as their movements became irregular and they both knew they were close to toppling over the edge together.

Breaths were heavy and bodies where slick with a thin sheen of sweat, muscles rippling with exertion as well as delight and as Maggie felt the coil inside her snapping she shifted and applied more pressure to Alex’s core and fought through the beginnings of her own orgasm to make Alex break and with a shuddering breath and a moan of her name she watched her come undone while she herself fell into the earth shifting waves of an orgasm. She continued to move to prolong the waves Alex was feeling, her whole body rippling, muscles contracting and spasming in the best way possible.

As the only thing in the room became the raging storm outside and their sated breaths, Maggie leant down and kissed Alex. It was sweet but powerful, Maggie trying to convey everything she had ever felt for the woman beneath her, all the things she had said but now wanted to imprint onto Alex’s physical being as well. Alex was breathless and Maggie found it intoxicating but at the same time would give her the breath in her own lungs if that’s what she needed.

“Wow Sawyer.. that was…”

Alex’s breaths were still a little out of sync but she was slowly coming back down off her cloud of euphoria.. Maggie smiled and shifted herself so that she lay between Alex’s legs.

“Don’t give up on me now Danvers.. I’m not done with you yet…”
Alex felt heat pool in the pit of her stomach once again and if she thought it possible would have had another orgasm just by Maggie’s words alone.

It was late afternoon by the time either of them had awoken from sleep and even then spent a few more hours lost in each other’s touch. But now they had both showered and were ready for the evening’s activities. Maggie had tried to block it out of her mind, pretending that tonight was just another night like she’d had previously where she and Alex would go to the club, Alex would serve customers and Maggie would do her job watching for trouble and throwing dreamy looks at Alex as she tried to do her job. But it was getting closer to eight o’clock and she couldn’t pass it off any longer. As Alex grabbed her coat, shuffling it on, Maggie stared at her, eyes distant and filled with something Alex couldn’t quite put her finger on.

“Maybe we could just stay in tonight? I’m sure the club can handle itself without us for a night.”

Alex chuckled and tousled her hair with a gentle hand.

“If only babe… but you know Angelo… you don’t refuse a request for your presence… and besides you know we have that delivery tonight. How is that meant to go down without his favourite muscle there to stop things from going side ways.”

Everything was already going sideways. Maggie’s insides were a raging tsunami crashing into some unsuspecting island, destroying anything and everything in its path.

Alex walked over to her and helped her put on her own jacket.

“Please…”

It was a simple word, uttered so softly and delicately that it could have been about anything else in the world other than trying to stop Alex from going into a war zone that with out any doubt Maggie knew was going to destroy her life.

Alex lifted Maggie’s face with a finger under her chin and placed a gentle kiss to her lips.

“I promise that after we are done tonight we can do whatever you want to do…”

She kissed her again.

“Now come on, we are going to be late if we don’t leave now..”

Maggie placed a fake smile on her face and nodded as she followed Alex out of the apartment.

They arrived at the club and Maggie was doing everything she could to stop herself from throwing up. The delivery guy was already in the parking lot, which meant he would be in Angelo’s office doing the hand off. Alex grabbed Maggie’s hand as they walked through the back door of the club and down through the cacophony of hallways leading to Angelo’s office. Maggie gripped onto Alex’s hand for dear life and as she looked at her watch and it ticked over to eight o’clock she stopped dead in her tracks, right outside the door to Angelo’s office.

“Maggie?…”

Maggie tugged on Alex’s hand, pulling her a little further away from the door.
“Alex I need you to listen to me… we don't have a lot of time…. I’m an under cover cop.”

Alex laughed and let go of Maggie’s hand, heading back towards the door.

“Babe… come on. We can play that fantasy out later but right now we have a job to do.”

Maggie shook her head and stepped up to Alex again.

“Alex you need to listen to me… there is about to be a raid on this club.”

Alex smiled and kissed Maggie’s lips before walking through the door into the office. Maggie closed her eyes and tried to breathe deep, to settle herself before she stepped into the room. She had tried. She had really tried.. but this was happening and all she could do was see it through.

