Show Me

by Atlas98

Summary

A Valentine's day mission turns into something a little more fun when Alex gets a little jealous of the drug dealer Maggie is trying to take down.

Basically a one shot of the night that is better explained with the tags 😊

Updated:
So now also includes a normal night turned a bit fun when Maggie leaves the station early to go home to Alex..

This might just become a one shot collection for this kinda stuff later 😊

Notes

Based off a request from Vanemontesdeoca for a jealous Alex fic that I decided could bundle up with a valentines day thing... hopefully this will do 😊

Also im not sure what kinda rating this actually is so just a heads up that if Smut isnt your thing then probably won't like this

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Alex bounces her leg a little nervously, adjusting the strap of her gun over her shoulder as the van comes to a stop.

“You okay babe?” Maggie questions, Alex looking up at her girlfriend as she adjusts her suit jacket over her shoulders.

“Yeah I’m good. Just mission nerves.” Alex assures with a tight smile. She bites back the irritation of having to work on Valentine’s Day, the holiday somewhat being a tradition for them these days.

This year though, she’s stuck here instead, eyes trailing along the lines of Maggie’s suit and forcing herself not to reach out and tug it off. But when her girlfriend asks for help on something, well it's not like Alex could ever say no.

“We got it all planned, I’ll go in and set up the deal and as soon as I’ve got the drugs you come in.” Maggie recants, leaning forward and placing a hand on Alex’s arm. “And Kara is right there too. It’ll be totally fine, back in time for dinner and a movie.”

Alex takes a breath and nods, knowing this is a routine mission. They’ve done this hundreds of times before. And she supposes getting a high value drug dealer off the streets is worth putting her valentine’s urges on hold…for a while.

“You guys ready?” Winn questions, leaning past the drivers seat with a headset sitting a little awkwardly on his ears.

Alex rolls her eyes and gives him a thumbs up as Maggie pushes the back door open, clambering out into the back alleyway of the club. The music is pounding, even outside, the noise reminding Alex a bit too much of her college days.

But Maggie is adjusting her suit, pulling at the collar of her shirt which sits open temptingly in the absence of a tie. The sight forces Alex to remind herself to stay focused. But still, she grabs Maggie’s forearm, twisting her back around and pulling the detective into a kiss, just to numb her nerves.

Maggie just laughs against her lips and pulls Alex a little closer by her jaw.

“You’re gonna be late.” Winn mumbles out, shooing Maggie with his hand from the front seat.

“Quiet Schott.” Alex shoots back, Maggie laughing and pulling one of Alex’s hands up to her lips, kissing her knuckles gently to get her attention back.

“Be careful.” Maggie requests softly.

“You too.” Alex whispers, pushing a strand of the detectives hair back behind her ear.

But she can sense Winn getting restless about the time, so Alex nods and shuffles back a bit with a smile.

“Get in there detective.” She says playfully.

“Right away Agent Danvers.” Maggie smirks out, heading to the back door of the club with a light hearted salute.

“You two are useless and I love it.” Winn gushes out, Alex unable to help the smile that stretches
across her face even as she rolls her eyes.

She pulls a laptop from beside Winn, opening it and pulling up the surveillance cameras from the club, watching as Maggie moves around the outskirts of the dance floor, lights sparking off her hair and face in a way that would have Alex speechless on any other night.

“All teams comms check.” Alex instructs, pressing a hand to her ear before checking her rifle and loading a round into the chamber with a click.

“Supergirl check.” Kara’s voice chimes, soft against the wind high above the club.

“Alpha team check.” Vasquez follows.

“Beta check.” The NCPD unit down the road confirms.

“Sawyer check.” Maggie’s voice sounds, Alex flinching a little against the loud music that bales through behind it. “Entry clear. Proceeding to meeting point.”

Alex’s leg bounces nervously again as she waits, all comms lines silent as Maggie’s feed fills everyone’s ears. The upbeat music puts Alex on edge, her fingers anxious against her weapon, waiting to act.

But Maggie’s voice calms her, marginally.

“I’m at the booth. No contact yet.” The detective echoes. “All good Danvers?”

Alex laughs, knowing no one on the other lines will say anything about it.

“Totally fine Sawyer.” Alex offers back. “Starting to lose faith in your connections though.” She teases, watching as Maggie glares up at her through one of the cameras.

“My connections are perfec-... here she comes.” Maggie whispers, Alex tensing again and getting ready to move out of the van at the slightest sign of trouble as a tall blonde woman approaches Maggie.

Her walk honestly puts Alex on edge more than anything else, the keen in her voice as she speaks to Maggie even more so.

“You Detective Sawyer?” The woman questions lowly, leaning over the booth table intentionally to whisper in Maggie’s ear.

“Depends.” Maggie replies. “If I am?”

The woman leans back, crossing her legs slowly as she tilts her head.

“Well... considering the day, if you are, then I can guarantee you the night of your life.” She reasons confidently.

Alex scoffs. “Shut up and do the damn deal.” She mumbles to herself.

Maggie’s fingers tap on the table as Alex glares at the blonde dealer through the laptop screen, wanting to charge in there and take her down just from the way she’s looking at Maggie right now.

“Sounds like an offer I can’t refuse.” Maggie murmurs off script, Alex’s jaw dropping and shutting tightly as she grits her teeth. “Although I can't very well enjoy myself without a name.”

The blonde woman smiles. “Katya.” She offers, standing and reaching for Maggie’s hand as she leads them to the back of the club to the bar.
Alex just waits. She can’t do anything until the deal is done. But she wants nothing more than to wipe that smug smile from the dealers face, tell her to back off.

“Box of scotch, left of the fridge.” Katya instructs the bartender who nods curtly and retrieves it.

“Just like that?” Maggie questions as the dealer places the box on the bar top, Katya pushing it across towards her.

“Usually there’s a little more protocol... but I honestly want to get to the rest of our night.” The dealer implies seductively. “But my security detail is waiting out front and is quite intent on an early night.”

Alex watches as Maggie smiles. And it isn't the smile she gives Alex, no this is fake, the light not really reaching the detective's eyes. But still, it makes Alex’s blood boil.

“My bike is out back.” Maggie murmurs, leaning in close to the woman, brushing her hair back off her neck a little in the way Alex knows feels like sparks.

Katya is more than happy to follow Maggie as the detective puts the small box under her arm and heads out the way she came in.

Alex cracks the van door slightly and watches the back door, waiting as it swings open and Maggie walks out. Katya follows quickly and before Alex can give the teams the go ahead to take down the dealer and her security team, she’s shoving Maggie against the club wall, hands pushing past the detective's jacket as she kisses her roughly.

