Nascent

by Knightblade

Summary

A personal betrayal sends Spencer Reid away from his team. With a little help from his friends and an offer he doesn't want to refuse, maybe he can have what he needs.

Notes

The next instalment of the Alphabet challenge I started with my son. The criteria are: An Epic but Practical Car, A Favourite Comic Book Character, A Symbol of Love (Tattoos), Polyamourous Relationship, Dragons, and a Cat.

Do not own any part of CM or NCIS, just borrowing the deliciousness.
Betad by Grammarly.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Spencer Reid leaned back in his chair his back popping with his stretch. He sighed in relief and settled ignoring Emily’s snickers. He scanned the bullpen finding himself, his teammate and the scant night shift were the only people around him. A quick glance at his watch and he understood. 7:45. He gathered up his files cleaned up the paper clips and pens shut down his monitor and tucked his chair under his desk.

“Done? I have two more.” Emily asked a slight hint of jealousy in her eyes.

“Yes. I even finished the two you pawned off on me. While they are serial, they are not ours.” she had asked after frustration had her trying to figure out why they were BAU cases. Spencer had sent one to White Collar, and the other to ATF.

“You are amazing. Thank you.” she tossed a mini Snicker at him that he set next to his pencil holder for the morrow.

“I gave Morgan’s six back after he left.” Spencer stood a bit straighter at her laugh. He had a date tonight, he refused to be late. Besides, he had done six files for him last week under the promise of real coffee and a chocolate sprinkle doughnut every morning this week. Derek had brought just one small lukewarm cup on Monday, deal broken. Again. Spencer didn’t mind helping, it was the principal of it. You make a deal you keep your word.

“Good for you.” Emily praised. She saw just how much he had covered for Morgan. Reid was consistently doing the man’s files for promises that rarely were kept. She didn’t think it was to be cruel, but she knew it was deliberate. From the day Spencer had joined the team Morgan used Reid’s eagerness, strict work ethic, and almost pathological need to be accepted to his advantage.

It had taken years but recently, out of nowhere, Spencer had complained during girls and a guy night out, not expecting them to get indignant on his behalf. JJ and surprisingly Garcia had been the ones to tell him ‘I forgot’ was not a sufficient reason to blow off the deal. Later when a slightly inebriated Reid had asked his friends if they thought Morgan was really his friend or if he was acting like it to get what he wanted out of him, Emily was the only one who didn’t look away. They had all convinced him that he was not obligated to do Derek’s work to be his friend, and if that was the only reason Morgan acted chummily, he deserved better.

“I’m outta here.” Spencer chimed after a final scan of his desk.

“Have a good weekend Romeo. Tell Monica I said hi.” Prentiss offered.

“I intend to. I will. Have a good one. Tell Dave to take you dancing.” he chuckled at her wide-eyed stare.

“You little shit.”

“I’m happy for you both. Truly. You make each other smile. It’s a good thing Em.” Reid said hoping to smooth the bluntness.

“It is. Good night Spencer,” he strode up to Hotch’s office to drop off his files knocking lightly knowing Rossi was also inside.

“Come.” Spencer ducked in.

“Sorry to disturb you, I have the files done.” Hotch reached out dividing the impressive stack into
two piles handing one to Dave. Since Spencer did twice as much as the others, from more than one department, the two men shared signing off on the work.

“You are a wonder Kiddo,” Rossi mumbled scanning the top file. A seven-year-old cold case Rossi had asked for his insight on.

“Need anything else?” Reid rocked on his heels.

“No. This is more than enough. Thanks, Reid. Have a good weekend.” Hotch said signing off on the first file.

“Emily has two files left, so she should be ready to leave in about forty minutes, Rossi.” Hotch barked out a laugh at the older man’s dropped pen. “Hotch, I think you need to call Flagstaff and speak to the chief, his detective is not following up as required or recommended, he’s trying to get me to do the heavy lifting, and without going there I am at an impasse. See you Monday.” Spencer snickered as he rushed away.

“I told you he would notice.” Aaron snapped his fingers, tucking the hundred he was given into his pocket.

“Laugh it up Hotchner.”

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer pulled in front of Monica’s condo complex. He stretched to grab the bouquet of peach roses she loved, the bottle of sweet red she enjoyed, and the Mexican take-out he had gotten from her favourite place. He checked his watch and smiled seeing he was four minutes early.

Spencer had been dating her for the last six months as of today, and she wanted to celebrate. After Maeve, he didn’t think he would ever find someone. Monica was a transfer from the Texas office. She has stolen his breath the moment he saw her. Long natural strawberry blonde hair worn down in a subtle headband kissing the bottoms of her shoulder blades, big soft brown eyes, delicious cupid’s bow lips, slightly freckled skin, legs clear up to her neck. She was beautiful, smart, and vivacious. Men had swarmed her, but she had chosen him. That made his heart flutter in joy.

He slid the key into the top lock, hurrying to turn off the alarm. The radio upstairs was on loud enough for him to determine the song, so she was probably doing her Pilates. Into the kitchen, he exchanged the wilted flowers for the new and set the table for dinner. He set a long red velveteen box across her dessert plate. Popping the wine so it could breathe while he located her upstairs.

He got up the stairs and noticed the light was off in her spare room so knew she was not exercising. The music was blaring out from that room so maybe she was doing chores or napping? He had a plethora of ways to wake her.

Her bedroom door wasn’t latched so he gently pushed it open so he wouldn’t startle her. He blinked shook his head to clear his sight and looked again but the scene hadn’t changed. Monica was astride thick hips rocking hard as big hands played roughly with her breasts. She was close, Spencer had heard those same sounds himself. He turned his head for some reason needing to see who she was with.

“Derek?” Spencer hated how meek he sounded. Morgan shot from the bed, rushing him his arm cocked back. Reid understanding that some men would fight before thinking in this situation, turned to escape taking the punch to the side of his jaw instead of the nose. Spencer crashed hard into the doorframe his head bouncing off the wood. He curled in to protect himself from the next blow that
“Reid?” Derek’s voice was stunned. Monica began laughing hysterically on her bed not even bothering to cover herself.

“I…” Spencer spun stumbling still dazed down the stairs, heavy feet following close behind him. Thick fingers grabbed his arm stopping his retreat. “Let go.”

“What are you doing here?” Derek asked angrily not even caring that he was still nude.

“Visiting my girlfriend. I’d ask what you were doing here but that was obvious.” his jaw hurt so he had a hard time articulating.

“Girlfriend? Oh please. What the fuck could she possibly see in you? A few dates does not make you her boyfriend.” Spencer jolted cut deep by his supposed friends’ comment.

“Words don’t seem to mean anything, let’s try the evidence. I have the door key, I turned off the alarm, set the table and knew exactly where her room was. I see that logic is too much to grasp for you, so I can also add that she has a tattoo of a stem of cherries right next to her well-travelled landing strip and a small peach on her left ass cheek” Spencer could see the statement had struck home. “I have no need to ask why you are here, so I will be going. Enjoy dinner.” Derek let him leave this time.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer pulled away driving aimlessly. He parked not even knowing where he was. His chest was burning and the moment he noticed air burst from his lungs along with tears spilling over his lashes. He sat silently salt water dripping from his chin with images he couldn’t stop flashing through his mind. He was not in love with her but could have fallen given time. Her sleeping with someone else didn’t surprise him as much as many might expect, he was used to not being enough. She wasn’t the first partner to cheat on him.

‘She will be the last.’ he vowed to himself. The pain was because of Derek. Even though he questioned the sincerity of his declarations of friendship, he still believed that Derek had at least cared a bit about him. The man had claimed to be his best friend. Called him little brother. He felt betrayed in a way that he never fathomed. A metallic tap made him jump, he looked out the window to see a serious officer gazing at him.

“Sir, are you alright?” she asked concern tingeing her voice. She stepped back as he lowered the window.

“Yes.” he regretted moving his jaw, it hurt immensely.

“Terry, he’s hurt call an ambulance,” she yelled to her partner.

“No, I’m fine.” he was having trouble with annunciating some consonants, so deliberately slowed his speech to be clearer.

“Your head is bleeding and that bruise on your jaw is deep. Just sit still. Is there anyone I can call for you?” she gently held him in place by the shoulder.

“Agent Aaron Hotchner. I’m FBI and I’m armed.” she accepted his creds leaving his sidearm. “Speed dial one, my boss.” he gave her his phone.

“Hotchner.” he heard his boss answer clear and concise, even though it was three in the morning.
“Agent Hotchner? Yes, sir, my name is Officer Renee Lindquist. I have a Dr Spencer Reid here with me. He has a serious contusion on his jaw and a deep gash on his forehead, he is unwilling or unable to open his mouth but he seems coherent. No sir, he is parked safely at the trailheads. We are having him transported to Mary Washington by ambulance. Yes, sir. I will tell him. Thank you sir.” she hung up handing him his phone. She opened his door squatting down kindly rubbing his forearm. “He is on his way.”

Fifteen minutes later, the ambulance pulled in lights flashing but no sirens. One medic grabbing equipment one rushing over to him. Officer Renee stepped back in just enough time to avoid being vomited on. He cried out his jaw forced open by his body’s purge. Stars blinked on and off in his eyes.

“My name is Jake. Easy, I’ll help, keep your head down so you don’t breathe it back in. Let the water wash it out, do not swallow.” the man ordered gently rinsing the emesis from his clenched jaw. “Bill, grab a C-collar and backboard. Jaw could be dislocated. His pupils are non-reactive. Hey, can you tell me your name?”

“Dr Spencer Reid. FBI. I’m armed.”

“Okay, listen can you open your mouth for me?”

“No, hurts.”

“Okay, Spencer. I want you to just sit quiet, let me and Bill do all the work. We will get you paper and pen so you don’t have to talk okay?” Spencer gave him a quick thumbs up.

“Sir, I need you to stay back.” Terry barked.

“I’m Aaron Hotchner, you called me. I am his boss and medical proxy.” Hotch handed the man his creds getting an apologetic wave forward. Aaron leaned in helping them pull Spencer out of the car and securely onto the gurney.

“Jaw is bad, I don’t want him talking until the doctor says he’s able,” Jake warned letting his boss fasten the belt over his waist.

“I understand. I need everyone to know I am taking his sidearm.” Hotch scanned the group, they all nodded staying back for the moment. He leaned close to be seen by his subordinate, there was a light smell of whiskey on his breath, but not enough to impair his boss. “Spencer, I need to touch your hip, I am going to secure your gun.”

“Okay.” Hotch scowled at him for talking. Warm hands unhooked the holster and all, Hotch absently tucked the gear onto the back of his own belt walking with them to the ambulance.

“Sir, you can ride up front, I need the room.”

“I’ll be back, I need to tell my ride.” Spencer could hear his wingtips on the crushed gravel. He wondered who he had driven him.

“Sharp pinch Spencer.” Jake deftly hooked up the IV, checking his vitals as the extra gear was being loaded. He heard someone get into the passenger seat. “Do you need something for the pain Spencer?”

“No! No narcotics. He is allergic to opiates and Beta-lactams,” Hotch said urgently.

“Please,” Spencer added.
“No problem. We will be at the hospital in no time. Hang on Bill thinks he’s Mario Andretti.” Spencer nodded as much as the uncomfortable collar would allow.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer let himself wake up as slowly as his body wanted. He knew he was in the hospital and waking from anaesthesia, but it took his brain a minute to remember why. A warm hand rubbed his chest hard enough to help him finish waking but not cause pain.

“Easy Spencer, you are safe,” Hotch assured his deep voice soothing.

“Blink them big old Bambi eyes for me Puddin.” Garcia cooed holding his hand fiercely. Spencer peeled his eyes open unwilling to make her be worried any longer. “Oh, you look so not collected. My poor Baby Genius.” he found himself hugging an embarrassingly soft but realistic purple dragon plush tucked by his side.

“Wh..” his forehead creased as his hands rushed up to his jaw of their own volition, only to be caught by his visitors.

“I was afraid of this. Spencer, they had to wire your broken jaw. I told them you didn’t understand, you were very confused when we got here because of the concussion. MRI says everything in your skull is normal. They put a few tiny stitches in the head wound hoping to minimize scarring. As soon as you are completely awake you can leave okay?” Aaron explained.

“Broken?” Spencer knew he must sound and look pathetic tears pouring down his temples as his mind played that fist over and over again.

“I’m going to buy you a new smoothie blender and we are going to keep it in my lair, and I have a huge list of filling nutritious concoctions we can try, and nommy ice cream shakes. You can suck up your coffee with a straw and if not I will drizzle it into your mouth one drop at a time.” Penelope promised. He grinned at her wincing at the ache. There was a soft knock at his door.

“Dr Reid?” Officer Lindquist poked her head in.

“He is not able to talk, his jaw has been wired.” Hotch became more protective, and that seemed to ease the young officer’s worried expression.

“Oh. I’m sorry. I’m glad we found you when we did. My boss is willing to allow the Bureau to handle this if that is how you want to do it. He says he knows you Prosecutor Hotshot.” she seemed uncomfortable saying the nickname but had been forced to. Spencer was amused when Aaron chuckled.

“Tell Calvin I said thank you. I’ll call him with the specifics when I know them.” Aaron’s eyes twinkled in mirth.

“His name is Thomas Greene,” Renee said trying to make Calvin fit.

“It’s a reference to Back to the Future,” Hotch said getting a cackle from Garcia. Spencer covered his mouth hoping to force himself not to laugh.

“I cannot forget that now.” the officer giggled. “You take it easy Dr Reid. I’m glad you are mostly okay.” Spencer waved at her as she left.

~~~~~~~~~~
Aaron handed Garcia his house keys while he let an exhausted Spencer lean against him. She held open the door as they walked in. Aaron guide him up the stairs and into his spare bedroom. Aaron pulled his shoes off, whipped his belt off tossed a blanket over him and chuckled when he hummed drifting off to sleep.

“How is my baby?” she asked popping up from the couch.

“Sleeping. Thanks for driving Garcia.” she accepted the hug he offered.

“Of course. You probably did not need a designated but I am happy to oblige.” she held the dragon she bought having no clue where to set it.

“Probably not, but I was not sure if it was noticeable on my breath. I had a drink when I got home at twelve thirty. I can pull out the sofa and make it really quick. It’s four in the afternoon you need to sleep.”

“Oh, that sounds amazing. I can help my Bubby with you. Are you sure?” he smiled taking the dragon and rushing upstairs. He set the plush on Spencer's chest and had to bite his lip when the young man rolled on his side curled around the toy.

“I have absolutely no idea what to offer you to sleep in.” he looked at her colourful dress unable to imagine it being comfortable to sleep in.

“I have a bag in Ester.” He held out his hand and she set her keys in the palm. She was amused when he hopped into the driver's seat backing it into the driveway. Around to the trunk, grabbing her overnight bag, makeup bag and the toiletries bag.

“The shower is back there, and there should be ample towels in the cupboard.” Aaron yawned making her giggle.

“You are adorable. Go to bed mon Capitaine. Sleep yourself out. I’ll make breakfast when I get up.” Garcia shoved him towards the stairs.

“I have to check him every couple hours.” Aaron reminded her.

“Let me know when you are too pooped and I shall take over the watch. Get-get.” she kissed her finger and pressed it into his forehead.

“Goodnight Penelope.” he returned the finger kiss making her blush.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer woke up the smell of coffee wafting into his room. He opened his eyes momentarily confused with his surroundings. The cosy room looked a lot different in the dark, though he figured that was because it was no longer influenced by anaesthesia. He rolled onto his back and couldn’t stifle the pained whimper. He took as long as his body wanted to get up literally scuffling to the bathroom across the hall. While he peed he learned yawning was A: nearly impossible, and B: really painful. Feeling scummy because he couldn’t brush his teeth he meandered to the stairs.

“Oh, he is alive. Need any help?” Garcia asked brightly. That brought an image of this boss supporting him while he relieved himself sometime in the recent past because he was wearing the same sleep pants the man insisted he wear. He could feel the blush crawl up his neck.

“Morning.” he hated how he sounded.
“Take it easy. No overdoing it. Are you hungry?” Garcia tucked under his arm like a snuggle but she was really there for support. He nodded.

“I can whip you up a smoothie while your coffee cools enough.” he nodded again as she went over to the sofa bringing two large bags out to the kitchen. A new smoothie blender with every bell and whistle in the box ended up in front of Aaron who cut it open with his pocket knife. He added the bits and bobs to the dishwater and continued his chores foot tapping a little wiggle in his hips that amused Spencer to no end. Spencer followed the cord from his back pocket to his ears from his iPod.

Garcia set a booklet of hospital recommended smoothies and a sharpie telling him to mark the ones he would eat and the ones he wouldn’t. It didn’t take long he just had to see the word banana and it was a nope. He looked at the supplement powder she had bought at the nutritionist’s recommendation. and determined he would not miss the potassium.

“So while we spend god only knows how long chopping, dicing measuring and packaging all of the fruit, vegetables, and powders you will need for six liquid meals a day, you can fill out your report so we can arrest the bastard that hit you,” Hotch said setting the two large bottles of supplement next to him with a tablespoon and a 200 carton of plastic 1 oz cups with lids.

“The minute you have only a sip left, you tell me I have your meds. You can wash the icky from your mouth.” she lay the two liquid filled syringes of antibiotic next to him and two non-narcotic pain relievers next to his smoothie. He sucked gently expecting it to hurt and was not disappointed. It shouldn’t be that long until he got used to it. Another sip and he was mortified when some dribbled down his chin. Hotch absently tossed over his towel then went back to peeling and cubing the Mangos.

“Report Spencer.” Aaron tapped the pad of paper.

Aaron took over measuring the powder so he could start writing. He stacked it neatly reluctant to hand it over. Aaron ignored him until the table was cleared and everything placed in colourfully marked meal ready gallon baggies into the freezer. He handed it over when a steady hand lay open on the table.

Garcia gently squirted the bubblegum flavoured antibiotic into his cheek so he could swallow it easier, it was gross but less nasty than the bitter pills. She gently pushed the tablets into his mouth wincing when he held his breath. When he drank them down she helped him swab out his mouth then offered him a cup of room temperature coffee with a straw.

“Can I discuss this now?” Hotch asked the muscles in his jaw flexing, the only sign of his temper.

“I can go if you need Bubby,” he shook his head.

“You did not name the man who hit you. Is this because you didn’t know him or because you are worried about revealing his name?” Aaron wrote the question on his tablet as he spoke.

“I do not know him.” Spencer wrote. Garcia picked up the other handwritten pages reading them quietly.

“The description is vague. Is there anything else you can remember? Maybe an unknown car in the drive or street?” Hotch asked.

“No.” She had a garage, Morgan’s bike would easily fit in it with her compact car he thought. “I was in shock. It was dark and by the time I could see him he had hit me, my glasses were knocked off my face. I just left unwilling to exacerbate the confrontation.” Spencer replied.
“Is there any chance this man’s DNA or prints are on any of your clothes or belongings?”

“No.”

“I will be taking Dave with me to question her is this a problem?” Spencer shook his head humiliated.

“Nope. None of that Babyman. There is no reason to be embarrassed, this is not your fault. If she cannot see what a fantastic, brilliant, wonderful man you are she does not deserve you. This is her and this barbarian’s fault. You hold your head up, Honey.” Penelope squeezed his hand hard.

“I thought...I am so stupid.” he wrote. His friends both looked pained but there was no pity.

“She has no idea what she lost here. If she had an inkling of the man you are she would never have looked at another. Spencer, she is blind, and even if she couldn’t connect she was a bitch to not only lead you on but to use you knowing you were emotionally invested. Her reaction is proof of her immaturity and heartlessness. You deserve better Spencer.” Hotch said patting his knee.

“Thanks, Hotch. Don’t worry, this will never happen again.” Spencer wrote underlining three times.

“I hope you are right Honey.” Garcia kissed his knuckles.

“I mean it. I will never put myself into that position again. None of this is worth it. I am done trying when no one else is willing to. I’m tired, I think I’m going to lay down. Thank you both so much. Sorry.” he forced himself to walk calmly upstairs. He did a cursory wash, lay down and unashamedly curled around Agent the dragon.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Oh, Spence what happened?” JJ asked rushing to his side. Emily was not too far behind.

“Gather everyone in the roundtable room,” Hotch answered standing protectively at Spencer’s side. They rushed off collecting the team while Aaron and Spencer dropped their things in his office. Spencer greatly appreciated the strong hand at the small of his back when they entered the room. Derek sat to the rear of the table and sat up surprise on his face. Spencer let Aaron direct him to a chair placing him between Dave and himself. Dave moved closer instinctively protecting him. If they only knew the cur was in the same room.

“Friday night I got a call at three am from local PD about Dr Reid being found at the trailheads injured in his car. Garcia and I met them at the scene. At the hospital, it was determined to be a concussion and a broken jaw. His jaw is now fully wired. He is cleared for light field duty and if we are called out he will travel with us. As requested Spencer will room with a team member each night because he needs assistance with medications and eating. He has chosen Penelope, David, and myself because he is able to room with each of us easily. Here in the office, he is comfortable with JJ and Emily’s help as well.” Hotch explained.

“Anything I can do?” Derek asked his voice clipped.

“Nothing.” Spencer spat. The big man sighed falling back into his chair.

“What happened?” Dave asked.

“I met Monica’s jealous boyfriend,” Spencer informed them. Garcia passed him a cup of cool coffee and a tube of chapstick for his dry lips.
“Excuse me?” JJ asked clearly pissed.

“You heard me.” Spencer sighed slumping down hiding behind his hair.

“Where did this happen?” Emily snapped he was touched by everyone’s temper on his part.

“At Monica’s condo Friday night at approximately ten after nine. I was expected at nine for our six month anniversary dinner. I got there at nine. I set the table, placed fresh roses in the vase on her table opened a ninety dollar bottle of wine, set the bracelet I bought her on her plate. Then went upstairs thinking she was in her exercise room. I found her in bed riding her lover.” Spencer rubbed his jaw. Garcia passed him a small dry erase board and marker.

“Did you recognise him? Catch his name?” Dave wondered.

“No. I left after he hit me. I was dazed. It was dark in the bedroom.” he hated lying to them but he refused to play into what he was certain to be a penis measuring contest. No one would believe him over Derek especially if Monica sided with Morgan.

“Have you questioned her yet?” JJ asked glaring at Hotch.

“No. She was not home the two times I attempted to speak to her. I was hoping to find her at her desk today. There is no way she doesn’t know who hit Reid.” Aaron stated.

“She did not punch in at her regular time but did ask for the day off.” Garcia read from her laptop.

“Dave and I will try her home again. Strauss has given us the case. At this time there is not much we can do. Without a name or description, we are stuck. The rest of you hit cold cases if your paperwork is caught up.” Spencer rose Aaron and Dave followed as he made his way to his desk. Hotch handed Penelope Spencer’s pain meds then went with Dave to the elevators.

“When did you take these last Bubby?”

“Seven,” he said.

“Okay, you need to come to see me at snack time, all of your nibbles are in Bossman’s fridge. You need anything come find me.” Penelope bounced off to her lair.

Spencer picked up his phone writing a long but exact text. **I suggest you call her and tell her to change her sheets and hide any condoms she has laying around. The Bureau is treating this as an assault on a Federal Agent. I assume she spent the weekend at yours, I recommend you have her lie about that.**

Derek’s phone chimed he looked at it and quickly pulled it below the edge of his desk hiding. He sent out a text, then sent one to Reid.

++We need to talk.++

**No we do not.**

++Reid, you're my friend I want to fix this.++

**We are not friends. We never were, and will never be friends. I will work with you and that is it. Don’t speak to me if it isn’t case related. Do not touch me. There is nothing absolutely nothing you can say to me.** Spencer was shaking he was so angry

++I’m sorry.++
**Bullshit. You knew she was my girlfriend, but you slept with her anyway. You broke my jaw. If you were sorry you would have followed me out, not taken her to your place to hide out. If you were sorry you would have attempted to cover that hickey. You are sorry you got caught. You are only sorry because you want to cover your ass. Honestly, you deserve each other.**

++She told me it was casual.++

**Telling you that she was only with me casually is a pretty good indicator we were together on some level. I have been informed that having sex with a friend’s lover is an infraction of the bro code. The bro code you that you taught me. Did that gold bracelet I showed you Friday morning seem casual? Did the fact that I told you I was serious seem casual to you? Again bullshit. You knew and did not care. You led with your dick. You got what you wanted. I hope the notch on your bedpost is everything you hoped it would be.**

++Pretty Boy. Tell me how to fix this.++

**DO NOT CALL ME THAT. You have no right you manipulative bastard. None. This is the final time I answer you. You made your choice the minute you decided to penetrate her. The minute you dropped your pants you chose to destroy our friendship. You ruined our friendship willingly, knowingly, and unrepentantly. You killed our brotherhood for a piece of ass.**

Spencer stood up ignoring the text that followed. “I need my pills, I need to see Garcia.”

~~~~~~~~~~

“What did she say?” Emily asked the minute Aaron sat in his chair.

“She said that she met the guy at a club and brought him home. It was a one night stand. She says his name is Larry but didn’t ask his last name. She gave us the name of the club but didn’t know anything else. She says she kicked him out the instant he hit Reid. Claims she forgot about their date. Says she tried to reach him all weekend to see if he was okay but he had ignored her. There are no messages on his phone. She said she spent the rest of the weekend with a friend uncomfortable to be alone.” Dave informed them tossing his notes on the table.

“She says that she will call if she sees him again,” Aaron added.

“Dammit.” JJ cursed frustrated.

“We will keep an eye out, but for right now we are at a wall. We are not dropping this, we are waiting for more evidence.” Hotch assured them just as unhappy as they were.

“I’m sorry this is bothering all of so you much. Please know that I am grateful for your concern, and fury. I have faith in this team. I am not worried this man will ever approach me again.” Spencer said.

“We will figure this out Kiddo.” Dave pat his back.

“I know.”

“Sorry to interrupt but this just came across the wire and you guys are next on rotation,” Laney said handing Hotch a file.

