baby you're like lightning in a bottle

by valkyrierising

Summary

It starts, as most things do, with Grandma Frida interfering.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It starts, as most things do, with Grandma Frida interfering. It’s sweet because it’s her grandmother and she can’t really be mad at any of her family but she interferes in the worst possible way. There’s a bridal magazine left on the arm of the couch. Of course, it’s after she’s finished working a case that she doesn’t pay much attention to it at first. All she really wanted was to get in her tub to try something that Arabella called a bath bomb. It’s not until the next day at breakfast where she’s sitting at the counter, blinking sleep away to check out the news that Frida drops the bomb.

“So, have you been thinking about anything wedding related?” To Frida’s credit she doesn’t say it when there’s coffee in her mouth where she can spew it out.

“No. Why?” Penelope snorts in response, Nevada narrows her eyes at the two of them. “Tell me what this nefarious scheme of yours is?” The rest of her siblings, Arabella and Catalina especially so are quiet, but a part of her chalks that up to the fact that none of her siblings are exactly ‘morning’ people. Bern finally says something, coughing out something that sounds surprisingly like “Mad Rogan.”

“Grandma,” she chastises as she dumps her coffee cup in the sink. She really shouldn’t be surprised
that Frida’s plotting the nonexistent wedding between her and Rogan, but Rogan and her has just not been something that’s been in her mind.

“No,” she says as she gets her wits about her. “We don’t even like each other.” Bern and Penelope snort, honestly her family is the least discreet group of people ever.

“I wouldn’t say he doesn’t not like you,” Bern said, grabbing his stuff as he planted a kiss on our mom’s cheek.

“And he knows that we’re here, and we’re not afraid to hide a body, if he does hurt you. Not that I’m saying I want you to get with him because you know my thoughts on that,” Penelope adds as she ruffles Bern’s hair and gives a sideway glance to Frida who’s smiling serenely.

“You guys are weird. We’re never having this conversation,” she adds as she gets up to get to work. It really isn’t weird. Working with Rogan who was nothing but legend up until that point brought some interesting challenges; she herself still wasn’t entirely sure what she was getting into he ran like ice and fire. Rogan himself was irresistible, but he was also unpredictable in ways that raised huge sirens. Therefore, it made total sense to finish their partnership after the Pierce case. This didn’t stop Grandma Frida from trying to make the wedding that would never be between her and Rogan, but the problem was Frida didn’t take go down without a fight.

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The second time Frida didn’t even have the shame to get rid of the magazines, instead opting to leave a different arrangement of them on the counter. This is one of the rare occasions that Rogan comes by, probably the first since the Adam case. It takes her a split second to recognize the covers before she dives in the way and sweeps them up into her arms, shoving them under a spare blanket. She folds her arms quickly, watching as Rogan sits down.

“So, what can I help you with?”

“You’re getting married to someone?” Rogan asks. His bluntness is an acquired taste but honestly this was just outright rude. She rolls her eyes and takes the side opposite from him,

“No. Grandma and my mom have some… ideas in their head. Nothing I can’t tell them to shove off about.”

“I see. I wanted to see how you were and why we aren’t speaking. You’ve been ignoring me.”

“What?” Nevada snorts at Rogan’s raised eyebrow. “No. Don’t be ridiculous. I haven’t been ignoring you, I just haven’t seen why I would need to call you on cases I figure out on my own.”

“I see. And your power, that hasn’t been anything you’ve been focusing on else you would have potentially needed me?.”

“Nope,” she pops the p at the end. “It’s the elephant in the room we’re just ignoring,” she finishes.

“You’re a strange woman Nevada,” Rogan says as he leans forward. “Tell me, this not talking wouldn’t have to do with something to do between us that happened when we worked the Pierce case, does it?”
He’s not entirely wrong but it’s not like she’s gonna tell him that the chemistry between the two of them, and the moment in the ring of fire, were among some of the things that totally freaked her out. She’s better off keeping him at a distance.

She leans forward, leaving a few inches between their faces. “Nope. Don’t flatter yourself tough guy.”

“Really?”

“You know if I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were sad that we’re not talking. Tell me, is the great Connor Rogan slighted by this?”

“If I didn’t know any better, I think you’re scared of what’s between us and cut off contact because of it.”