“Oh fuck this!” Alex exclaims, charging out of the van and letting her rifle fall to her side. “Get the hell off my girlfriend!” She barks out.

Katya has barely turned around to face her when Alex pulls her arm back sharply and throws her fist into the woman's jaw, sending her to the alley floor with a groan.

“All teams move in" Alex instructs blandly into the comms, hauling Katya up roughly and pushing her into the arms of an agent who muscles her into the back of the NCPD prisoner van that pulls up a few moments later.

Maggie shuffles up beside her to watch the whole thing.

“Well that didn't go too bad.” She offers, crossing her arms casually. “We can still make the theatre if you want?”

Alex just glares at her as Kara lands heavily in front of them, passing off another two security guards to the prison escorts.

“What?” Maggie questions at the harsh look.

Alex just paces over to Kara, stripping her Kevlar and guns off and shoving them into her sisters arms. She debates keeping her shirt but ultimately decides it’s not needed given what she has in mind, tugging it off and adjusting the black tank top she has underneath in slight irritation as she tosses her shirt to Kara as well.

“Please take those back to the armory.” She asks tensely. “I’m taking off from work right now.” Alex offers bluntly, double checking the pockets of her tactical pants for anything that’d be dangerous in a crowd, for once grateful for the slightly tight material...especially considering the look she catches on Maggie’s face as the detective watches her less than innocently.
“Uhh.. okay.” Kara says with a shrug, handing most of the equipment over to Winn and climbing into the passenger seat beside him as the DEO and NCPD vehicles start rolling out.

“You guys coming?” Winn calls out.

Maggie starts heading for the side door but Alex grabs her arm stiffly.

“No we're good.” Alex tells him, tone bordering on an order.

It works and the tech nerd just nods nervously and starts the engine, Kara waving goodbye as she stuffs a chocolate bar in her mouth.

“Have a good night.” The hero says with a cheeky grin, Alex glaring her sister off as the truck rolls away.

“How you planning on getting us home now Danvers?” Maggie asks, shrugging with a confused smile at her girlfriend.

“We're not going home.” Alex clarifies matter of factly, grabbing the detectives hand and tugging her back towards the club.

And despite her current drive and eagerness to bring Maggie here, Alex is grateful her girlfriend doesn’t argue as she guides them through the back door and past the bathrooms to the dance floor.

The tacky valentines day posters and confetti do little to impress Alex, nor does the overwhelming music that floods every sense in her body.

So She pulls Maggie in close to herself amongst the crowd, arms draped over her shoulders easily.

“What are we doing?” Maggie questions, leaning up into Alex’s neck to speak and be heard over the music. “Thought we had a date with some takeout and candles?” She chuckles.

Alex just shrugs, enjoying the heat that creeps up her neck at the feeling of Maggie’s breath against her skin, letting her hands wander down the detective’s side to rest gently on her hips and sway them against the tune of the blaring sound. If she’s honest,

Alex just wants to be close to Maggie right now, let her hands wander across her back and feel the warmth beneath her fingertips.

“That’s not an answer.” Maggie grumbles, pulling her face back a little.

Alex’s hands clench, fingers threading into Maggie’s belt loops in determination to keep her close as the agent looks down at her girlfriend intensely.

“Stay.” She murmurs out lowly, insisting Maggie listen, the fire in her chest spreading everywhere and making her breathing slow and heavy, Maggie smirking at the realization.

“This is about Katya.” The detective concludes cockily, Alex unable to stop the glare burning on her face at the tone. “Are you jealous?”

Alex clenches her jaw, focusing on keeping her feet moving instead of stopping and wiping the knowing smile off Maggie’s face.

“Why would I be?” Alex retorts bluntly. “You’re with me aren’t you?”

Maggie just smirks at that, nodding slowly. “I am…”
She leaves the assurance open, Alex knowing the tactic the detective uses to get her to open up.

“I just didn’t like it okay?” Alex concedes. “I mean it’s not that I own you or anything like that, you can do anything you want and if you thought you had to go off script to get the deal done then it’s just the job and it’s not for me t-“

“Alex.” Maggie cuts in gently. “I get everything you’re saying babe. And you know I didn’t kiss her. You’re all I want, even when you get jealous.” She assures with a sly smile.

“But?” Alex questions, watching the way Maggie’s eyes roam over her face, darkening under the flashing and coloured lights.

Maggie bites her lip, leaning up until her lips brush against Alex’s ear softly. “But what makes you think I didn’t do it on purpose?” She teases roughly.

“You..what?” Alex stammers, shaking her head slightly as Maggie pulls back with a smile.

She takes Alex’s hand and spins herself out a little, twisting back into Alex with the music so that her back is pressed securely against the agent’s chest, arms wrapped around her waist.

Maggie looks back over her shoulder, Alex leaning down a little to hear her, the agent’s heart stalling in her chest.

“Dance with me Agent Danvers.” She requests flirtingly. “Someone owes me the night of my life.”

Alex feels her jaw clench at the words that Maggie whispers up at her, the image of Katya kissing her making Alex fill with a burning desire to let everyone know that she's the one with Maggie. No one else.

She drops her lips to Maggie’s neck and bites gently, smirking at the small jolt that shoots through her girlfriend, her shoulders jumping off Alex’s chest before landing back heavily.

“Turn around.” Alex instructs lowly, the music and the noise seeming to fade away as Maggie does as she’s told, her suit and hair catching the lights and reflecting it off her dark eyes tempting.

Alex threads her hands into Maggie’s hair, pulling her in without much warning, the excited gasp and eager hands her girlfriend puts on her hips just making an ache roll deep in Alex’s stomach, her breath catching against Maggie’s lips.

The detective smirks up at her and takes her hand, pulling the agent towards the backdoor where they came in.

Maggie pushes through it hastily, tugging Alex after her into the alley as the night air bites at her skin again.

“Maggie what are we doing out h-” Alex cuts herself off as Maggie turns towards her, eyes looking over every inch of the agent until reaching her eyes.

The tension is tight in Alex’s body as Maggie steps forward, urging Alex backwards silently until her shoulders meet the wall of the club, the agent practically holding her breath as Maggie smiles at her and presses her hands to the bricks beside Alex’s head and leans in close.

“I know how you get with these things.” Maggie murmurs. “You don’t think I notice how you kiss me harder?” She questions, voice low and teasing as she lets her nose nudge Alex’s jaw up to let her lips ghost over her neck. “The way you hold me tighter, closer.”
Alex’s hands bunch into the shirt on Maggie’s waist instinctively at the words, a shaking breath moving past her lips as Maggie pushes forward a little more and presses her body tightly against the agent.

