Spencer Reid One Shots

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Summary

Here is a collection of my Spencer Reid One Shots. Please read at your own risk. Some are smutty smut smut, some are angsty and some are just sad. There is of course fluff in here as well but I haven't put warnings on each chapter. Please note that I'm also not afraid to cover certain topics like death, suicidal thoughts, and other topics that may not be everyone's cup of tea so you are reading at your own risk. If you enjoy something, please let me know. Some of these are quite old so the editing is not the best. You can find me on tumblr at criminal-minds-fanfiction
That's What Friends Are For

You felt a soft hand shaking your shoulder lightly.

“Y/N wake up, we’re almost there”. You forced your eyes open making them focus on the person standing in front you.

“You okay?” Reid asked you with concern in his voice. You nodded slowly, gingerly moving into a sitting position, glancing around at the rest of the team.

You’d been part of the BAU for the past 11 months now, having joined the team at 26 years of age. You’d quickly bonded with the Spencer Reid, the profiler closest to you in age. Your shared love of coffee and horror movies had turn you into fast friends and you’d spent many a night at each others apartments binge watching movies or having Dr Who marathons.

“Sorry guys” you croaked out, surprised by how weak your voice sounded “Guess I must have passed out”. You felt terrible. Your head was pounding and your throat felt like you had swallowed razor blades. You rummaged in your go bag for painkillers and a water bottle. Finding the pills you needed you popped two from the blister pack into your hand and pushed them into your mouth. Raising the water bottle, you noticed your hand was shaking slightly. You gulped the water and pills down as fast as your throat would allow it.

“Sweetie are you sure you’re okay” JJ who was sat next to you asked softly. You looked at her, feeling your eyes start to well up. You shook your head this time, the sensation of it making you feel sick. JJ placed her hand against your forehead with motherly concern.

“Shit Y/N, you’ve got a fever” she moved her hands to the sides of your throat. “And your glands are swollen. You’re definitely not okay”.

“Didn’t the vics mom say she was just getting over a throat infection?” Morgan asked from his seat across the aisle.

“Yes she did” Hotch answered him. “And her younger sister was starting to complain of a sore throat when I was interviewing her.”

“Well honey bee, I hate to say it but it sounds like you’ve caught what they had ” Morgan chuckled, using his pet name for you,“ Good job we’ve got a few days off. Bed rest for you I’d say”.

You glared at him and started to cough. Realising you had finished your water, Reid handed you his watching you closely as you gulped it down, desperately trying to clear the feeling of sawdust in your throat. You fell back into your seat defeated.

“I can’t be ill. I’m never ill” you croaked meekly.

“Everyone gets sick Y/N. Go home and get some rest. We’ll finish your paperwork for you this time” Hotch said kindly.

The jet rolled to a stop and everyone stood gathering their things preparing to leave. Morgan reached into your overhead, grabbing your coat and picked your bag up off the floor for you.

“Come on honey bee. Bosses orders. Home time for you”. He headed towards to exit with your things.
You stood up slowly feeling light headed. Taking a step, you stopped suddenly swaying slightly. You felt a strong pair of hands grab at your waist as you struggled to stay upright as you felt your legs turn to jelly.

“I got you” Spencer whispered into your ear. You slowly made your way off the jet with Spencer just behind you, ready to catch you if you wobbled again. You felt ready to cry at any given moment. You genuinely hadn’t felt this ill in years.

“She’s not gonna be able to drive herself home in her state” you heard Morgan saying as you made your way towards to the rest of time team who were gathered by the SUVs.

“I’ll drive her” Reid piped up “I’ll finish both our paperwork at her apartment and drop it back later if that’s okay”. You smiled at him gratefully knowing that you’d be a danger to others if you had to drive in your current state.

Derek handed your bag and coat to Reid and gave you a quick hug “Get some rest honey bee. Call if you need anything okay” he says to you with brotherly concern.

“Yes plenty of rest. We need you fit and well for the next case” Hotch agreed sternly.

JJ blew a kiss at you “Plenty of fluids and soup and ice cream for your throat sweetie” she offered her advice.

You began to well up again at the concern from everyone. You loved how quickly they’d accepted you onto their little family.

“Come on Y/N. We’ll take your car” Spencer led you away, pulling your keys out of the front pocket of your bag where he knows you keep them.

The journey home is a blur and you sighed as Reid led you into your building, remembering that you have three flights of stairs to climb before you can collapse.

“Is the elevator still out? It’s been broken all the while I’ve known you” he tutted. He moved both of your bags onto his left shoulder and pulled your arm over his other one, looping his arm around your waist. Together you navigated the stairs, it taking three times as long as normal as you needed to stop for a breather on every floor.