Maggie smiled as she stepped through the door and eyed Angelo who was sitting at his desk, the very same desk that Maggie had almost died on; fitting she thought. She was going to be pretty much dead after this anyway. The desk was covered in bricks of cocaine and a briefcase Maggie knew to contain a stack of money sat to one side.

“Maggie! Glad you’re here.”

He smiled and she felt everything inside of her die; a glint of the devil in his eyes.

“You’re just in time. Won’t you do the honours?”

Maggie knew he was referring to trying the product for quality.

“Sure… wouldn’t want you to get anything less than what your paying for..”

He chuckled at that and handed her a small pocket knife. She slit the packet a little and dipped her pinky into it before tasting it..

“It’s good… probably the best you’ve had brought in..”

She lied through her teeth. The powder in the bricks was baking soda but she needed to hold out for a little while longer..just until back up arrived.

Angelo sucked his teeth and tapped a finger to his chin.

“There’s just one problem with it Maggie.”

Maggie frowned as he slammed his gun down onto the desk.

“I think Benjamin here is trying to rip me off.”

Maggie put the knife down and stepped aside to look at the man who she now realised was in handcuffs.

“There’s just one problem with it Maggie.”

Maggie frowned as he slammed his gun down onto the desk.

“I think Benjamin here is trying to rip me off.”

Maggie put the knife down and stepped aside to look at the man who she now realised was in handcuffs.

“Why do you think that? Is it not what you asked for?”

Angelo stood, grabbing his gun and shoving it at Maggie, who took it.

“You see we agreed on a price when I ordered it and now he is trying to add fees and stuff on top of it like he's some business man.. and now I am a fair man but I do not take kindly to those who try to take advantage of my kindness, my loyalty, my willingness to consider them family… so I need you to take care of it… show people what real loyalty is, what happens when I get upset.”
Maggie swallowed thickly and looked at the gun in her hands. She knew this was apart of her undercover, that she would have to kill people but she hated every minute of it… She cocked the hammer back and aimed the gun at the man before her who hadn't said a word during their whole exchange.

“Get on your knees…”

Alex stepped up to Angelo, a hand on his arm.

“Angelo… You can't be serious?

Maggie stood holding the weapon at the man who was now on his knees. Her hand began to shake as she caught a glimpse of her watch and mentally counted in her head…

3… 2…1

Every entry point into the room exploded and armed agents in special operations gear burst into the room.

“EVERYBODY ON THE GROUND NOW!!!”

Maggie dropped the weapon and got down onto the ground, her arms wretched behind her back and her wrists placed in handcuffs. She turned her head in Alex’s direction who was staring back at her a look of betrayal etched across her usually soft, perfect features. It had dawned on her the minute the men had entered the room. And now everything was over and all she wanted to do was scream her apologies and make Alex understand what was happening and why things had turned out this way but she couldn't and as both her and Alex were pulled to their feet and escorted out of the room, Maggie knew there was no going back…

Not now, Not ever.

And everything that they had was now tainted by the betrayal Maggie had been playing this whole time.

And it fucking sucked.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Everything is a mess. A war wages on both sides...

Chapter Notes

Once again thank you to all those who are keeping up with this story and leaving lovely comments and thoughts. I apologise that once again this chapter has taken a bit to get to you, between work and life in general its been tough to get it out on the page. But here it is! Also this may turn out to be a longer fic than I thought but thats never a bad thing is it? Enjoy and let me know what ya think.

The buildings drifted by as if in slow motion. The city becoming apart of the movie like situation Maggie currently found herself in. The handcuffs binding her arms behind her back bit at her wrists and made her shoulders sore. Just another irrelevant part of her on the long lost of things that hurt.

She hadn't seen any of the other, Angelo, Jack or Alex since the strike team had busted through the clubs doors and arrested everyone. The last look she got from anyone had been the look of betrayal on Alex’s face as she was cuffed.

Maggie sat lost in her own mind until she realised that the squad car she was had been placed in wasn't heading to her precinct and had in fact gone in the complete opposite direction.