“Mags...” Alex warns halfheartedly, unable to deny the need that laces into her voice.

The detective just laughs quietly, content to place tame kisses against the agent's neck no matter how much the soft sensation makes Alex shake and sink down against the wall.

Maggie simply places her thigh between Alex’s own to help keep her up. The contact shoots through Alex and drives the burn ache in her stomach, forcing her to push back against Maggie and flip them around, pressing the detective a little roughly back into the wall she just held Alex against.

“You know I’m all yours babe.” Maggie says sweetly, leaning back comfortably under Alex’s weight. “I want you to show me.”

Alex half moans and half laughs at that, letting her face fall to Maggie’s shoulder as the music echoes from the club, surrounding them.

“You're gonna be the death of me Sawyer.” She whines with a smile, turning to kiss her girlfriend's neck, the taste of her skin on Alex’s lips urging her to grab Maggie’s jaw and pull her face down a little to kiss her.

And the taste of her lips, the feeling of her smile... it all makes Alex’s head spin. The way Maggie bites at her lips to urge her on is making Alex's heart pound like crazy as she stands up, hands grabbing beneath Maggie’s thighs to lift her up and use her hips to press the detective firmly into the wall.

“No one else gets this, gets you.” Alex murmurs into Maggie’s mouth. “Long as you're with me, you're mine.” She breathes out, crashing her lips back to her girlfriend's to prove the point.

Maggie smirks against her lips, her hands seemingly unable to stay in one place, drifting from Alex’s hair down her neck, clutching at the agent's shirt, anything they can find as she pulls Alex deeper into the kiss, half mumbling out requests for more that the agent is happy to comply with.

Between the noises Maggie is trying to keep in and the way her chest breathes hard and fast against Alex's own, the agent can't help but push a little further, her tongue moving slowly and slightly over Maggie's lip for permission. But the gasp it evokes, the detective throwing her head back against the wall and arching against Alex’s body has the agent lunging for her neck, wanting to feel the way her girlfriend struggles to breath beneath her lips as she gently sucks and bites a mark into the soft skin.

Maggie growls slightly at a sharp nip, her hands pushing Alex away and then pulling the agent's mouth against her own hungrily.

Alex's heart is stammering to keep control as Maggie moans into the kiss, hands threading and pulling at Alex’s hair as she tries to roll her hips between Alex and the wall, the dissatisfied groan she lets out against Alex’s lips making the agent just pull back, a smile burning on her face.

“I don’t suppose you had the NCPD check for cameras out here?” Alex breathes out harshly, biting her lip as she waits for Maggie to nod distractedly.

“Uh.. Yeah.. only out front.” She murmurs. “Why?”

Alex just smirks as she leans in again, Maggie moaning into the kiss and sinking back against the wall as Alex’s teeth pull gently at her lips, her tongue sweeping slowly over the soft marks to soothe
them. She moves a hand further beneath Maggie’s thigh, pushing in close to the detective to pin her securely to the wall and hold her weight with one arm.

Maggie’s hips try to press forward as Alex lets her free hand roam up the detective’s neck, tilting her head to the side to kiss and bite gently at the smooth skin of her neck again, Alex adoring the desperate sounds her girlfriend tries to hold in as she tries to pull Alex closer by her shirt.

“Stop playing.” Maggie pants out, her voice wavering in her attempt to tell Alex what to do.

Alex laughs against the detective’s neck, trailing her lips down to Maggie’s jacket collar, teasing at her collarbone just beneath the material.

“Why the rush?” Alex murmurs, her hand drifting down Maggie’s side and trailing along her belt until she stops at the clasp. “The night of your life is only starting, so enjoy it.” She teases, pulling Maggie’s belt loose and running her fingers over the button and zip of her pants to urge them open.

Maggie leans her head back against the wall, jaw clenching as she stifles a whimper in her throat, hips pressing up into Alex’s touch subconsciously.

“Let me touch you first at least.” Alex smirks out in response, letting her nose and lips trail along Maggie’s jaw until the detective looks back at her, hands pulling at Alex’s hair until her mouth finds Alex’s, demanding some fraction of control as Alex groans at the effort to stay focused on keeping Maggie up.

“Fuck me.” Maggie forces out between their lips. “Or I’m sure someone else will.”

It’s like a switch flicks in Alex’s body, the agent growling under her breath as her mouth crashes back into Maggie’s roughly, her tongue demanding to taste and feel Maggie’s, Alex wanting to swallow every whimper and every choked moan her girlfriend makes.

She pulls at the front waistband of Maggie’s pants until she can slide her hand down along the detective’s stomach, fingers moving over her underwear until Alex presses her palm up against Maggie’s centre, the heel of her hand firmly against her clit through the thin and soaked fabric.

Maggie’s body shudders against her, the detective gasping as she goes pliant beneath Alex’s touch, her thighs loosening around the agent’s waist as she loses focus.

Alex smirks, dragging her lips along Maggie’s jaw as she pushes forward heavily, Maggie whining at being unable to move in the slightest with how tightly Alex holds her against the wall.

“Well if you can’t keep your legs around me you’re gonna fall.” Alex murmurs lowly, a smile on her lips. “So unless you want me to stop...”

“Don’t, please Alex...” Maggie forces out desperately, a hand going Alex’s wrist between them and holding it in place shakily.

The way Maggie’s voice wavers has Alex smirking as she brings her lips back to Maggie’s, urging her mouth open to swallow the moan her girlfriend lets out when the agent pushes her underwear aside with her fingers.

Alex groans, hand shaking slightly as she lets her touch explore the wetness that coats her fingers eagerly. Maggie drops her head back with a whimper as Alex leans back a little to watch the way her girlfriend arches against her hips.

And Alex has to admit, she gets lost in it, the way Maggie’s breath catches when she circles her clit,
the way her hands pull at Alex’s hair when the agent goes too slowly. It all unfolds in front of Alex like she's orchestrating the best song in the world, intent to hear every sound and muted word Maggie murmurs out as she gets closer to the edge Alex so desperately wants to push her over.

Her fingers drag steadily down to Maggie’s entrance, pressing in slightly to feel her girlfriend flutter and clench as Alex’s lips find Maggie’s neck to kiss at her stuttering heartbeat. She enjoys the feeling for a moment, pressing her body into Maggie’s hips as her touch moves slowly, intently up through the wet and warm folds until finding her clit, circling slowly again before pressing over it gently.