Finally you made it to your apartment and Reid walked you over to your couch. You sat down and felt the tears spill over.

“I want my mommy” you began to cry feeling pathetic but not caring. Spencer sat down next to you and pulled you close to him.

“I know you do Y/N. It sucks being ill”. He stroked your hair away from your forehead wincing at how warm you felt. “You really are burning up you know. You need to cool down. Do you think you can manage to stand in the shower? It would be the quickest way for you to cool down”.

You shook your head at him, just wanting to lie down and sleep.

“Okay okay.. We do need to bring your fever down though. Do you trust me” he asked you, ideas running through that head of his.

“With my life” you whispered back hoarsely.
He looked deep into your green eyes, wiping away your tears with his fingertips, his hazel eyes flecked with such concern. He moved quickly taking your go bags to your bedroom. He pulled out his pajamas, placing them onto your bed, and pulled out three towels from the drawer he knows you keep them in. He’s been in your apartment a thousand times before so knows his way around.

Reid headed into your bathroom taking the towels with him and you heard him closing closing the toilet lid and flicking on the shower. He came back into the living room and kicked off his shoes, pulling off his mis matched socks too.

You smiled at his choice, the right is purple with yellow dinosaurs and the left is red with blue stars. He removed his Cardigan and rolled the sleeves of his shirt up to his elbows before sitng down in front of you and pulling your shoes off, followed by your socks.

He reached up and began to pull your blazer off as you finally ask “What are you doing Spence?” it occurring that he seemed to be undressing you.

Stuttering slightly as he spoke “Y-you need to cool down and this is the quickest way. I’m going to hold you up in the shower.”

Your eyes snapped up to his as you realised what he’s just said. Spencer Reid, your colleague and best friend, showerering with you.

“D-don’t worry Y/N. I’m not taking all of our clothes off” he started to blush slightly as you giggled at the absurdity of the situation.

He joined in, laughing too as he pulled off your shirt leaving you in your vest top, bra and trousers. He tugged you to your feet and led you to the bathroom.

You started to sway slightly feeling nauseous from the movement as you stood in your bathroom watching Spencer unbuttoning his trousers and pulling them off. If this was any other day, you’d be having heart palpitations at the thought, as unbeknownst to him you had a small crush on your best friend. Just a small one you constantly told yourself. A silly little… thing. Which you’d never act on of course…

You stood there uselessly not having the energy to do anything else as you felt him looking at you, his eyes focused on your trousers. “If this is too weird Y/N I can call JJ or Garcia?” he says nervously, it had finally dawned on him that he’s been undressing you.

You shook your head, “It’s fine” you mumbled. “You’ve seen me in my pajamas before”. You remembered how red he’d gone the first time he’d seen you in your pj shorts and cami top. He’d fallen asleep on your couch after a movie marathon and you hadn’t the heart to wake him.

You unbuttoned your trousers wanting to do something and leant over trying to push them down your legs. “Shit” you moaned as the motion made you dizzy and you began to wobble. Spencer grabbed you, steadying you yet again as he finished the job for you.

He reached for the straps of your vest top fingering them slightly. “We’ll leave this on okay but, erm, you should probably take your, erm, b-bra off okay” he stuttered. You smile again and nodded as he reached for the straps of your bra pulling down your arms. The sensation tickled you and you think how sexy this would be if you weren’t so God damn ill… But then again he wouldn’t be doing his if you weren’t ill.

His arms slipped behind you under your top and unclasp your bra in one quick motion pulling it from
under your vest and hanging it over the towel rack. You raised an eyebrow at him as you expected him to struggle.

“What?” he asks, a pink hue on his cheeks.

“Nothing” you whispered back.

He unbuttoned his shirt, slipping it off and hanging it on the towel rack over your bra. Your eyebrows raised again as he turned towards you. You definitely hadn’t expected his chest to be as toned as it was.

You couldn’t tell if you’d gone red or not but you certainly felt warmer all of a sudden seeing him stood there is just his purple boxers. “Right” he said, matter of factly. “Let’s do this”.

He opened the shower door testing the temperature with his arm, then tugging you towards him and steadying you as you stepped up into the shower. He climbed in after and nudged you towards the spray. The water hit you and it felt so nice against your hot clammy skin.

You let out an involuntary moan at how immediately relaxing it feels and smiled as you heard Spencer cough slightly behind you. You could sense him standing so close to you and felt yourself start to sway again feeling woozy. You placed a hand against the cool tiles and felt an arm wrap around your waist.

“I got you” Reid whispered again for the second time that evening.