“Officer? Why have we changed direction? The precinct is the other way.”

The officers eyes flicked to the rear view mirror and into Maggie’s own but silence only emanated from his lips.

“Where are you taking me?”

Her question echoed around the vehicle falling on deaf ears and Maggie’s stomach lurched, the gravity of everything sitting squarely on her chest. This was bad, very bad and Maggie knew all she could do was wait and see what lay ahead of her.

After a few minutes of wordless responses to her questions, Maggie sat in silence until the car slowed to a stop at a building she didn’t recognise, in a part of town she wasn’t familiar with.

The officer driving got out of the car and opened the door to let Maggie out.

“Where are we?”

Yet another query falling on deaf ears.
She slid out of the car and was turned so she was facing away from the officer. Maggie thought so he could undo her cuffs but as the black hood was tugged over her head, plunging her world into darkness, everything felt wrong. She began to run the past few hours in her mind, trying to pinpoint anything out of the ordinary but as she was dragged away from the car heading into god knew what her mind failed her.

All she had now was her hot breaths on her face and the heavy thud of her heartbeat in her ears and if she was completely honest she found them both comforting against the rising tide of uncertainty in the pit of her stomach.

She counted the steps she’d taken from the time she’d had the hood pulled over her head until she was uncured and urged to sit down on a cold metal chair. 67 steps in all. 12 to a door, 5 to an elevator and then 50 to the chair she now sat in, handcuffs now latching her to what she assumed to be an interrogation table. It had all the hallmarks of those back at her own precinct; cold metal and a bar across the middle for the cuff to be locked to.

Her suspicions were confirmed as the old was tugged off after what seemed like a life time. The lights bit at her eyes as her vision adjusted to the change in environment. She winced and tried to rub her eyes but the cuffs pulled at her wrists in protests.

The person who had unmasked her stood in the shadows behind her.

“Is someone going to tell me what the hell is going on here?”

Maggie heard the figure behind her scoff, taunting her almost, for not having put it all together.

“If you’re going to detain me, I have a right to know why.”

Silence echoed around the spaced once more and Maggie could feel frustration and annoyance rising within her.

“I demand to speak to whoever is in charge.”

The question seemed to once again fall on deaf ears until the door to the room swung open and a familiar form stood in front of her.

“I guess that’d be me.”

Maggie’s heart clenched painfully as her whole world shifted on its axis.

Clad in black cargo pants and black tank top, weapon holstered at her side, stood Alex Danvers.

“Special Agent Alex Danvers, FBI.”

* 1 HOUR EARLIER *

Alex found herself in a position she’d never found herself in before, well not unintentionally anyway; face down on the floor being handcuffed by who she could only assume to be the local PD.

She eyed Maggie who was also being handcuffed by a combat clad officer, and the air left her lungs as it dawned on her what Maggie had said to her not mere minutes before. Her whole world shifted and a sense of betrayal rose from the depths of her soul.
But who was she kidding. She wasn't exactly as innocent party in all of this. She too hadn’t exactly always been honest and as she was lifted to her feet and escorted outside into the back parking lot of the club, she was going to reveal why.

“I need you to listen to me very carefully and don’t ask questions or interrupt me, because when you ask questions it takes time that we don’t have to tell you all the ways that I am way beyond classified and any and all answers I could give you can and will get you put on the crappiest beat patrol, in the worst place you can imagine, do you understand?”

The officer nods silently, unwilling to speak out of fear.

Alex smirks.

“Good. Now my name is Alex Danvers, I’m a special Agent with the FBI. For starters you are going to un cuff me and we are going to get in your patrol car, second, you are going to radio whoever has Maggie Sawyer in the back of their unit and tell them to transfer her to FBI custody.”

The young officer went to say something, protest his involvement or that he would have to clear it with his supervisor no doubt. Alex looked at his name badge.

“Officer Collins is it? What did we say about the questions and the interruptions. Now radio the damn unit.”

Collins swallowed harshly but did as he was told.

“This is unit 46, I'm looking for the other female 10-15. Orders on high to transfer custody to FBI.”