“Huh, that’s an interesting theory,” she adds, patting his cheek gently. “Unfortunately, that has no bearing and I have to work like a real person so if that’s done, you know the way out.” Rogan grins as he holds onto her hand, the feeling of him tracing up her arm making her go weak in the knees. “Nu-uh, we already did this once before and I zapped you. Get out,” she adds as she takes her arm back. It doesn’t stop the aftershocks from running up and down her arms as she waves goodbye to him. Her siblings pick that time to return, the sound of Catalina and Arabella shrieking as they see Rogan leave is enough to get the aftershocks to leave her.

“ Weirdos,” she tells him.

“ He’s still hot,” the two of them chimed.

“That he is,” Frida said, walking in to see them.

“All of you need to let this go.”

“That’s what you say now,” Frida calls as she goes to her room.

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The universe especially has a terrible way of working against her. She’s working in the garage with Frida, one of the few nights where she is truly off and doesn’t have to a case and she’s listening to her tell a story. It’s one of the ones she’s heard, where the autumn evening was nice and crisp, with the underlying Texas heat.

And then Rogan shows up, startling her out of her peaceful zoning out. “Your sisters let me in,” he says by way of explanation as Frida looks him up and tells her that he’s good marriage material,

“My god,” she sputters up almost falling off the car as Frida leaves them alone. “My family is most likely going to get me killed if they keep letting you into the house. Serial killers can be charming and these girls would probably let them in.”

“Give your sisters some credit. I’m not a serial killer,” Nevada snorts as she slides off the car.

“What’s happening now.”

“I got a distress text from your phone saying to save you,”
“Oh my god, grandma,” she yelled, to see that Frida had left the garage to them two. “I don’t know what the text said but you were led here under very dubious circumstances.”

“So you don’t need me to save you from your family?”

“Absolutely not.”

“That’s a shame.”

“I’m sure it is.”

They stood in the silence, Nevada and Rogan folding their arms in tandem. Seconds ticked by as neither of them said anything. It wasn’t until Rogan’s phone rang that something actually cut through their stand-off.

“Look, let’s call this a … truce of sorts. It’s not that I’m scared of what happened between us, it’s more that I think we’re better off as partners. No bullshit, no Prime powers, it’s just you and me coming up with a decent working relationship where I don’t want to throw a shoe at your head. Do you think you can do that?”

“I can try.”

“That’s absolutely better than nothing.” He gives her a wide grin, one of his wolfish ones that makes her shiver and roll her eyes at him. “Get out of here and go do what needs to be done.”

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Things go back to the way they were during the Pierce case. It’s a bit scary how easy they slip into a rhythm; Augustine calls her to do cases, and Rogan tags along because he is nothing if not good for making his way into all her cases. She rarely uses her Truthseeker abilities but it is helpful to hone it with Rogan.

Of course, this just makes Grandma Frida all the more ecstatic.

“It’s just to make sure I’m well equipped to use it. It’s not like I want to be a human lie detector but being able to use it would go a long way. Don’t give me that look,” she adds to her mother one night over coffee. She and Frida cornered her after her truce with Rogan and she had no choice but to ride it out. “I want to be able to handle myself in a world that has freaking nutty people with exorbitant amounts of power who have been taught the world bends to their will. No one’s getting the better of me.”

“I didn’t say anything,” Penelope holds her hands up. “I just want to make sure you’re okay.”

“Her teacher’s Mad Rogan, she’ll be fine Penelope.”

“I’ll kill him if anything happens to you.”
“We know,” she and Frida said.

“He’s a good young man and Nevada isn’t some wilting lily, I just don’t understand how the wedding date hasn’t been set yet.”

“Oh my god grandma,” she moaned as she dragged her hands through her face. “You’ve got to let that one go.”

“Let me have my dreams Nevada,” Frida said as she patted her shoulders on the way out.

“They’re only gonna be dreams,” she called back as Penelope rounded up their dishes. “God I only hope they’re gonna be dreams.” Penelope simply shrugged, giving her a kiss on the cheek. “I trust you know what to do.”

“I sure hope so too,” she added quietly to herself.