You felt him move directly behind you, his whole body pressed against yours, steadying you. You stood there for a few minutes letting the water cool you, enjoying the sensation of the water running over you both. “You okay” Spencer asked softly, his lips pressed close to your ear.

“Mm mmm” you replied not daring to speak.

He reached for your wash cloth, pushing it into your hand as he squirted some of your lemon scented shower was onto it. You stared at it knowing you’re meant to use it but not trusting yourself to have the balance to do so.

Spencer sensed your hesitation and moved, gently pushing you again the wall. He takes the cloth back and began rubbing it up your arms, washing you softly. He pushed your vest top up slightly exposing your stomach as he quickly ran the cloth over there.

You saw him turn red yet again and you giggled.

“What” he asked, his eyes questioning you.

“Sorry” you croaked out “I just never imagined you washing me, well I have but not like…..” you stopped talking, realising what you were about to say. It’s his turn to raise his eyebrows at you.

You swore you could see a smirk tugging at his lips as knelt in front of you washing your legs. “Truth be told Y/N, this isn’t the fist time I’ve thought about this either, but again, not like this” he said quietly looking up at you.

Your jaw dropped…. Did he just say what you think he said? “But I think that’s a conversation for another time” he finished, standing up and hitting the switch to turn the water off.

You stood there wordlessly as he moved to stand behind you again and reached for two towels. He
wrapped the first one around your head expertly just the way a women would. You’re puzzled until you realise that with his hair, he must sometimes do the same thing. He wrapped the second towel around your torso holding the ends so that they met in front of you.

“Hold these please” he instructed you, his voice low and gravelly, a tone you’re not used to hearing from him.

You held the ends out in front of you as he reached around you and grabbed the bottom of your vest. He sensed you tensing up. “My eyes are closed I promise, I can’t see a thing” he assured you as he pulled your vest up over your head and dropped it into the corner of the shower. You wrapped the towel around yourself as he knelt again his hands reaching up to your waist, feeling for the edge of your panties. Your breath caught in your throat.

“Again, I can’t see anything I promise” he whispered as he pulled your panties down your legs, standing up to help you step out from them.

Leaning you against the wall again he reached for the third towel, wrapping it around his waist and then swiftly reaching under it and removing his own soaking boxes. He stepped out of the shower and held out his hand to steady you as you followed him.

He led you back to your bedroom sitting you on the edge of your bed. Quickly dressing himself in his pajama bottoms and a t-shirt he sat next to you and felt your forehead tenderly. “You're much cooler now” he commented, his voice almost back to his normal tone. “Where are your pajamas?”

“That drawer over there” you nodded towards the drawer in the corner. He strode over and pulled out your favourite pair of pajamas. Pink with purple stars. He stood in front of you holding out the cami top.

You lifted you arms without being told as he pulled it over your arms and down over the towel. Kneeling in front of you, he blushed again as he held the shorts in his hands. He gently lifted each of your legs through the holes and pulled the shorts up as high as your knees. “You need to do the rest by yourself” his whispered, his voice catching “I can’t see where my hands are going under the towel and bad things might happen”.

You laughed softly at what he’s just said as he turned a deeper shade of pink. You reached to your knees and pulled the the shorts up to your waist discarding the towel when you were safely covered.

“Right, bed time for you” Spencer said, pulling your covers down and helping you in.

You settled in amongst your pillows, “Thank you” you croaked.

“That’s okay Y/N. Anytime. Be right back.”

He shot off to your kitchen returning with more pills and a bottle of water, handing them to you.

You swallowed them down, wincing at the pain in your throat.

“Where’s your spare blanket, I’ll sleep on the couch in case you need anything” Reid stated. You began to protest that you’ll be fine and then stopped knowing that what ever you said will be ignored.

“Will you stay in here with me?” you asked shyly . He’s stayed on your couch tons of times before but never in your bed.
“Erm… O-okay” he stuttered. “Just give me an hour to finish off our paperwork okay”. You nodded and he disappeared out of the room again.

You drifted off and wake up an hour or so later as you felt the weight of him climbing into your bed. “Sorry” he whispered as he settled into your pillows. “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“It’s fine” you croaked. “Thank you again”. You shifted your weight so your head is laid against his shoulder.

Spencer hesitated for a second and then moved his arm, wrapping it around you and pulling you against his chest. You felt his lips press gently against the top of your head as he murmurs “It’s okay. That’s what friends are for.”

You drifted off to sleep again smiling.
“How much longer will we be stuck here?” Reid paced the lift, as he had been doing on and off the past two hours.