“Oh fuck..” Maggie moans out, pulling desperately at Alex’s shirt, fingers scratching down the agent’s arms as she tries to breathe.

Alex groans in response, her stomach tightening as she forces her legs to remain steady against the arousal that floods her body. She can’t ignore the way it makes her desperate to be against Maggie, her kisses growing heated as she urges Maggie's lips to her own, teeth pulling and tongue soothing as Alex concentrates on the way Maggie’s centre pushes against her palm to distract herself from the ache lowering in her abdomen.

She finds a pattern, her fingers pressing slowly into Maggie’s entrance until the detectives breath catches between their lips.

Alex pauses briefly, curling her fingers lightly to cause Maggie to arch her back against the wall, then dragging her touch out slowly over every small spot Alex knows will make Maggie pliant against her before circling and pressing her clit until she's gasping and whimpering into Alex’s shoulder.

“I got you baby.” Alex assures, knowing Maggie loves the soft tone and encouragement, despite insisting after the fact that she doesn’t. But the soft moan and arch of her back as Alex whispers the words into her hair just makes the agent smile at the confirmation.

Maggie’s breath turns hotly towards Alex’s neck, faltering and stalling even as her lips seem adamant to taste the agent’s skin, her hands pulling desperately at Alex’s waist as her body keens forward with every motion of Alex’s fingers between their bodies.

But when Maggie bites at the sensitive skin gently, Alex’s caution slips and she presses her hips forward as her touch find Maggie’s entrance, the motion hard and rough as it forces Alex’s fingers to push into her girlfriend sharply until her palm rests against her clit.

It draws a muffled scream from Maggie, Alex drawing back out slowly as her forehead finds the detectives in concern.

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to go so h-“

Maggie pulls at Alex’s jaw, cutting her words off with a heated kiss as her fingers dig into Alex’s neck and keep her close. Her hips push up insistently against Alex, urging her fingers to push in again as Maggie whines into her mouth, nodding slightly when Alex curls her fingers in question. It’s all the confirmation Alex needs as she begins pushing and pulling her fingers between the muscles that clench and flutter harder with every moan Alex tastes on her lips.

When Maggie’s body starts writhing slightly and the breaths between their kisses get longer, overcome by the moans and whimpers that Maggie can’t keep quiet anymore, Alex feels a fire burn through her body with the sight of Maggie coming undone beneath her, the detective murmuring mostly incoherent requests in her ear. Alex pushes her fingers a little harder, dragging them back over the small spot within Maggie she knows will get her over the edge and pressing over it steadily,
letting Maggie arch and push into the soft touch until she comes, shaking and trembling as Alex moves her fingers back and forth slowly to draw out the orgasm Maggie moans out into her neck.

It takes a few moments, but soon Alex feels Maggie’s arms looping over her shoulders, the detective huddling into Alex’s neck and kissing there lightly, pulling a smile to the agent’s face.

“You okay?” Alex asks gently, pulling her fingers away from Maggie, chuckling softly at the way her girlfriend whines at the loss.

Alex let’s her hands drift behind Maggie’s knees, pulling her legs tightly around her waist to hold her close as Maggie mumbles words into her neck.

“What was that baby?” Alex murmurs back, pulling Maggie up from the wall slightly to have the detective in her arms.

“Love you.” Maggie smiles, pulling back to run her hands through Alex’s hair gently. “I said I love you, Alex.”

The agent feels the beating in her chest soften, looking up into her girlfriends brown eyes and wishing not for the first time that she could drown in the colour.

She let’s Maggie slide down to her feet again, hands sliding from her thighs up to her waist to keep her steady.

“I love you too.” Alex whispers, her forehead falling to Maggie’s. “And I still want you so badly, want to spend the whole night wanting you, all of you.” She laughs out gently, hoping to cover the awkwardness of the mild ramble. “I want candles and that pasta you make for special occasions, because I love being in love with you. Especially today.” Alex offers sweetly.

Maggie blushes and huddles into Alex’s chest, her hands still shaking a little as they rest at the small of the agents back.

“Let’s go home.” Alex breathes out, Maggie looking up at her with a question in her eyes that Alex just kisses her to reply. “I wanna show you.”
Maggie slumps behind her chair, her hand running through her hair to try push back the headache forming behind her eyes. It’s been a the worst day, from idiots prank calling to inmates in the cells causing a racket. And Maggie loves her job... mostly. But god she’s over it today.

All she wants is to go home to her girlfriend and forget all about it. She rolls back a little and digs around her pockets for her phone, smiling at the picture of her and Alex on the homes screen as she pulls up their messages.

M: Hey Danvers, what are you up to?

A: Waiting for you to get home...

M: I'm finishing up the paperwork as fast as possible baby I promise.

A: Do you have to finish? Can't Oliver do it for you?

M: Well... yeah. But I'll owe him..

Maggie frowns when the read notification stares back at her, pushing her papers around after a few minutes to try at least make her desk look clear. But she leans back again when her phone beeps, pulling it up again.

A: Then owe him... get home. Now.

Maggie reads the message a few times, contemplating listening to Alex. But she really should get this stuff done...

A: Maggie... now.

Its bordering on an order and Maggie can’t help picturing Alex standing above her, a half serious glare in her eyes as she murmurs out the words. God the image alone makes Maggie tug at her jacket to try loosen it as she replies.

M: I promise I won’t be much longer babe...

Alex’s notification pops up showing the agent has read the message and Maggie waits as the dots bounce over her screen intermittently. It goes on for a bit... but eventually they stop. They don't start again.

Maggie sighs, thinking she’s probably upset Alex a little. She shakes her head and berates herself. She hates that sometimes their work comes between them, Maggie never wanting to really be apart from Alex more than necessary. She's spiralling a little in her thoughts when her phone beeps and
And Maggie’s jaw just drops when instead of a message, a picture shows up instead. Alex has her fingers pushing back her hair, strands falling across her face as she bites her lip and pulls her tank top up just above her bra line, the lace begging to be shown more than the picture allows Maggie to see.

**A: Get home now Mags...**

Maggie’s mouth goes dry at the request, the meaning definitely more than just a mental image by this point.

“Hey Queen, I’ve got an emergency.” Maggie stammers out, sweeping the important papers into her arms and shuffling over to her partner. “Can you just do these? Don’t worry about the B&E’s I’ll sort them out tomorrow.”

“Yeah no problem Mags, but you owe me next week.” Oliver smiles cheekily. “My kids got a recital.”