“Thank you.”

~~~~~~~~~~
Spencer sat in the SUV fighting the urge to clench his jaw while Derek drove to the forensic offices. While he was supposed to stay at the precinct, the coroner had found some markings that were impossible to photograph clearly to be interpreted so Hotch had asked him to go and look.

“Spencer.” Derek sighed.

“If it isn’t case related do not speak to me.”

“If you are so pissed off why lie for me? Why cover my ass?” Derek blurted.

“I didn’t do it for you-you pompous ass. I did it for this team. I lied to hide my own shame, my humiliation at your hands. I lied to save face, so I didn’t have to deal with everyone whispering behind my back again. I lied because it is less shocking for it to be a stranger. I lied because the truth hurts too much.” Spencer darted out the door before he could say anything more.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer pulled the file box from the shelf tempted to run his finger through the dust on the lid just to see the depth of it. This was a twenty-year-old cold case that he had found by accident searching for something to do while the team was on two days downtime after their case. Spencer had too much time to think cooped up in his apartment so he came to work to raid the cold case vault. He wandered over to one of the tables to read through the files and see if there was anything he could maybe find to bring closure for these three savaged victims.

After two cups of cold coffee and a can of chocolate Boost, he had made three pages of notes with questions and potential leads to follow. He packed up the files and made his way to Agent Helen Mathers desk.

“Oh Honey let me clean that box, you are getting dust all over that spiffy tie.” Helen pulled a lemon scented cleansing wipe from the plastic holder in her bottom drawer and cleaned the cardboard while he signed out the files.

“Thank you.” he smiled at her, by her flinch some of the wires must have shown.

“Oh, that looks miserable. I heard you were hurt. Oh, my teeth hurt in sympathy.”

“It doesn’t hurt much unless I forget. I did find out that sneezing is much more traumatic than I had previously experienced.” he joked with her.

“I never even considered. I bet yawning sucks.” he nodded.

“It slows me down at the metal detectors.” she laughed as he gathered his box and left.

The elevator whirred away from the basement heading up to the sixth floor so he could use his computer and phone to get anything the officers working this case may have. He was reading his notes, not paying attention when the doors slid open letting two men out and someone else in. The doors closed and seconds after upward motion resumed the car jolted to a rough stop. He saw the hand move away from the stop button, before looking up the find Monica glaring evilly at him.

“You told everyone. You blabbed my private life to the whole damn building.” she hissed.

“I told my team because they had to know why I was in the hospital. I told no one else. I posit that more people knew you were fucking me than you thought, and the fact that it is written in public record my jaw was broken by my girlfriend’s lover at my girlfriend’s apartment people put that information together and determined you were an unfaithful partner.”
“You went running to your team crying like a fucking baby. Why couldn’t you just be a man? Why did you have to make a production? You just needed the pity, the poor fucking victim needs a fucking hug.” Monica growled.

“I said nothing to anyone but my team. I did not run crying to them, I would have been thrilled to never have anyone know. To be frank, I owe you nothing. You are the one in the wrong. People are not angry on my part specifically, they are repulsed by the situation. Infidelity is something everyone can understand even if they have never been cheated on, they are incensed by the act in general. They are not coddling me, they are showing their distaste for your choices.” Spencer shot back amazed by how even and calm his voice was.

“People are whispering behind my back. People who I thought were my friends are avoiding me. My coworkers are doubting me. Your vengeance is going to cost me my job you pathetic son of a bitch.”

“I am sorry but that is not my fault.” Spencer knew the elevators restarted after ten minutes of manual shut down unless maintenance intervene. He looked down watching her pace as she berated him, his lack of attention was pissing her off. She smacked the box out of his hands screaming inches from his face. He clutched the rail keeping his hands well away from her. She shoved him as the car shook resuming its climb to the sixth floor. The doors opened as she shoved him again Agent David Nyland and Agent Meyers diving in standing in front of him protectively. Meyers escorted her out while Nyland helped him clean up the mess and get his side of the story.

A review of the CCTV footage backed Spencer.

~~~~~~~~~~

It was a good day. They had found the two brothers safe and sound with their maternal grandparents dropped off by their non-custodial mother who had run when she heard the Amber Alert. They found her dazed two counties over in a ditch the carcass of the deer she hit having stopped her escape.

They were at a bar in Wisconsin celebrating. It had been a long eight months but Spencer had found a way to work with Derek. While it was strained, they had reached a functional medium. The team had not said or acted like they suspected anything more than his explanations of a confrontation about doing Derek’s work, so he felt the ruse a success.

Monica had lost her badge, then had moved somewhere in Utah near her parents four weeks after she verbally attacked him. He had agreed with the disciplinary boards’ recommendations knowing the loss of her badge and reputation was more damaging to her than anything else. He hoped she had learned something but seriously doubted it. An ice cube bouncing off his chest drew him from his thoughts.

“Reid. Do you need a ride to the hotel? Dave and I are leaving.” Hotch asked yelling over the music.

“Please.” Spencer took Garcia’s tipsy kisses and followed his ride out the door. Hotch swayed when the cool air hit him.

“Oh, I drank more than I thought. You drive.” handing the keys to Dave.

“You did not drink more than you think. You drank on an empty stomach.” Spencer informed his boss.

“That would do it,” by the time they got to the car they were discussing food, Aaron apparently hungry now that he had been reminded. Dave silently pulled into an all-night diner so they could
grab something. Over country fried steak and fries they laughed and relaxed together. The relationship that had developed between the three of them was something Spencer cherished. All of them seemed to lose their adrenaline at the same time schlepping out to the SUV glad that the hotel was only a few blocks away.

At their door, Spencer gave Dave a pat on the back before he went into the room. Aaron leaned in for a companionable masculine side hug thanking Spencer for dinner and promising the next meal was on him. Reid silently opened the door to the room he was sharing with Emily stopping his tiptoeing when he found her awake. She JJ and Penelope finishing their night out. They giggled and chatted as they got ready for bed. JJ and Em in one bed Garcia and himself in the other curling up the tv showing some action flick they had no intentions of watching tittering and whispering until they all drifted off.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer tiredly climbed the last riser of stairs to his apartment surprised to find Derek leaning against his door. The last thing he needed after this case in New Mexico was Morgan, but since he didn’t normally come to his apartment he assumed it was important.

“What do you want?”

“We need to talk,” Morgan stated voice even. Spencer unlocked his door allowing the man to follow him inside.

~~~~~~~~~~

Aaron Hotchner stopped just before opening his office door noticing his light was on and the blinds drawn. Opening the door he was a bit surprised to find AD Richmond sitting in one of his guest chairs.

“Good morning Sir. Did I forget a meeting?” Hotch asked setting his briefcase on his desk.

“No. Sorry to just pop in like this, but something has come up and I felt you and your team deserved to hear it from me and not paperwork or the grapevine,” John said.

“We can gather in the conference room,” Aaron suggested. Richmond waved him on, Aaron called the team to a meeting, JJ running to collect Garcia. When they all sat down John stood laying his briefcase on the table end.

“I asked you all to gather this morning to extend a bit of unwelcome but unavoidable news.”

“Spencer isn’t here yet, should we wait for him?” JJ asked.

“That is my news. Dr Reid has been transferred to the Pasadena field office. He will be the resident profiler for that office. This transfer is effective immediately and as requested by Dr Reid himself. On Spencer’s recommendation, Agent Grant Anderson will be taking his place. Reid flew out early this morning. He left me with a letter for each of you. He asked that you respect his decision and to give him a few days to get settled.” John pulled the letters from his case handed them to Hotch, before he left them alone to deal.

Aaron handed each team member their letter unable to find anything to say to them. He left the round table room to shut himself in his office. His heart was aching. He had thought they were stronger than this. Closer. He thought they were building up to something more than simply friends. While neither one of them had said anything there was a familiarity, an attachment that seemed to say more. He knew Spencer was still not ready for a serious relationship, he had hoped that when he was that
he would give Aaron a chance.

“He never said anything to me either,” JJ said to a sniffling Garcia.

“Son of a bitch,” Derek growled crumpling the letter he had gotten and slammed it into the trash can before stomping out of the room. Garcia snatched the paper ball up tucking it into her lap smoothing it flat against her legs.

“He might want it when he cools down,” she said getting knowing nods.

“The kid said a lot for one sheet of paper.” Dave rubbed his upper lip.

“Dearest Pen, I know this is a shock and I am so sorry that I have caused you pain. I can’t get into details but please know that I did what I did for the best of the team and myself.” she went silent while she read what was obviously personal, then tearfully continued. “Penelope, you are by far the most beautiful, honest, purest soul I have ever met and I am blessed every moment that I know you. Here is my number and I will call as soon as my Skype is loaded. I am always, always here my colourful Companion. I love you, YOUR Doctor.”

“Dear Jen, I need you to know that getting onto the plane knowing I am leaving my precious godson behind is the second hardest thing I have ever done. The gift you bestowed on me the day you bore that sweet boy is by and large the most valued and honourable title I have ever gained and I am eternally grateful.” she paused to gather herself, “I did not see another way. Leaving was not what I wanted but it was the best choice for everyone involved. I can’t say anything more, but I hope you understand that I did the right thing. All my love, Spence.” JJ read.

“Dear Em, You were a surprise from day one. I did not expect to become such dear friends so quickly. It was instantaneous and permanent. You have become a fixture and necessity in my existence.” her eyes ran quickly down the page to the end. “From you, I learned to stand my ground, to face the shit life throws at me unafraid of the splat. I am doing the only possible thing that I can do to preserve the team and myself. I am not losing five friends, I am leaving five pieces of my heart with the bravest of gatekeepers. I am unashamed. ты любимый Emily, Spencer. It means you are loved.”

“David, I find myself struggling right now. I am bereft of words, and I hate to say less than exactly what I need to. I know everyone thinks that I am blindly devoted to Gideon. They are wrong, he was my guardian and while that is so important, it was not this level of affection. I respect you both, I admire you both, I even love you both but there are differences that until this moment, I did not fathom. While he led me, you calmly guide me. While he instructed me, you patiently taught me. While he tacitly used me, you expertly utilized me. While he saw my potential, you nurtured my humanity. While he fed my mind, you fed my soul. From him, I learned what a true mentor was. From you, I learned what a father could be. Your service has helped heal that damaged...eh hem...that damaged little boy and I am grateful. I wish I could tell you why. I know out of everyone you will comprehend this choice I have made. I saw no other way, if there was even a modicum of light at the end of the tunnel I would still be there beside and behind you. I am a phone call, a text, a chat, a flight away. Love, your Kiddo, Spencer.” Rossi resolutely wiped his eyes.

“Hotch,” the team turned to the doorway where he stood. “I am on my fifth copy of this note. I know how fucked up it is ME leaving a letter as I disappear behind the clouds. Hotch, I haven’t slept for days trying to find a better solution. I have racked my brain, called numerous people and this is the only thing that I could come up with. It is not ideal, but it is what I must do to save the team. They need you, your strength, nobility, loyalty, leadership, and devotion. It has been my greatest honour and privilege to work beside you.” Aaron did nothing to hide the emotion in his voice. “Gods, I wish I was strong enough to say this to your face. Aaron, I am in physical pain at the thought of leaving
you behind. You without even trying have proven me wrong. As I board that plane, know I was so very right, this is devastating. Aaron, so I do not suffocate under the weight of yet another broken heart, I leave it with you. I am leaving you a hollow man. With the last ounce within me before the page has turned, I could have loved you Aaron Hotchner, Spencer.”

~~~~~~~~~~

Three years later:

Aaron Hotchner followed JJ into the round table room waiting for the rest of his team to get settled. His eyes fell on the spare chair Garcia insisted stay in the corner. It had a lavender scarf tied to the arms over the seat like caution tape. A ruby red, cobalt blue, and emerald green trio of dragons sat on the seat guarding a Union Jack coffee cup with two healthy stalks of Lucky Bamboo, a film canister, an elegant quill pen, and a deck of cards their friend had left behind. It was again a focus because the amber yellow dragon had been mailed to California when Garcia heard that Spencer had been suffering from the flu.

While they had stayed in touch it had been a hard road to walk without the genius. It had taken longer for them to catch their stride. While they were still the top group in the BAU, their numbers had fallen six per cent. That didn’t seem like much, but to them, it was proof of how much they lost.

“We have been called to blustery Chicago my peeps.” Garcia clicked the button to show the gruesome crime scene photos.

“Seven women have been found buried behind an apartment house that was being renovated. The coroner has estimated the oldest to be six years old, the most recent eighteen months. There are still five graves located with GPR that have yet to be excavated.” Hotch gave the initial information.

“How long was the building empty before they found them?” Anderson asked.

“Eight months. The building has twelve one and two bedroom apartments, four efficiencies, and two loft size apartments. The old manager has been trying to provide the names and current addresses of all tenants for the last ten years, but the previous holding company is making it difficult. I intend to call the local field office and have them send a couple of agents to see if that will straighten them out. We have a lot of ground to cover, wheels up in thirty.” Hotch marched out needing a few minutes to make the call, knowing that the team would be ready when he was done. He sat behind his desk phone held by his shoulder so he could use his hands to eat a power bar.

“FBI Dr Reid’s office, this is Natalie speaking how may I help you?” the office assistant answered.

“Afternoon Nat, It’s Hotch. Is he available?”

“For you always. I will transfer you. Give him a sec, he’s dealing with Opie.” Aaron chuckled, knowing Spencer would be flustered after dealing with the man. Opie’s real name was Reginald Wentworth the Third, he was bound and determined to be a Profiler, but lacked the skills and required education to do the job. He had been handed everything he had ever wanted on a silver platter so was shocked when he had been rejected. Every few months he would barge into Spencer’s office and offer what he called profiles on cold cases. Aaron had teased Reid, suggesting that it couldn’t be that bad. Two days later a courier had delivered copies of three of these profiles. Spencer had sugar coated it, they were abysmal.

“Dr Reid.” Hotch loved to hear that voice, he was always amused how different he sounded at work than home.
“Hello, Spencer.”

“Hotch! I am beyond grateful for this call. I am tempted to send you flowers. How are you? The team okay?” Spencer rolled his chair away from his desk.

“We have a case in Illinois. I would like to say this is a social call, but I refuse to lie to you.”

“I see. I am most appreciative. How can I help?” Spencer asked.

“The property holding company is in L.A. I faxed the case file.” Aaron checked to make sure it had sent.

“Okay. Nati? Is there...you are wonderful thank you.” Hotch sat patiently while Reid caught up. “I see. You want me to go speak to them?”

“I do,” Aaron admitted.

“When are you landing?” He could hear Spencer gathering things, there was a snick of latches closing that made him smile. It made him happy to know his friend used the briefcase he had given him for Christmas.

“We are heading out the minute I hang up with you.” Hotch began calculating the time.

“That means about five. I will call the moment I get something. Be safe Aaron.” Spencer muttered quietly to he assumed Nat.

“We will. You as well Spencer.” Hotch hung up feeling a bit lighter.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Incoming call my doves.” Garcia interrupted gently.

“Go ahead PG,” Emily said absently reading through the property company tenant list. They could hear the clicks as the call connected.

“This is Supervisory Special Agent Derek Morgan how may I help you?” the gruff voice nearly echoed self-importantly.

“This is Supervisory Special Agent in Charge Dr Spencer Reid.” Spencer knew it was petty to respond in kind, but he enjoyed laying a smack on Derek’s ego.

“We are on a case we don’t have time to chat Agent Reid.” the big man huffed ignoring his teammates’ excitement.

“That’s a brilliant deduction because I frequently call in the middle of the day to hold a team chat. Perhaps you should read that file instead of waiting for the pictures, the adults are talking.” JJ shook her hand like she had been burned. Emily coughed professionally.

“Thank you for returning my call so quickly Dr Reid.” Aaron glared at Morgan. It wasn’t until Dave kicked the table that he looked away. Rossi was the only one that could control Derek. He was barely respectful, and constantly questioned Aaron’s orders in front of the team and LEOs. At first, Hotch had thought the comments to be attempts at constructive assistance, but it didn’t take long for it to become obvious it was rivalry.

“Why did you call in Spence?” JJ asked.
“I was able to go to Taggart Property Management. I spent over an hour with their CEO to get those records. I knew you were still in transit so I took a look. There are sixty-four tenants that have rotated through that complex in the last ten years. I have the records going back twenty if you need to expand. There are six tenants that have resided in that building for at least the ten-year date including the tenants in the two lofts, and four of the two bedroom apartments. For Chicago the prices are reasonable. Mrs Angela Danvers has lived there the longest, fourteen years, in apartment six, which she is moving back into when the place is back up to code. There are three that could be the UnSub, but the dates are close.” Reid reported.

“The highest rate of turnover is the efficiencies and those seem to rotate with the university schedules. There are nine people that have lived there within the timeframe that the coroner has given, three that have moved that still could be the UnSub, though Paula Henderson is a seventy-year-old elementary school teacher that retired in the spring and moved to Iowa to live with her ill spinster sister. I have run everyone with a potential to be involved addresses and have verified that five still live in Chicago, one in Miami, one in Seattle, one in Iowa, two in Houston, one to Billings, and one in Nome Alaska.” Reid concluded.

“Incredible. You saved us a hell of a lot of time. Thanks, Kiddo.” Dave said proudly.

“My pleasure. Do you want me to go back twenty?” Reid asked.

“Even though you did so much of the work it will still be a couple of days to contact what you have found thus far. I do not want to compromise your time.” Hotch took the three local names JJ had chosen for him to investigate. Dave got three, Emily had two, Grant got two and Derek got two.

“I’m between cases right now, it is no trouble. I will send them to Garcia when I am finished.” Reid offered.

“That’s incredible. Thank you Baby Bossman.” Penelope clicked keys scanning the information he had sent.

“My pleasure. Be safe.”

~~~~~~~~~~

Aaron watched three members of his team vacate the premises with an alacrity that was honestly impressive. They were headed out to celebrate with some of the LEOs after closing the case. JJ was still on the phone with Will and would most likely join the party when Aaron and Dave were ready. They would stop for a beer and friendly conversation leaving earlier than the rest to sit in Dave’s room to play Gin or poker and talk about sports.

He added another stack of papers to his file and closed it. Though the paperwork Reid had sent two days after his call was meticulous it had not been needed. Hotch included it in his final report as well as an accommodation for Spencer. He rifled through the team’s paperwork to sign off on their work. As he suspected Derek’s wasn’t in his stack.

He had wanted their reports so he could wrap up everything efficiently. They had stayed for three extra days while the coroner had excavated the three new graves in the UnSub’s new backyard. Three days was plenty of time to finish the report even though two of those days Morgan had been visiting his family.

“You look peeved,” Dave said setting a cup of coffee in front of him.

“Everyone is done but Morgan.” Aaron tapped the stack of reports.
“Surprise. I’ll write him up this time.” they had begun taking turns each keeping a copy of the others complaints as a way to prove they had been written.

“Not that it will matter. Strauss likes him.” Dave nodded in agreement.

“He is still holding that grudge against Spencer, I honestly don’t understand what happened.” Aaron slid the files into his briefcase.

“We know his issue with you,” Dave stated.

“He has always had an issue with me it just got worse after Doyle. I was perfectly willing to allow him to lead, my being returned to team lead came from above my head.” Aaron responded.

“I am aware of that. His attitude has only gotten worse, and it is everyone else’s problem, not his. Listen, it was obvious there was tension between them shortly before Reid left. The kid was completely professional, but there was obvious distance.” Dave scrawled his signature on the write-up he had done and handed it to Hotch.

“Well it is obvious Spence is just as pissed with Morgan. You heard that snark.” JJ added to their conversation.

“Reid has always been quick..” Dave chuckled remembering.

“Accurate too. I have an almost constant urge to smack Derek, I’m just afraid my hand would bounce off his ego and ricochet into an innocent party. Boing,” the blonde mimicked her statement animatedly the back of her hand lightly striking Aaron’s chest.

“I keep hoping the attitude stops, but no luck. We were lucky the men he was posturing to here were unaffected, I am sick of getting my ass chewed because he acts like a diva. Like it’s my fault he is a pompass ass. I’m glad Richmond and Fickler are not blind, at least they are stopping Strauss from punishing me. I don’t know why they don’t override her. It is difficult to sit with teeth marks in my ass.” Hotch tried to make his grumbles humorous. JJ’s giggles helped soothe his temper. The speaker on the table rang.

“Go ahead, Garcia.” JJ said neatening up the chairs around the table.

“Congratulations.” the voice sounded exhausted, but still made Aaron smile.

“Thank you, and thanks for the help. It really did make this case easier.” Hotch told Spencer.

“My pleasure. I just wanted to check in before I head out.” Reid sighed.

“You sound tired, hopefully, you are heading home.” JJ wondered.

“I’m heading to Anaheim, they have a serial rapist that has escalated. I have been consulting for the last two weeks begging to be invited they have their sixth victim so thankfully they gave in and called. This guy needs to be stopped before he hurts anyone else.” Spencer said frustrated.

“You try to get some rest. Call if you need anything.” Dave instructed.

“I’ll sleep when I’m dead.” someone must have called him because the next words he said were, “Thanks be down in five.”

“Be careful Spence,” JJ ordered.

“I will, you too. I have a good team, besides Nick is build like a tank. I stand behind him and hide
when Opie slithers in.” Reid joked.

“Henry is expecting a Skype this weekend.”

“I will do my best Jaje. Good night have fun at the club.” Spencer waited until he got their full goodbyes before he hung up.

“Come on Doc, I’m starving we need to grab grub on the way,” Nick said taking his usual post slightly behind Reid’s left shoulder.

“There’s that taco truck two blocks up, you drive, I buy.” Spencer offered.

“Cool tacos.” Nick could pack away a lot of tacos. Spencer checked his wallet to be certain he could support the deal. “Need to hit the ATM?”

“If I want to eat too, yes.”

“Lobby ho.” Nick waved to Natalie as the elevator doors closed.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer pressed the button in the elevator, willing the contraption to hurry up the eight floors to his apartment. Nick cracked his neck sighing in relief. Both men were tired after the case in Anaheim, but Vicky and Sam’s wedding reception was a required stop before bed. Spencer intended to make a short video call to his godson, shower, then crawl into his enormous comfortable bed and surrender to whatever Nick intended to do to his body. Nick’s cat Mothra sat bathing on the vanity.

Spencer stepped into the shower the hot water instantly helping to relax his muscles. While he had sworn off relationships, he discovered after moving here he missed sex. He chuckled imaging what his team would think of that revelation.

Spencer had still been living in the tiny apartment the Bureau had set him up in when Nick had sauntered into his office and sat down waiting silently until Reid had finished his paperwork. Nick said that he was in need of a new roommate and that he thought that they could live together without killing each other. Spencer had looked at the apartment and agreed to share it.

It had been a few weeks later when after a long investigation Nick had been laying in his bed watching hockey. After he got over the initial shock, he had questioned him. Nick had used terms like ‘touch starved’, ‘lonely’, and ‘supremely fuckable’. He swore no commitments, no promises, no strings just sex. Spencer had left the room to get a bottle of water when he returned Nick was naked and hard. He had dropped the towel around his waist and Nick had taken control. They didn’t come together often, but when Nick saw he was too far in his head, or things were too heavy he was there. They didn’t cuddle or snuggle, they didn’t sleep together. They mutually used each other.

As expected Nick was laying in his bed naked channel surfing while his roommate had finished his ablutions. The man settled on one of the music channels while Spencer dried his hair.

“You have been a million miles away. Who is on your mind?”

“What makes you think it’s a specific person?”

“Don’t play coy with me. You get this way every time you talk to him. Sometimes just for a few hours, sometimes it’s for days.” Nick fluffed the pillows stacking them behind him against the headboard.
“What way is that?” Spencer sat on the chair at the foot of the bed, ignoring the dampness of the towel around his waist.

“Melancholy. You get a look in your eyes that is distant and honestly hollow. Everybody thinks it’s because you are clinical and calculating, but I know it’s because you are suffering. You have thrown away your heart, but leaving it in Virginia wasn’t far enough was it?” Nick knew how he felt about Hotch.

“No. I miss him more each day. If things were different maybe I could go back. He has Tony now, so mentioning anything is plain and simple cruelty. Nick, I refuse to harm him due to selfish desires.” Spencer picked at his thumbnail.

“Maybe it’s time you divulged them secrets. Time has passed, it’s water under the bridge by now, why must you suffer…”

“Because it is what is best for the team,” Reid interjected.

“What about what is best for you? When are your wants and needs going to become a priority? What about Aaron? Doesn’t he deserve to know how deeply he is loved? I admit I enjoy what we have, but you aren’t just some guy I fuck, you are my friend above everything else, and it cuts me to see you so tattered. You deserve to share that monumental heart you hide, you deserve to be loved in return.” Nick may not be able to attach in a relationship, but that didn’t mean he didn’t want his friend to find love. Spencer bit his lip to quash the heavy emotions running bare across his expressive hazel eyes.

“I’m not what’s important. I did this for Aaron. In the end, it was also best for the team. I gave up everything for him, and no matter how I feel, I would do it again in a heartbeat. I do not regret what I did.” Spencer explained.

“That was before you fell in love Doc, do not glare at me, we both know it’s the truth. I know you didn’t expect to, you thought the distance would protect you, but it is the truth, you love him, hell them. There is no way to know without saying something. For all you know they are just like us, or even better, into sharing.” Nick had spent time with Spencer on them night long Skype calls and they had all become friends. He had even learned how to play poker on video chat.

It hadn’t taken long for him to realize they were heavily flirting with a completely oblivious genius. On an evening when his roommate had been stuck in late meetings, he had called Hotch. After he had made it clear he intended to speak to them both and that they could do it by computer or he could fly to Virginia Aaron had gotten Tony on the line. Nick being as filterless as he was had asked what the two men thought they were doing making goo-goo eyes at Reid while playing footsie with each other. Them telling him about wanting Reid as their third had so not been what he had suspected, but welcome information. Ever since that call he had been dropping hints and tossing out suggestions that Spencer either deliberately ignored or honestly didn’t grasp.

“You are so funny. Haha.”

“And you are insufferably stubborn. Have you asked? No. Is it that you don’t think you are desirable? I know it isn’t lack of knowledge. Are you against sharing? Why is it so hard to imagine, Poly relationships are not that odd. I have seen those men, you would sammich right in the middle perfectly. All them long legs, and broad shoulders, and those lean backs, m-m-mmmm. Deny it. Them alpha males make you all squirmy.”

“I will not lie I have had a few raunchy me time sessions about them together. The thought of being mauled by them both is a frequent distraction when you are gone. I am not against sharing if that is
what all parties agree to. I have never come across the option so have not explored it. I am a firm believer that monogamy is a social construct. I appreciate what you are saying. I do, but it is more than I can bear to consider.” Spencer sighed.

“Even if there's a chance?”

“Imagination is all the hope I can muster,” Spencer admitted.

“Will you tell me why you left one day?” Nick ached for his friend.

“One day,” Reid promised

“What do you need?” Nick asked kicking the sheet off his legs.

“To get out of my head.”

“Come on Doc, let me help turn off that brain of yours.”

Spencer nodded tossing his towels next to the bed for easy cleanup.