The radio crackled a bit but sure enough within moments a reply came down the line.

‘Unit 46, this is unit 19, I have the 10-15. Is that a local transfer or do the feds want it farm to table?”

Officer Collins eyes Alex who shoot back a “what do you think look” at him.

“Copy that 19, feds want it to table.”

Alex waits for confirmation.

“10-4”

Collins looks at Alex for a moment before she signals that she's still waiting to be un cuffed. He obliges and removes the cuffs as quickly as he can. Alex rubs at her wrist for a moment, her skin not used to the metal rings.

“Now, I need you to take me to the table.”

Collins nods and moves to the drivers side as Alex goes to the passenger side.

“Oh and I’m gonna need my phone.”

As the police car pulled out of the parking lot and began the journey back to HQ, Alex took a
moment for herself. Her mind was swimming with all these thoughts and feelings that she knew she
didn’t have time right now to process. She took a deep breath trying to bring order to her chaos laden
mind.

After a few moments Alex opened her eyes and knew she had to cal her command and tell them the
situation. She regretted unlocking her phone almost immediately as her eyes locked with the picture
plastered there. Maggie’s dimpled smile pierced her soul and Alex felt her heart thump painfully as
she cascaded into how she felt when this picture had been taken. They had been walking in the park,
playful knocking each other about when Alex had come up behind Maggie and wrapped her arms
around her waist. Maggie had then pulled out her phone and stretched her arms out in front of her to
take the picture. Alex had then kissed her cheek, causing the dimpled smile she was now staring at.

She swallowed harshly and forced herself to refocus her mind. Hitting the contact for her office,
Alex waited patiently for the call to go through; it wasn't long but Alex felt almost everything she
had achieved in the past few years was about to be pulled out from underneath her.

“Special Agent, Alex Danvers, codeword designation CADMUS.”

Alex waited for confirmation to continue; the other end of the line checking her credentials. She
knew the next voice instantly as the director of the FBI, J’onn J’onzz.

“Agent Danvers, its been a long time.”

He sounded surprised but happy to hear from her.

“Yes sir, deep cover tends not to allow for contact.”

He chuckled and it bought a sense of normalcy to Alex’s soul.

“So i’m guessing something has happened to disrupt your mission, otherwise I wouldn’t be having
the pleasure of hearing from you.”

Alex nodded to no one in particular.

“Local PD have been running their own UC Op at Club Cadmus and their agent just had a raid
ordered.”

Alex could hear another voice on the end of the line but pushed it aside.

“Are you and the Op compromised Agent Danvers?”

Her mind screamed “You bet your ass i’m compromised! I fell in love with the PD UC,” but she
silenced it.

“No sir. I was arrested along with everyone else. I have ordered the PD UC be delivered to HQ for
interrogation. I’m also on my way in. I know its not protocol but I wanna see what she knows and
whether I can salvage and return to the mission.”

Alex’s mind was a mess of feelings, of what is real and what wasn’t but she wanted answers.

“I’m not going to tell you that you can’t but I’m going to warn you that you may not like the answers
your going to get or how or even if you will be able to go back to the mission. I’ll keep PD away
from you for as long as I can but after that, the cards are going to have to fall where they may.”

A sense of relief washed over Alex as J’onn spoke. She was grateful that he understood that this
mission meant a lot to her. She had given up a lot to this mission and she wasn't going to back down until the job was done. No matter what or who stood in her way.

“Thank you sir. ETA 15mins. If the PD UC arrives before I do, tell Vasquez to set up shop in room 4C.”

J’onn acknowledged her request.

“IT will be good to see you Alex.”

Without any further words, the line went dead and Alex let the phone linger against her ear for a moment, grounding her to the fact that she was about to re-enter the fold and even though it had been years of almost no contact, she was being welcomed back with open arms as it were.

After bidding farewell to officer Collins, Alex transversed the numerous flights of stairs from the underground car park to the interrogation level. As she walked through the doors, she could feel eyes on her, watching with incredulous looks and proud smirks. Alex had garnered herself a reputation here. Almost everyone knew her by name but all knew her by how she presented herself, how she would risk everything for anyone, no matter who you were, if you knew Alex Danvers you were loved, protected and made to feel like you mattered. It had been hard to leave those connections behind but Alex knew that they would carry on in her absence.