“Yeah sure, no problem!” Maggie calls over her shoulder, rushing through the precinct to get to her bike as she types on her cell.

**M: Do not do anything until I get there!**

Maggie fumbles the message out, clambering onto her triumph and pulling her helmet on hastily before letting it roar onto the street. The lights and signs all pass by like a blur, Maggie groaning under the sound of her bike when the vibrations from the engine shoot through her and make her legs clench instinctively around the machine when her mind flashes back to Alex.

The sight of the apartment building can’t come soon enough, and Maggie practically skids the bike into its spot before tugging her helmet off and racing for the elevator. She paces as the numbers tick down to the lobby, stopping herself just barely from running inside when the doors roll open. But the small space makes her feel frustrated, her hands clenching as she waits to reach the right floor. And when it finally does, Maggie is beyond grateful no one is around to see her trip out in her haste to lunge for the apartment door and shove her key into the lock. Normally the sound of the metal scraping would make Maggie grimace, but all she can think about is getting inside, getting to Alex.

The thought of her girlfriend waiting for her... demanding that she come home for her... it makes Maggie moan under her breath and lean her forehead against the door for a moment to try and calm down a little.

It works and Maggie utters thanks to whatever gods exist when the door let’s her through and she can kick it closed, her boots landing heavily soon after. The lights are all turned down low, the soft light not doing much to keep Maggie’s keen eyes from searching for Alex. But the apartment is empty, bathroom door closed.

Maggie shuffles over and leans in close, a little confused as to what’s going on when she hears the water running. She's about to call through the wood when a soft gasp sounds from the other side, soon followed by a harsh breath. And Maggie would recognize the sounds anywhere.

She turns the handle and lets the door open, leaning on the frame to see Alex in the shower. The agent has her fist clenched tightly around the rail that holds the shower head to the wall, her other hand disappearing temptingly between her legs as she moans into her arm in an attempt to muffle the sounds she’s making as the water streams through her hair and over her body. And the sight alone makes Maggie’s legs weak, her breath hitching as if breathing would be too much of a distraction.
over watching Alex do this to herself.

But the thought soon hits Maggie that she had done what Alex asked... she'd come home as instructed. But Alex hadn’t done the same.

“I told you not to do anything.” Maggie voices quietly, letting the arousal in her voice sound plain and clear as Alex startles a little and looks over at her, the way her chest rises and falls as she tries to breathe drawing Maggie’s gaze hungrily.

“I couldn’t help it.” Alex groans, her hand still moving steadily over her center even with Maggie’s intrusion. And fuck on another occasion Maggie might’ve just accepted that and joined her girlfriend. But something in her wants more tonight, wants to take Alex to the edge and show her that nothing could ever be as good as she can be for her.

“Stop.” Maggie says sternly. She clenches her fists when Alex moans and whines in frustration as she does what Maggie says, her hand dragging out from between her legs and resting on the wall to help keep herself standing as she turns the water off.

Maggie wants nothing more than to just charge forward and pin Alex to the shower wall, let her mouth and teeth drag over every inch of skin on Alex’s body and let the agent ride her fingers until she can’t take a single second more. But Maggie has a different plan in mind, one that holds enough curiosity for her to control her urges and grab a towel from the rack and hold it out.

“Get out.” She whispers, Alex reaching shaky hands out for the towel and wrapping it around herself as Maggie watches, doing everything to just keep her hands to herself as her eyes follow Alex’s every move.

“I didn't even c-” Alex tries, Maggie cutting her off gently.

“Go get dressed. Underwear only... and the bra from the picture, please?” Maggie half instructs and half questions, not wanting to cross any lines here no matter how comfortable her and Alex have gotten.

The agent gives a small nod and Maggie suppresses a groan at the look in her eyes, instead turning on her heel and leaving the bathroom. She watches out of the corner of her eye as Alex shuffles into the bedroom, moving the towel over herself cautiously to dry off a little. And Maggie notes that the agent doesn't dare go near touching herself again, the confirmation just making Maggie’s stomach clench as she forces in a breath and moves over to the dining table.

She pulls a chair out and turns it around so the back leans against the table, the heavy wood making Maggie smirk a little in anticipation even as her shirt starts to feel a little too tight.

“Mags?” Alex questions quietly, the agent standing sort of shyly in the living room and watching Maggie with her eyes darker than the detective has ever really recalled. The line of her black underwear slips down onto her hip a little on one side, Maggie following the path up Alex’s waist until black lace stretches across the agents chest and practically calls out for Maggie to do something about it.

“Come here.” Maggie asks quietly, Alex swallowing visibly and shuffling over. And despite it all, Maggie can tell that she’s a little nervous.

“Hey,” Maggie whispers, reaching out and holding Alex’s jaw gently. “You're still in control. Just say the word and it stops, okay?”

Alex nods, her hands finding Maggie’s waist naturally.
“I know I am. You're here aren’t you?” Alex replies with a sly grin, her fingers tugging at Maggie’s belt loops to bring their hips together. Maggie grits her teeth to stop herself from moaning, hands instinctively pushing back into Alex’s short, wet hair and pulling at it tightly as she leans her forehead against Alex’s.

“What do you want?” Maggie murmurs, a little embarrassed by the sound of her voice and the way it kilts with need under Alex’s gaze. She can’t really believe Alex has this effect on her, how one second she can be shy and then the next have Maggie forcing herself not to beg for just a fraction of her time.

“You seem to have something in mind...” Alex whispers, her eyes looking confidently to the chair beside her. Maggie actually chokes at the look Alex gives her, the way the agent moves her hands from her hips to Maggie’s stomach and pulls at her shirt.

“Only if y-“ Maggie starts, Alex shaking her head to stop her talking.

“I'm sorry I didn't wait for you.” Alex murmurs, leaning into Maggie and letting her lips trace the detective’s neck as she says the words. “I think about you and can't stop myself.”

Maggie whimpers against Alex’s hair, clinging to the agents shoulders to keep herself standing with the ache that flips in her lower stomach, threatening to drag her to the floor.

“Al... I..” She tries, gasping and swearing under her breath when Alex bites at her neck to silence her. But the agent soon leans back a little to look at Maggie again, a fire in her eyes that's almost challenging and sends arousal straight to the center of Maggie as she waits quietly for Alex. The agent smiles knowingly at her, bottom lip pulling between her teeth at the state she has Maggie in right now. She moves in closer, pulling at Maggie’s jaw until their lips are barely touching.