~~~~~~~~~~

Aaron pulled his car into the parking spot next to the blue Mustang. He scanned the building eyes resting on the softly lit window of his lover’s apartment. He grabbed his go bag and the bag of take-out he had picked up on the way. He avoided the elevator that was broken more often than it worked easily climbing the stairs.

They had met the first day of a seven-day law enforcement convention in New York a little over a year ago and hit it off when they had by necessity shared a small table for dinner. The next day they had gone to many of the panels together so they didn’t have to suffer the boredom alone. They had sat texting back and forth either blasting the speaker when they got things wrong or making up outrageous profiles on some of the members of the audience.

They had mingled at that evenings meet and greet, each drinking water refusing to pay eight dollars for a bottle of beer. False smiles plastered on their faces as they were both hit on more than an Olympic ping pong paddle. They had huddled in a dark corner in an attempt at self-preservation. When the majority of guests were sufficiently into their drinks they had escaped literally slinking along the wall like cartoon characters.

His companion had turned to him in the elevator and after a few moments contemplation simply asked if he wanted to spend the night with him.

Aaron had readily agreed. They had barely made it through the door before they were kissing, hands stripping them as they performed an animalistic ballet to the bedroom. Tony had given as good as he got leaving delicious deep love bites, crescents from fingernails, a few bruises and scratch marks. They had come together with a desperate lonely hunger that spoke volumes. Each night they had dissolved into their mutual attraction, skin slicked with sweat, limbs tangled, aching in places they had forgotten they enjoyed.

On the last day of the conference, Tony had offered to continue their affair when they got home. Aaron had accepted. It had been a rewarding decision. Neither man was able to be intimate without forming attachments, no matter what DiNozzo’s reputation said. While they expected this to become a close lifelong friendship after the lust faded away, they had not expected it to grow into a romance. But it had. They could share their frustrations about the job, commiserate about the stress, strain, and ugly side of the job, and discuss cases in just enough detail to help each other without divulging confidentialities.
When he had noticed his heart was in this, Aaron had sat Tony down and told him about Spencer, about how he was developing feelings for Tony, but not losing the ones he had for Reid. He had shamelessly admitted that as time went by those feelings for Spencer continued to grow and he was struggling to understand what he was feeling. Without judgement Tony had asked a lot of questions, and by the end of the conversation had asked to meet Spencer.

The two had clicked instantly. Tony had spent a few months getting to know Spencer. They grew closer and the Skype calls had gone from an hour every weekend they were home to spending an electronic day together. Even with the time difference, they would just talk for hours. Tony had set him down and surprised him by saying it would take nothing for him to fall for the younger man, and that he was attracted beyond just lust. They had discussed it to shreds and decided that when Spencer was ready they would broach the subject of the three of them forming a committed triumvirate.

“Hey, Hotch. I smell Chinese.” Tony took the bag of food to plate for them while Aaron dropped his go bag in the bedroom.

“You are looking better.” Aaron sat at the counter snapping his chopsticks and swiping them together. The last time they had met Tony had a bullet wound to the arm.

“I feel better. You look beat.” Tony munched a crab rangoon.

“Three cases back to back. I’m worn.”

“That one in Chicago, I read the papers, you guys solved that quick. That was incredible work.”

“I had to call in Reid, the property office was in LA. He cut our work in half before we even landed. Sent me a Spider plant for rescuing him from Opie.” Aaron chuckled taking a sip of his beer.

“How is our wayward genius?”

“The same man as always. Brilliant.”

“Have we decided to say anything yet?” Tony asked trading the Mongolian Beef for the General Tso’s.

“No. I can’t think of a way to ask.”

“You know he prefers bluntness. Have you asked him to come back?” Tony sat next to him on the sofa knee bent so he could face him.

“Blunt is good, but you also know how hard he works to keep people at arm’s length. Nick is the only one he has let close and I think it’s because Nick bum rushed him. When he called Saturday I asked why he left and he said it was the only choice he had. I am afraid he will sacrifice his sanity and come if I ask. He is like that, just drop everything for those he cares about. I don’t know what made him run, but whatever it is is still in the way. He hasn’t stepped foot in Virginia since he left.” Aaron set his empty bottle on the floor.

“I think it’s time to investigate. Maybe if you can narrow it down we can fix it. I hate to see you pining and I hate the way it feels when the screen goes dark. I have never understood how people say they met their partner online before now. I have never laid eyes on him in the flesh, but I miss him so badly.”

“I won’t harm him for selfishness Tone. I don’t know where to begin looking. I have faith that he will one day tell us and then the final wall will fall. We have to respect his wishes.”
“What do you need Aaron?”

“Connection, to get out of my head.” Aaron didn’t fight when Tony surged up pressing him back to lay on top of him.

“I can do that. Let me silence that mind of yours.”

Aaron nodded dragging Tony’s shirt off of him.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Hotch! Rossi! You should see this.” Anderson called from the bullpen.

“What’s up?” Dave asked the group watching a live newscast. The volume was off so he read the banner running underneath the images getting himself caught up. The camera panned from the front doors of a small bank to the staging area two men strode from the table talking amongst themselves as they walked over to a patrol car with paper bags covering the hood.

“Spencer.” Garcia had muttered as they watched the young man look through the bags.

“What is happening?” Hotch asked.

“Three men holding seventeen hostages after a botched robbery. From what is being reported two inside are injured. This is hour nine.” JJ reported. Aaron nodded refocusing on the screen. Spencer handed his sidearm to the seriously huge man next to him before removing his blazer exposing his FBI Kevlar. The young man scooped up all of the bags and bravely walked toward the doors of the bank.

“Be careful 187,” Penelope called out like Reid could hear her.

“Who is the agent in charge out there? Why the hell are they sending HIM in?” Morgan asked shaking his head in disappointment.

“Reid is the agent in charge. He is negotiating this.” Anderson told him his cell plastered to his ear.

The left door of the bank opened and a ski mask-clad woman waved him inside. Aaron held his breath as the door slowly closed behind them. JJ called out five-minute increments as they waited for Reid to reemerge.

Shots fired blinked menacingly in bold red font in the corner of the screen eliciting gasps and muttered curses and prayers. Time crawled by as they all waited.

As JJ announced thirty-five minutes, the door opened a man in a guards uniform the lower right side of his shirt and pants crimson, held the door as four children shuffled terrified out the door. Spencer stepped out another man over his shoulder in a fireman’s carry. There was a collective sigh of relief at the sight of the young man. Nick ran in scooping up the two smallest kids and the others ran in front of him as he leaned low over them protectively. Reid moved as quickly as he could under his burden the second he was a safe distance from the doors officer’s rushed in taking the injured away. The large man, Nick, ducked down speaking urgently to Spencer. Reid tugged his blazer out of the other agent’s hands as he put the jacket on a trail of blood was visible down his back.

“Oh, I hope those men are going to be okay,” Laney said crossing herself in silent prayer.

People sat on every surface available watching the drama unfold. At the eleventh hour mark, all of the women were released unharmed. At the thirteenth, all of the men ran out. Twenty minutes later
Reid stood by the doors as the criminals all surrendered.

The room erupted in cheers, all of those gathered proud of their compatriot. Reid was led to the crowd of reporters by the big man, two other men and a woman in FBI windbreakers stood behind him.

“Turn it up.” someone said. Garcia did as requested.

“Dr Reid, do you have any reports on the two injured hostages?” a young man asked shoving his microphone in Spencer’s face.

“I was informed by the hospital that both are in guarded condition and are expected to make a full recovery. I want to personally thank the doctors and nurses that worked so diligently to save these men.” Reid nodded for the next question.

“Dr Reid, did they give any reason for this?” a woman asked.

“It was a robbery that went bad. Connor.” Spencer pointed at a salt and pepper haired man towards the back. He looked exhausted.

“Why did they fire while you were inside? Is that when one of the hostages was shot?”

“No. Both hostages were injured during the taking of the bank. They fired in an attempt to intimidate. Final question.”

“What did you say to get them to release the hostages? How did you end this without more bloodshed?”

“I was blessed to have been trained by two of the Bureaus’ premier negotiators David Rossi and Aaron Hotchner. I am grateful for what they taught me. I honestly place this success on their shoulders. The lessons I learned from them enabled me to bring this tragic situation to a peaceful end. I want to commend those that suffered through this with such bravery and poise. I want to thank all of the members of law enforcement, the Bureau, and the medical teams for their tireless work today. Thank you.” Spencer staggered back a couple steps and folded into the huge agent’s arms.

“Medics!” Nick yelled carrying the limp form toward the ambulance.

“Drama queen,” Morgan muttered getting a few ugly looks.

“What happened? Why did he pass out?” Garcia asked frantically.

“Probably got a hangnail. I don’t know why you are all so impressed, it took him over thirteen hours. I know he likes to hear his own voice, but really this is ridiculous.” Derek returned to his work not seeing the dirty looks he got from those around him.

“The time it takes to negotiate is not up to the negotiator it is up to the hostage taker. I think thirteen hours is a damn good amount of time for everyone to walk away alive and well.” Dave responded irritated.

“Natalie says that hangnail is a slug from an AK to the left shoulder,” Grant announced listening on his phone.

“Oh, my Baby Genius.” Garcia cried.

“Come here, mama.” Derek opened his arms for his girl.
“I don’t want you right now. You are being an ass. You may not miss him but I do. If you can’t say something nice don’t say anything at all. I am mad at you.” Penelope held Emily’s hand as they went into the roundtable room emerging a moment later with the blue dragon.

“Grant, ask Nat to inform me of his condition as soon as they know. I know we are all concerned but there are cases that require our attention.” Aaron said dismissing them all.

“Dinner at mine,” Dave announced.

“Need me to bring anything?” Grant asked.

“No, we have everything. Thanks though.” Emily answered. Halfway to his office with Rossi Aaron’s cell rang.

“Hotchner.”

“I heard a snippet on the radio. What happened? Is he alright? Are you okay?” the questions came too quickly for him to answer. He knew Tony was in the middle of a case, so he doubted he had seen any of the footage.

“GSW to the shoulder no information so far. I’m fine Tony, are you okay?.” Aaron sat behind his desk, Dave in his favourite chair.

“I am now. You coming to mine or am I coming to yours?” Tony asked his tone making it clear he expected to see him tonight.

“The team is getting together at Rossi’s, I would say mine, that’s where whoever is driving will take me.”

“Invite him. Seven o’clock.” Dave prodded. He knew about their relationship and had insisted on meeting Tony. They had bonded over cooking. The rest of the team had met him when they had Thanksgiving at Tony’s apartment.

“I’ll be there. Keep me posted.” Tony said.

“See you then.” Hotch hung up.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Rossi.” Dave barked irritated at the phones interference.

“Oh good not too groggy to dial.” Dave could hear the monitors beeping in the background.

“Spencer,” he called out hushing the conversation. He put the phone on speaker and sat it on the table.

“Hi, guys.”

“How are you Bubby?” Garcia asked.

“Sore. I am fine, I figured you saw everything on the news yesterday, I wanted to call so you didn’t worry.” Spencer moaned while a whir in the background alerted them why. The bed stopped making noise so they assumed he was now sitting up.

“That was brilliant work, Dr Reid,” Grant said getting a snort from Derek.
“I had a lot of incredible people working with me. The guard and investment banker are both doing well.” Reid took a few sips of water.

“I hate to think you are all alone. You are not alone are you?” Penelope asked she knew his new dragon wouldn’t get there until sometime this afternoon.

“No, Nick is here flirting with the nurses like Rossi and scowling at me like Hotch. Ugh, please do not read any papers for the next forty-eight hours.” Spencer rattled a paper in the background.

“Oh to late superstar I have copies on the way, I must read everything about your success.” Garcia had already sent copies of everything to their tablets.

“I got a call from John warning me that Fickler is on his way to give me The FBI Medal for Meritorious Achievement, and yesterday just after I woke from surgery Carruthers gave me the FBI Star in front of a few cameras. I was lying in bed too groggy to say much more than thank you, sir.”

“He knows you well.” Dave chuckled, “Grab you when you can’t argue. You deserve to be acknowledged Spencer, that was very good work.”

“I am honoured, but I didn’t work alone,” Reid said.

“No, but this ended as a direct result of your contribution. I am proud of you.” Aaron praised.

“Thanks, Hotch, that means so much.”

“Are people taking care of you?” Garcia asked.

“Yes. I have been sent so many flowers Nati and Nick are both taking cart loads out while I’m sleeping. Thanks for the cactus garden Dave, and for the lemon tree Hotch, it is actually going to produce fruit. Nick spent ten minutes with his nose buried in the Bay tree you sent Em, Nati want’s to steal my Bonsai JJ. the Tiger lily is beautiful Grant. I wouldn’t let them take the Lavender Richmond and his wife sent. I can't wait to see what colour dragon is flying my way.” Penelope giggled.

“Hero falls in front of press after hiding a gunshot wound for over four hours. Devoted FBI agent suffered silently determined to save victims of botched bank robbery. Mayor to publically give brave agent an accommodation when he is released from the hospital. Injured FBI hero recovering after carrying a bullet for hours during bank siege negotiations.” Morgan read. “Well played. You got all the limelight and attention you can handle.”

“Relax Morgan, I’m 2660.1 miles from you, I doubt this stole any of your thunder. I have an idea, try more Axe body spray or maybe a personality.” Reid responded.

“I got all the attention I can handle and didn’t even have to fall in front of the press to get it.”

“No, you just insinuate yourself wherever your libido points you. A conquest is a conquest after all and to hell who you hurt along the way as long as your wick gets wet it’s all good.” Garcia gasped at his outburst.

“I will hang this phone up if you don’t settle down Doc.” a deep voice warned.

“Sorry, Nick.”

“That is enough Morgan. Both of you stop now.” Hotch ordered.
“When you people are ready to fucking work let me know.” Derek slammed his chair into the table before striding angrily out of the room.

“I’m sorry. I should have bit my tongue. He’s right you guys need to get to work.” Spencer sighed.

“We understand. You get some rest, Spence.” JJ said.

“I will. Be safe you guys.” Dave pocketed his phone and sat down to work consults with his team. No one called Derek, and he didn’t check.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Yeah, it is so different around here without Nick. It’s so quiet I can think.” Spencer said taking a bite of his sandwich.

“It’s driving you up the wall isn’t it?” Aaron chuckled.

“There are claw marks and everything. I turned on his stereo last night so I could sleep.” Reid chuckled back.

“How long is he under?” DiNozzo asked from the background.

“They didn’t set a limit. Nick figures a few months with the background they made for him and the money he has. He just has to find out who is providing the guns. It’s not a big operation, but too many weapons have been linked to crimes in the area. He couldn’t tell me where we was going, but I researched significant rises in gun crime and got three locations.”

“He’s is a damn good investigator I would guess two to six months. The majority of the time is getting on the inside.” Tony responded.

“I have no protection from Opie, he was in first thing Friday with a new stack and he brought doughnuts. Nati came in and shooed him away so I could head for lunch. I sent a copy of each profile to Richmond. Carruthers has had his limit, he won’t even talk to him anymore. I am so done dealing with him. He said he was the best choice to fill in for Nick eighteen times in his first assault, I quit counting after that. I told him that the team’s replacement was up to Carruthers, not me but he did not want to hear that. I am recommending they transfer him to Mars.” Spencer finished his dinner leaving the plate on the table moving the laptop to the coffee table so he could plug it in.

“That close huh?” Aaron laughed.

“So what are you guys doing this weekend?”

“I am hibernating, just got done with a case,” Tony said stretching, Spencer leaned in gaze locked on the narrow strip of skin revealed by his shirt rucking up. Aaron watched the younger man lick his lips.

“I’m on call, but I don’t intend to do anything unless a case comes up. What do you have planned?” Aaron was almost breathless by the look on Spencer’s face.

“Huh?” Tony looked between the two chuckling at how locked they were.

“Your weekend plans.” Aaron asked again.

“None Um, I have none. I figured I’d finish my dissertation and email it in. It’s a few weeks early, but I’m almost done.”
“What is the degree this time Dr Reid?” DiNozzo teased, knowing he was taking more than one class. Aaron motioned that he was taking a moment.

“Social and Decision Neuroscience Doctorate. Like I said before, I got my transcripts for Computer Science last month.” Spencer answered.

“Garcia and I were discussing your capstone at the FBI picnic, she was all bubbly and arms flapping. I don’t think she took a breath during the whole conversation. She loves the kitten programme, says it walks her personal computer. Then out of nowhere Morgan buts in to tell me you are computer illiterate, I just laughed.” Tony rolled his eyes.

“I am not a Technophobe either. I have Chemistry and Engineering doctorates, I had to know computers for those. I don’t avoid computers, I can read faster than a computer can keep up, it’s frustrating. I can get things done faster with paper. My advisor suggested I take the computer course when I said I wasn’t interested they offered it for free. They said it would look good on a resume, but I think they like how my name looks on the graduates’ list. Who am I to refuse such a generous offer? The kitten, I was supposed to write an animated programme, and that was what came out of it. The teacher was peeved to find it was copyrighted. Garcia had insisted the minute she saw Pennycat, thank goodness. I have a tech company interested in buying the programme.”

He was extremely proud of Pennycat. She was a playful, interactive cyberpet slash editor that gambolled around playing with toys, then when a spelling error was made she ran up tapping her paw on the word and purring a fish-shaped thought bubble with suggestions that did not give up until you fixed it. She also would run across the screen when a word was questionable ending up standing on a thesaurus list of other options. She demanded a treat when she helped and you could play with her with the cursor. Mr Stark had suggested a punctuation repair aspect and Spencer had been surprised when after he accepted the critique an email had arrived with the programme ready to add. The man refused to let Reid include his name as a co-creator. Spencer had designed a red and gold suited avatar as a gift for his new benefactor.

“I hear that.” Tony agreed. “Big tech?”

“Huge big tech. Big-big as Nick says. The owner contacted me personally, I gotta say I fanboi’d for a few minutes. I get to keep the copyright in my name, they put their huge legal department on my side, and people get to play with my cat. I am working on a dog, a Llama, a rat, and a Macaw. I was surprised he didn’t try to buy it outright. Penelope says he is all about supporting the talent and not the money. He still gets a bucket load so it is wise business.” Spencer responded.

“As long as you get what you deserve that’s what matters to me.” DiNozzo said.

“The offer was significant.”

“Really?” Tony figured that was an understatement if he was right about the tech company.

“Big-big” Spencer assured. Aaron sat back down next to him in his sleep pants without his shirt. Spencer’s jaw dropped. It wasn’t like he hadn’t ever seen Hotch without a shirt, it was that he was now seeing him as a sexual entity. He was seeing him without filters for the first time, not just a friend, coworker or boss. He was seeing him with the eyes of a lover.

“He’s beautiful isn’t he?” Tony asked voice sultry. Though it wasn’t planned it was obvious the sight affected the genius.

“He has always been beautiful. Fuck, I’m sorry. I have to go.” Spencer reached for the disconnect button. He stopped when both men frantically yelled at him to wait.
“Why let us go? You haven’t done anything wrong, what you said was not unwelcome.” Aaron stated looking concerned.

“Please.”

“Please what Spencer?” Tony looked just as worried as Aaron. Spencer curled his legs up resting his chin on his knees and just stare at them. Tony went to say something but Aaron’s hand on his thigh stopped him. Time seemed to stand still. Aaron dropped his head into his hands unable to breathe from the weight in his chest.

“I thought I was reading into things. Making connections because I was becoming so attached. I felt so guilty for a while, wondering what the hell I was doing thinking like that about my friends, my committed friends. Nati said it was normal to be attracted to people we get close to, that some of the things that make people our friends are things we want in our mates. Emily told me that it was not wrong to feel this way, that my heart wanted who it wanted and there was no shame in having feelings. She said that love wasn’t always fair, but it was always worth experiencing. My mom said the same thing. But as soon as I admitted it out loud that I had admitted that I felt, I couldn’t bury it any longer. I just kept falling harder.” Spencer said softly. “Nick kept saying things. Dropping hints, mentioning triumvirates, and Polyamory. He knew a lot more than he said didn’t he?”

“He called us out on flirting with you. Questioned our motives. He said he wanted to make certain we weren’t just playing with you, that there were feelings. When we were done talking, he said if we hurt you he would come for us. We asked him to let you discover for yourself, to let you understand in your own time. That way you knew it was real and not staged.” Aaron explained.

“Aaron told me how he felt about you pretty early in our relationship. Neither one of us expected this to develop into what it has become, but neither one of us feel as complete as when we are with you. I know it’s over a screen, but it can’t get any more real.” Tony added.

“This is real?” Spencer asked so quietly they barely could hear it.

“Very real,” Tony confirmed his green eyes sparkling.

“Devastatingly unapologetically, completely real,” Aaron promised his smile one that Spencer had never seen aimed at anyone but Tony.

“Do you think, with the distance?”

“Absolutely. We will make it work. Don’t Cry, Baby.” Aaron reached for the screen as if he needed to touch.

“Baby? I...need to think.” he closed the cover of his computer before they could argue. He stretched pulling his phone from the charger.

“Give him time. He is scared.” Tony held onto Aaron tightly trying to comfort him while his own heart was paused in limbo.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Mom?” Spencer tried to steady his voice.

“Oh, Spencer what’s wrong?” Diana asked concerned.

“I...I can’t breathe.”
“Tell me.”

Tony jolted looking around for whatever woke him up. Aaron snurfed discontentedly rolling onto his side head still in his lap. The laptop screen showed a missed call. He swore softly trying to hit redial and not launch Hotch onto the floor. He tried to scoot forward but Aaron was not having it.

“Aquila, wake up. You are adorable pouting in your sleep.”

“I am not pouting. What’s up?” Aaron asked blinking in the darkened room.

“That.” Tony motioned to the Skype alert. Aaron accepted the call and sat up both men leaning in.

“Spencer.” Aaron could tell he had been crying and felt awful.

“I called mom.” Aaron nodded figuring that’s what he was doing. “Then Emily.”

“Do we need to run, or do we have a moment to pack?” Tony asked, Spencer thankfully chuckled. Aaron’s text alert chimed. He read it smiled and handed it to Tony. DiNozzo sent a message and set the phone on the table.

“You are safe for now, but I have a feeling you will be getting a shovel talk or two. Dave and Em already gave me mine.” Spencer sighed fidgeting, leg bouncing hard enough to vibrate the table. “She also asked if my laptop was Garcia secure. She did not elaborate.”

“Bless her meddling heart.” Tony laughed. Spencer looked at them reading deeper than surface markers.

“What did Diana say?” Aaron asked gently.

“To quit hiding. That falling didn’t always mean crashing. That I had been existing long enough, it was time to live.”

“Wise woman, I’d love to meet her,” Tony said.

“She wants to meet you too. Both of you.”

“What does Spencer say?” Reid leaned in reading their faces, their eyes were both so expressive, they could school their features but not their eyes. Green and chocolate both held such hope, love, and honesty but that was overshadowed by enough fear it made him ache to banish that from them. He wanted to see them smile for him like before.

“So much. So very much.” Spencer whispered.

“Thank you,” Aaron responded emotion thick in his voice.

“Il mio Gufo,” Tony tapped the screen then turn to Aaron. “and mio Aquila.” (Owl and Eagle)

“Mon Bijou and Mon Cadeau.” Aaron pointed from Spencer to Tony. (Jewel and Gift)

“Mon Coeur and Il mio Anima.” (Heart and Soul)

“I love you Aaron. I love you Tony. I’m sorry I didn’t…”

“I love you too. No need to apologise, it’s a lot to take in.” Aaron was beaming.
“I love you, Spencer. You’re with us now, all we can do is move forward.” Tony grabbed Aaron in his excitement kissing him with so much enthusiasm it took a second for Aaron to get with the programme.

“Oh.” Spencer gasped unable to blink at the display.

“Sorry. Sorry I needed a kiss and his lips were right there.” Tony bounced a couple of times to dispel his newfound energy.

“You are so pretty when you blush Bijou.” Aaron purred. “What are you thinking?”

“I just figured out what mom meant. I’m a moron.” Spencer chuckled.

“What did she say?” Tony leaned out of the picture for a moment.

“She asked if I liked to watch. That also explains why Em asked about security.” Tony and Aaron both laughed as Spencer answered a text message.

“Case?”

“No, apparently my computer is now secure. Garcia sent me a GIF of fireworks.” Reid shrugged sending a message then setting down his phone.

“Can I ask you a question?” Hotch smiled wickedly, earning a shiver.

“Sure.”

“Do you like to watch?”

“I think so.” Spencer’s eyes went wide as Tony pulled off his shirt. He gaped eyes drinking in every exposed inch. Both men had chest hair which he liked. Tony’s was thicker though not overly furry, and spread evenly down his abs, Aaron’s was peppered across his pecs skipped his abs except for a decadent treasure trail. Tony’s skin was sunkissed and golden, Aaron had a healthy tan from being outside so much. He wanted to know if either of them had tan lines.

“You only think so?” Aaron asked.

“I need more data.” Spencer bit his lip as Aaron’s hand scratched down Tony’s chest.

“Are you okay Gufo?” Tony’s hand smoothed down the pink marks on his chest resting over his belly button. His jeans were not hiding his arousal.

“I think I’m drooling.” he wiped his chin making them chuckle. “Nope, it was close though. You are both stunning.”

“Can we see you, Spence?” Tony asked his voice husky making Spencer’s mouth go dry. Spencer sighed tugging his shirt off looking down worried about their responses. Compared to them he thought he was scrawny and pale.

“Beautiful.” Tony sighed. “All that creamy flesh, I can’t wait to taste.”

“You are gorgeous.” Aaron spread his legs a bit. Spencer moaned as Tony’s hand brushed across Aaron’s chest playing with the hair that lead tantalizingly under his waistband. “Is this okay?”

“More than.” Spencer swallowed audibly. Aaron’s hand popped the buttons on Tony’s jeans letting his erection free of the restriction.
“He never wears underwear at home. We can just reach in and touch him. Whenever we want. He is always ready, always willing. He is extremely passionate and sometimes when we come together it is primal. When we are done he is tender, gentle, and loving.” Aaron’s accent grew heavier as he spoke.

“That accent gets thicker the hotter he gets. He is insatiable. His appetites rival my own and I can spend hours revelling in his passions. All we have to do is look at him and he is ready to go. He is so domineering, it’s always so raw and pure. When he’s satiated he is the perfect caretaker, warm, caring, attentive.” Aaron lifted his hips allowing Tony to pull his sleep pants to mid-thigh. Aaron squirt a small puddle of slick in the palm of Tony’s hand and then his own.