A certain pair of eyes on her had caught her attention. A woman sitting behind a bank of computer monitors had tracked her all the way from the door at the stairwell to where she now stood in the middle of the special operations floor.

“You know Vasquez, you keep starring at me like that people are gonna start to talk.”

The woman smiled broadly as she strode over to Alex who welcomed her into her open arms. The embrace was warm and one Alex had indeed missed.

“Hey Alex. It’s really good to see you.”

Alex released Vasquez from her arms, who then looked Alex up and down, taking in the casual wear that hardly anyone had ever seen Alex in. Alex nodded and rolled her eyes.

“Take it in Vasquez, I’m heading to the locker room to change before I hit 4C.”

Vasquez nodded and tapped at the tablet in her hands.

“Oh yeah, your PD UC - hot. Totally your type.”

Alex shook her head as she turned to go to the locker room.

“Don’t start.”

Vasquez shrugged and called after her.

“if the shoe fits Danvers.”

As she stepped into the locker room, she checked the stacks to see if she was alone. The coast was clear and Alex took a moment to breathe, to process, to let out some of the things she had pushed to the side in the past hour. As her back hit the metal door of her locker, Alex closed her eyes, tears forming in their corners. She clenched her fists trying trying to stop herself from falling apart completely but only succeeded in digging her fingernails into her palms and her fists into the metal as
she banged on it, the sound echoing off walls that had heard it all before.

After a few moments, Alex composed herself and opened her locker, looking for her usual garb; cargo pants, tank top and thigh holster. She smiled at the array of pictures stuck to the inside of the door; Vasquez and her, her and best friend Winn, J’onn, Alex, Winn and Lena and the last one, she caressed with her fingers, Kara- her sister. Alex felt a pang of sadness hit her as she stared at the photo. Kara had been the hardest of all to leave behind. Alex had spent most of her life taking care of Kara, keeping her safe but when this mission came along she knew it was something she had to do; so kara was left in her girlfriend, Lena’s care. Alex knew Lena would make sure Kara stayed safe, happy and not missing her sister too much.

As Alex stripped out of her civilian clothes and slipped back into her FBI threads, she felt her internal keel right itself, her world shift back into balance, except for a small part of herself that she couldn’t quite force back into how things used to be. It niggled at her, taunted her almost. She knew what had changed but didn’t want to deal with it; not when she still had a job to do. She took another deep breath and closed her eyes for a moment.

“Well, if it isn’t Special Agent Alexandra Danvers.”

A smile spread across her face as the voice hit her ears. She opened her eyes and turned around to greet the newcomer.

“J’onn..”

He stepped further into the space and pulled Alex into his arms, her small body huddling against his chest, arms holding him tightly. After a few moments they released each other and just looked.

“You look good Alex, undercover has treated you well.”

Alex nodded but she knew deep down that while the scars aren’t physical, she had some damage from her time undercover at Club Cadmus.

“I could be worse…. you seem to be doing great as well sir.”

Nodding he follows her as she exits the locker room.

“It has not been without its tribulations. My most accomplished respected and valued agent has been away for a while and i’ve had to adjust.”

Alex chuckled. She knew that was his way of telling her he missed her.

“I missed you too J’onn.”

Alex grabbed the gun being held out to her by another agent and slipped it into her holster; its weight a comforting reminder of the normalcy she used to have.

“When all this is done, we will catch up properly, but right now I have to finish what I started.”

Without words, Alex made to walk away but turned back after a few steps.

“Can you not tell Kara I’m back yet? I don’t know how this is going to play out and I can’t afford anymore distractions, not until I put this to rest.”

J’onn nodded, he knew this was very Alex, always taking care of others and making sure the job is done.
“Whatever you need Alex.”