“Tell me I should have waited for you.” Alex whispers against Maggie lips. “Show me what will happen if I don't listen.” She teases. And the words bring Maggie back to earlier, seeing Alex doing to herself what Maggie so desperately wants to do. It makes something in her snap, the urge to make Alex shake and beg and swear to wait as long as Maggie tells her to burning in the detectives veins.

“Sure?” She forces out, hands already holding Alex steady at the base of her back. Alex mumbles out a yes against Maggie’s lips and the detective moans at the confirmation and the way Alex’s grip on her jaw loosens a little as the agent looks at her again.

“Show me.” She asks again. Maggie sighs as she does as she’s told, crashing their lips together as her hands slip down to Alex’s underwear and pull her in, it forces the agent up and Maggie bites at Alex’s bottom lip as the agent wraps her legs around her waist.

And God she’s done this before, had girls in her arms and wrapped over her body, but the feeling of Alex rolling her hips into Maggie’s stomach makes the detective loose her grip a little. Alex is completely intoxicating in a way Maggie can’t help but love.

She presses forward until she can put Alex on the table, dropping her a little roughly and swallowing the gasp the agent let’s out, her tongue running over Alex’s until she can't breathe and finds herself pulling the agents hair to tip her head back. Maggie’s lips instantly latch onto Alex’s pulse point, Maggie growling at the way it jumps beneath her touch as her free hand scratches lightly down Alex’s skin, running over her hips and down her thighs, grabbing under the agents knee to keep her legs wrapped firmly around her waist.

It makes Maggie groan every time Alex rolls her hips and she can feel the wetness through her girlfriends underwear over her stomach.
“Stop moving your hips.” Maggie demands against Alex’s neck, biting gently at the skin beneath her ear to enforce it when the agent whines and halts her movements, her fingers digging harshly into Maggie’s shoulders with the effort. Maggie smiles against the agent’s skin, nipping along her jaw and moving close to her ear. “Good girl, be patient.” Maggie whispers.

The whimper Alex lets out as her hands fist into the front of Maggie’s shirt makes the detective shut her eyes to concentrate enough not to let the heat growing low in her stomach take over. But they snap open when she feels Alex start undoing the buttons. And while the air against her skin is welcome and almost a relief, Maggie didn’t say Alex could take it off. She pulls away, Alex keening forward a little and slipping off the table in an attempt to follow Maggie even as the detective moves her legs from her waist and steps away.

“Wha-”

“I didn’t say to take my shirt off.” Maggie says lowly, Alex visibly gulping at the tone as she leans back against the table. Maggie can see her hands clenching on the wood as she tries not to move anymore, clearly understanding how this is going right now.

“Sit.” Maggie murmurs, tugging her shirt open so she can at least breathe a little as Alex does what she’s told and sits on the chair like a child in detention. Maggie watches the agent’s gaze carefully as she pushes her belt through its clasp, tugging on the waist of her jeans that then fall down her legs, Alex's gaze moving from Maggie’s eyes down her body instead, jaw clenched to keep from standing and closing the space between them.

And Maggie’s head is spinning with what she wants, from the sounds she knows Alex will make if she leaves her too long, the whimpers she'll let out if she pulls her hair back... Maggie is practically weak at the thought of hearing Alex’s breathing get heavy and feeling her legs shake, the way her back will arch if she lets her fingers press onto Alex’s clit in just the right way... But something else entirely makes Maggie move forward, running her hand along Alex’s jaw before letting it drift down her neck, her fingers moving slowly over the agent's chest as her breathing stalls beneath Maggie's fingertips.

Alex reaches forward and holds Maggie's hips, pulling her close and pressing her lips to her rib cage as Maggie takes the moment to take a breath, her hands running smoothly through Alex's hair, water still dripping a little from the strands down her back and through Maggie's fingers. And only once she’s gathered enough resilience to actually go through with it does Maggie fist her hand gently in the agents hair, pulling her back and tilting her head up so she can look down at her, Alex’s hands tight on her hips at the move.

“Let go.” Maggie murmurs, smirking when Alex releases shaky fingers from her underwear and grips the chair instead. “Are you gonna listen to me now baby?”

Alex nods slightly, knuckles white as Maggie steps back a little.

“Good.” Maggie whispers, letting her hands run the length of Alex’s thighs and urge her legs apart a little, the agent clenching her jaw at not being able to keep her legs together for any friction. But keeping Alex from that isn’t what Maggie wants... not yet.

She sits across Alex’s thighs, leaving just room between them so this will work. Leaning in to kiss leisurely over Alex’s neck, Maggie lets her hands trail across the agents collarbones, daringly close to her lace covered breasts, but not close enough for it to do anything much before her hands find the back of the chair.

“You can carry on now.” Maggie mumbles against Alex’s pulse, happy to stay there and leave a
mark on the soft skin.

“What?” Alex forces out, her hands instinctively moving to Maggie's back to try pull her closer when the detective bites her neck gently at the question.

“I interrupted you in the shower... carry on.” Maggie explains, pulling Alex’s hands from her body and placing them on her own to make it clear.

“You... you want..” Alex tries, not getting very far when Maggie growls and moves her lips from the agent’s neck and pulls Alex into a rough kiss.

Her teeth drag across Alex’s lips, tongue running over the swollen flesh each time to soothe them as Maggie grabs Alex’s hands again and keeps them against the agent's body.

“Touch yourself.” Maggie instructs, pulling back again. Her hips instinctively roll and move her center over Alex’s thigh when the agent just clenches her eyes shut at the request and pulls in a breath.

“Now.” Maggie repeats almost insistently, the tone urging Alex to look at her again and sink into the chair as her hand begins to move down her stomach to the waistband of her underwear. She starts to pull them down but Maggie stops her by grabbing her wrist tightly.

“Leave them on. I don’t want to see you yet.” She murmurs, eyes moving between Alex’s fingers just below her underwear and the agents eyes.

“Okay.” Alex mumbles out, barely audible as she adjusts her hand to move underneath the fabric instead.

“Slowly.” Maggie instructs, focusing intently on Alex in an effort to keep the heat in her body at bay because if she focuses on that then she’ll probably just end up fucking Alex right now and that isn’t what she wants the most at the moment.

Alex bites her lip to keep from moaning as her hand starts moving cautiously over herself, Maggie watching like it's the only thing she'll ever get to see in life.

“I want to hear you.” Maggie breathes out, surprised her voice is so steady given the restraint she’s holding on herself. Because god it's practically torture seeing it like this, Maggie not knowing if Alex swallowed a gasp because she circled her clit or if she dragged her fingers along her inner wall. Maggie can’t really see any of it besides the way it makes Alex writhe beneath her, the way the agents chest arches up as her head falls back against the table... and Maggie just watches, lost in the way Alex’s center rolls up into her own hand in search for more, broken moans catching in her throat as she bites her lip.