“Dear god.” Spencer watched them kiss as they stroked each other. They both made the most delicious sounds working each other fast. Too worked up to worry about technique. Aaron’s hand worked Tony’s fat cock, while Tony made wicked twists around Aaron’s crown only including the shaft when Aaron’s thighs flexed.

“I’m…”

“Are you close Aaron?” Spencer asked.

“I’m gonna come Tone. Faster.” Tony reached across himself to fondle Aaron’s balls. Aaron’s head fell back a string of sinful profanities pouring unbidden from his mouth. “I’m gonna… fuck I’m coming, Spence.” Aaron groaned evilly his long thick cock shot impressively across his chest.

“Son of a bitch.” somehow Aaron’s hand kept jacking Tony a delightful rumble rolled up his chest seconds before he shout with the first volley of pearly fluid burst from his dick. Aaron didn’t relax his movements until Tony was limp and gasping.

“You are both breathtaking. That was the most erotic thing I have ever seen.” Aaron gently cleaned Tony up with his t-shirt wiping himself before tossing the soiled garment onto the floor.

“Oh look at him. He’s nearly vibrating.” Tony licked his lips angling closer to the laptop.

“Take off your pants baby. I need to see you.” Spencer hissed as the soft fabric drug across his weeping prick. Just a few moments ago he was shy, and now he couldn’t wait to show them.

“Oh, that is so nice. Long and elegant just like its owner. He’s uncut Aaron.” Tony was shameless in his enjoyment of what he called a turtleneck. While Aaron had male lovers in the past he had never had a partner with foreskin. He had to admit it was attractive at least on Spencer.

“Tease yourself just enough to take away the ache. I think he’s hairless. Is that natural Bijou?” Aaron asked.

“I have very little body hair in general, I got Electrolysis when I was 18, I have hair on my pubis but keep it trimmed down.” Spencer readjusted so they could see him better. “I’ve never done this.”

“Rub one out in front of someone or internet sex?” Tony asked unable to blink.

“Yes. Both.” Spencer reached into his bedside drawer producing a bottle of lube. He squirt a stripe along his shaft moaning at the change in texture.

“Fuck he is sinful.” Tony was matching his pace on his own renewed arousal.

“You wait for us, Baby. Just keep playing with that beautiful cock. Won’t take us long to catch up. Listen to him Tone.”
“I know. I knew he would be glorious.”

“I need more. Aaron, Tony.” Spencer was having trouble concentrating, couldn’t sit still much longer.

“Okay Baby. Match us, that’s right.” Aaron moaned hips bucking up for added friction.

“Close Gufo.” Tony’s eyes were locked on Spencer’s hand breaths rasping.

“I need to come. Oh, fuck.” Spencer rasped, beyond ready but dangling unable to find gravity. He had no idea why he couldn’t fall.

“So good for us Bijou.”

“Please Aaron, Tony Please.”

“Come with us, Spencer.” Spencer’s back bowed, head flew back an uncontrollable shout echoed through the speaker as his cock spasmed. He heard his lovers crash with him but could not find the strength to raise his head.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Garcia?” Hotch tapped on her lair door, there was no answer so he tried the knob it opened easily and the alarm didn’t go off so he figured she wasn’t to far away. He sat on the end of the couch closest to her monitors reading the report he had gotten from a detective in Salt Lake. There was obviously a page missing and he wondered if it got shuffled into another bundle on her desk.

“Sir. What a delightful surprise. What can I do for you this drizzly day?” she plopped jauntily into her chair.

“I was wondering if you had the third page of this report. I decided to come get it to save you a trip.”

“Such a gentleman. Let’s see here.” she opened the drawer by his leg so he glanced. She flew through the stack and whipped out the page he needed. A paper fluttered out onto the floor. He reached for it offering it to her unwilling to mess up her filing system.

“Sorry bout that. Oh, I forgot I still had that.” she unfolded it scanning it a crease forming between her brows.

“Had what?” if it disturbed her he wanted to know so he could take care of the problem.

“Derek’s letter from Spencer. I have no idea why I kept it. Thunder didn’t want it and it’s not like it says anything meaningful.” Penelope holding the letter back to him. He hesitated a moment and took it he looked and was thrown by what it said. Unlike the missives, he and the others got there were three words on it.

“Morgan, Zugzwang. Reid.” he read.

“I admit to a serious dislike of that word, but my genius is a chess player so.” she flitted setting her work around her as she liked it.

“Thanks, Garcia.” he said leaving the wrinkled page on the arm of her chair to do with as she pleased. He heard her crumple it and mock cheer as it flew into her trash bin.

~~~~~~~~~~
“This place seems so much smaller with Hotch’s furniture in it.” Emily stated.

“Big enough for us.” Tony shrugged.

“That is all that matters,” Garcia said.

“I was not going to renew my lease at the price they are raising it to. It was atrocious.” Aaron explained.

“Plus, I’m here.” DiNozzo joked.

“That was a perk.” Aaron chuckled.

“So what happened in that meeting today?” Dave asked popping a few candies in his mouth, accidentally dropping a yellow one on the table.

“Cruz suspended Derek for a week,” Aaron said setting a bowl of pretzels and a bowl of crisps on the coffee table.

“I told you he wouldn’t put up with Morgan’s shit. Matt is pretty laid back, but he isn’t a pushover.” JJ reminded them.

“He asked me if this was his normal behaviour or if it was possibly instigated by Detective Jenkins. I was a bit surprised, he said there were no negative reports in his file. John says he wants to see how Cruz deals with this then go from there. I think he is under the impression that all Morgan needs is a wake-up call.” Hotch said.

“How in the hell did she keep the reports out of his file. There were some from officers involved not just Aaron and mine.” Dave flicked an M&M at Garcia, she flicked it back in an impromptu game of coffee table soccer.

“I did a search and none of the electronic complaints were sent beyond Strauss. I forwarded them to Richmond and Cruz.” Garcia informed them.

“So we have a creepy letter where all the others were very personal, a seriously specific slam, and animosity that will not die,” Tony said munching on a pretzel.

“Yes,” Aaron said handing Dave and Grant cold beers.

“He is constantly slamming Reid. If we mention we spoke to him he always has something sharp to say.” Grant said.

“Always. Spence just never mentions him. If I say something about Morgan like if he got hurt or about a case he responds as basically as he can, then moves the conversation along.” JJ stated.

“He asks about everyone but Morgan. He sends holiday gifts to all of us except Morgan. He calls all of us, but I have never heard Derek mention if Reid had contacted him.” Emily joined in.

“Hell, he sent me a birthday present when I had only just met him. This years was more personal.” Tony said a huge smile on his face. They had informed the team of Spencer’s joining their relationship immediately so there were no bad or confused feelings. They had been warmed by the acceptance and joy their family had expressed.

“A dive watch. A nice dive watch.” Aaron tapped the item on Tony’s wrist. “I am a bit jealous.”

“An engraved dive watch.” Tony smiled even bigger.
“What does it say?” Penelope asked wiggling her eyebrows.

“La mio Anima, Ogni tic, un battito del mio cuore. Amore Gufo.” Tony rubbed the leather band as he spoke.

“My Soul, every tic a beat of my heart, Love Owl.” Aaron translated.

“He said it was a better choice if I intended to go swimming without consideration again.” Tony chuckled.

“That was much more pc than the lecture I gave him,” Aaron assured. Tony had dived off a pier to rescue a young ensign that had been shoved off of the dock by a fleeing UnSub.

“Both of you would have done the same thing.”

“And you would have chewed us both out.” Aaron pointed out. Tony shook his head making them all laugh.

“Back to the matter at hand.” Dave bent to pick the candy from the floor after Garcia’s last goal.

“Morgan has always been confrontational, but it wasn’t aggressive until a few years ago,” Emily stated.

“He has a strong opinion and shares it whether he is right or not. He has always challenged Hotch.” Dave added.

“He was the same way with Gideon,” Emily said.

“Does he have an issue with authority in general?” DiNozzo asked.

“I would have to say not in all situations. There are some authority figures that he seems to have no issues with, and then some he is rabid with.” Hotch said.

“If they are comfortable alpha males he has an instant hate-on with them. He is not an alpha so he challenges to be seen as an equal.” Emily offered getting knowing nods from the others.

“I know who Spencer is with us, but is he an alpha at work? Is that the reason they clashed? He is no doubt the boss with his team.” DiNozzo considered.

“Not really. He is confident. What you see is what you get, he is genuine. He is not as hard on himself as he used to be. He is shy in new situations, revoltingly observant, can read microexpressions better than anyone I have ever met, and has a calming effect on explosive situations. He can soothe someone having a mental break, or with a psychological issue better than any of us. He has no problem standing up for what he believes in. Reid is fully capable of standing on his own. He is quiet about it, but you trigger him and he is willing and able to teach you the error of your ways. He does it with his words. That tongue of his is sharper than any blade.” JJ explained proudly.

“The Reid that joined the team was not weak but seemed meek. When I joined the team he still hadn’t grown into himself. His self-perceptions were really low, Gideon spoke about it often. He knew how he had been treated all his youth and worried that that would be a scar he would carry his whole life. He has grown into a strong, solid man despite his childhood, not in spite of it. He is no longer ashamed of being a gentle soul, he does not perceive submissiveness as a weakness. That being said he can roar like any alpha male in this room.” Rossi gave his opinion.
“No, my Buttercream is one of the big boys no doubt. I know you all think I’m blind to Derek’s attitude, but I see. He has never acted that way with me. I have confronted him and he seems to listen. I do not know why he is so angry all the time, he has never said anything meaningful on the subject. He can be so sweet and kind.” Garcia said.

“Agreed. He is charming, personable, and accessible with those we deal with. He is exceedingly compassionate and tender with victims, insanely protective of children. He is very good at the job, I wouldn’t have put up with it if he wasn’t. While he does posture with the team it is an annoyance more than anything, we have all gotten used to it. Outbursts were few and far between, but lately, there have been more. I can’t say it is every case we deal with, but his disrespect of me is constant. I don’t like it, but he isn’t a concern for me personally, so I ignore it.” Hotch explained things as he saw them.

“That pisses him off. He thinks his size should be enough to intimidate Hotch into submission.” JJ rolled her eyes.

“Intimidate him? I don’t think anyone could make him blink.” Tony laughed as Aaron glared at an M&M sinking into his glass of soda.

“Score.” Dave chuckled.

“I can be intimidated. I’m just not afraid.” Hotch took a drink anyway.

“You said Spencer and Morgan were close at one time.” DiNozzo used his teaspoon to fish the yellow candy out.

“Yes and no. Spencer felt that Derek was only acting like his friend to get shit out of him. He’d put half his files in Reid’s box. Promise coffee, doughnuts, or lunch if he did the work and then conveniently forget. Reid never said a word. One night I came back to the hotel to find Spencer asleep leaning against the wall by the room they were sharing. I woke him to find out that Derek had brought someone to their room and locked Spencer out. I took him to the room with me and JJ. I found out that was not the first time that had happened. Shortly after that Spencer asked if we thought that Morgan was his real friend.” Emily huffed indignantly.

“That I did not know about,” Hotch growled.

“It was like one day they were besties and the next barely acquaintances,” Garcia said.

“Is it jealousy over Reid being promoted? Spencer is in charge of the team he is on. They aren’t all profilers but he is still the boss.” Tony wondered.

“No, the change happened before he left. Although I am sure that frosts his goat.” Emily answered.

“Yeah, it was months before he left.” JJ agreed.

“They were like this for months?” Tony asked curiously, wondering why this had been tolerated for that long.

“It wasn’t this pronounced before. It was like tense animosity.” Dave said, “I noticed it about a month after Spencer’s jaw got broken.”

“Yeah sounds about right.” Aaron agreed, the doorbell rang.

“That is dinner.” Tony jumped up to retrieve their food.
“About time.” Emily brought her chair closer to the table.

They tossed ideas and remembered snippets from almost three years ago writing some down to think harder on, letting others float away. Aaron noticed Garcia wasn’t eating and scoot down the sofa closer to her. She leaned closer to him seeking comfort. He always hated it when she was effected, she was their sun and seeing her down broke his heart. He wrapped his arm over her shoulders drawing her close to his side.

“What’s wrong Penelope?” he asked even more worried when she buried her face in his neck and sniffled. He looked pleadingly at JJ. The gentle blonde sat on the coffee table in front of the upset woman holding her hands to comfort her.

“My brain burble didn’t go away. You made it louder,” she admitted making them all feel like shit.

“We are so sorry this is upsetting you. We won’t talk about it any more okay.” JJ soothed, everyone nodded in agreement.

“It’s not that. Well, that does play into it I love them both. I just hate were this took my thoughts. I can’t avoid it.” Garcia explained.

“No matter how ugly, you can tell us, we will help you figure it out.” Tony stood behind her hands lightly rubbing her shoulders.

“Rossi, you were saying that you had no idea what the trigger was, but that you noticed it when we had that case in Utah. You said that Spencer was almost sick after he went to the coroner.”

“I don’t blame him, it was a disturbing case,” Emily interjected.

“He was nearly vibrating. I was worried he was going to keck with his jaw wired.” Dave said.

“I remember a lot of that time, I spent so much time with my Babyman. He stayed with either Hotch or me that whole time. I know he stayed with Dave once when Bossman was on a custodial. He roomed with JJ in Dover, and Emily in Cleveland.” Garcia pointed out.

“So you are saying that the whole time his jaw was wired he didn’t get stuck rooming with Morgan once?” Tony asked. She nodded.

“I just figured it was because Morgan isn’t the nurturing type so he didn’t ask for his help,” JJ said.

“Now that you mention it, after that they stopped rooming together completely. Our room assignments were set. Reid and Morgan, Dave and Hotch, JJ and I and Pen would room with us if she came. Once in a while, Morgan and Garcia would room together and Reid would stay with Jaje and me, but not often.” Emily mused.

“He would stay with us when he was paired with Derek, he said it was because he snored so loud,” Emily remembered.

“He snores like a freight train,” Garcia confirmed. She sat back as Aaron pulled his arm from around her. She watched him closely. Hotch was working it out in his head reading the notes and listening to them talk. As they spoke ragged lines connected, sharp pieces notched, the picture began to focus.

“That son of a bitch.” Hotch shot off the couch fury in every inch of his body. Garcia softly began crying as his outburst confirmed what she had been thinking.

“Woah. Calm down.” Dave shouted. Tony ran after him cutting him off before he could get to the
“Move.” Hotch snarled he had only been this furious one other time in his life, and that rage still scared him, and Tony knew it.

“You are not leaving here like this.”

“Are you going to stop me, Tony?” Aaron asked seeing the pain for him in expressive green eyes.

“If I have to Aaron. I don’t understand what you figured out, but I cannot let you leave in this mood.”

Aaron feigned left but Tony corrected faster than he could get past him. In a flurry of rage-fueled blows and blocks anyone watching saw the lethal skill both men had and the fact that they were desperately trying not to hurt each other. Aaron deliberately over extended and Tony took advantage spinning him wrapping his arm tight around his waist shoving him into the wall. Hotch used his free arms to catch them. Tony quickly adjusted hands tight on his hips body moulded along his back it was intimate more than restricting, personal over clinical, holding him not restraining.

“I’ve got you, Aaron. You are safe. I am right here. Breathe. If you still need to fight I will fight you, if you need to scream I will yell with you. I will not let you leave here, I will not let you do something that you won’t be able to forgive yourself for.” Tony whispered in his ear. Aaron put his forearms together resting his head on the top one and bellowed out the anguish.

“Just give them time, Tony is taking care of him. It’s okay.” Dave assured Garcia as she sobbed against his chest.

“Are you alright now?” Aaron reached around knotting his fingers in Tony’s hair pulling him closer for just a moment.


“You didn’t scare me. I mean you are scary in a very good way, but all that did was break my heart.” she moved to give him a hug.

“Now I know what just happened, but I don’t understand why it happened.” Grant watched them all wait to see where Hotch was going to sit before choosing spots that essentially blocked him in but were also meant to comfort.

“If you follow everything we have discussed, you can find the exact incident that marked the end of their friendship.” Aaron pointed to the tablet. Dave handed him the pen that had fallen to the floor and he wrote down everything in better order, painting the whole picture. The team sat silently gazing at the tablet trying to draw a different conclusion. They all seemed to move at once nervously pacing around. Tony remained behind the sofa hands kneading his shoulders.

“Are you saying that it was Morgan that broke his jaw?” Emily growled finally able to speak.

“It fits the timeline, and if you consider the snarks about ignoring boundaries, conquests, not caring who gets hurt it makes sense.” Hotch sat back resting the crown of his head on Tony’s legs.

“Why did it take Spencer eight months to leave? How does his leaving protect the team?” JJ asked torn.

“That I don’t know.”
“What the hell are we going to do? We have to work with him tomorrow.” Grant asked what everyone was thinking.

“We do our job. We have not been even remotely close with him for over two years, we can fake it the rest of the way. If Spencer can work with him after what happened so can we.” Dave said.

Derek strut into the bullpen a huge smile on his face. Merideth greeted him as he skirt by her desk enroute to his office. He took a moment to scan the room for the team. They were all in the kitchenette. He grabbed his cup from his office and mosied over for a cup of coffee.

“Good morning.”

“We can talk more over lunch,” Emily told JJ patting her shoulder before she twisted past Morgan.

“I have files.” Anderson ducked out as well. JJ was pouring a second cup of coffee emptying the pot. She slid the carafe back onto the machine, flipped the switch off taking the two cups she had and turning toward the doorway.

“You didn’t refill it. I thought the rule was to never leave it empty.” Derek chastised jokingly.

“That’s rich coming from you. I don’t think you have ever filled the pot once.”

“You are in a mood.” he scoot over to let her pass.

“You have no idea. You are going to find a lot of us are sick of filling an empty pot after you. So we aren’t going to anymore.” JJ walked away passing her office and disappearing into Aaron’s.

“This is going to be harder than I thought,” she informed him as he took a sip from the cup she gave him.

“Ricochet JJ.” Hotch smiled when she began laughing.

“Boing.” he laughed as she smacked his chest with the back of her hand.

Spencer drowsed on his sofa waiting for Tony and Aaron to Skype. It had been two weeks and he was missing them. He knew Tony was working a case, but he would visit for a while before going to bed. The chime alerted him and he stabbed the button answering the call.

“Well, this is a surprise.” he beamed happily to see the whole team and Tony there. With Nick being gone he was quite lonely.

“You look so cute Boobalah.” Garcia gushed. He looked at himself and chuckled. He was wearing his plaid sleep pants and the t-shirt she had made for him of David Tennant in a kilt. His hair was pulled back in a ponytail and his glasses were a bit crooked.

“How do you get away with that hair so long?” Emily teased.

“I pout. Hard. Carruthers doesn’t care as long as I wear it up at work.” Spencer shrugged. “Not that I am not thrilled to see all of you but by the looks on your faces this is starting to look like an intervention.” they all seemed to relax a bit with his joke.

“In a way,” Dave confirmed this call was not going to be fun.
“Hang on I need liquid courage for this.” he disappeared returning with a bottle of whiskey and a glass of ice. “Okay, I’m ready. Hit me.”

“We had a family get together last weekend while you were in Arizona. It was planned with one specific thought in mind.” Dave started.

“Oookaaay.”

“Derek’s attitude on our previous case and what had been done about it,” Grant said.

“And that turned into a conversation about why you left.” Garcia hugged a hot pink dragon to her chest.

“I told you all…” Spencer sighed exasperatedly.

“We think we figured it out. None of us can live with the assumption we arrived at. We are coming to you so we get the truth either way.” JJ interrupted. He looked at them all and could see how upset they were.

“You can ask if you are wrong I will tell you, but will elaborate no further. If you are correct I will be honest.” Reid sat back arms across his chest.

“Fair enough.” Tony agreed for them all. They all looked around trying to figure out who was going to be the one to ask.

“Just blurt it out. You made this choice, run with it.”

“Is this going to cause damage?” Aaron asked eyes worried.

“Between you, Tony, and I no. Nothing you ever ask me will affect the way I feel. I may not like it, but I understand.” Spencer assured.

“Well, shit.” Emily sighed finding this more difficult than expected.

“Just ask.”

“Did Derek break your jaw?” Dave looked at him ready to read his response.

“Yes,” Spencer admitted draining his drink and pouring another. He scanned them upset with the levels of emotion exuding from them. Tony slid closer to Aaron resting his hand on his leg. Dave took Garcia’s hand.

“Why did you lie?”

“I’ll tell you what I told him. I did it for this team. I lied to hide my own shame, my humiliation at his hands. I lied to save face, so I didn’t have to deal with everyone whispering behind my back again. I lied because it is less shocking for it to be a stranger. I lied because the truth hurt too much.” Spencer replied.

“Is that why you left us?” Garcia asked.

“No. Partially maybe. I was hurt and angry, but I was able to work with him. I admit it sucked for the first few months. I have spent my whole life ignoring people who picked on me or attacked me, and Monica was not the first lover to cheat on me. Derek was the first friend to cross that line.” Spencer said pouring a third drink.
“Sip Gufo please.” Tony pleaded. Spencer nodded setting the glass down.

“Something else happened,” Aaron stated. Reid nodded.

“Will you tell us?” Prentiss asked. Spencer shook his head.

“Was Derek the cause?”

“Yes.”

“Is there evidence like with your injury?” JJ wondered.

“No. Why now? Why dredge this up now?”

“Because we…” Tony bit his lip.

“You what Anima?”

“We want you here with us. We thought if we could come up with the reason we could maybe fix it. When we figured out what we did, we knew you would not come back if there was a chance to run into Derek. We needed to be sure.” Tony admitted.

“We would never ask you to come knowing what we know. It was just so hard after we came up with our conclusion to sit with it. We couldn’t imagine, and we do not blame you.” Aaron added.

“I meant when I said this was for the sake of the team. Yes, there was a hint of self-preservation involved, but in the end, it was about all of you and what was best for the team.” Spencer downed his drink but did not refill the glass.

“Do you hate us Bubby?” Penelope asked twisting the dragon’s tail around her finger.

“Nothing can make me hate you. Any of you. I understand why and while I hate to see the sorrow of knowledge in your eyes, I am not sorry you know the truth. I have hated that most of all. Lying to you. I love you all.” Spencer promised.

“We understand why you did,” Emily assured him.

“Oh, I got some glorious news Friday afternoon,” Spencer said changing the subject.

“Do tell.” Tony let him.

“Opie is being transferred. To Kansas.” Spencer did a goofy dance in excitement.

“Oh, that is good news. How did this come about?” Aaron laughed at his antics.

“He came in my office while I was in with Carruthers and Nati was on break. Sat there in the dark the creepy little fucker. After I sat down he handed me three profiles two cold cases and an agent investigation. I became irritated. I meant to ignore them but he insisted. I opened the agent investigation and it was about Nick. I got ticked. I read it and he was sitting there smirking at me. I became peeved.” Spencer scowled thinking about it.

“Oh, you look evil.” Penelope giggled.

“He had cleverly deduced due to and I quote ‘painstaking and diligent investigation’ that Mr Khanada was a homosexual and was involved in a relationship of ‘inappropriate and questionable morality’ with another agent in the office. He mentioned that he knew I was aware of the
clandestine affair as his roommate’ and ‘if I continued to ignore and dismiss him in lieu of these revelations’ he would ‘have no choice but go directly to the Director and inform him of the transgressions’.

“Oh my god.” Prentiss laughed at the man’s gall.

“I asked so, you can pick out a homosexual man on sight? He nodded like a five-year-old earning a second cookie. Then he stated that he was certain I understood the ramifications of such information being spread about, and he was ready to move into Nick’s office immediately. All he needed was my signature and a box for Nick’s things. I stood up apparently this prompted him to rise and come to stand in front of me. He was so smug.”

“What a putz.” Garcia rolled her eyes. “Get to the good stuff.”

“I mentioned that since DADT was repealed there were no guidelines anywhere that stated that an agent could not be homosexual, lesbian, or transgendered in the new handbook. I said that there were no rules that said agents couldn’t date, screw, or marry each other. I was walking him backward as I got involved in my conversation. I asked if it was a logical choice to literally blackmail his boss into giving him a position strictly on the threat of telling the big boss that there was a gay man on the payroll? A gay man that everyone knew was gay because it was in Nick’s file. I asked if threatening that superior officer that private information about another agent, one who was right now on a dangerous undercover assignment that could be compromised by his declarations was the way to get a spot on my team. Nati opened the door after Opie ran into it. I just kept walking. Carruthers was grinning like a fiend standing by Nati’s office door there are security intercoms linked through the phone system, he heard everything. I then said that the reason he had never seen anyone questionable come to my apartment was because I was the agent Nick was committing questionable acts upon and his all-seeing eye was broken for missing that tidbit of information.” Spencer bowed as Garcia clapped.

“I hate to admit it but I wish I had been there to see that. Honestly, the short version was hot enough, but I would love to have seen you all in a temper like that.” Tony rubbed his hands together learning at him.

“Stage another intervention and you just might. Dammit.” Spencer answered his cell. “I’ll be there in...oh dammit. Um, have Dorsey swing by here, I have been drinking. No, I’m not drunk, just smell like a brewery. Crap, Youst owes me this time. I have to shower bye.”

“You be safe 187.” Garcia blew him a kiss.

“I will. Sorry guys, Youst and her team are on call this weekend, but she isn’t answering. Shit, I have to go. Listen, I am not not going to ask you to forget what you know, I am going to ask you to leave it lie. I have put it behind me. I know you are mad, and hurt but please do not make a production on my part, I am over it. I have found my heart and they are so much more than I ever expected. This may not be ideal but it is what I can do.”

“I won’t blitz him, but I do not promise not to stab him with my tactical spork.” Emily glared menacingly.

“I am so glad you have a use for that. Who knew that an April Fool’s gift would bring such joy.” Spencer snickered.

“I love my spork.” Garcia winked.

“I carry mine in my briefcase,” Aaron admitted.
“There is a tactical spork?” Tony pouted.

“I will send you one. Be safe. I love you guys.” Spencer hung up running to shower and change. His hair was dripping wet but he was ready when his friend knocked.

“I was told you had partaken.” Dorsey snickered when he blushed.

“If you can keep a secret I will share my reasoning.” he handed her a travel cup of coffee as she nodded. “Opie is moving to Kansas. I was celebrating.”

“Oh, that is a good reason Doc. I brought you two tins of mints and a pack of gum.” she handed him a small paper bag.

“You are wonderful.”

~~~~~~~~~~

“What do you think?” Aaron asked watching Tony scan the kitchen.

“Oh, I like this one. This kitchen is to die for. Vulcan six top, two ovens, proofer, Convection and microwave ovens, I am getting hard.” Tony smiled brightly.