“Spencer just sit down…please. I’ve told you before, if we were the last people in the office then we’ll probably be stuck still morning. Or at least until they get the power back on and security realise we’re here” you sighed from your spot on the floor.

You’d both been stuck finishing up paperwork for latest case and had left the office together at around 1am. There was an immense thunderstorm happening outside the BAU headquarters and neither of you had been looking forward to driving home in the torrential rain. You’d offered Reid a lift home, to avoid being the car by yourself in the storm. Man how you hated thunder.

But you’d never made it to the car. The lift had grinded to a halt seconds after it had started and the power had shorted the lights. You remembered hearing a high pitched shriek from the 6ft1 man standing next to you in the lift and seeing the panicked look on his face when then emergency lights had flickered on… Apparently being trapped in a lift was not his biggest fantasy.

You’d immediately hit the emergency call button but had hit it off again after an hour had past and no help had come, the noise of it beginning to drive you insane. Reid insisted on hitting it back on and every ten minutes or so as he constantly rambled about how many elevator related accidents there were each year.

You couldn’t help but chuckle at him really. You’d been part of the team for 8 months now and had never seen him so panicked and frustrated. Chasing down un subs didn’t seem to faze him but stick him in a trapped elevator and he turned into a five year old girl.

“Spence, seriously just sit down. We might as well try and get some sleep. We could be stuck here all night” you said.

“All night” he squeaked “But we don’t have food or drink. And w-what if we need to go to the bathroom?” he was starting to stutter again. You’d noticed he did this the more worried he got.

“Relax, I’ve got a bottle of water and emergency chips in my go bag…. And as for the bathroom, well I’ve got an empty water bottle so that’s you sorted” you replied, “I’ll just have to hold it and hope we get rescued soon” you laughed at the expression on his face.

Reid hit the emergency call button on again as you winced at the sound. You watched him check his phone for the hundredth time, him hoping that somehow he’d managed to get a signal whilst trapped inside a metal box. You sighed “Is it really that bad being stuck here with me?” you asked quietly.

His brown eyes snapped up. “Oh no. No Y/N. It’s not that I promise… I just hate the thought of being stuck in here at all. When I was in high school I got shoved into a fair amount of lockers, so
being trapped inside any small space for a long period of time just brings back memories.”

You smiled sadly. You hated hearing about the bullying and pain your friend had been through in high school.

You stood up stretching your legs and knocked the call button off again “Sorry, the noise is giving me a headache” you said wearily, clicking your neck to one side.

Suddenly the main lights flicked back on illuminating the small space which had been your home for the past two hours. "YES! Finally!“ Reid exclaimed as the elevator began to move.

A second later the lights flicked back off and the lift jammed again, the sudden loss of motion making you knock into Reid.

The emergency lights came back on as you steadied yourself against the wall “Guess we’re not saved after all” you laughed trying to lighten the mood.

You glanced over at the other profiler who looked like a kid who’d been told he was going to Disney land only to be told two minutes later that it was a joke.

“Did you know that there are 6 elevator related deaths each year, not to mention the 10000 other injuries that require hospitalisation…..” Reid began rambling again, his breathing getting quicker as he started to panic again. You reached out and placed your hand on his arm in an attempt to calm him down.

“hey hey hey” you soothed “we’re not going to be one of them”. You moved your hands to his shoulders looking him straight in the eyes “we’re going to get out of here okay”.

“Logically I know this Y/N, but what if we are one of those six. What if the cable snaps or the power is out for days and no one can get to us. What if…..” he began reeling off ridiculous, elaborate ways in which you two could die, trapped together.

You closed your eyes thinking, ‘how can I calm him down and shut him up’. Then it hit you. Something he’d least expect.

You moved forward quickly pressing your lips to his. Keeping one hand on his shoulder, you moved the other to the base of his neck. He stilled suddenly not quite knowing what was happening.

You began to move your lips softly against his, stroking his neck gently, willing him to move his with you.
After what seemed like a lifetime you felt him begin to reciprocate, his hand going to your waist. You felt his eye lids flutter shut and you gently sucked his bottom lip between yours.

You felt his other hand gently cup your face and stroke your cheek as he applied light pressure to your mouth, his lips feeling soft against yours.

His tongue darted out, running along your lips slowly, asking for access. You moaned softly enjoying this a lot more than you thought you would. ‘Who knew Spencer Reid knew how to kiss so well?’ you thought to yourself as your lips parted.

You felt his tongue slip into your mouth searching for yours, probing lightly. Your tongues met as your pressed your body close to his, feeling his heart beating quickly through his chest.

You pull back slightly to snatch a breath, hearing him whimper at the loss of contact. You glance down seeing him bite his lip as he moves his hand to the back of your head pulling you in.