“Can you go a little faster for me baby?” Maggie asks, running her hands up Alex’s thighs and pulling her hips up in time with the movement of her own hand to make the instruction clear.

Alex gasps, free hand coming up to her chest to grab her breast roughly as she rides her fingers a little faster, Maggie keeping her weight centered on Alex’s legs to stop the chair tipping. It doesn't take long before Maggie is switching from pulling Alex’s hips up and actually pushing her girlfriends body into the chair top keep her steady, Alex arching and writhing beneath her the closer she gets to coming.

Maggie unabashedly let’s her eyes move over every curve that presents itself, the slope of Alex’s jaw as she tries to breath, the lines of her ribs as her body tenses and releases every few moments. Maggie wants it all to fall apart and watch every inch of tension in Alex’s body release like a bow...
but not like this. So Maggie watches, looks for the way Alex’s breathing starts to catch, the way her hips try to rise against the pressure of the detectives hands on her hips, she watches until she’s sure Alex is one second from losing it... and she grabs her wrist, pulling it harshly from her underwear and forcing it down to her side.

Alex practically screams at her for the intrusion now, her whimper of protest sounding in Maggie’s ears as the detective leans forward and kisses along Alex’s neck again calmly, as if nothing has happened.

“M- Mags.. wha-” Alex tries brokenly, trying desperately to roll her core up into something for friction and finding nothing to push her over the edge. Maggie just chuckles, leaning back a little and urging Alex to hold onto the chair again so she can let her fingers trace over the agent’s skin, down the centre of her bra following the connection of her ribs, down her stomach and moving her hands across Alex’s underwear lightly before coming back up and resting her hands against Alex’s waist.

She slides forward on the agent’s legs until her hips meet Alex’s and leave no distance between them anymore. The slight contact makes Alex groan, hands coming to Maggie’s ass to try pull her in closer so she can grind up a little. But Maggie just grabs her hands again, leaning down so her lips brush against Alex’s.

“No touching.” Maggie murmurs, shoving Alex’s hands off of herself roughly. Alex groans and grabs the chair again, tipping her head back as Maggie leans down and brushes the agent’s jaw with her nose. “You know what seeing you do that does to me?” Maggie questions lowly, letting her fingers ghost over Alex’s stomach in idle patterns as the agent bites back a sound at the question and shakes her head slightly.

Maggie hums and lets her hands go higher, palms finding Alex’s breasts and massaging gently, the gesture only lasting long enough to pull a groan from Alex’s lips and a roll from her hips into Maggie’s core. The detective let’s her hands find the chair back again, Alex breathing erratically and tilting her head up to look at Maggie.

“No you want to see what it does?” Maggie questions, letting her hips roll against Alex’s stomach. “Do you want me to show you what it makes me want to do?”

Alex whines and nods, Maggie rewarding the confirmation by grinding her body down a little against the one beneath her, pulling her body back as Maggie leans down and brushes the agents legs in a way that has them both half wanting it to end and half wanting it to continue. But Maggie gasps and keens forward when Alex’s hands grab at her hips and pull her in again harshly, lips finding Maggie’s neck as she tries shoving the shirt from the detective’s shoulders.

Maggie instantly pulls back, pushing Alex into the chair by her sternum and climbing off her girlfriend a little shakily.

“I said, no touching.” Maggie growls out, pacing back to her jeans and pulling the belt from the loops before moving back to Alex.

She’s about to ask if it’s okay, but Alex just chokes back a whimper, pulling the chair away from the table a little and putting her hands behind the back, pushing her legs closed to try keep herself together. The sight makes Maggie’s stomach flip and she can’t help but tilt the agents jaw up so she can kiss her gently, a small reminder.

But it’s brief, the taste of Alex on her lips driving Maggie to her knees so she can loop the belt around Alex’s wrists in a loose figure eight before pushing the buckle through and pulling it tightly. She knows it’s not enough to hurt, but enough to keep Alex where she wants for the moment. It lets
Maggie takes her time, the detective standing and walking behind the chair, letting her hands brush through Alex’s hair and tug it back so she can kiss and nip at the agent’s neck until a mess of small marks are scattered over the skin.

It has Alex’s fists clenched in the makeshift binds and the knowledge alone that she won’t dare do anything turns Maggie on beyond belief, the ache low in her stomach becoming hot and angry. So it’s not long before she finds her way in front of Alex again, fingers tapping at the agent’s thigh gently.

“Open.” She orders softly, gritting her teeth when Alex writhes a little with the effort it takes to do as she’s told. Maggie can’t help sighing in appreciation as she steps forward again and straddles Alex’s hips once more, her hands pulling at the agent’s jaw until their lips meet roughly.

But Maggie actually whimpers when Alex bites at her lip a little sharply, the smug look in the agents eyes making Maggie thread her hands into Alex’s hair and pull it back again so she can bite at the sensitive skin on her neck.

“Not nice.” Maggie says teasingly.

“Not fast enough.” Alex shoots back shakily, the words cutting off a little as Maggie rolls her hips forward harshly in response.

“Learn to wait.” She growls out under her breath.

But she knows its twice now she’s stopped Alex from getting what she wants, so Maggie is willing to finally give in to her urges. She pulls Alex into a heated kiss, tongue and teeth demanding control once more as Alex tries to push up into Maggie’s hips, the movement not getting her very far like this.

“Say it.” Maggie murmurs, pulling Alex’s bottom lip between her teeth a little before letting it go and running her thumb over the hot and swollen flesh. “You know what I want.” She urges.

Alex whimpers and whines, arms visibly pulling against the belt behind her as she tries to reach for Maggie. But it’s no use and the agent gives in, sinking beneath Maggie’s weight and leaning into the chair as she breathes unsteadily against the detectives lips.

“Please.” She finally whispers, voice quiet and dripping with need.

The sound alone is enough for Maggie to give in, her lips finding Alex’s shoulder as her hands pull at the agent’s bra to pull it down as far as her bound arms allow. Alex barely has a chance to register before Maggie is moving back on her legs and pulling a nipple between her teeth gently, releasing it and letting her tongue soothe the bite as her other hand massages Alex’s other breast roughly, the bud hard beneath her palm. And Maggie practically breathes for the way Alex’s back arches into the touch, relief catching with the sounds in her throat as her hips shake beneath Maggie’s own.