“What about the rest of it? I figure we can use three of the bedrooms as offices, that big room by the four seasons porch would make a nice library. That leaves us with two guest rooms and the master.”

“I like the master the closet is huge. Spencer is going to love the bathtub. Room for all.” Tony agreed. “Is this the one?”

“I think so. It is on the upper scale of our budget, but Bonnie says she is pretty sure we can offer less and still get it. It has been on the market a long time.” Aaron handed him the Realtor's paperwork.

“I like the pool and the woods out back.”

“Bonnie!” Aaron called to the realtor. She and the realtor for the owners stepped back in.

“So what do you think?” she asked her two picky clients.

“We will take it.” Aaron signed the offer paperwork then gave his pen to Tony who signed as well.

“Do you want your partner’s name on it as well?”

“Yes.”

“Have you gotten an estimated amount from your loan company?” the haughty man asked looking at them side-eyed.

“Subtle way to question our finances. Our offer is there, call and find out if they will take it.” Tony scowled at the man.

“This is twenty thousand less than the asking price. I assure you they will not accept that.” the guy sniffed.

“I am curious to hear from them. Call them.” Aaron glared.

“Mrs Jacobs? My name is Bonnie, I spoke to you a couple days ago about your house for sale. Yes, ma’am, they have made an offer, Charles seems reluctant to bring you the quote.” she walked away
leaving them to meander aimlessly. Charles followed behind her like a puppy. They were discussing paint colours when the two reappeared.

“Congratulations gentlemen.” Bonnie said.

“I will deliver the cashier’s check tomorrow. Thank you so much. I need the number for the painter you suggested.” Aaron arched his eyebrow at the flabbergasted real estate agent.

“Rossi is gonna be jealous of this kitchen.”

“Dave is gonna be jealous of the whole thing.” Hotch chuckled.

“Do we call it a mansion. It is listed as a mansion.” Tony rolled his eyes, knowing that wording sells.

“We call it a house, that will irritate him more.”

“Our house.”

Aaron stood behind SWAT member Gibbons as the man silently thread the tactical camera through the gap under the door. JJ was watching the screen with SWAT commander Taylor out in the command area.

“Two female, behind one male crowded against the right corner, looks like the rest of the room is empty,” Gibbons announced.

“Permission to make entry.” Taylor ordered. As Gibbons rushed to the door Prentiss was guarding with the camera, Aaron slid the master key into the lock. The knob turned, and he listened no sound but panicked breathing met his ears so he opened the door enough to slide in the room. He swept the room while moving to protect the three cowering people.

“I need you all to remain silent, there are SWAT members in the hall, I will lead you to them, they will get you out safely. Ma’am take off the heels, you will be running.” she kicked them off and held her friends’ hands as the man confidently followed Hotch. “I’ve got runners.”

“Clear.” Emily barked from down the hall.

“Hold Hotchner,” Taylor said, watching the contingent collect in the hall. “Go.”

“Do not panic, follow them they will get you out.” his charges nodded. Aaron opened the door he waved them out, the instant they were past him four soldiers rushed up, each taking a person, the one on point sweeping his weapon menacingly before leading them out efficiently.

Hotch moved down the hall past, Grant, Dave, and Morgan to wait for the rest to move up to the next floor.

“Clear,” Grant called joining them to wait.

“I got maybe two hiding under a shelf in here. I have no clear visual.” Gibbons warned at the door Dave was guarding.

“Hotchner assist in entry.” Taylor had accepted his time as an FBI SWAT member to make him the goto guy to work closest with his team. Aaron knelt so he could cover the lower angle. They were using the less visually frightening BAU team to approach the terrified hiding in the large building. The four men that had caused the chaos were dressed in full tactical gear almost identical to the
SWAT team there to rescue them and people had been reluctant to go with them. The criminals had hit the pharmacy on the second floor, then the jeweller on the fifth. Silent alarms had been activated and the gunmen had split up. They had taken one on the third-floor stairwell, and one on the fourth floor.

They crept in the whimpering got louder but no one peeked out to see who had come in. Aaron could see the back of one of the hiding and thought it odd his shirt and pants were both black but not the business dress they had seen so far. The other had on pink flats. He motioned that he was going to pull the guy out backwards and for Dave to be ready to aim at them. Dave nodded his understanding.

“Beck, Smithson be ready to engage.” Two soldiers silently came in guns ready. “On my mark.” Hotch crept closer testing his arm length before motioning his readiness. “Go!”

Aaron’s arms shot out grabbed the man’s ponytail and belt, at the same time used his whole body to yank him back. The startled man ended up laying Hotch’s body three people with seriously pissed off faces and big guns taking the fight right out of him. Aaron stay still as his prisoner was moved off of him and cuffed. Dave coaxed the young woman out from her hidey hole. Aaron took the lead guiding them out into the waiting arms of the soldiers.

“That was a unique solution. I am impressed Hotchner.” Taylor said.

“Moving up to the sixth. We know he is either there or on the roof, be alert people.”

“I have no visual Leader One. Repeat no visual.” the sniper call Bullseye called from the adjoining roof.

“Deadpool ready to land Leader One.” the other sniper said from the stairwell.

“Stairs clear. Send them up.” a soldier called. The group moved spreading out as they had the last four floors.

They cleared the final room knowing now that the gunman was on the roof. Taylor ordered the BAU to stay inside dispatching his SWAT team to finish the siege. At Taylor’s order, the officer's filtered out.

“Deadpool on perch Leader One.”

“I said no FBI,” Taylor growled.

“What?”Hotch was scanning the collected soldiers for his agents.

“Morgan,” JJ announced loud enough that everyone could hear through Taylor’s mic.

“Morgan drop down now,” Hotch ordered as he ran up the stairs, livid that his agent had so blatantly ignored a direct order. He knew the team on the roof were attuned to each other, that they had been trained to perform in all situations as a unit. Morgan was an outlier, an unknown and that put the others in peril. “I’m coming up.”

“Stay out of my way Hotchner.” Taylor barked.

“Understood.”

“Drop the weapon! SWAT Miami PD! Drop it, and get down on your stomach hands on your head, cross your ankles. Do it!. Dammit, he’s running.” someone barked.
“He’s gonna jump across.” another yelled. Aaron ducked down well out of the way, but close enough to see the majority of the roof. He could see the man launch himself off the side arms and legs flailing.

“I got no joy Leader One. Repeat no joy.” Bullseye snapped.

“Fucking moron! The Feeb jumped. There is no way he will catch him before entrance into building two.” the first voice nearly screamed. Aaron saw Derek land on the building next to them roll and start running after the man fleeing the scene.

“I have joy Leader One,” Deadpool called. “Request Solution.”

“This is Leader One Fade to Black,” Taylor confirmed. Aaron counted from order to bullet strike, timing from the sound of the shot, to when he could smell burnt powder. Derek hit the man rolling with their momentum. He cuffed him and stood back glaring at the people collected on the other building.

“Target acquired, walking wounded. Deadpool on ice.”

“I got him cuffed. I'll bring him down.” Derek panted from exertion.

“You wait there for escort Morgan. Hotchner get your ass down here.”

“Fuck,” Aaron muttered. As he got downstairs Dave jogged up to his side silent support that he appreciated. The elevators were running again and Gibbons lead them into one escorting them down to speak to his boss. They cleared the doors and Taylor was right there.

“You want to tell me what the fuck that was? What the hell was he thinking?” the man screamed in his face.

“I do not know. I have nothing that I can say to make up for this monumental error. I take full responsibility for my agent’s actions Sir.” Aaron stood straight and strong in front of the furious man.

“You do do you? That fixes everything doesn’t it?” Taylor asked eyes drawn to the side of the building.

“No Sir, it doesn't, but it is what I can do. I can tell you that I am sorry for the danger that he put your people in, but that is a hollow consolation. I can’t make any reparations because there isn’t a damn thing I could possibly do to make this better. What I can do is take responsibility as his commanding officer. That is all I have.” Hotch said understanding the man’s fury.

“You take responsibility?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Petersen, Pope. Take this man into custody, charge obstruction and interfering.” JJ approached ready to argue, but Hotch held up his hand stopping her. He turned putting his hands on his head cringing when his arms were cuffed behind him, his side arm was taken.

“I have a backup on my ankle.” he held out his leg for them to take his weapon. He saw Taylor shove Morgan against the SWAT van cuffing him as well. Two officers lead the man to a car ignoring his shouts. Aaron slid into the car he was lead to holding his breath as he was belted in. Rossi tapped on the window, JJ gasped as he looked at them a tear sliding down his face.

“You do not owe him this,” Dave said.
“I owe the Bureau this.” they stepped back as the car pulled away.

~~~~~~~~~~

“This is your fault.” Derek hissed from his cell across from Aaron’s.

“It is not my fault, but I am taking the blame.” Hotch snapped back.

“We out rank them. I do not understand why you are tolerating this?”

“Because having rank does not entitle you to whatever is convenient. I have no reason to demand anything, your actions put good men and women at risk. He has every right to act in accordance. I am the leader, it is my duty to take the punishment that any of my agents must face. Whether you see me as your superior officer or not, I am, and because you are my subordinate I am not only professionally duty-bound but personally obligated to take the brunt of this.” Aaron raked his hand through his hair.

“The brunt of what? Taylor got his ass in a snit when I took the capture away from him, it’s simple butthurt. I got the collar, not his people. I stole his thunder.” Morgan threw his paper cup across his cell.

“Christ, Morgan this isn’t a case of professional jealousy. You disobeyed a direct order from the lead officer. We were there under his tolerance. He allowed us to assist, we didn’t take over because he was the right man for this job. We were the ones to find the next target, but we were not the best for infiltration, they were. Because of your selfish and dangerous actions, his people were at risk. Because your ego needed to be seen as the hero his team was in peril. Because of your arrogance, I have to take the fall.” Aaron punched the wall in frustration.

“You are so sanctimonious,” Derek said pointing through the bars at him.

“And you are so blind. This behaviour, this attitude is why you aren’t anything more than the interim unit chief. This situation is a stellar reason why you have not been given your own team. This shit is why you will never understand. This is why you lost our respect.” Aaron pointed right back. Derek jolted at his words.

“Who’s respect? I never had yours. I never needed yours, the team has my back.” Derek shot back stung.

“I told you once before that I have always trusted you with my life. That is a sentiment I still hold because I have to trust you in the field. I know you are able to do the job, I know you are a capable man, but as I said back then, your lack of trust in us is a serious issue. Your performance today was not the actions of a hero, they were the actions of an attention-seeking daredevil.” Aaron sat on his cot looking at his stocking feet.

“I did my job,” Derek told him

“At the risk and detriment of others and this team.” both men looked as the door opened at the end of the hall. Taylor and Rossi marched down toward them. They opened Hotch’s cell handing him his shoes, tie, and belt Dave kept his blazer. Aaron finished dressing taking a few moments to wet his fingers to comb his hair into place. He turned and swallowed dryly holding his wrists out for Dave to cuff. Rossi shook his head.

“You are free to go asshole.” Taylor unlocked Derek’s cell and motioned for the door. Mogan darted past them to join the team that was standing at the end of the cement walkway. He was confused when they didn’t speak to him.
“You will walk out with your team, an unmarked will take you to your jet. I have no idea what will happen in Virginia, but I have agreed to allow the Bureau handle it. I understand why Agent Hotchner, but I do not condone. You are not the reason or cause. I would be honoured to work with the rest of you at any time. You are a credit to your badge, Sir.” Taylor squeezed his shoulder companionably shaking his hand firmly.

“I appreciate that. I am sorry this happened no matter how trite that sounds.” Aaron resisted the gentle tug Dave gave to his arm. He had to force himself to his full height, he had to work to slip his mask in place.

“I’m ready.” He made himself walk out away from the supportive hand of his oldest friend. They turned right instead of left, the rear entrance opened to an SUV parked close. He sighed relieved he didn’t have to walk through the busy station. He ducked in sliding against JJ, Emily slid in behind Dave after her. Too many bodies in the seat, but he was glad for them. Morgan slid into the passenger seat, Anderson jumped in starting the vehicle pulling out of the sombre alley.

~~~~~~~~~~

At the airport, they quickly boarded the jet, glad to feel it rolling toward home.

“Thank God that is over.” Derek sighed flopping into his seat.

“Over? Are you kidding?” JJ ground out through grit teeth.

“Jennifer,” Aaron warned. He accepted the styrofoam food container she passed to him. He forced himself to eat to make them feel better. They were silent for the whole flight home.

“Let’s get this done.” Hotch sighed standing in the isle. He offered his wrists to Dave, who was cursing impressively in Italian and English.

“That won’t be necessary.” Director Fickler waved dismissively. “The rest of you get to work and write up your reports. I expect them when I come for them. Hotch, you are riding with me. Morgan, you are riding with Strauss.” Aaron handed his keys to Rossi.

“We will be ready. We are behind him.” Dave glared at Fickler getting a slight nod at the silent message.

~~~~~~~~~~

Aaron paced Tony’s apartment bored beyond tears. The last month had been filled with Tony’s impressive movie collection. While the first couple weeks the rest was nice, he was nearly rabid for something to do. Tony had been flustered during a case and asked Hotch to read through it. When Vance saw how well that worked he had kindly sent a consultant contract which Aaron signed making certain it wouldn’t interfere with his Bureau job. If he had one after this fiasco.

The day after he signed, three boxes of files had been delivered. That had lasted the third week. Now he was bored again. He knew the team was no better off. They had been grounded until the shit was cleaned from the fan.

Strauss had suspended him without pay and said after an IA investigation was conducted she would determine what would become of him. Morgan had been sent to a class to teach him how to work with others.

His phone buzzed. He read the text and ran for his laptop in the bedroom. Spencer had spent every lunch hour calling breaking up the days’ monotony.
“Hi, Babe. Oh damn.” Spencer lay gloriously nude in the middle of his bed long fingers fondling his hard dick.

“I was thinking of you from yesterday. Sitting there on the sofa in your running shorts all sweaty from your run. When you just pulled your fat cock out and rubbed one out while I was stuck at my desk I thought I would explode. I got so hard I had to take the rest of the day off to take care of it. As I was slipping that sweet little plug you and Tony sent inside myself I thought how much better this feels when you are with me.” Spencer showed him the remote in his hand.

“One.” Aaron breathed. Tripping over his own feet trying to get his jeans off with the moan Spencer let loose. Aaron crawled into the bed laying on his side so he wouldn’t miss anything.

“Fuck!” Spencer wiggled a bit his other hand sped up. “I like how it feels, but wish it was you inside me.”

“Me too Baby. Two.” Aaron squeezed slick in his hand immediately taking up the same pace as Spencer.

“AARON!” the door slammed.

“BEDROOM.”

“You better be ready for me,” DiNozzo yelled.

“I called him. I was on the phone with him as I worked the plug into me. He was in the car with Gibbs. Do you think his boss noticed he was hard?” Spencer thrust into his hand.

“Where is he?” Tony asked climbing onto their bed.

“Three.” Aaron hissed as his hand was smacked away from his cock.

“Need you, Aquila.”

“I’m here.” Tony lay down assaulting Aaron with a kiss that stole Spencer’s breath.

“You look amazing. I wish I could touch you. Taste you. I’m not going to last.” Spencer warned.

“Four.” Spencer cried out hand dropping from his dick as the vibrating assault overwhelmed him.

“Tony.” Aaron’s filthy moan made Spencer look. Two of Tony’s fingers were inside Aaron spreading lube as Aaron slick up Tony’s cock. Spencer took up a furious pace lost to his pleasure. They had not had sex in front of Spencer yet, and Reid couldn’t concentrate on the vision they were making.

“Six.”

“Oh, God.” Both men watched their third arch, his head tossing back and forth before he froze keening as his orgasm struck. He collapsed gasping. He forced his focus in time to see Tony line himself against Aaron’s entrance. Aaron grabbed the headboard as Tony pressed inside him. He lay panting giving his lover time to adjust but Aaron bucked.

“Come on Tony. Fuck me.” Tony set Aaron’s leg on his shoulder, surged up and did as commanded.

Spencer was dumbstruck. They were so raw. Spencer shivered at the thought of being the focus of their attention. They were evenly matched, while their bodies worked for completion, their eyes and kisses showed just how much love they shared.
“Come on Aaron, give it up. Need you to come.” Tony was grinding his teeth trying to stave off his end. His hand worked Aaron fast pulling sinful noises from the man.

“Tony...Fuck!” Aaron’s arms flexed tight his belly sucked in, chest expanded, neck corded, jaw clenched. His eyes went wide and he roared with the first jerk of his cock. Somehow Tony kept moving, milking him for every drop.

“That’s right. Oh, damn you feel so good.”

“My god.” Spencer was mesmerized.


“You guys are so beautiful.” Spencer gasped. “Did he pass out?”

“Yeah. He gets a bit overwhelmed if you keep him going. Oh shit.” Tony rest his head on Aaron’s chest as he gently pulled away. He climbed off the bed returning with a cloth. “Just rest, let me clean you up.”

“You did that on purpose,” Reid said sitting up.

“You started it.” Tony chuckled. “He hasn’t been sleeping much. He will rest for a while you can shower and call back in an hour. I have to get back to work, no case but we have plenty of files. I told Gibbs I needed lunch. I did not tell him you and Aaron was that lunch.”

“I took the afternoon off. Can I just watch him for a while? I won’t wake him.” Spencer asked.

“Of course Love. I’ll hopefully be home by seven. You looked decadent my little Owl.”

“Thanks. I have never used a toy before. I like it.” Spencer blushed.

“Oh, sweetheart I have such images right now. I might be later than seven, I need to go shopping.” Tony moved out of sight, he could hear the sink running.

“All of the sudden?”

“Again your fault. Tell him we are going out tonight for me, will you? Love you, Penn.” Tony buzzed a kiss to Aaron’s forehead, blew Spencer a kiss and ran out.

“I love you too.”

“Yess!”

~~~~~~~~~~

“How are things with your new section chief?” Spencer munched a fry.

“He’s a good man. Minds his own business unless we ask. He says why mess with perfection. Although I think he would be formidable if pissed off. He is still trying to make heads or tails of the quagmire Strauss left behind.” Hotch answered.

“What happens after rehab? Do you think she will be coming back?” Reid asked playing with the ice in his glass.
“If you ask Fickler in the hallways he says he hopes Erin gets the help and peace she deserves if you ask in his office the answer is oh hell no.” they all chuckled.

“Did they figure out why she was so determined to send JJ to the state department?”

“They had asked for a field trained, combat-ready media person. That is not me. I doubt we will ever know why she wanted me. Will thinks it was another way to unbalance the team. I’m just glad I got to stay.” JJ answered.

“Me too. Could be. How is Donner enjoying Morgan?” the genius snickered.

“He is already sending me bribes to take him back. Even if I wanted him, the answer would be no. The brass will not let it happen. I still can’t believe Strauss pardoned him. I have no idea what she did, but apparently, it would be a clusterfuck to bypass it. I was warned to stay out of it, I am happy to obey.” Aaron toasted with his soda.

“Any clue who is taking his desk?” Emily asked.

“Cruz and Richmond are gathering candidate’s files for me to choose. Then as always, there are the ones that submit their own for my edification. I did get one from Opie by the way.” Spencer laughed pointing at the screen with a fry.

“Ha ha. I hear you got a new agent.” Tony mentioned.

“Molly. Yes. She is a research transfer straight from the Academy. Her family lives in LA so she is like really close to work ya know.” Spencer put a heavy valley accent in his answer making them all laugh.

“Fer sure dude,” Grant answered causing them all to laugh harder.

“She follows me like a duckling. I almost trip over her. She brings me treats, icky treats.” Spencer wrinkled his nose.

“Ah, she likes you.” Emily teased.

“Not with these treats she doesn’t. Gluten-free, sugar-free, chocolate-free and has the gall to call them chocolate chip cookies, spinach and chicken pizza tasted like Play-Dough smells. She brought me a cup of coffee. I was like cool, this I can do. Oh hell no, it was some roasted grain chicory mix with milk-free soy-free nut-free creamer and artificial hazelnut and fake sugar. I had to change my shirt after blowing it like a fire hose across the desk. I nearly hurled. I am not against a healthy lifestyle but do not muck with my coffee.” Spencer made a realistic gagging sound.

“Is she Vegan? She may avoid extra.” Garcia asked.

“No, she hops from one fab craze to the next as fast as they print them interspersing bits and pieces into her routine. Her father is a detective in LA, we have worked with him, great guy and her mother is hysterical, they sent me a huge cookie bouquet for my birthday. Molly was mortified, I sat at my desk eating cookies on a stick for a week. Yesterday she asked me out to the theatre, I politely refused. She gave the tickets to Nati, her idea of theatre is vastly different than mine. Nati told me it was a chick-flick, that I would hate it. I read the synopsis, and she was right.”

“She like-likes you.” JJ giggled at his rolled eyes.

“Too bad. I am taken. Dorsey is going to tell her in a way that she will understand because the way I said it was not hitting home.” Spencer cleaned up his mess and tossed it in the trash.
“How did you tell her?” Aaron asked.

“I said. I am in a committed relationship. That my lovers lived at a distance, but they were the most important men in my life.”

“That is pretty blunt,” Grant said.

“I thought so. But the fact that I said they lived at a distance apparently implies they are not serious or real. Dorsey is going to make her understand. I hope.” Reid moved himself and his computer to his sofa.

“How are the new classes going Bubby?” Penelope asked.

“I haven’t registered for any yet. I have one in mind, but I am on the waiting list. I got my transcripts finally.”

“What did they say Dr Dr Dr Reid.” Tony teased.

“That’s Dr Dr Dr Dr Reid to you.” Spencer laughed when they all praised him at once. His phone rang in the distance. “Dammit, we are not on call. Hang on.”

“Go ahead Puddin.” they continued to chatter as he took his call. They could hear him yelling in the background, a blur whizzed past crashing into something, making them all lean in to hear.

“I have to go. I...I gotta go.” he was extremely pale.

“Spencer?” Hotch called worriedly.

“What?”

“Call for a ride, you are in no condition to drive.”

“I have to go now.” he disappeared in a few moments they heard his door close.

“That was worrying,” Dave said.

“I can do a thing…” Garcia suggested.

“No, he will tell us if we need to know,” Hotch responded. They sat around keeping the link open for his return.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Hotchner.”

“It’s Natalie.”

“Nat, how can I help you?” he sat back to chat.

“You need to call him. He isn’t answering us.” she sighed.

“What’s wrong? What happened?”

“I will leave him to tell you. All I know is he needs you right now. He is drowning.” Nat replied.

“Thank you. I will call him. Is he at home?” Aaron pulled out his cell bringing up Tony’s number.
“Yes.”

“Thanks again.” he hung up, moving to Dave’s office as his cell rang.

“Do come in,” Rossi said not looking up from his paperwork.

“Tone. Nat called, she says he isn’t answering his phone. No, she wouldn’t tell me. I’m heading home. She says he is drowning.” Aaron listened to his lover curse and agree to meet him at home.

“Go, I’ll cover for you,” Dave said, picking up his phone. Aaron didn’t wait to see what he was doing he rushed through packing up his things and jogged out of the office leaving confused people behind.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Try again.”

“Tony, he is not answering. We don’t even know if his computer is on.”

“I can’t get a flight till morning,” DiNozzo said frustrated.

“I know. Shit.” He dialled his cell. “Garcia. Is there a way to see if someone’s computer is on if they aren’t answering? Yes, Spencer’s, can you? Okay, I’ll take the blame.” Hotch watched his screen flash a few times before it showed her office, then flash again as it showed Spencer laying on his sofa staring blankly into space. “Yes, I see him. I hate to ask after you did that. I’ll let you know whatever I find out. Thanks again.”

“Penn?” Tony called softly, Reid jerked but didn’t blink.

“Spencer? Look at us sweetheart.” wounded hazel eyes moved to the screen. “Honey, what happened?”

“He’s dead.”

“Who Babe? Who is dead?” Tony asked.

“Nick. He was...it blew up.” Spencer curled tighter new tears falling from his eyes.

“Oh god. I am so sorry.” Aaron wanted to reach out and hold him. He knew how close the two men were.

“His brother is coming to help me pack his things. Should be here tomorrow. I guess he left me...left me his stereo and CDs, and Mothra.” Reid set the hot pink dragon he was cuddled up with on the back of the sofa to sit up.

“How can we help?” Aaron asked.

“I don’t know. I want to crawl into your lap and shatter. I…” Spencer ducked his head his shoulders rounded in defeat.

“You what Love?” Tony asked.

“I bought it,” Spencer whispered shame heavy in his voice.

“Did you use it?” Aaron asked heart pounding in his chest.
“No.”

“I need you to show me Spencer.” Reid held out his arms for them to look at.

“Get the bottle and let me watch you destroy it,” Tony ordered. Spencer began crying again as he pulled the bottle from his pocket. He set it on the floor and stomped on it, they heard it smash.

“I’m sorry.”

“I know. I am so proud of you for resisting.” Aaron praised.

“I didn’t even get a needle.”

“That is a good thing, that means you never intended to use it,” Tony said.

“I don’t know what to do.” Spencer bury his head in his hands.

“It’s time to come home, Spencer,” Aaron said.

“I can come home?” Spencer felt a glimmer of hope ignite in his chest.

“Yes. Come home to us, we will take care of you.” Tony promised.

“I have to call…”

“You let me handle the Bureau. You take care of things on your end. Call me when you are ready and I will have a ticket for you.” Aaron told him.

“Okay. I’m so tired.” Spencer sighed.

“Lay down we will watch over you,” Tony suggested gently. Spencer curled around the dragon again, the large tom cat lay on his hip, and both were asleep almost instantly.