Your lips connect again, this time moving faster, pressing harder against each other as your push your fingers into his glorious hair. He sucks your bottom lip between his, nibbling it slightly, teeth grazing it the way you’d seen him do to his own so many a time. You gasp, shocked at the feeling it ignites inside you.

You push him back so he’s flush against the elevator wall as begin kissing from his mouth, along his jaw hearing him moan and shudder from your touch. Just as your lips lock again you heard a horrific mechanical screeching. You jump apart from each other breathing heavily, as the elevator doors are pried open from the other side.

“oh thank god you two are in here” Morgan and Penelope were stood on the other side of the doors with building security. ‘I kept trying to call your cell Y/N to make sure you’d got home safely. I know how you don’t like storms” Penelope gushed reaching for your hand and pulling you out of the lift "when you didn’t answer I tried Reid, knowing he’d stayed behind with you and when he didn’t answer I started to panic”

“yeah she dragged me back here to make sure everything was okay” Morgan smirked “We asked security to check if you’d swiped out before the power had cut but they couldn’t find a log of it. Took us half an hour to realise that the alarms we kept hearing flicking on and off must have been from one of the lifts. How long you been here"  

“About two hours” Reid muttered not looking at you. You kept your face down too, knowing it must have been bright red.

“Well let’s get you both home ” Penelope led the way down the hall, into the stairwell.
The next day as you were walking by Garcias office, her door opened and she pulled you in.

Eyeing her suspiciously, “What’s up?” you asked.

“Oh nothing ” she sang grinning.” Did you know that the cameras in the lift run on a different generator to the lights and the rest of the electrics? And it kept recording the whole time you and the boy genius were in there?” she raises an eyebrow at you.

“ Shit” you mutterws feeling your cheeks burning.

“Oh yes” she giggled gleefully. “Who knows what would have happened if Morgan and I hadn’t come to the rescue. That looked like it was turning into quite the kiss!”

"I, erm, I gotta go” you exited her office quickly hearing her laughing behind you. 'Yes, who knows indeed’ you thought to yourself……..
“Love in an elevator, livin it up when I’m going down.”

Your eyes snapped up from the case file you were reading. You glared at the singer, watching Penelope strut across the room to her office a smile on her lips. As she passed the desks where you and Reid sat, she turned grinning at you both.

“Stupid stupid cameras.” You muttered to yourself. You reached for your coffee mug finding it empty and stood up. “Spencer do you want a drink?” You hadn’t really spoken to him since the ‘Elevator Incident’ as the team had been given a few days off. When he’d come in to work this morning, he’d barely said two words to anybody choosing to sit in silence at his desk immersing himself in a cross word puzzle whilst he drank his morning coffee. He didn’t answer.

“SPENCER” louder this time. The genius jumped in his seat staring at you like a deer caught in the headlights. “Huh….Sorry… ...what?“

You motioned towards his coffee cup. "Do you want another drink?" He shook his head mumbling “No thanks” and went back to his puzzle.

'Weird' you thought seeing he’d only completed one answer in the ten minutes he’d been sat there.

You decided to take your coffee in Penelopes room and as you opened her door you saw her hurriedly clicking to close down a window on her computer. Your eyes were to quick though and you recognised the imagine of you and Spencer making out in the lift.

“Pen! Why the hell are you watching that? You promised you’d delete it.” You’d been texting her all over the weekend making her promise to rid the archives of that footage so no one would ever see.

“I can’t, I just can’t. It’s like watching Harry Potter when Ron and Hermione finally kiss. Or Chuck and Blair, or Seth and Summer. Or those few episodes in Buffy where Xander and Willow were sneaking around behind everyone’s back making out.” She was starting to get a dreamy look in her eyes.

“PENELOPE!” You grabbed the mouse trying to find the delete file option but accidentally pressing play instead.

Oh.

Oh

OH.

When you got over the fact that it was you and Spencer on the screen, it did look incredibly….. Hot. You felt a warm flush spreading across your cheeks as you saw on screen you press your lips to Reid and saw him looked stunned before closing his eyes and devouring your mouth hungrily.

“See!” Garcia was almost squealing. “You two are my new OTP.”

You pulled up a chair next to her, pressing the replay button before you realised what you were doing. “Oh you don’t need to hit replay sweetness. I’ve got it on a loop. I could watch this for hours
You stared at her.

“What?”

“I worry about you sometimes Pen.” you shook your head at her. “What if someone else walks in. Like Hotch…. Or Derek.” Oh you could already imagine the teasing if Derek Morgan saw this.