Alex stared at the woman through the glass, her gaze steeled to somewhere between anger and frustration, her teeth worried lip the only sign of the conflict raging away inside her. The door beside her opened and Vasquez stepped in handing Alex the tablet she held in her hands.

Vasquez watched Alex peruse the information in front of her in silence. She noted the way Alex’s shoulders fell slightly and how her eyes lingered just a little longer on the NCPD academy photo of the woman shackled in the room before them.

“This one hit you hard didn’t it Danvers?”

Alex looked up from the device and through the glass once again.

“I should have seen this coming... it was all too perfect... I should have known it wasn’t real.”

Vasquez stepped up beside Alex and also looked through the two- way mirror at Maggie. She could feel the hurt, disappointment and self doubt bleeding from Alex’s soul into the air. Everyone knew badass Agent Alex Danvers that knew 6 very painful ways of hurting someone with just her index finger but coming into herself, owning her sexuality, ladies loving ladies, Alex Danvers was new and soft and welcomed and warm and everything Vasquez had hoped Alex to find herself to be was new.

Vasquez shook her head.

“Alex... you can’t actually believe that?”

Alex handed Vasquez the pad and moved to the interior door leading to the woman sitting on the other side.

“It’s not about belief, its about truth and the fact of the matter it that I should have known something wasn't right and because I didn’t, years of my life have been spent doing some deplorable things that I'm never going to be able to take back and they’ve all been for nothing if I cant find a way to fix this... and that’s the truth.”

The intercom cracked to life and Maggie’s voice filtered through.

“Is someone going to tell me what the hell is going on here? If you’re going to detain me, I have a right to know why. I demand to speak to whoever is in charge.”

Vasquez eyed Alex sadly as she pushed open the door and entered the room.

“I guess that’d be me. Special Agent Alex Danvers, FBI.”

As soon as the door had swung open, Maggie felt a shift in the temperature and pressure in the room, whether it was physical or just in her mind, she noticed it. The air was cooler, a tang of rigidity but at the air, blanketing her skin in a wave of shivers. If this had been a comedy show, Maggie would have expected to hear a record scratch, an indication of just how fast things had changed and how wrong she had gotten things.

Her mind began to run over every moment of the past few months life a projector in her head.

Their first night at the club
Alex’s grip on her waist on the back of her triumph.

The **tears**.

The **I love you’s**.

The **promises made**.

The **blood spilled**.

The **lives saved**.

Everything began to blur into one until it slammed Maggie back into this very moment. She blinked a little to make sure what she was seeing was real.

“**Of few words now aren’t we Detective Sawyer.**”

Alex emphasised the word “detective like a snake spitting venom at an enemy and she watched as Maggie flinched away from her words.

Alex looked over the top of Maggie to the agent standing in the shadows and nodded her thanks. The agent understood and left the room. Maggie glared after the agent who had been so unforthcoming to answer her questions.

“**Alex.. I...**”

Alex shook her head and slammed her hands down on top of the table.

“**That’s Agent Danvers to you.**”

Alex knew her eyes burned with unshed tears and the anger bubbling up inside her threatened to break the last bit of control she had left.

Maggie’s eyes locked with her own and Alex could see that same fire and passion and soul she had spent the past few months loving and it somehow made her angrier than it would have if she’d seen cold, dead, unfeeling eyes staring back at her.

A heavy silence fell over the rooms eyes locked onto each other, waged war of two kinds; one of “I’m sorrys” the other of “how could you’s.” After a few moments Alex pushed off the table and began to pace the room. Maggie didn’t know what to do or to say. She wanted Alex to stop and look at her, for Alex to see her, to be able to tell her that everything she had said to her about loving her, about wanting to be with her was real. It made Maggie’s heart hurt with how much contempt she saw in Alex’s eyes. They burned bright but with a fire of anger and Maggie knew, she understood that it was justified, that she had deceived Alex and all the anger she held within her was her right have, but it hit Maggie square in the chest knowing that Alex had lied to her too.

While Maggie knew she had been sent to Alex, she didn’t know the circumstances under which she had fallen for Maggie; whether they had been placed in this position of building a relationship. Maggie had a feeling that Alex was the lesser of two evils, her attraction and then love for Maggie had been entirely pure.