“John, it’s Hotch. We need to talk. It’s personal.”

~~~~~~~~~~

Aaron watched the jet roll up to the hanger. Tony hopped out of the car, popping the trunk for Reid’s bags. The stairs lowered and his genius hopped down, hazel eyes scanned landing on them and freezing. It seemed as if none of them could move. These had been the longest six weeks of his life.

“Aaron.” Reid gently set the cat carrier and his satchel next to the stairs.then was running across the tarmac as fast as his legs could carry him

“Spencer.” the lithe man leapt at him crushing him in a frantic hug. “I’ve got you. Oh my god, you feel so good Bijou.”

“You smell the same,” Spencer whispered burying his nose in Aaron’s neck.

“Let me look at you.” Aaron held him at arm's length drinking in every inch of his lover, doing nothing to hide his tears. He cupped his face drawing him in for a kiss. Spencer whimpered parting his lips for his questing tongue. Aaron moaned at the first taste of his genius.

“I can’t decide whether to shake your hand or kiss the stuffing out of you.” Tony reached out tenderly brushing his jaw.
“Stuffing.” Spencer let him pull him into his arms. Tony looked in his face like he was memorizing him. The kiss was just as emotion-filled as Aaron’s. “You are even more beautiful in person Gufo.”

“Your eyes are so much more green,” Spencer asked. Aaron gathered his cat, satchel, and overnight bag.

“Thanks, Able.” Aaron shook their pilot’s hand. Spencer took one of his bags from the pilot.

“My pleasure. It’s really good to see you, Reid.” the plot clapped him on the back.

“Tell Sheila I said hi.” Able waved going back to his plane. Aaron loaded the bags, the other two sliding into the car, himself into the driver’s seat.

“What are your plans?” Tony asked turning to see Reid in the back seat long fingers in the grate to the kennel petting the cat.

“I need to go car shopping, see John about my transfer, and I want Leo’s,” Spencer answered. “But first I need some sleep, now that I’m here I’m tired.”

“You can have Leo’s for lunch, we can stop on our way home for something,” Aaron suggested.

“I forgot how pretty it is here in the fall.” Spencer watched the scenery pass by.

~~~~~~~~~~

“I don’t know how you ate all of that. I would need to do a thousand sit-ups.” Tony teased as Aaron unlocked the front door.

“My brain uses the extra calories,” Reid said walking into his new home. “Wow, this is great.”

“I knew you would like it.” Aaron smiled brightly.

“Do they know I’m back?” He opened the kennel Mothra darting out to hide and glare. Spencer set the kennel by the garage door to put it out on a shelf later.

“No, just Garcia. He going to be okay?” Hotch replied.

“Where do I set this up?” Tony held out the new covered pan and litter they had bought earlier.

“Yes, he hates change more that I do. As long as he has his food and water he is content. I would say the bathroom if there is room, that’s where it was before. I will set up one upstairs tomorrow. I have his three cat trees to set up when the truck gets here, and that will help, he likes his trees. Kitchen?” Aaron guide him to the huge room, Reid found a corner where the dishes wouldn’t be an issue. He set down a mat two dishes and a small continuous feeder. He poured a bag of Royal Canin dry food into the feeder. Spencer dumped a soft food pouch into a shallow ceramic dish. The cat appeared, rubbed against his leg in thanks, then dove into the food.

“He is huge.” Tony offered his hand for a sniff. Mothra deigned to comply arching into a pet for his courtesy.

“He is a Bengal, he is supposed to be big. He has another water dish for upstairs.” Spencer was amused to see Aaron squat down to scratch the loudly purring beastie.

“He doesn’t seem too offended by the neuter,” Aaron stated, knowing Spncer had been worried about Mothra being under anesthesia.
“He did fine. I thought he was older, but he is just four.” Spencer laughed when the cat jumped onto the counter and Tony freaked scooping him up.

“No, no no cats on the counters.” Mothra nibbled the finger waving at him.

“He knows better. Naughty Mothra. Window sills and trees, you know the rules.” the cat wiggled free walking aloof and proud from the room.

“I’ll take these up to the bedroom,” Tony announced.

“Yes please.” Spencer fell in line following him up. “Damn that is a huge bed.”

“Special ordered it. It’s called an Ace. It’s made for co-sleeping.” Tony informed him. Spencer ran his fingers along the red mahogany coloured wood smooth black bars were inserted in the centre.

“Custom headboard. I like bars.” Hotch waggled his eyebrows.

“Oh, it's wonderful,” Spencer said flopping down on it.

“It is. Want the rest of the tour?” Tony asked.

“Nope. I am revoltingly comfortable right now.”

“Shower then sleep.” Aaron kicked his shoe.

“Savage.” Spencer was mesmerized as his lovers simply stripped naked in front of him.

“You coming?” Tony asked walking toward what Spencer assumed was the bathroom. Aaron followed him, leaving Spencer to frantically strip. He peeked around the corner to see them behind the frosted glass shower door. Aaron was rinsing his hair, Tony was washing his legs. He slid open the door and duck in through the tiny gap, hands covering himself modestly. He just watched them move, awed by them in their glory. There were multiple shower heads water cascading from all sides wetting him warming him.

“Come here. Let us take care of you Little Owl. He has ink, Aquila. It’s us.” DiNozzo kissed the tattoo. It was a Nabla separated in three equal sections. The right was a green silhouette of a hawk, the left an eagle in brown, and the bottom a purple owl.

“Damn the is beautiful. When did you get it?” Aaron nipped over every centimetre of it before washing his back. "I need a picture of that.”

“After we, after our first time.” Spencer could feel the blush heat his skin. "Nobody's ever bathed me before.”

“That is amazing. Get used to it Sweetheart, we intend to dote on you every chance we get.” Tony pulled him closer, helping him get his head wet. His strong fingers worked shampoo into his hair. He was rinsed then turned, Tony massaging conditioner to his scalp, he wanted to purr. Aaron washed his chest, then knelt down to wash his legs.

“May I?” Aaron’s accent was thick, he looked down finding him poised to wash his groin. Spencer nodded. At the first soft touch, his hand shot back to claw Tony’s thigh. Aaron cleaned him thoroughly backside and front.

“Does that feel nice?” Tony purr in his ear. Spencer nodded voice stolen.

“So nice.” Aaron chuckled dropping the soapy flannel hands returning to Spencer's erection.
“May I?” Tony purred running a finger across the swell of his ass. Again speechless he nodded. Tony’s fingers tickled along his crack dipping between as Aaron took him in his mouth.

“Oh god.” Aaron was stripping his own cock as he seemingly devoured Spencer.

“He looks so good on his knees, doesn’t he. Oh, he isn’t able to take all of you, he learns quickly. Breathe.” Tony slid a finger inside him unerringly finding his sweet spot. Aaron moaned when his hips bucked.

“I’m gonna.” Spencer slapped his hand over his mouth.

“No no Baby, let us hear you. Let us hear that sweet voice.” Tony thumped his prostate.

“Fuck. I’m gonna come. Aaron.”

“He swallows.” Tony purred in his ear. Even though he had seen Aaron blow Tony, the very thought of Aaron letting him come in his mouth was too much. Spencer cried out as his orgasm hit, blessedly trapped between his two men. Aaron surged up kissing Tony. Spencer watched them for a moment, Aaron pulled back just enough to see his creamy mess pass into Tony’s mouth. They traded it back and forth a couple times before Aaron leaned back.

“He swallows too.” Spencer groaned as Tony rest his throat on his shoulder so he could feel him do just that. He didn’t know how long they stood there kissing, whispering, learning each other. Every touch meant to excite, to tantalize, to incite.

“He’s definitely ours Tone, he’s hard again.” Aaron pulled them back, Hotch leaning against the wall wrapping his arms around his waist holding him impossibly close, his hard cock notching just under Spencer's balls.

“Hold your legs together Babe.” Tony squirt some soap along his cock sliding between his thighs under Aaron’s dick. Tony would kiss Aaron, then move to nibble along his shoulder, hips driving him steadily against soft skin.

“Almost Tone.” Aaron’s head dropped back leaving his throat for Spencer to lavish with attention. There was no awkwardness between them. I was like this was meant to be.

“I’m gonna come Spencer. Feels so good. Yess. So perfect, so beautiful. Ahh god.” that deep rumble vibrated through his back as moist heat spread against his thighs.


“You are gorgeous Baby. Turn around, let Tony taste you.” Aaron coaxedTony was on his knees before he was turned. He engulfed him swallowing around his glans speeding him to another crash. “He is so good at that. Go ahead you can fuck his mouth, he can take it. That cock feels so good doesn’t it Tone. Yeah, I know you like that silky skin along your tongue.”

“That okay?” Spencer asked fighting to hold still. Tony hummed making him thrust, then grabbed his hips giving him permission. He used shallow strokes to see how much the man could take.

“You look fantastic together. So so pretty. You're there aren’t you Baby?” Spencer babbled not caring what came out his mouth as his climax slammed through him. “I got you. Shhh, We’ve got you, Spencer.”

“He has a mouth like yours Aaron. It’s hot as hell.” Spencer just stood there almost floating as they cleaned him up dried him off and lay him in the centre of the huge bed. They both began rubbing
lotion into his skin massaging him into a drooling puddle. They climbed beside him, Aaron pulling him into the little spoon Tony wrapped around him tucking Spencer's head under his chin.

“I love you, Tony.”

“I love you, Spencer.”

“I love you, Aaron.”

“I love you, Spencer.”

“So much for giving him time to adjust.” Tony chuckled. “Love you, Aaron.”

"I don't need time to adjust to this. I want this as badly as you do." Spencer assured.

“He would have stopped if he wasn't ready. He knows his own mind. Love you too Tony.”

“This is sounding creepily like the Waltons.” Tony quipped.

“Night John boy.” Aaron teased back.

“Who is John Boy?”

“Nevermind.”

~~~~~~~~~~~

“Looks like the new lead agent is in his office.” Emily nodded toward the office next to Rossi's.

“It does. I am on pins and needles.” Garcia held a gift bag to her chest. “Oh, the door is opening.” Aaron and Dave stepped out followed by AD Richmond.

“Oh my god. Move.” Emily shoved past them running at him.

“Emily.” she threw her arms around him holding him fiercely.

“I’m sorry. I am so sorry.” She clung to him.

“I know. I understand. I hated it, but I understand. Please, it’s in the past. I’m so glad you are here and safe now.” Spencer held her tightly.

“Share chica.” Garcia crushed him to her sniffling.

“Oh, I missed you. I missed hugs like this.” Spencer kissed her cheek when she stepped back.

“You need a sammich.” she pat his belly.

“I am eating at Leo’s who is joining me?” Reid laughed at all the hands that rose.

“New guy treats.” JJ enveloped him. “Henry is going to freak.”

“I missed him, and you and Will. Wow, you look great.” he complimented her.

“Thanks.” she blushed.

“When are you due?” he beamed at her excitement.
“The end of August.” the rest of the team all congratulated her. “Will owes me a dinner out.”

“Welcome back.” Anderson hugged him quickly.

“Good to be home. I will babysit for that dinner out, and of course, I am buying.” Spencer accepted the bag Penelope handed him. “Oh cool green.” he hugged the dragon absently as they all chat.

“Can we try to get some work done today or is it a wash?” John asked smiling.

“I came to work. Thanks again.” he shook the man's hand warmly.

“My pleasure. Have a good day.” John went off to his next duty.

“I shall assist you in decorating your office.” Garcia pushed him inside and shut the door talking non-stop.

“Well, we have been told.” JJ giggled.

“But so politely. Does he need any help moving in?” Emily asked Hotch.

“No, the movers were there right before we left. He has no furniture, except for a bed. It’s mostly all books and stuff. Tony is monitoring the movers. Case willing we will have a cookout this weekend.” Aaron said.

“Plans made. Let’s get to work.” Dave shooed them all away.

“Explains the eggplant paint on the wall behind his desk,” JJ said.

“That it does.”

~~~~~~~~~~

“So have you met him?” Derek asked.

“Yes,” Prentiss responded coolly.

“What is he like?”

“He is wonderful, a perfect fit,” JJ answered.

“So I know him?” Morgan queried.

“Not really,” Grant said, receiving nods from the others.

“BAU.” Garcia waved at them knocking on the three closed doors as she rushed past. Morgan leaned back in his chair eyes locked on the door of his old office. His jaw dropped when its occupant emerged.

“Spencer?” Reid ignored him catching up to Rossi.

“You are fucking kidding me?” Morgan asked in general.

“Nope.” JJ beamed trotting to the roundtable room.

“Get demoted?” Derek shouted making him stop. Dave paused giving him the time to respond if he wanted.
“No, Agent Morgan. Transferred. I still hold my rank, I’m just not threatened by taking orders from others. And it is Agent Reid or Dr Reid. If you will excuse us we have a case.”

“So you're the new profiler?” Morgan pushed.

“No, I have always been a profiler, I am the new lead agent. The one prior to me was demoted.” Spencer strode into the round table room, a tad amused by the agreeing murmurs his comment got.

“Are you okay Dr Reid?” Hotch asked, being told to monitor his interactions with Morgan.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Okay my beauties, you are headed to South Dakota.”

“Did you know the Pahá Sápa or the Black Hills were so named by the Lakota because of their dark colour from a distance. The hills are covered by trees making them darker in appearance.” Reid informed them.

“No, I did not, and oh how I missed that.” Emily elbow checked him.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Reid he’s coming your way!” Dave yelled. Spencer turned as Tate burst out the door ploughing into him. They stumbled Spencer fighting to gain his footing and keep the killer from getting a firmer hold on him. Tate swung his arm slicing across his Kevlar, Spencer froze hoping to avoid injury.

“Drop the knife! Let him go.” Hotch ordered gun trained on them.

“Fuck you! Stay back or I’ll gut this bitch.” Tate swung the knife at JJ when she got too close.

“You harm him and you die. Look around you, you have nowhere to go.” Dave said.

“Rotate! Don’t stop.” Spencer instructed. Tate, shook him by his hair to shut him up. His team shifted constantly, smooth flowing making Tate continue moving to focus on Hotch. The more they move the more Tate became flustered. Spencer locked eyes with Aaron looking down to direct his gaze. Spencer held up three fingers, Hotch nodded. He dropped two in his count.

“It’s over Tate,” Emily called sharply. Spencer set his feet stopping their movement startling his captor. Tate yanked his hair, Spencer jabbed his elbow into Tate’s solar plexus, rotated on his toe, swept out his leg catching the man behind the knees. As he was falling he swung the knife. Spencer caught his wrist, his other hand shooting out to strike his face. As the motion stopped Reid growled.

“Freeze.” Spencer held his gun inches from the man’s face. “Drop the knife.” Aaron dove in flipping the man to his belly cuffing him. Two LEOs led the furious man away. Aaron was speaking to the detective in charge.

“That was pretty Reid.” Emily offered a high five.

“First case back and of course I am the hostage.” Spencer rolled his eyes.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer pulled into the garage next to Aaron’s Lexus. He decided to leave his briefcase in the car needing nothing in it. He took a moment to admire his new car, he had never owned a new car so he was a bit proud a bit overwhelmed. Aaron had been amused when he had pulled up in it. Tony had laughed hard enough to cry.
The car was the spitting image of the one Gibbs drove at work. Leroy had offered to take Spencer out car shopping his second weekend home. Spencer and his partners knew the man had only volunteered so he could sus out Tony’s new lover. After stopping for lunch Gibbs had taken him to a dealership that wasn’t on Spencer’s list. After talking to the owner Spencer had laid a cheque down and walked out with a receipt saying he could pick up his car in ten days. He knew what he had purchased, but how he had gotten all of the bells and whistles he was fuzzy on. Gibbs had talked some, so maybe it was his fault.

His was a fully loaded armoured AWD Dodge Charger Pursuit. Steel lined seats, a performance-tuned suspension, front and rear crumple zones, officer protection package, more powerful brakes, secure park, rear camera, load-levelling shocks, in-floor storage, and for some reason trunk ventilation. He got a kick-ass stereo, and keyless entry and go feature. The Nav system was pretty nice too. Gibbs had tried to convince him black was best, but he had said if he was paying he got to choose the colour. They had compromised and gotten the purple that was almost black.

Aaron had floored it on the highway and cackled like an idiot. Actually cackled.

“Wha...mmmm.” Aaron’s voice was rough with sleep. “Fuck Baby.” Spencer shifted taking Tony’s sleeping member in his mouth. Aaron craned his neck to watch.

“Spence.” Tony grabbed a handful of his hair guiding his head, pushing him to take him into his throat, the moment he needed to breathe he pulled him up. Spencer let him revelling in the control, he had no problem admitting he enjoyed being manhandled by his lovers.

“God that’s a nice way to wake up.”

“He looks so pretty lips wrapped around your cock. Yeah, so good Baby.” Aaron fell back as Spencer switched again.

“Come back Babe, you can have me in your mouth, while Aaron gives you what you want.” Tony coaxed. Spencer moaned, sliding over to lick a slow swath up Tony’s prick. Aaron fished in the bedside table drawer before he kneed up behind Spencer.

Tender kisses followed his spine as Aaron carefully prepared him. Tony grabbed under his arms dragging him up to lay on the pillows. Aaron follow settling between his legs. Tony kissed him rough and perfect as Aaron eased himself inside Spencer.

“Ugh...gods Aaron.” When he caught his breath he opened his eyes struck by the kiss being shared by his lovers. Tony moved to Aaron's shoulder hands roaming over his partners’ bodies.

“I can’t believe how good you feel around me. Yeah Tone.” Spencer tore his eyes from where he and Aaron were connected to where Tony was leaving a deep purple mark at the juncture of Aaron’s neck and shoulder.

“Aaron.” Spencer rolled his body meeting Aaron patient stroke for passionate kiss. Tony nibbled along his ribs blowing across his nipple before administering a sharp nip. Aaron rushed behind tonguing the irritated bud while the other received like treatment.

“I wish you could see you two together. Aaron all muscle and power, Spencer all angles and grace. It’s so much like music I need to play along. Aaron moves amongst the heavy bassline and drums of rock and roll, Spencer like the haunting strings and lithe woodwinds of classical. It is like watching the most sensuous, erotic stanzas ever conceived.”
“What part of our song are you Anima?” Spencer caressed his cheek.

“I am the piano that connects the piece together the rhythm that grounds the players.”

“That was so beautiful Cadeau,” Aaron whispered.

“The most breathtaking lyrics.” Spencer drew him in for a tender kiss.

‘Keep dancing my loves. I need to feel my little Owl.” Tony purred decadently. Spencer groaned, while they had all made love to each other they had not both taken him consecutively.

“I think he likes that idea. Do you want us both to use you? Mark you deep enough that you feel it tomorrow at your desk?” Aaron asked readjusting to be even closer.

“Yes. Oh, fuck!” Spencer’s arms shot reflexively to the bars on the headboard as his Aaron’s hips snapped sharp and fast. “There, right there!”

“I’ve got you. Hang on Baby, No touching, keep those hands right where they are Sweetheart. I’m so close for you Baby. You are gonna make me come.” Aaron grabbed his hips tight pulling him into each thrust. Tony began stroking Spencer fast and tight, nipping one nipple then the next.

“I think I want to pierce these sweet little buds. Shiny gold glittering against dusky rose. Tug on the little hoops while I taste his lips or so many other places.” Tony murmured while kissing along his sternum. Aaron had been intrigued by Tony’s fascination with Tattoos and piercings.

“AARON!” Spencer arched up babbling incoherently as his cock jerked hard in Tony’s hand.

“Keep going Aquila, chase it, Aaron. That’s it.” Tony coaxed.

“I can’t hold it. Coming Baby.” Three brutal thrusts and Aaron bellowed to the ceiling though he lost coordination his cock still plundered though Spencer. Aaron collapsed falling to the right dragging Spencer on top of him.

“On your knees Babe.” Spencer forced his body to obey. Tony’s hand grasped his hip, unlike the other times they had made love there was no tease Tony lined himself up and pressed steadily inside Spencer.

“I can’t last. Too good. Oh god come on Spencer let me feel you.” Tony held his hips in a delicious bruising grip, their thighs slapped together creating a luscious sting that added another sensation Spencer could not separate from the all-encompassing everything from moment to moment.

Aaron’s hand cupped his throat drawing him into impossible kisses and just enough pressure to ground him. His other hand worked his cock with Tony’s pace.

“Tony. Please pleaseplease.” he knew words were falling from his lips, but not what he was saying.

“I can’t Tone. Fuck.” Aaron was writhing, Spencer could feel a hand running along his hip bone, and knew that Tony was pleasuring him.