She giggled back “They won’t. Now tell me what it was like.” She scooted her chair close to yours so that her knees were touching yours.

You shook your head. “This isn’t a schoolgirl sleepover Garcia. This is our colleague.”

“Oh but imagine the fun if it was a school girl sleepover. We could prank call him and then I could get my friend to find out if he liked you back. We could even send him a letter. Tick A if you like Y/N back or Tick B if you’re blind, stupid and clearly in denial.”

You hated how much she was enjoying your discomfort.

"Tell me….. And I’ll delete it.”

Your eyed her suspiciously. “Promise.”

She nodded earnestly. “Scouts honour.”

“Fine” you relented. “It was nice.”

“That was a lot more than nice Agent Y/N so don’t even think about palming me off with that.” She narrowed her eyes at you.

You rolled your eyes at her, remembering the feel of Spencers tongue running across your bottom lip. You cleared your throat. “Okay it was more than nice. It was……” you struggled to find the right words.

“Amazing, sexy, by far the best kiss you’ve ever had?” Penelope supplied her eyebrows raised.

You nodded “All of the above. I really wasn’t expecting him to kiss like that.”

Penelope squealed, the sound hurting your ears.”I knew it” she clapped.

Her door sounded and Agent Morgan poked his head in. “Ladies as much as I hate to interrupt, Hotch wants us all in his office.”

You stood to leave shooting a Penelope a look.”Yes yes…. I’ll delete it I promise.”

“Delete what?” You heard Morgan asking her as you exited the room together. “It’s nothing I promise my dark sexy knight.”

……

Seeing that video of you and Spencer kissing had made you revert back to a 13 year old girl with a crush. A bad crush. One where if you weren’t careful, you were scared you were going to start doodling love hearts around your initials.

For the rest of the day you’d found yourself sneaking glances at him when he was wasn’t looking,
averting your gaze quickly if he happened to look your way.

You’d been having a discussion with Morgan about the latest case and he’d had to call your name three times to get your attention at one point. Reid had been eating a lollypop you were mesmerised by watching his soft pink lips working their way over the cherry flavoured candy. When you’d caught a glimpse of his tongue sliding out from between his lips to taste it, you’d felt yourself shudder slightly and had been sure you’d let out an audible moan. Morgan had followed your stare across the room and you’d seen a shit eating grin cross his face when he realised what you’d been distracted by. He’d almost galloped off to Garcia’s office after that.

The next day you’d been in a hurry to get out of your door having not slept particularly well the night before. In your hurry you’d managed to spill a full mug of coffee all over your pants, having to substitute for the only other clean item you had left. Damn you laundry day!

You’d heard Morgan wolf whistle as you’d strolled across the office in a tight black pencil skirt which had a small slit up the side. It definitely wasn’t indecent attire for work, but after your behaviour yesterday you were sure Derek thought you had an agenda for wearing it. It would be a million times worse if he’d seen what you’d had in under the skirt. Having torn your last pair of panty hose you’d had to be settle for sheer black stockings. “Nice legs Agent Y/N” he’d called. You’d seen Spencer quickly glance up at you too and then back down to his case file.

You headed to the break out room to eat your lunch waving a hello to Spencer and Rossi who were already sat at a table deep in discussion. As you bent over, rummaging in the fridge for your lunch you heard David Rossi trying to get his attention.

“Reid”

“Hey Reid”

“SPENCER!”

You turned around just in time to catch Spencer staring at you, eyes slightly glazed. He was biting his bottom lip. He looked away quickly, a pink hue forming on his cheeks.

Rossi started laughing to himself realising what the Dr had been looking at. “Seems your skirt is causing quite a distraction today Agent Y/N. If I was ten years younger myself, I might allow myself to get distracted too.”

The door banged open and Morgan wandered through with Penelope trailing behind him.

“Love in an elevator, lovin it up til I hit the ground.” He sang loudly grinning at you and Reid.

Your eyes snapped to Reid and both of you turned to Penelope. “Garcia” Almost in unison with each other. “You promised you wouldn’t show anyone” against this was said as a chorus.

Wait….what? Reid knew about the tape too? He looked almost as confused as you.

“I’m sorry guys…. I just wanted to find out what you thought of each other. And it turns out, quite a lot! And you know there’s no way I can keep anything from my sweet baby Derek.”

“Am I missing something here?” Agent Rossi piped up from his spot at the table.

You glared at Morgan pleading with him not to. He shook his head smirking at you. “Seems Agent Y/N here and our boy genius had quite a make out session when they were trapped in the lift together the other night.” He fanned himself mockingly “Boy oh boy that tape was something else.”
“This is on tape?” Rossi sounded amused.