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Generally, Rogan is a man who is a bit hard-headed to get through and usually an ass. But he’s also gotten better at not being the biggest asshole. Compared to, say their very first time, she has to say progress had been made. The thing with Rogan is that he’s a walking, talking container of a ridiculous amount of power, and when he stares, it’s hard to not feel it. It really should be telling that their gazes linger on each other longer for a few beats more, and how they’ve made a system that works where he acts as more of her muscle in some cases, or offers input. He’s less ass and more respectful and she can’t help but feel glad that she had helped (even though it is super late to have to be established things like common courtesy, but she guesses that’s what you get when you have Primes established as the dominant people in society.) He isn’t a kind man, but he isn’t callously cruel. Dense, of course, but cruelty isn’t a part of him. It’s more of a disconnect. She likes to think that she’s a connection to him.

There are times when he drops by unannounced, usually after she finishes a case (she definitely feels that he probably has Augustine’s office bugged or something) and he helps her hone her abilities. At a warehouse no less and he pushes her; it’s a mental workout that exhausts her but she wouldn’t trade it for anything else.

“Think of the power as an extension of you,” he tells her. She can feel the sweat on her forehead roll down her head as she makes a face. The warehouse is a bit drafty but still trapped the damn Houston heat within so all she can think of is lying down on the cement. “It’s like one of your arms and you need to stretch it to get it to work.”

She looks at him sideways. “This thing doesn’t work that well, you realize that right? Only yes and no questions for now.”
“It’s nothing practice can’t help. A few months with me and I’d bet that you could do more than just yes or no questions.”

“Okay, again,” she beckons him forward.

“I don’t enjoy our time together,” he starts as she pauses a bit to regain composure. A snort slips as she looks up to him, “less easy questions Rogan.”

“You like spending time with me,”

“True.”

And just like that, there’s a soft click she hears. She’s uncertain if it’s in her head or if it did happen, but there’s a moment of understand where she feels a charge through the air and she meets his eyes. The moment she felt in the Plaza overwhelms her as it feels like a cashmere sweater being dropped onto her, a ribbon of heat unfurling within her. Her eyelids droop heavily against her, her knees threatening to sink but she stays up. She looks at him and cuts him her strongest glare.

“I should go,” she says when the current stops, hitting her like a rubber band. He nods, something unreadable in his eyes as he drives her home. They don’t say anything the drive way, and she keeps her gaze firmly locked outside. The feeling doesn’t leave as she goes inside, murmuring a quick hello to Frida and Penelope.

When she’s lying on her bed later at night, she fights to tell herself that the gossamer touches she feels on her skin are just in her head and not actually because she was feeling aftershocks, god Nevada pull it together honestly.

She puts a little bit of space them again following this encounter, unsure over her own uncertainty about taking the plunge.

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“You know, I kind of like this side of you that isn’t like caveman around me,” she tells him as she watches her latest client’s target through the binoculars, “it’s very peaceful.”

“Why Nevada, are you finally telling me that you like me?” To the unsuspecting ear, it could sound as if he were drily snarking back, but she knew. The trace of a faint smile from a quick glance she made to the rear view mirror, to what she was pretty was as much as Rogan can do for affection.
“I guess? You’re better when you’re not acting like a total ass,” she turned to him with a grin to see a mildly amused expression on his face. He nodded, leaning forward into her space. Something clicked as he neared, heart-rate kicking up as she watched his face. His eyes darkened, never leaves hers. She licked her lips, as she moved closer. There was nothing that didn’t not feel right about this, sharing intimately personal space with him, as much of an asshole as he was.

“Would you mind if I kissed you?” His eyes seemed to say. He didn’t say anything but left everything to her. She grabbed his face in her hands as she brushed her lips against his, a gentle stroke as his tongue entered. She grasped onto his shirt to bring him closer. The heated feeling, the feeling of pressure against her every nerves, came back. It felt like pure bliss, of being wrapped in a silky blanket. She was dragging her hands down his shirt, pulling him closer as the feeling enveloped her deeper and deeper. The center console dug into her leg, the annoying obstacle reminded her of where she was and what she was doing. It was like nothing she’d ever felt before; like someone made sex as a blanket. She blinked, her world coming into focus after that last thought. She didn’t want to stop but she also needed to have a tighter hold on this.

“Is this case pressing?” He asked as he leaned back, looking pleased with him.

“I mean we were here for a bit without finding anything you do the math. We’re also trying that again but with way less obstacles,” he chuckled as she all but hit the brakes to get back to his place.

End Notes

okay so hey Jess hopefully this still remained as like a ~mystery due to my inability to see that ao3 screwed over me posting this normally as opposed through the exchange; I ended up revising parts and adding some things and I do hope you enjoyed them as much as I enjoyed writing them!

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