“Spencer Now! Come NOW!” Aaron ordered seizing beneath him, Tony froze, Spencer locked.

~~~~~~~~~~

Derek pulled in five parking spots down and across the street from the dark purple Charger parallel parking in front of the upscale restaurant. Reid stepped out dressed in a charcoal grey suit, stark
white shirt and thin emerald tie, black dress shoes. The young man stopped by the hostess station for a moment before a young man motioned him to follow.

The table was private but not secluded. Morgan leaned a bit trying to see who Reid was meeting. The two bodies approaching the table impeded his view, and moving closer could reveal his location. He inched back noticing the stranger begin to rise.

“Son of a bitch.”

Aaron Fucking Hotchner stood smiling at Spencer, he leaned in kissing Reid’s cheek before sitting back down.

It hadn’t taken Hotchner long to try and seduce the younger man.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Reid and Prentiss.” Graves called out monitoring the two. He was happy to see Reid approach the mat with confidence and not the resigned terror of the past.

Morgan stepped back from the recruits he was assisting with training to watch Prentiss mop the floor with Reid. She was menacing and steady watching how Spencer moved before her attack. Reid was moving fluidly, not showing any of his usual anxiety. They seemed to be fairly evenly matched. Back and forth they spar each delivering decent hits and blocks.

Emily twitched left but struck right and Spencer was right there ready for it. He caught her off guard by stepping into her attack grappling for only a few moments before he had her on the ground in a secure hold. Spencer was given the takedown. Emily bounced up shaking his hand proudly.

“JJ and Rossi.” Graves called. While she was good Rossi was patient letting her become frustrated before he easily took her down.

“Hotchner And Reid.”

The two men played a few fakes, feeling each other out. There was an easy familiarity between them. Spencer was more into avoiding, making moves that kept Hotchner at a distance. That did not mean he was running, he was actively sparing, and making some good hits.

Hotchner barreled in finding Reid’s weak spot and was obviously surprised when Reid countered, proving he knew the weakness and had learned to use it. There was no doubt who the stronger fighter was, but it was also clear the other was capable. When Spencer made a mistake Hotchner would point out what he did wrong and would attack again, in the same manner, proving that Reid had compensated. He did in each event, not necessarily defeating, but improving.

Hotchner quit teaching and executed a flawless takedown holding his prisoner until the match was called. Reid got up laughing which shocked Morgan.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer rubbed liniment into his knee. He straightened it out wincing at the twinge. He had twisted it during his spar with Anderson. It wasn't damaged, just tender. He reached into his bag for the Neoprene brace he had been prescribed in California.

“Need help?” Hotchner offered.

“It’s awkward but pretty straightforward,” Reid said.
“Here, it’s easier if someone helps.” Reid reclining a bit so he could hold his leg out to assist. Aaron checked the knee feeling the tightness, but no swelling or bruising. He deftly placed the hinged contraption and stood.

“Thanks. I will be fine in a couple of days.”

“I expect to hear if that changes Dr Reid.” Aaron arched his eyebrow to punctuate his statement.

“Of course.” Reid moved to finish dressing.

“You did really well out there. I was impressed.”

“Thanks, Hotch.” Aaron nodded and joined Dave as he left the locker room.

“So you finally figured it out,” Morgan stated moving to his locker.

“Apparently. Excuse me.” Spencer needed Derek to move to the side so he could pass. He needed to have a new locker assignment.

“You still have issues. I have a class if you want to learn.” Morgan said.

“We have tried it your way before and that obviously wasn’t working.” Spencer squeezed past into the walkway.

“You have the knowledge now, you can understand what I tell you.” Derek sighed like he was surprised Reid wasn’t jumping at the offer.

“I see no advantage in seeking your tutelage in hand to hand. I have two instructors now. I have improved outside of your vaulted instruction. I am under the impression it was the teacher, not the course work that was my previous issue.” Reid saw Anderson drop his towel in the receptacle before walking closer.

“Ready Doc?” Grant asked.

“You owe me coffee.” Spencer reminded him.

“I know. I underestimated you. Flipping ass over appetite over your shoulder was a not so subtle lesson in humility.”

“I was amazed to see you land.” Reid snickered.

“Sure you were.”

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer jolted as a finger poked annoyingly into his ribs. Tony chuckled flicking the switch to shut down the treadmill he was on. Aaron was in a meeting so he had not been able to join them at the gym. While he preferred to run the trails, the persistent downpour had nixed that idea.

“I need a shower and a drink, somebody I know sucked down all of my water.” DiNozzo thumped the empty bottle on his palm.

“Somebody would not have had to drink your water if you hadn’t drunk all of his Gatorade.” Spencer pointed out stepping into one of the enclosed shower stalls. Tony took the one across from
him. He blearily saw Reid exit the cubical and head back toward the lockers getting soap in his eyes for his trouble.

Tony hurried to get dressed knowing they were a bit over the estimated time they had set to be to work on time. Spencer would still get to the Bureau on time after dropping him off, but not early like he preferred. He exited the locker room to find Spencer out on the sidewalk drinking a cup of coffee.

“Do you know the location of every coffee shop in town?”

“Just the ones worthy of patronage. I got you water.” Spencer handed him a cup that was a lot warmer than he would drink his water at.

“Hot water? Yuck.”

“I had them filter it through coffee grounds for purity.” Reid slid into the passenger seat of his own car.

“You are so good to me. Who is the third and fourth cup for?” Tony pulled away from the curb into traffic.

“Hotch and Gibbs. You can drop me off at work and take the car. I will catch a ride home with Aaron.” the younger man sighed.

“You okay?” DiNozzo rest his hand on a sinewy thigh.

“I’m fine. Just thinking.” Spencer wove his fingers through Tony’s.

“Need to talk it out?”

“Not yet. I’ll figure it out a bit more then bring it to you.” Spencer assured.

“Case woes?” Tony pulled next to the guard shack showing his credentials. They were waved in and DiNozzo drove right up to the doors.

“Sort of. Be safe my love.” Spencer leaned over planting a kiss on his cheek.

“You to Babe. Love you.”

“Love you too.” Spencer retrieved his new satchel and made his way inside while Tony drove to work.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer moved silently along the wall gun in its holster hands feeling every inch of the wall he could reach. Emily stood at his back protecting him as he walked on the desk and then used the chair to check the top half of the wall.

“Reid,” Dave called from his post at the door.

“It’s here I know it is. The blueprints...” he got lost in looking along the lower half of the room crawling slowly along.

“What the hell is he doing?” Sheriff Mitchell Kincaide hissed irritated by inactivity.

“He is looking for them. He will find them trust us.” Dave assured. He knew how the man felt. It had been two days since Hotch and Officer Samuel Kincaid had disappeared while interviewing potential
witnesses.

“They aren’t here, we need to try the other location. There is nothing here, it’s just an old fucking house, not all shit is right in an abstract.” Kincade said again.

“Elkhart County is a known stop on the Underground Railroad. Just because you have a few houses with historical placards does not mean that all houses involved were revealed. There must be hundreds that did not disclose their family’s involvement. Not all families were wealthy or had a strong town support network to admit they had been involved. Not all neighbours were accepting of the end of slavery. This house is bigger than the floor plan shows. The house has been in the same family for generations, one branch has been in residence since it was built.” Spencer lectured coming to rest running his fingers purposefully along the baseboard.

“That doesn’t mean that they have a hidden room. We are wasting time.” the sheriff growled.

“What is that?” Emily asked squinting at what Spencer found.

“The Drinking Gourd,” Spencer muttered looking at the wall.

“The what?” Kincade almost shrieked.

“A depiction of the Big Dipper. The constellation was used by operatives of the Underground Railroad as a mnemonic and visual means to give escaped slaves a point of reference to follow so they did not get lost on their flight to freedom.” Spencer pushed on two spots in the corner of the wall and a small door a foot behind him popped silently open. Reid was crawling in before they could grasp what they were seeing.

“Dammit.” Emily was halfway in the crawlspace when Dave’s feet began to work.

The floor gradually slanted down leading to another door. Spencer lifted a latch causing the tiny wooden door to swing in. He scanned the dark basement room, ignoring the fetid smell of ancient mildew, death, and human waste. There was old rickety furniture placed haphazardly around the large space. He couldn’t see anything but shapes in some of the dark recesses. There was movement on the large square in the far right corner.

Spencer crept out of the crawlspace pointing to the near right corner for Emily to search, the left for Rossi. Sheriff Kincade began crossing the room, Spencer, put his hand on his chest stopping him.

“That is my son.” the man loudly whispered.

“And my boss. He is probably hurt and seriously pissed. Do you want to take the chance that he recognises you before he attacks? If the UnSub has followed his MO Hotchner’s eyes are glued shut and he has earplugs glued in his ears, his only action is to lash out. I know him, I can predict his actions, allow me to make sure your son walks out of here without devastating circumstance. You take the left corner and clear the room.” Reid waited for the man to gather himself then move to where he was ordered.

Spencer slowly moved along the centre of the room listening as the others whispered about what they were or were not finding. He paused hearing another voice from the corner yet seen.

“Don’t move. I can’t see, tap when he’s close.” Aaron’s voice sounded dry. Spencer’s temper flared, there was only one reason Hotch wouldn’t see him from here. Spencer ached to close the gap, but he had to wait for the rest of them to call the all clear. Emily called her cluttered corner clear as Reid got to the end of the bed.
“Hotch, it’s Reid.” Aaron lay perfectly still. Spencer took another step angling out of the light Dave and Emily’s flashlights were casting. Aaron lay unmov ing his body hidden by a filthy sheet. There was a scuff from under the bed that told Spencer where Kincade was.

“Officer Kincade, can you hear me? It’s Agent Reid.”

“Yeah. Don’t come any closer Hotch is armed.” the younger man answered voice shaking.

“Is Nevins in this room?” Spencer squat down part of the light moved with him allowing him to see the cop squished as far under the bed as he could get.

“No, he was. A few minutes ago. I heard him in the corner by the hatch.”

“How are you communicating with Hotch?” Spencer looked at the tight line in the bed, sprung to strike at the least provocation.

“Morse Code. My arm is broken. Your boss is a scary man.”

“We need you to come out of there, slow and easy. I know he is going to be worried for a few moments until I can assure him. I want you to go with your father and check in with the medics.”

Mitchell helped his son into the crawlspace while Spencer closed the distance, carefully tugging the sheet from the bed. Hotch still wore his slacks but his torso was bare littered with bruises. His arms were secured with leather cuffs padlocked to a heavy strap that strung under the bed. Dave and Emily came closer Emily’s light striking Hotch’s chin. His eyes were closed, jaw clenched, breaths even. He clutched Aaron’s ankle and somehow the man became tighter.

“Aaron it’s Reid, Rossi, and Emily.” Spencer tapped his finger as he spoke. Aaron twitched almost imperceptibly.

“He doesn’t believe you,” Dave observed.

“It’s me Coeur. You are safe. Let go of the gun.” the instant his finger began tapping Aaron relaxed a relieved pathetic gasp left his mouth. Spencer took the gun handing it to Rossi. Reid sat on the bed leaning for a moment pulling something small from under his shoelaces.

“I am going to pick the locks hold still until I say otherwise.” Spencer tapped out.

“Okay. Watch the right wall. Kincade said when the centre door opened there was no sound, no breeze, a breeze blew in when he left.” Aaron said trying to guide them. When both of his hands were free Spencer rest his hand on his chest.

“Did he touch you, Aaron?”

“No, he didn’t Bijou. He didn’t touch either of us. He is easily distracted by the profile. Like Hardwick. The minute Kincade hid under the bed, it’s like he no longer thought about him. He didn’t even look for him. He asked and I said he had escaped and that was it.” Aaron reported.

“Thank god.” Spencer sighed.

“Reid I found it,” Dave informed him.

“Do either of you know Morse Code? Right. Dave and Emily have gone after him. Let’s get you out of here.” Spencer tapped.

“I can wait.”
“Too late. Can you walk?”

“Yes. I just can’t see or hear.” Aaron said.

“We will get that fixed. Come on you first.” Spencer led him to the hatchway.

Tony approached the sofa charmed by his lover scrunched up asleep in a frankly impressively small space. His whole body was on one cushion with a bit of room left over.

“He fell asleep about halfway through the movie,” Aaron whispered.

“You look better than I expected.” Tony ran his thumb under Aaron’s eye.

“I’m fine, and I will tell you the same thing I told him. He did not touch me, I was not violated and neither was Kincade. He beat on us, that is all.” Aaron assured.

“I believe you. I do. He does as well, he is just afraid of how he is feeling right now. He is trying to be strong for you, and by burying his feelings he is thinking he is protecting you.” Tony kissed each eye.

“He stood beside me holding my hand while they worked the glue off. He spent hours tapping when they were about to touch me. Tapping out poems and sonnets. He didn’t leave my side for anything.”

“I am not surprised. I figured he would be exhausted. He sent me updates every two hours.” DiNozzo motioned toward the bedroom. Aaron lay back down without argument knowing the weekend would be full of pampering and snuggles. Tony had expressed his emotions when he had picked them up at the airport. Spencer had stayed away as Tony had gotten the story and talked through his fear. They had fallen asleep only to wake up to find Spencer sitting in the chair gun in his lap guarding them.

“He isn’t going to sleep long like that,” Aaron said.

“I am going to get him as soon as I am changed. Rest, it is okay.” Tony rushed his shower disappearing downstairs just long enough to gather Spencer and bring him up. Spencer crawled into the bed laying on his side staring at Aaron. Tony cuddled against Spencer’s back. “Spencer, I know how you feel. I was terrified when you called. I can’t imagine how it felt to find him like that. He is safe now, he is home safe with us. Because of you and your team he is home. You do not need to stand guard anymore.”

“I am okay Bijou.”

“I was...I have never been so afraid.” Spencer let the solidness of Tony support him as tears he had denied spill from his eyes. “I love you.”

“I love you, Spencer. I know Baby I’m here. We have got you.” Aaron burrowed as close as he could all three clinging to each other as Spencer purged.

Reid followed the perky woman into the elevator allowing her to press the button. He balanced a carrier with two cups in one hand, his own cup in the other. The elevator doors opened and she motioned him out following him. He saw Tony hunched over his desk focused on the file in front of him.
“Can I help you?” Ziva asked eyeing him up and down.

“I am here to see Agent Gibbs.”

“Gibbs is not available at this time. Perhaps I may be of assistance.” she was obviously flirting with him, but there was a falseness to it.

“I will wait. Thank you.” he turned setting the carrier on the edge of Tony’s desk. He handed one of the cups to DiNozzo. Tony had been closed off and distant all night, Hotch and himself had both been worried but figured it was the case he was working on, and when it was over he would be able to say something.

“Perfect thanks,” Tony said not turning away from his work. Spencer observed the two people Tony was blatantly ignoring, he looked oblivious to everything around him but Reid could tell he was on alert. McGee nervous tossing worried glances at DiNozzo resolutely avoiding David, And Ziva relaxed, smug, every so often glaring at McGee.

“Of course.” The elevator opened and the man he was seeking emerged.

“Spencer.” Gibbs greeted.

“Jethro.” he handed the man a cup.

“He is not going to drink that,” Ziva warned. Gibbs took a tentative sip and smiled appreciatively.

“Thanks.” Gibbs sat down.

“Welcome. It’s called Marine Brew, I assumed they meant you.” Spencer said tossing the empty carrier.

“You seem to know a lot about us…” Ziva began.

“You ready?” Gibbs interrupted.

“I am, though I have not been informed as to why I am here.” Spencer followed Gibbs upstairs.

“I’ll get you set up.”

~~~~~~~~~

Spencer left the conference room he had been shut in for over four hours and was beyond livid. He was being escorted to meet with Gibbs and Vance in the Director’s office to give his report. The door opened conversation ceasing upon seeing his posture.

“I take it you have reached a conclusion?” Vance sat in his chair the wrinkles around his eyes showing the stress he was dealing with.

“I have.”

“Fill us in.” Gibbs sat hating the circumstances but needing the results.

“They turned off his com.” Spencer slammed his report in front of Leon.

“They did what?” Gibbs’s jaw clenched.

“They shut off his com because he was irritating them. It is blatant and caught on tape. The system
Miss Sciuto setup was impressive. She set up each end with two backups in case of failure. I do not believe they knew they were also being recorded. There is an almost two hour blank on Tony’s mic into the car. The backup plays as it did from the beginning, him creating constant banter so they knew he was safe. McGee asked after twenty minutes, thirty minutes, fifty minutes, and ninety minutes if they should turn it back on, David replies with no, he is fine, relax Timothy it is just DiNozzo, read your book, and do you really want to hear about the last date with his floozy of the week?” Spencer reported.

“They left him alone?” Gibbs’ voice was hard but showed such betrayal.

“Yes. Director Vance, this is not a singular event. I have read some of the reports from situations to see if this is an issue. It is and seems to be mainly focused upon Miss David.” Reid fished out three files from the large stack.

“How so?” Vance leaned so he could read while Spencer pointed out what he was seeing.

“Their reports are similar until this point where there is a significant deviation. Agent DiNozzo states that he told Agent David not to fire her weapon within the steel container but was disobeyed resulting in a bullet wound to his arm. Agent David mentions nothing of the order or the shot but does state that she believes DiNozzo was cut by a bit of wood. There is a hospital report in DiNozzo’s file showing the injury before treatment and after the sutures were in place. The medical treatment was not covered by the Agency, Agent DiNozzo paid out of pocket because the wound was considered just a splinter by his superior. Agent DiNozzo has the scar to show the wound was more than a sliver of wood.” Reid pointed out.

“I did no such thing.” Gibbs blurted.

“I did not say the superior was you, Sir. Here, Agent DiNozzo’s recall of the confrontation with Rivkin was dramatically different than what Agent David says. She admits that she was not there for the fight, just the aftermath, but her report is riddled with statements that insinuate she was in the room. Tony’s report gives a concise picture of when she arrived. Her facts are quite explicit and completely different from DiNozzo’s. Her’s makes Tony out to be a cold-blooded killer, Tony’s is precise and clinical. DiNozzo placed an addendum documenting a later attack by Agent David where she threatened to kill him while holding a gun “he knew was not her service weapon” to his head. This was not even investigated, there is a letter in the file stating that and I quote “The situation was considered rectified and no more action would be taken.” It is stated by the agency therapist DiNozzo personally sought out that she felt Agent DiNozzo’s “concern and fear was justified”. The therapist that interviewed Agent David stated “Agent David should be removed from the field and instructed to seek counselling to complete said counselling before being allowed back into the field. This was not heeded.” Reid continued.

“There are a few other instances I have located but these are the most disturbing. I then went with agent assessments and observation forms and reports. There are eighteen harsh reports against Agent David pertaining to blatant disrespect, derogatory comments, ignoring direct orders, defamation, verbal assault, and conduct unbecoming all by outside sources about her treatment of Agent DiNozzo, that does not include the thirty-six separate reports from inside these walls or from agents affiliated with this team for more than one case. These include FBI, NSA, the Coast Guard, Marines, and Navy. None of these reports are in David or DiNozzo’s files.” Spencer lay the new folder on top of the first set.

“Where did you find these? I have never seen them.” Vance said distracted by his reading.

“A file called ‘Lost BS.’” Spencer placed the old dusty file on the table. “It was in the Eyes Only stacks.”
"Eyes Only? Why are these in there? They should be in David’s file, shit she should have been written up about every one of them. The amount she would have been fired by now.” Leon seemed genuinely perturbed, and Gibbs was seething.

“Look at the dates.” Spencer gave him a list in chronological order. “Those are from Director Shepard’s tenure. These are from yours.” Reid put a stack while thinner no less concerning.

“I have never seen any of these. I would have acted on them.” Vance barked defensively.

“Someone in your mailroom is reading your mail Director. All of these are automatically pulled and dropped into that file. While it isn’t necessarily state secrets it is quite concerning what other information is being taken. And at whose behest. Any orders given by Shepard would be null and void with her removal from duty and subsequent passing. She is the one that started the secret file but someone has continued its usage. The only one I can think is the one it serves most. Ziva David.” Reid gave him the rest of his report.

“For fuck’s sake,” Gibbs growled flipping through the stacks. “This is why I’m losing him.”

“Permission to speak freely, no recordings,” Spencer asked.

“Granted.” Vance made a show of locking down his office. “I swear there are no recording devices or any listening devices that can permeate this room, Dr Reid.”

“Yes, this is the reason you are losing him but not the only reasons. He has quietly asked you to support him in the actions of the team since the moment David joined the team. You have consistently ignored these requests. How is he expected to gain their respect if he doesn’t have yours? Either of yours but I speak mostly to you Jethro.” Spencer turned angry eyes toward the man.

“He is the lead agent on your team yet you all treat him like your whipping boy and I find that reprehensible. He is a skilled agent hampered by a lack of respect and power. You have him as your lead but the only time you treat him as such is when things are FUBAR. He says the only member of this team that respects him is Gibbs but then again he isn’t sure, and you Director have made it clear what you think of him. He is terrified of making the slightest error for fear of losing what he feels is his home. I have read your MCRT’s personnel files.”

“MCRT has the highest solve rate of any other team in the building,” Vance interjected.

“That number has barely risen since the addition of David and McGee and I would say the majority of that growth is the addition of his computer skills. She has no investigative experience, no American military knowledge, none of the required education, no skill set demanded in this job except a high powered friend and a higher powered father. We have liaisons at the Bureau but none of them have clearance remotely this high. She has access to material that is none of her damn business, and let me assure you she has accessed it. And before you ask no it was not about cases. She is a high functioning Sociopath with homicidal tendencies. No amount of parental guidance will change her it is pathological. She is a risk and her actions on a hunt for a terrorist cell is a glaring example of that.” Reid kept right on speaking halting interruption.

“McGee is a capable computer expert, but as an Agent, he lacks a lot. Deep Six is blatantly about the team and their compatriots, there is no doubt who each character is and some things stated could cast a disparaging mark upon NCIS as a whole, he has divulged investigative procedure that while not top secret is concerning. He is playing high school games with his job. His ego is astronomical. He has skills to be nurtured, and Tony is positive he is worth the effort but not as things sit now. She has lead him on the easy path that she walks with intimidation and manipulation, he deserves better.”
“And you Jethro. You have your head so far up your own ass that you can’t be bothered with anything else. It is not amusing, or tension relief or fair play what they are doing is insubordination. Insubordination you have ignored because you just don’t give a shit or because you enjoy seeing Tony humiliated. “You’ll do” how was he supposed to take control when it was obvious you didn’t see him as anything more than a stand-in? I think it’s because Tony has worn his masks for so long you no longer see the real man.”

“Son of a bitch.” Gibbs raked his hand through his hair.

“The thing that clinched it for me was my first meeting with them this morning,” Reid informed them.

“How so?” Vance asked.

“Everyone else recognized me all day, Abby, Ducky, Palmer, Balboa, your secretary but not Ziva. I think once my name was mentioned it clicked with Timothy, but he didn’t believe before then. He does know about Hotch and says as much, but Ziva dismisses him. On the tape, she asks “do you really want to hear about the last date with his floozy of the week”? He has been in a committed relationship with Hotch for over two tears, and with me for almost nine months. He has photos of us displayed in full view and lives with us in the same house. He has lately begun wearing a ring on his left hand, an obvious engagement ring that matches this one and the one Aaron wears. You have known about us from the moment their relationship became serious and from before even I knew I was being courted. Both of you. He is sitting down there expecting you both to blow this off because it was “just DiNozzo”. He is sure you will somehow turn this into his fault, and by the things I have seen and heard today I am afraid I agree.” Spencer threw himself into the chair next to Gibbs steam released but the fire still burning.

“Spencer. I am ashamed to say that I agree with everything you just said. I have ignored too damn long and that changes today. No, I know you are sceptical but Tony is the best agent I have ever worked with, and the thought of not having him on my six makes me reconsider my job. If he goes, I don’t think I can or want to start over. I have not trusted anyone like him for a long time. I was wrong Dr Reid and I will fix this.” Gibbs said blue eyes locked on hazel.

“One action from you and he will forgive Jethro. Make them stellar words.” Reid knew of the issues Gibbs was dealing with, his lost family, the bombing that had shaken up his whole existence, the loss of his mentor had all come too close together for him to deal with in a healthy manner. “I want you to know that if you should need us, we are there, I have a fireplace and a stockpile of wood and Tony always picks up a case of your favourite beer when he goes shopping. Aaron has a bottle that would make that rotgut you swill look like dog piss. You are welcome at our home anytime.”

“Spencer…”

“Aaron understands the loss, I understand the mental ramifications, and Tony understands you.” Gibbs swallowed touched deeper by this young man than by anyone in a long time.

“I will bring the steaks,” Jethro said accepting the invite.

“I will bring the potatoes.”

“Dr Reid, I assure you this will not be ignored. I will handle it personally.” Vance stood offering his hand.

“As you are aware this is also being reported to AD Richmond. I have no problem approaching SecNav, but my first stop will be Tom Morrow. Tom is very angry by the treatment Tony has
“Spencer reminded the man. “By the end of today, this will be dealt with,” Vace promised.

“If you need someone to speak to Eli David tell him he is welcome to call me.” for the first time he shook the man’s hand. “I still speak fluent Hebrew.”

“You know Eli?” Vance asked.

“I have done more profiles than you think, my clearance is higher than yours,” Spencer revealed surprising the man again.

“I will let him know. Thank you, Dr Reid.” Vance said meaning it.

“I am taking Tony with me. He does not need to be in the firing line.” Spencer gathered his file for John sliding it into his satchel.

“That is a good idea,” Gibbs said holding the door open for the young man. They moved downstairs silent but purposely. Jethro stalked up to Tony.

“Tony. I am sorry.” Gibbs held out his hand shoulders tight.

“Rule 5,” Tony said.


“Take the rest of the day off DiNozzo.”

“But Boss.” Tony looked worried again.

“It’s a day off with your partner. You deserve the break. I’ll see you soon.”

“Applewood?” Reid asked gathering Tony’s bag.

“Perfect.” Gibbs pat him on the back as he lead Tony to the elevator.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer guide Tony through the bullpen not bothering to knock on Aaron’s door before barging in.

“Tony.” Aaron stood locked while Spencer rushed around closing the blinds.

“I told John he was going to be with you while I gave him my report. I am going to take him home afterwards.” Spencer informed him silently closing the door as he left. Tony melted into his arms completely overwhelmed.

“What happened?” Aaron asked settling next to his fiance on the sofa.

“I don’t know exactly. I have a feeling Spencer dropped his mind.” DiNozzo chuckled.

“I have an idea you are right.

~~~~~~~~~~

“What are you doing?” Spencer asked letting Tony undo his pants. His lover hastily removed all of
the clothes from his lower half before standing and opening his own letting gravity pull them beyond an initial shove to the middle of his thighs. Tony slammed him into the wall next to the kitchen kissing him hard and thorough, teeth clacking, tongue roving every centimetre of his mouth. When he was dizzy from the onslaught, he spun him holding him in place while two fingers entered him spreading slick as his neck was lovingly chewed.

“I’m ready, come on love.” Spencer groaned when a dark chuckle vibrated his neck.

“Shirt off,” Tony ordered the green eyes Spencer so loved almost black with desire. Spencer stood naked in the living room basking in the look in his lover’s eyes. Before he could ask what Tony needed he was again pressed hard against the wall. Being mauled by a starving man. Tony gripped his thighs giving him an idea of what his lover wanted.

Legs tight around his waist Tony pulled back just enough to allow gravity to help him enter him. Spencer winced making Tony pause then begin to withdraw.

“Sorry, Babe.”

“No, no I’m okay. My knee.” Tony hesitated so Spencer clenched drawing a moan from his lover. His strong hand moved to support his weaker limb erasing the discomfort. “Better.” That is all Tony needed. Back to the devouring kisses, deep, steady strokes just on the right side of too hard. Tony was working to get them both off quick and dirty and Spencer could only hang on for the ride.

“Come on Babe. I’m too close to stop.”

“Don’t stop. Please just a little more.” Spencer tipped his hips changing the angle just enough to get constant hits instead of occasional swipes against his Prostate. “Oh god.”

“Right there Babe. Is that what you need?” Spencer couldn’t make words so he groaned deep and filthy. Tony’s thrusts became harder as his body could do nothing but seek the end.

“Fuck me.” Aaron gasped from the doorway.

“TONY!!” Spencer came hard Tony gave no show of stopping, milking him for every ounce he had.

“I’m gonna come Babe. My little Owl. Love you, shit, I love you.”

“I love you Tony.” three brutal thrusts and Tony lunged sinking his teeth into the tender flesh at the base of his neck. Another set of hands grabbed him letting Tony fall to his knees without dropping Spencer. He was carefully set down. Aaron making sure they were okay. Spencer was at waist height and could see his lovers erection pressing tight against his zipper. Reid shoved him against the wall, and deftly worked him from his pants swallowing him down before the man could protest.

“Fuck Spence. That mouth of yours is wicked Baby. Take it all for me, sweetheart.” Spencer relaxed his throat and let Aaron use his mouth. It was perfection. One hand tight in his hair holding him still while Aaron’s long thick cock rubbed his throat coming faster than either of them intended. Aaron ended up on the floor with them gasping trying to gather their faculties.

“Shit your bleeding,” Tony said touching his fingertips to the stinging bite, showing him a tiny smear of red.

“I am fine. I like that you both get so lost you mark me.” Spencer knew there was a scar there from Aaron’s teeth, and he did not mind at all.

“I’ll get him cleaned up, you clean up the mess.” Aaron tucked himself away offering both men a
hand off the floor.

“You said we needed wood?” Tony said putting himself to rights.

“Yes, Apple please.” Spencer let Aaron take him to the bathroom joining him in the shower. He sat on the bed while Aaron taped a piece of gauze over the bite.

“So a quiet night around the firepit?” Aaron slid into his comfy jeans and a long-sleeved maroon t-shirt putting on his slip-on sneakers tossing Spencer his. Reid dressed in his butter soft skinny jeans and the fleece pullover Aaron had set out for him. Both men loved how the jeans fit him.

“Everything is ready. What’s with the dinner over a fire tonight, I thought you hated camping.” Tony asked stripping down for his shower. The doorbell rang.

“That would be the reason right there. I’ll get the door, hurry up.” Spencer rushed out Aaron not far behind. Gibbs stood on the porch a paper bag in one arm.

“Come in, we haven’t got the fire going, but I haven’t made the potatoes yet. Let me put those in the refrigerator.” Reid took the bag disappearing into the kitchen.

“Hotch.”

“Glad you could visit Jethro. Tony is in the shower. We are cooking over the fire pit tonight, why don’t we get the fire started.”

“Sounds good.” Gibbs followed him outside and took a moment to scan the large in the backyard.

“The woods between the fence posts is all ours as well, Spencer bought it all to the waterline and to the neighbours on both sides, so that no one could build too closely. The deer come up and graze on his bushes, but I have a feeling he planted them expecting it.” Hotch chuckled.

“Any of you hunt?” Gibbs took in the first whiff of smoke from the kindling.

“Spencer and I do. Tony says he hunts duck, but never deer. You are welcome to wander during the season.” Aaron offered.

“I might at that.” Gibbs agreed.

“Jet?” Reid offered them a cold beer.

“Jet?” Gibbs asked dryly. Tony laughed from the doorway carrying a cooler.

“You get Probie, I get Jet.” Spencer disappeared back inside.

“I have a hard time believing you were ever a probie kid.” Jethro saluted him with his beer and took a drink.

“He was young, gangly, and nervous but never seemed green. He was instantly an agent, and I honestly have not seen anyone excel as he did. He needed seasoning, but that came with age.” Hotch said adding a log to the fire.

“Take a seat, tell us what happened at the office.” Tony grabbed a cold beer from the cooler. He heard one of their phones ring, when he wasn’t called he figured it was Spencer’s.

“Timothy has been suspended for thirty days and after that making, another run through Fletec. Ziva is in lockdown at her apartment until we find her a ride home. Eli was yelling so loud I could hear
him from five feet away. I wish I knew Hebrew.” Jethro chuckled.

“No Eli, I told them the same thing I told you. This time she wrapped herself in a tidy package.”

Spencer set down the tray of four foil-wrapped bundles on the picnic table. “I heard the tapes myself. I did the investigation, I sorted through everything from collection to results it was my people documenting, the case is ironclad. There is no way they are doctored. Her idea of working with a team includes using questionable resources, intimidating those around her into conformity instead of earning their respect, and when that fails she calls daddy to take care of the issue. No, that shows a lack of initiative and skill. If you want I can look deeper than I have for even more proof, she wasn’t smart enough to cover her tracks and you know I am smart enough to dig it all up. I am sorry too.

Shalom Eli.”

“Holy shit.” Tony beamed with pride.

“He is sending two operatives to collect her in the morning.” Spencer sat down opening the cider Aaron had fished out of the cooler for him.

“I am glad you are on our side Probie.” Gibbs chuckled.

“He is not a bad person, that being said he is exactly as perceived. He is the head of Mossad for a reason. Though he isn’t the psychopath many think. He is a dangerous man, but he is also politically intuned, and would like to use that to achieve something. Though personally, he is not as evil as most people think.” Spencer took a sip from his drink.

“How do you know Eli?” Tony asked.

“I caught one of his rogue operatives in LA my first year in California. Eli came to my office and personally asked me to interrogate the man to find out who was working against him. I weighed the information at hand and determined that David was the lesser of two evils. I was asked to profile Eli since we had a rapport. He is an interesting man. He likes me.” Reid shrugged. “Respects Tony too.”

“Really?” DiNozzo asked sarcastically.

“Really. You impressed him early on. He is disappointed his daughter underestimated you, and actually more pissed about the danger you were in. She betrayed her commanding officer, that does not set well in that environment. News travels fast.” Spencer informed them.

“Somehow having Eli David as a member of my fan club doesn’t thrill me that much.” Tony quipped.

“Better than having him as your enemy.” Gibbs countered.