After a few minutes Alex stopped pacing and sat down in the chair opposite of Maggie with a sigh, that rippled through Maggie’s bones.

“**Why am I here and not at control?**”
“You’re here because I say you are… You are here because you are going to explain your mission and why the NCPD deems itself fit to trash and walk all over a four year operation… You are here because I’m not going to let the last four years be for nothing.”

Maggie looked down at the table and fidgeted like a little girl being chastised for doing the wrong thing, and for all intents and purposes, she had. Taking a deep breath Maggie knew it was time.

“There had been a string of deaths in my district that we linked to drugs sold by dealers who answer to Angelo. My superiors said I needed more than a few dead bodies and the words of some low life dealers to get anything to stick and once I’d make the link that one of the victims had been to Club Cadmus just before their death, I was sent on a UC Op to infiltrate his ranks, get close to him, learn things, connect him properly to the deaths and the drug ring.”

Alex sat back in her chair, arms firmly crossed over her chest, as much as to protect her heart as it was to display her dissatisfaction about the whole situation.

“So really local have ruined a long term Op that has bigger ramifications than a couple of dead twenty something party goers who couldn't handle their cocaine. You really have no idea how far Angelo’s criminal reach goes do you? No. You just dived in, splashed around, no matter the cost.”

Silence fell upon the room again, Maggie’s eyes still firmly planted on the table.

“I gotta give you credit where its due though… you must by the best the PD has. You slipped in so easily, so effortlessly. Tell me, do you always fuck your way through Ops or was this a special occasion?”

Alex watched as Maggie’s gaze broke from the table and met her own. As angry as she was, the sight broke her heart; unshed tears brimmed Maggie’s perfect eyes, her lip trembled slightly as she tried to maintain composure.

“I’m not some sort of monster Alex.”

Alex scoffed and stood up again, moving to lean against the wall by the two - way mirror.

“And I suppose you’re going to try and tell me that I wasn’t your first mark when you fucked me on the dance floor of the club…. either way I don’t care. Right now, all i’m interested in is trying to salvage my mission. Why was a raid ordered for tonight? It was a standard delivery, nothing special.”

Maggie didn’t have to say anything. One look and Alex knew the reason. She sighted, it rippling through her chest.

“Right… Your moral compass finally caught up with you and you ordered a raid to get yourself out.”

Maggie had stayed mostly silent, holding back her judgement, her own anger because she knew she had been in the wrong but Alex had ridden her high horse for long enough for Maggie’s liking.

“You know what Danvers? You’re in this too. We’ve both lied for our own selfish reasons and to make out that yours are any less at fault than mine isn't going to work. And yes I may be just some dumb local cop who got caught up in something bigger than she’d realised but everything that happened between us, this… is real. I ordered the raid because I couldn’t live with lying to you. I tried to warn you, to tell you the truth but you didn’t want to hear it. So you can play the self
“righteous card all you want but don’t forget that you did this too… You loved me too.”

Alex pushed off the wall and strode over to the table, slamming her hands down, leaning over in Maggie’s face but before she could say anything Vasquez opened the door.

“Agent Danvers?”

Alex released her teeth from the inside of her cheek.

“What?”

Vasquez looked between the pair before swallowing hard.

“The director needs a minute.”

Maggie held her gaze, two pairs of eyes searching just like they had done before, but Maggie had not been handcuffed, Alex had not been furious and they had both prayed the others name through swollen lips and on hard breaths forced from lungs.

Alex pushed off the table and walked out of the room without another word, leaving Maggie bristling with things she wasn’t sure she’d ever get the chance to say to Alex again but she sure as hell was going to make sure Alex understood even if it was the last thing she was ever going to do.

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End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please leave a comment or kudos if you enjoyed it.. both are appreciated!
Or if you feel so inclined to, Hit me up on twitter @thatwalkerkid..

All mistakes are my own.. I’m human and most of this was probably written in the wee hours of the morning or late a night. Will try and keep the mistake to a minimum though xD

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!