“Yep.”

“Which I may have accidentally on purpose made them both watch yesterday.” Penelope, the sneaky, conniving……..

“Well I guess that explains why they haven’t been able to stop staring at each other when they think we’re not looking.” Rossi continued.

Your face was so red right then you were sure you were going to burst into flames.

“It wasn’t like that” you protested quickly “Spencer was panicking…..” you trailed off as Reid joined in “It’s a known fact that to stop someone panicking you need to distract them.”

“And the easier way to do that was to launch yourself at him?” Derek chuckled.

“It was either that or slap him!” you lost your patience with them and walked out of the room hearing Spencer mumbling behind you as he followed you. "And I for one am glad it was the first option."

You stalked down the corridor hearing them all erupting into laughter.

” I can’t believe those two!” you ranted angrily "She promised she wouldn’t show anyone. And we haven’t been staring at each other at all. It’s bull shit!"

You felt a sharp tug on your arm then and felt yourself being pulled into one of the supply closets that adorned the corridor. Spencer kicked the door shut and turned to face you in the dim lighting of the small room.

"We kinda have though. Or at least I have. Especially today Y/N.”

He was standing so close to you right then and you backed up slightly in shock at his words, your legs hitting one of the spare tables that was stored in there.

He licked his lips staring down at you. “I haven’t been able to stop thinking about that kiss.”

Oh my fuck…….”Me neither” you’d barely whispered out before his lips crashed onto yours, his hands going straight to your ass groping it firmly. So he had been looking at you in the kitchen you thought as you kissed him back hungrily.

You shoved a hand into his gloriously thick hair, running the other up and down his back, your teeth clashing someone awkwardly as you both tried to get closer to each other.

This time it was him that went for your neck, licking and sucking at a spot just below your ear as his hands pulled at your skirt hitching it all the way up. He groaned when he realised you were wearing stockings and pulled away to glance at the bare skin at the top of your thighs.

You reached up tugging at his tie, pulling him in for another mouth watering kiss, his lips alternating between soft and gentle, then hard and furious against yours. His hands cupped your ass lifting you with arms that were surprisingly strong so that you were perched on the edge of the table. He used his leg to push your knees apart, moving to stand between your legs.

Your wrapped your legs around him tightly feeling him hard against your center. Your hands reached for his belt buckle at the same time as he started tugging at your shirt, pulling open the buttons one by one.
The door to the supply closest opened suddenly, bathing you two in the bright light from the corridor.

“Dr Reid, Agent Y/N! What the hell do you think you’re doing!” Aaron Hotchner stood at the door, a stern look on his face.

You both stilled…. Shit.

“You are Federal Agents not horny college students.”

Neither of you could speak, both frozen in horror.

His voice was less stern when he spoke again. “Technically you are both on your lunch break, so I cannot reprimand you for wasting the BAUs time, but for God’s sake get a hotel room next time.”

“Yes sir” Reid squeaked out. “Sorry sir.” You croaked.

“Now straighten yourselves up. Your damn lucky there’s not a camera in this room as well.” You swear you saw your boss grin as he turned and walked off whistling a very familiar Aerosmith tune as he went.

You and Spencer both looked at each other and burst out laughing realising what the tune was.

“My place later?” You asked him. He nodded “Definitely….Keep the stockings on okay.”

“Okay”
“I still can’t believe we missed Halloween this year” Reid sighed glumly. “I know” you replied, knowing how much he loved the holiday. “But we’ll do the maize maze next year okay. We’ll just buy tickets for every night so it doesn’t sell out and then if we get called on a case, we should still be able to go when we get back.”

You, Reid, Penelope and Morgan had all booked tickets for the scare fests maize maze that happened at a farm on the outskirts of town. Reid had been excited about it for months as it was only there for two weeks a year, around Halloween obviously. He’d spent weeks telling you tales about the previous year where JJ had been asked to leave for almost punching one of the actors who hid within the maize. Your couldn’t blame her to be honest, they’d apparently been dressed as a clown and wielding a (fake) machete.

Stupidly though, you’d booked tickets for Halloween night only and had ended up getting called away to New York on a case.

"At least we caught the un-sub Spencer, and saved that girls life” you reminded him. "I know, I know. I just really wanted to go this year. The theme was horror movie killers “ he moaned quietly.

You giggled at how child like he seemed at this moment as you picked your bag and keys up ready to leave. "I’ll see you on Monday Spencer, okay?” "See ya Y/N, have a good weekend” he waved as you headed out.