~~~~~~~~~~

Dave walked along the wall glad for the evening shadows. They had split up not having a large enough police presence in the quiet little town and no time to wait for the state troopers. He could hear the rest of those involved whispering their locations and each echoing place they had cleared. It was hard to determine exactly where footsteps were coming from in the huge cement tool and die factory.

A heavy sound from a distance in front of him made him hold his breath. He squint trying to see movement but it was too dark from this far away. He silently let the breath from his chest moving with a more fixed purpose than before. Past the row of lathes to the beginning of the drill presses and somehow it was even darker in this section. The hairs sprang up on the back of his neck. Seconds later the scuff of an incautious step made the tense sweat along his spine freeze. There was no way
he had time to turn, locate and fire at the killer.

Dave had to try, if not to save himself to protect the others. He spun just catching the outline of the man holding him steady in his sights. Rossi tightened his finger on the trigger needing one more second to fire.

A blur slammed into him the second the sound of exploding powder hit his ear just before he hit the ground there was another shot this one somehow louder. He landed the weight of what shoved him out of the way covering his legs. He sat up gun ready but by the blankness, in the UnSub’s eyes, he knew he was dead. They were yelling panic in their voices unsure who had taken a shot, who had been hit if they were alive. He looked down at the unmoving man on his legs.

“Reid...REID! MEDICS!!”

“David?! Where are you?” Hotch called obviously running.

“Right rear wall. Griffin is down. Get the medics in here. Reid is hit.” Dave rolled Spencer over checking his pulse as the others got to their side.

“Reid? Come on, you are scaring me.” Aaron pulled his Kevlar off ripping his shirt open, running his hands over every inch of his torso.

“Hotch, it’s in the vest.” Emily laughed out her fear showing them the mushroomed slug trapped in the blue fibres.

“Thank you. Dave, are you hurt?” Aaron looked him over.

“Landed hard on my shoulder.” Rossi tried to rotate it and couldn’t. “Dislocated.”

“Sit tight you ride with him.” Aaron rest his hand on Spencer’s chest feeling his heartbeat under his palm. The young man jolted as if surprised.

“Dave?” he asked even before his eyes opened.

“I’m right here Kiddo. You saved my life.” Rossi tensed protectively as running feet approached. The team moved for the attendants to do their jobs.

“Hotch.”

“Right here. Go get looked over, I will meet you there.” Aaron squeezed his ankle.

“Ti amo”

“Ti amo” Aaron motioned them to go. Dave followed the gurney out.

“You okay?” JJ asked as he stretched his neck earning a pop. “Eww.”

“I’m fine. Is it wrong to want to lock him in his office and feed him through a tiny gap?”

“I think he might chafe at that,” JJ replied.

“It was only a fleeting thought.” he chuckled in relief.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Spencer?” Tony brushed his fingers along his jaw.
“I had to...he was going to kill Rossi.” Spencer looked at him with so much fear his breath was stolen.

“I know Gufo. I am not angry at you. I was worried but not angry. Let’s get you inside where you will be more comfortable.” Tony leaned in helping him rise without too much pain.

“I really am fine, just bruised. You baked bread.” Spencer took in a deep sniff.

“I did. I have a soft spot for pampering you. This just gives me an excuse. Upstairs into bed with you.” Tony pat his butt as he passed by him.

“Did you yell at him?” DiNozzo asked voice hard.

“No, I did not. I was sitting at his bedside, he woke up to find me asleep in the chair. I took his report with those eyes staring at me the whole time. I tried to reassure him that everything was fine, but Dave came in.” Aaron accepted the hug Tony needed as badly as he did.

“I made Italian Wedding soup, I didn’t figure he would be in the mood for anything heavy.”

“He loves your wedding soup.” Aaron grabbed three bowls helping serve and carry their dinner upstairs. Spencer stood in the middle of the room in his sleep pants holding his shirt. He knew Tony would need to see the damage.

“That looks like it hurts,” Tony said lightly brushing the deep purple mark on his chest.

“It does, but it’s not as bad an ache if we had to bury Dave.” Reid ducked his head overwhelmed by everything.

“I know Bijou. I am so grateful you both came home.” Aaron kissed his shoulder helping him put on his shirt and get him into bed.

“Hungry?” Tony set the tray across his lap.

”A little.”

“I made a full pot so there is plenty.”

“Not the way he eats it.” Aaron teased.

“It’s good.” Spencer asserted.

“It is. I am a bit jealous of your metabolism.” Aaron pat his flat belly.

“I keep telling you my brain needs the extra calories.”

“Well, you better eat, don’t need your brain to starve.” Tony joked.

“Perish the thought.” Aaron took a bite of the homemade breadstick from the basket.

~~~~~~~~~~

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t.”

“I… Please.”
“Spencer. Hey, wake up Sweetheart. It’s only a dream Baby, wake up.” Aaron looked at Tony watching the man snuggle closer to the smaller man hoping to keep him from harming himself.

“I’m awake. Sorry.” Spencer’s voice was full of such raw sadness.

“We all have nightmares Little Owl. It’s okay.” Tony kissed his shoulder rubbing his belly in soothing circles.

“What were you dreaming about?” Aaron kissed his forehead.

“Don’t leave me,” Spencer whispered so quietly they barely heard him.

“Why would you think that? We aren’t going anywhere.” Tony held him tighter.

“Nothing could make us leave unless that is what you wanted,” Aaron confirmed. “Baby, where is this coming from?”

“Trying to be some kind of hero. Selfish is what I call it and look here a new ring. Wonder if he took a second to think of that poor girl waiting for him at home before he jumped in front of a damn bullet? Obviously, the selfish little prick didn’t look at where he is laying.”

“Who the hell said that to you?” Aaron growled.

“The nurse, she didn’t know I was awake when she came in for blood. It hurt.” Tony leaned over taking the arm that had twitched as he spoke.

“That bitch.” tender fingers feathered over the swollen dark bruise in the crook of his arm.

“Spencer, neither one of us think what you did was selfish. You went above and beyond the call of duty. You risked your life to save your partner, that is the job and we both understand that. She is entitled to her opinion, but how she acted is unacceptable. Every time we are in the field I think about it. Every time. But I understood coming into this that our jobs are dangerous, that something may happen. I hate that, I also know that it is a huge part of our jobs.” Aaron raked his fingers through silky curls.

“She was wrong. As the bullet hit me all I was thinking of was you two. I was devastated at the thought that you would be hurt by my choice, but I couldn’t let Dave die. I was only scared when I felt the impact. I was mortified to think you would see me with, that you would have to see that. I couldn’t see Dave die in front of me, not if I could save him even if I died. I know that sounds bad, but I…”

“That sounds like a man doing his job. Babe, you were so brave to sacrifice your safety for another. I am so proud of you. I admit I was terrified but I never ever thought about leaving you. No love, I understand.” Tony sniffed warm drops landing against his neck.

“I am proud of you too. That was such a noble cause. I am so sorry she made you feel like that. I am here for the rest of my life. I never thought I would find this, have this much. I am grateful every instant of every day. I love you here and beyond. I will always love you. Both of you.” Spencer wiped a tear from his cheek.

“I am so sorry I scared you.” Spencer thread his limbs around him pulling him closer. “I love you both so much.”

“I love you.” Tony lay down burying his nose in Spencer’s hair.
“I love you.” Aaron tucked Spencer’s head under his chin draping his long legs over Spencer and Tony’s.

“Good night Jim-Bob,” Spencer muttered. His two lovers laughed.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Spencer, can you stop in my office please?” Aaron asked.

“Sure.” Spencer hung up his phone making his way out to the catwalk.

“Dr Reid.” Mateo Cruz stood in the middle of the bullpen next to Dave.

“Chief Cruz.” Spencer acknowledged.

“Dr Reid in recognition of your exceptional act of heroism, putting your own life at great risk by jumping in the direct line of fire in defence of your partner and fellow agent, David Rossi. I and the FBI proudly present to you the Medal of Valor. We are grateful for your sacrifice and dedication Dr Reid.” Cruz draped the ribbon around his neck then offered his hand. Spencer shook back nearly speechless.

“Spencer. While I would like to say that what you did...seeing you lying there so still scared the shit out of me kid. I am honoured to be standing here today to give you this. Thank you Dr Reid.” Dave said holding the case holding his Valor coin.

“It was my honour and privilege to serve Agent Rossi.” Spencer accepted the medal. Letting the older man pull him into a hug.

“Grazie Spencer. Sono così orgoglioso di te Figlio.” (I am so proud of you Son.)

“Il piacere è tutto mio Signore.” Spencer stood straight startled by the applause in the bullpen. (The pleasure was all mine sir.)

“Good work Spencer.” Hotch shook his hand proudly.

“Thank you Sir.”

“Lunch is being delivered at one, my treat. Join us in conference room six.” Dave announced.

“Until then we have cases to solve, back to work” Cruz choosing to be the bad guy.

“Party pooper.” Garcia teased heading back to her lair.

“I didn’t expect this. You didn’t have to do this Aaron.” Reid said watching Aaron take the custom frame from the wall. Using his pocket knife he opened the frame handing it over to Spencer.

“I didn’t. Dave did. It’s well earned.” Aaron said as Spencer lined up the coin and popped it into the space available. Spencer gave it back giving him time to reassemble and hang the frame up.

“We can hang this next to yours in the hall.” Spencer removed the medal tucking it carefully into the case.

“There is a spot between Tony’s and mine,” Aaron said pulling him into a soft kiss.

“Right under my diploma.”
“Which one?” Aaron chuckled.

“Chemistry.” Spencer leaned in for another kiss.

“I like chemistry. We make good chemistry.”

“We do. I think I am getting a reaction right now.” Spencer pressed his hips forward.

“I agree.” Aaron backed him up against his desk.

“Here? You want to do this here?” Spencer moaned into a deep thorough kiss.

“Mnhmm.” Aaron nipped his ear. “We christened my office, now yours.”

“Aaron, that was after hours and...” Spencer bit his lip as Aaron nipped at his neck.

“I am going to lock that door, and when I come back I want your pants at your ankles and you draped across your desk.” Aaron was unbuckling his belt as he walked proving he was serious.

“Yes, Sir,” Spencer smirked when Aaron groaned deep in his chest.

Derek counted five before he turned the corner barely avoiding a woman trying to hold hands with four kids under the age of ten with only two hands and two bags of groceries.

“May I help you ma’am?” he offered scanning the sidewalk behind her.

“Oh...um...”

“I’m FBI, I will be happy to carry those bags for you.” she looked relieved and bent a little to make it easier for him to take the bags. He waited impatiently for her to load her charges before opening the trunk for him. He set the bags inside the minivan hatch and turned pulling his creds and showing her.

“Oh...oh thank you.” she smiled genuinely and shook his hand and thanked him again.

“My pleasure have a nice day ma’am.” he jogged away hoping his quarry hadn’t gotten too far away. He looked at the names of the shops trying to find a reason for Aaron to be in the area. There was a lady’s boutique, a Skate shop, a tattoo shop, a combination comic shop and vinyl record store, and a place called Docket and Cleeves Men’s Fine Apparel and Haberdashery.

He looked in the windows of the clothing store to see Reid standing on a slightly raised platform while an older gentleman measured and marked a blazer to tailor.

“Figures the little peacock gets windbag suits,” Derek muttered to himself. He looked to see if moving would expose him.

Aaron stood along a wall covered in cubbies another man was pulling colourful strips of material from to show Hotch. After a ridiculous number and assortment were gathered the two moved over to a long wooden table next to where Reid was shrugging on another blazer. Aaron compared ties to a long line of shirts laying on the table, some discarded others taken up to compare to Spencer’s skin tone and kept. There was a few different purples, greys, black, and a few that he wouldn’t expect like peach, maroon, rich brown, and for some reason Emerald.

The stack of shirts and ties were carried off by the woman to a back room while Aaron meandered pulling a few shirts from shelves. Spencer hopped off the pedestal and vanished behind a curtained
area while the older man assisted Hotch at the tie wall. Spencer reappeared as Aaron took a turn behind the curtain.

The woman came out depositing a large stack of thin boxes and a bag. She got over to Reid as he pointed out socks in another set of cubbies. Making the woman laugh as he eschewed the proper socks and zeroed in on the novelty.

Aaron stood on the pedestal now the man making white marks on black slacks. “Arrogant ass.” Aaron turned and Morgan saw a sedate yet colourful tattoo on his shoulder. He squint to see exactly what was depicted but couldn’t get more than an upside down triangle.

Morgan turned his head in time to see Spencer choose a pair of black Aldo dress shoes from the wall. Hotch moved off behind the curtain while Reid went to the counter pulling a black card from his wallet. Hotch strode alongside paying for his purchases then following Reid outside. Hand on the small of the younger man’s back as they proceeded down the block to Aaron’s car. The kiss was unexpected for them to share in public and did not leave anything to the imagination. A kid zipped by on his skateboard yelling a slur at the embracing men. Derek couldn’t stop his jaw-dropping as the stick-up-his-ass gave the kid the finger.

Aaron got into his car and drove away. Derek ducked into the recessed doorway of the boutique Spencer breezing past a spring in his step. Into his penis-extension car and away like he had no cares in the world. Morgan jogged to his manly yet reasonable 440 horsepower, 860 pounds/feet of torque, with 19,000-pound towing capacity, dually extended cab bright red truck. He grinned as it roared to life rumbling throatily as he followed the purple car.

“This is going to end before you get what you want Baby.” Aaron gasped clutching the bars of the headboard tight enough to make his fingers hurt. Spencer chuckled around his length deliberately thumping his prostate before popping audibly from sucking his brain through his cock.

“Even if you come in my mouth, I can still enjoy my goal. You are so delightfully responsive when racing toward your second climax.” Spencer nipped his hip as he moved up his body. Aaron opened his eyes to watch Spencer’s face as he sunk into him. Both Tony and himself had been stunned to find out that all of Spencer’s male encounters he had never topped. It was a lustful/amazed/overwhelmed combination as Spencer steadily slid inside his body, then a glossy sort of awestruck devastation, followed by a look so awash in love that his heart skipped a beat.

“Move for us, Baby.” Aaron groaned as Spencer rolled his abs and rotated his hips in a move that Aaron had never experienced before but felt incredible. Spencer pushed himself up on his arms so he could watch them together. Tony was right, the small gold hoops Spencer had gotten placed this morning were decadent.

“God, you move like water Coeur. You feel like velvet around me, so hot I crave to be burned by your fire.” Spencer said diving in for a messy kiss.

“So good Spence. I love the way you feel, the way you move, the way you taste. Fuck!” Aaron bucked hard as Spencer nailed the sensitive bundle within him.

“I’m gonna come Love.” Spencer grit his teeth his body losing that grace, moving now to drop from the edge.

“Almost Baby.” Aaron took his cock in hand stroking fast and tight. “I’m coming Baby. Sonofabitch!” Aaron curled up pulled tight with the building fall. His body flung back as he came all
over his hand and belly.

“Aaron...you feel...fuck!” Spencer’s hips lost rhythm but not strength working them both through intense orgasms.

“You have no idea how beautiful you are together.” Tony moaned low and filthy splattering the floor with his orgasm.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer sat at his desk a note clutched in his hand. He had wondered how long it would take for this to resurface. He was surprised it had taken almost a year. His cell chimed another text. Spencer crossed his office hand on the knob needing a moment to turn it. His cell chimed again. Spencer pocketed it and turned the doorknob.

~~~~~~~~~~

“Agent Morgan? Could you come with me please?” AD Richmond called. Derek stood from his desk a bit weirded out by the confused looks he was getting from his team.

“Thank you for joining us, Agent Morgan,” Reid said not at all happy to see him. The whole team was sitting around the room, except for Hotch, he stood against the door jamb of the connecting room.

“If I had known I was being called to visit you, I would not have come, Dr Reid?” Morgan said making his title sound dirty. John sat in the chair next to the door they had come in.

“Agent Morgan. I thought that maybe we had grown past all of the petty bullshit. That the games were over but as of this morning I see I was wrong.” Spencer began.

“I have no idea what you are talking about.” Derek tried for an uncomfortable smile but failed by the reactions from the assembled.

“Of course you don’t. I will start with this.” Spencer showed him the note, “You were under the impression that I would cower, hide because of this. You were wrong.” Reid tossed the crumpled page to Emily. Derek tried to grab it but couldn’t reach.

“What the hell is this?” Prentiss asked that dark stare of hers boring into him.

“Threats usually are. It had worked the first time, so why not try again? I didn’t mention it the first time, this time I had no choice. I will not lose my happiness to your jealousy and selfish aspirations.” Reid watched JJ read the short missive then those usually gentle blue eyes shifted, coldly staring at Morgan.

“Before? What do you mean worked before Spencer?” Penelope asked from the sofa, helping Prentiss pass the note to Hotch. She was surprised when he didn’t read it but passed it to Richmond.

“I see you’re back to your old games. Does Tony know about what you and Hotchner have been up to? I know the Bureau has knowledge of their relationship, but what do you think will happen to your precious Hotchner when they find out he is fucking his direct subordinate? That will lay a serious dark mark on his majesty wouldn’t you say? You may have covered his ass before but this time he is done for.” Spencer dictated. for those that hadn’t seen the note.
“Excuse me?” Garcia wailed that stunned painful tone that she used when someone she loved was in peril.

“See, this is the same thing you did before, only then I was afraid of what could happen. I was still afraid of you. Even if your assumptions were false, Strauss would believe, and destroy a good man’s life.” Spencer spat harshly not moving when Morgan rushed to his feet.

“You best watch yourself Pretty Boy, not just the blind followers are listening.” Derek sat on the edge of the table.

“John? He has known from the beginning. How do you think I got my transfer so quickly. After you left my apartment that night I called him. The last time you were so sure that Aaron and I were lovers, you were certain that you had found that bit of dirt Strauss wanted. You were sure you had found your way into that office. His office. I left to end that threat. I left not because I was worried about my reputation, but because the thought of you running the team terrified me more than what I was losing.”

“You didn’t lose much, did you? How long did it take you to jump back into his bed?” Derek growled.

“At that time I had never been in his bed, Derek. I was too damaged by my last relationship to even consider a relationship. And before you think that a forgotten situation, you worked with the best minds the BAU has ever had, did you really think they didn’t know? Did you think that bedding Monica and breaking my jaw because I caught you would elude a room full of profilers? You are sadly mistaken. They knew and still worked with you until you screwed up.” Reid grinned darkly as Derek saw the truth in Spencer’s words.

“You claim to be such a great profiler, how is it that you didn’t see that Spencer wears a ring that matched ours? He is just as much mine as he is Aaron’s. We are both his.” Tony announced stepping out of the darkened office.

“I went to the Director the minute you left my apartment that night. I explained your warning. I left to protect this team, from you and Strauss. I came back because I was done running, I wanted what they were offering more than I feared what you would do.” Spencer said.

“I have known since Spencer figured out he was in love with them. They all came to Jack and myself asking if what they had was something that could be sustained while working for the Bureau. While there are guidelines about transferring partners so they are not on the same team if rank is an issue, in this case, rank is not a consideration. Spencer is the Unit Chief of half of the BAU, he doesn’t simply do the paperwork to ease the workload on Hotchner, he is their superior officer. His position as Lead Agent is his placement on his team. If you notice he doesn’t travel on every case, he has responsibilities here that he must fulfil.” Richmond interjected.

“You on the other hand…” Tony bit back his words, knowing for this to hit Derek, it had to come from the man he dismissed.

“You think you have been so clever. That I didn’t know you were following me. I caught you at the market, I saw you at the restaurant, and at Docket and Cleeves, at our home. Did it occur to you to look in my file to see what my address was? Did you once wonder why I parked in the garage? Why when Tony came home I was never in a hurry to leave? I know you followed Tony and I, the theatre, the gym, the book store. You saw only what you wanted to see.”

“The snide remarks about how I got my promotion. Asking me who I blew to get my title. Wondering if I had a little piece back in California bawling her eyes out because I abandoned her.
Asking why I left my cushy job to play second banana to Hotch. The simple answer is that after Nick was killed, I had nothing there to keep me, and everything I ever wanted to return to. I came home to be with Aaron and Tony, and the team.” Spencer lectured.

“Now, this shit again. You were the only one not privy to our relationship. That was deliberate. I knew you would try again. How you think destroying Aaron would get you back into that office I will never understand. You are so far down the totem you aren’t even in the standing. Yes, you have the experience, but not the skills to lead. The Director saw your brand of leadership when Aaron lost Haley and Jack, they saw what you were capable of and running the BAU is not in your wheelhouse. The stunt you pulled in Miami showed your true colours but you act like it’s a little bump in the road, but it wasn’t, it was the end of any chance you had to climb any Bureau ladder. The only reason you are still here with the BAU is that no one else wanted you, Hotch is the only reason you are here. He agreed to be your boss even though you have proven time and again you are unworthy of his consideration.” Spencer explained.

“I don’t need his help,” Derek said.

“His benevolence was all that you had left. Strauss is gone, there is no one to save you this time. You have destroyed your career with your arrogance, attitude, and actions.” Spencer concluded.

“I don’t see how discovering a Polyamorous fling destroys my career. I worked my way up once and will again.” Derek blustered.

“Derek Morgan you are under arrest for three counts of the Stalking of Federal Agents, using Bureau resources for questionable and nefarious purposes, Harassment, Intimidation, and Verbal Assault on a Federal Agent.” Richmond listed standing from his chair.

“You can’t be serious,” Morgan asked dumbfounded.

“Agent Nyland and Agent Montgomery, will you please escort Mr Morgan to lock-up please?” John ordered to the two men standing outside the door.

“Baby Girl?” Derek reached for the sobbing woman, Reid smacked his hand away standing in front of her protectively.

“You don’t have the right to comfort her. You did this. You are the cause of her pain.” Reid hissed.

“You are the one having me arrested. How is that my fault? Seems to me you are the one hurting her.” Morgan shot back.

“The difference is that I accept my part in her tears. You can’t even admit that you have done anything wrong. If she hates me for my part in this I will take it, because that is all I can do. I will miss her love, I will grieve the loss for the remainder of my life, but I will not manipulate her emotions when she is so vulnerable and shaken. I will wait for her to seek me out.” Spencer explained. Penelope clasped his hand, making Spencer sigh raggedly.

“Are you happy now?”

“I am. Not for the reasons you think. This, this brings me no happiness, this hurts more than I expected.” Spencer ducked behind his hair as Nyland pulled Morgan from the room.

“Are you okay Spence?” JJ asked softly.

“I am sorry.”
“You have no reason to apologise. You were driven to a point you had to react. He brought this on himself.” Emily said with firm conviction.

“I still feel bad, at one time he was our friend, just because we were no longer close does not mean I wanted to see him in cuffs.” Spencer yelped when Garcia pulled on his hand causing him to fall in her lap.

“He did that himself Bubby. He ruined his chances.” she hugged him tightly.

“I know.” Spencer scoot out of her lap onto the sofa beside her and let her cuddle into his side.

~~~~~~~~~~

Spencer ran around the corner giving a strained whoop as he sprint the final few yards to their front porch. Tony thumped up behind him panting just as hard as he was. Aaron opened the door still sweating from exertion. He laughed holding out two inhalers for his gasping lovers.

“So, he beat you this time?” Aaron asked following them into the kitchen. Spencer tossed Tony a bottle of water before cracking one open for himself.

“He did. What’s this?” Tony asked tapping a box on the table.

“Was delivered while we were out running. No return address.” Aaron replied.

“Oh! It’s for me.” Spencer got a utility knife from the tool drawer under the sink. He inspected the top to make sure there was nothing questionable, then sliced it open. He flicked a staticy packing peanut at an overly curious Tony then gently dug through the styrofoam irritants. He pulled out a smaller box wrapped in newspaper from by the dateline was from over a month ago in Canada.

“Oh, look another box, how exciting.” Aaron chuckled. Spencer tore off the paper and squealed so high pitched Tony checked his ears for blood. Four comic books slid out of the wrapper before Spencer could catch them.

“Okay, he’s really really happy. What the hell is that a doll?” Tony asked.

“It’s an action figure. It’s Gambit.” Spencer was bouncing he was so excited. He set the figure aside carefully flattening out the packaging.

“Been waiting for this a long time?” Tony knew Spencer had an impressive comic book collection in the library including every Marvel comic with Gambit involved, but he didn’t have much in the way of merchandise except the movies.

“I didn’t order this. It’s a gift. A miraculous gift.” Spencer was looking at the box closely.

“What does that say?” Aaron squint trying to read the tiny writing.

“Jusqu’à ce que je te revois. Je suis désolé Cher, Prend soin de lui les mecs . J'ai menti, je t'aime .mon amie Entaille.” Spencer read turning tear filled eyes to his lovers.

“Oh Baby that is great news.” Aaron hugged Spencer.

“For those of us less French and more Italian please.” Tony wanted to join in the celebration.

“Until I see you again. I am sorry Cher. Take care of him guys. I lied, I love you, my friend. Nick.” Spencer jumped into Tony’s arms crying and laughing.
“Brilliant. That is incredible.” Tony agreed.

“I can’t believe he took this risk.” Spencer said carefully leafing through one of the comic books. “He left his comic collection to me, I didn’t understand that until now. Oh, he is clever. Look.”

“Who are Andy, Joe, Kurt, Leon, Paul, Milo, and Frank?” Aaron said reading the list out loud.

“His unit. He was Marines Special Ops before he joined the Bureau, after as well. He sent it through each of them. I have no idea who it started with, but there is no way this package is getting back to Nick.” Spencer bounced to the library setting the action figure on the collectable shelf and taking infinite care to slide each comic into a protective sleeve and place them in proper order in the special boxes they were kept in.

“So what is on the agenda for the rest of the day?” Tony asked heading for the bedroom to shower.

“Spencer’s choice, he won the race,” Aaron replied.

“I am going to take a suggestion from a friend.” Spencer stepped into the bathroom turning on the shower to warm up.

“What suggestion would that be?” Aaron asked tossing his running clothes into the hamper.

“I am going to sammich between all them long legs, broad shoulders, and lean backs.” Spencer laughed as his lovers joined him in the shower.

End Notes

Thanks For Reading!!

Beannachdan

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!