And fuck Maggie just wants more, wants Alex to unravel and become totally wasted on her touch. So Maggie bites at Alex’s nipple one last time before sitting up straight and letting her hips grind harder into Alex. She reluctantly moves her hand from Alex’s breast and moves it to rest behind her girlfriends neck to pull her in close, her forehead against Maggie’s.

“Again.” Maggie instructs greedily, the arousal in her voice so evident she has to remind herself to focus.

Alex’s breath hitches, arms still tugging uselessly at the belt as she nods and brushes her lips over Maggie’s.
“Please.” She whispers brokenly, sighing into Maggie's mouth when the detective leans forward and captures her lips again. She kisses her slowly and gently as her hand follows the same routine down Alex’s stomach, beneath her underwear and... Alex throws her head back as Maggie kisses her neck again, just wanting Alex on her lips as her fingers stroke over her clit gently. It’s practically euphoric, Maggie just lives for the way Alex’s hips rise to try keep the pressure every time she touches the sensitive spot, how the moans break in her throat when Maggie circles her entrance teasingly only to bring the warm liquid back to Alex’s clit and carry on circling it.

“You feel amazing.” Maggie murmurs beneath Alex’s ear. “It's so hot that you let me do this.” She admits, rolling her hips in time with her fingers pressing against Alex’s clit. “And this.” Maggie presses one finger through the wet folds, moaning at the feeling of Alex instantly pulling her in and keening as she starts dragging it back slowly over the front wall as Alex pants and pushes up into her.

Maggie takes the hint and adds a second finger, using her hips to grind into Alex’s lap as she pushes them in cautiously; twisting slightly to help Alex adjust and also so she can press her thumb to the agent’s clit.

It earns her a stifled moan and Maggie pulls back and pushes in a little harder to make it clear she still wants to hear Alex. This time the gasp sounds freely and Maggie smiles at the muted swearing beneath Alex’s breath as she carries on rolling her hips into Alex's lap, fingers finding a calm pace between them as Maggie let’s a hand come up to trace the outline of Alex’s neck and shoulders as her head hangs back a little.

Maggie knows it’s not the best position, so she puts a hand beneath Alex’s neck to hold her head up and rest her forehead against the agents. Here she can feel every breath Alex forces in and out, Maggie adjusting her pace when Alex can’t stop moaning and pushing her hips up insistently. And the way Alex is still trying to pull her hands loose, the way every time she tries to kiss Maggie but can’t hold the contact past her broken breath and moaning... it all just makes Maggie crave to see it all collapse, her fingers moving instinctively to push harder into Alex’s core past the clenching of her walls, the agents clit slippery and sensitive against Maggie’s palm.

“Plea- please don't stop a-again.” Alex begs, whining when Maggie can’t help but push her fingers a little harder at the request.

“I got you.” She assures, pulling Alex into a kiss as she pushes faster and presses heavily on her clit to help get her to the edge.

Alex pushes up into Maggie’s hand, her moans catching between their lips as her body arches and shakes against Maggie's, the sweat on her skin hot as she comes. Maggie moans and lets her tongue run languidly over Alex’s as she feels the agents walls clench wetly around her fingers, Maggie angling her wrist to try keep moving gently to keep Alex gasping and moaning into her mouth as long as possible.

But eventually Alex collapses, sinking into the chair and groaning as Maggie pulls her fingers out slowly, letting them circle Alex’s clit once more just to see her whimper and whine at the contact. Maggie moves back a little with a chuckle, kissing Alex’s lips gently, then her cheek, down her neck softly and over her collarbones where Alex’s heart is still stuttering a little beneath the touch.

She moves off Alex’s legs and sinks to her knees, kissing Alex’s stomach gently as she reaches her hands behind her to undo the belt. Alex flexes her fingers a little before letting her hands find Maggie’s face and pull her up into a kiss.

It's soft and content, Maggie letting herself get lost in it for a moment, moaning appreciatively at the
way Alex’s hips are still shaking a little. She moves back with a smile and stands again, hands finding the back of Alex’s knees and lifting them to urge the agents legs to wrap around her waist, before grabbing Alex’s hips and pulling her forward gently.

“Come here.” Maggie whispers, hands sliding under Alex’s thighs as she lifts the agent up into her arms again.

Maggie sighs as Alex leans her head on her shoulder, the agent turning into her neck to kiss her softly as Maggie starts walking to the bed. But Alex grabs on her jaw just before the stairs, pulling Maggie into another kiss. It’s not heated or rough, Alex seeming to just want Maggie on her lips as the detective sighs and leans Alex against the wall so she doesn’t drop her while her head is distracted.

She can’t help but smirk into the kiss at the feeling of Alex’s ruined underwear against her stomach, her apparent smugness earning her a bit of a hair pull from Alex.

“Don’t be an asshole about it.” Alex murmurs against her lips, tugging at the collar of Maggie shirt before resting her arms over her shoulders comfortably.

“Course not.” Maggie chuckles, pulling back a little to kiss Alex’s jaw and pull her weight back onto her hips fully so she can climb the stairs and fall onto the bed, letting Alex roll off of her slightly.

“Can this come off now.” Alex grumbles, pulling softly at the open shirt tangled a little between them.

Maggie laughs and sits up, working the material off her shoulders and tossing it away before lying back down and pulling one of Alex’s arms across her stomach to stay warm. And the way Alex just smiles kind of smugly before huddling into Maggie’s side makes the detective roll her eyes affectionately.

“Thanks for coming home.” Alex laughs out quietly, her arm holding firm over Maggie’s waist to keep her from swatting her too badly.

“like I had a choice.” Maggie mutters, thinking about the overtime she owes for Queen. But she knows it would always be worth it, any moment with Alex would always be worth far more.

“Still.” Alex says happily, loosening her grip a little so she can sleep.

“Yeah yeah.” Maggie sighs, even as she pulls Alex a little closer. This is definitely gonna be the death of her, Maggie swears it.

Chapter End Notes

Not quite jealous Maggie.. but anywhoo hope it was fun 😊
Also..I got a Twitter (I'm still figuring out how the damn thing works) but it's cool if ya guys wanna interact a bit more and im thinking of maybe doing like sneak peeks of stuff and doodles and what not on there just to keep some sanvers content moving around, it's @Atlas983 ..so yeah check it out if ya want and yeah..k byeee... oh and also Say you Love me Tonight will be updating soon, promise! 😘 okay now byeee 😋
End Notes

So... yeahhh... I'll just leave this here and..go..😊

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!