-----------------------------------------------

Saturday night TV sucked. It was 7pm and you were channel surfing having spent most of the day sleeping exhausted from the case. You were bored and restless.

Your phone bleeped alerting you to a text.

‘There’s a Scream marathon on later. They’re showing 1 through 4 on channel 116. I know you have the dvds but just thought I’d let you know’ Reid knew these were your favourite horror films and you smiled thinking it was sweet how he was letting you know they were on. It didn’t matter that you owned the dvds, if they were showing on TV, you had to watch them.

You had an idea. Racing to your dresser you rummaged through it until you found the only Halloween costume you owned. Well it wasn’t even a costume to be honest…. A headband with cats ears, a black choker with a bow tie, and a clip on tail. Still, you’d make do.

You pulled on a pair of black skinnys and a tight fitting black vest and clipped the tail to the middle of your butt. You stood in front of the mirror shaking your ass giggling as the tail wagged.
You piled on black eyeshadow and thick black eyeliner, taking ten minutes perfecting matching cats eyes flicks on both lids. You then coloured in the tip of your nose and drew whiskers onto your cheeks. Quickly brushing your red hair you placed the headband in the center and the clipped the choker in place around your throat. You stood back to observe the final look. ‘Not bad’ you thought ‘For a pulled together costume at least’.

You pulled on your black knee high boots and grabbed your bag, along with the left over Halloween candy you hadn’t had he opportunity to hand out. Stopping by your fridge, pulled out a bottle of wine too. ‘Let’s go’ you said to yourself heading out the door.

You’d gotten a few strange looks as you’d made your way into Reids apartment building and up the stairs. You stopped outside his door adjusting your head band making sure it was perfectly central before knocking.

A few moments later the door opened to reveal Spencer stood there in his pj’s and dressing gown.

“Meow Dr Reid” you attempted to purr.

“What the hell Y/N? ” he laughed at the sight of you moving aside to let you in.

“ Well you may have missed Halloween, but the best horror movies are on tonight so I figured we’d watch together and binge on candy” you sashayed past him into his kitchen, tipping the candy out onto his counter and grabbing two wine glasses from his cupboard.

“You look so cute” he giggled, pulling on the tail attached to your jeans, a smile lighting up his face.

“Well it was all I had in” you joined in his laughter. "I know I looked ridiculous don’t worry, I got some very strange looks on my way in here" You started to take a sip of your wine.

“You don’t look ridiculous at all” Spencer said softly “It’s actually kinda sexy”.

You spluttered, nearly choking on your wine watching as a pink blush formed on the boy geniuses cheeks.

“Sexy?… Spencer, did you have a thing for catwomen growing up? ” you teased your friend.

“Well actually, yeah… Kinda. I thought Michelle Pfieffer as cat women was sooo hot…and then Halle Berry came along and ruined it”
Hmmm, you thought. Interesting.

You’d always gotten along with Reid and you’d become close friends as well as colleagues. You knew he wasn’t into guys, but never really shown any interest in girls either, which was a shame as you’d always thought he was pretty cute.

Garcia had told you he was shy and Morgan had claimed that it was all an act and secretly he had a harem of women, one in every city. You and Reid had both laughed at that thought.

“So you think I’m sexy Reid? ” you asked jokingly, wriggling your ass making your tail bob around. “Do you wanna stroke my tail?” you raised an eyebrow suggestively.

“E-er-erm” he stuttered nervously growing redder. You chuckled at him. ”Chill, Spence. I’m messing with ya. Let’s watch the film”.

You grabbed a bowl, wiping the candy off the counter into it and walked into his living room. He followed with the wine glasses and sat next to you on his couch.

He flick his TV over to where the movie was just started as you leant down to pull your boots off, tossing them into the centre of the room.

You curled up next to him ready to enjoy a night of your favourite scary movies and company from one of your favourite people.
“Got anything else to drink Spencer?” The first movie had finished and you’d already finished a bottle of wine between you.

“Erm, there should be another bottle of wine on the top shelf I think. It’s red though.” You wrinkled your nose, you hated red. Still, it was better than nothing you thought.

You hopped off his couch and headed into the kitchen feeling your cat tail flowing behind you. Opening his kitchen cupboards you spied the wine. Ugh, it really was on the top shelf. “Spence” you called standing on your tip toes.

You felt him pull on your tail “I know I know, you can’t reach.” You hadn’t heard him follow you in.

“Nope. I’m small and cute. I need a big tall man to reach things for me.” you teased trying out a southern drawl.

He laughed at your attempts reaching past you and up the top shelf easily, his tee shift inching up as he did, revealing a toned tummy. You couldn’t help but look.

“You been working out Dr Reid?” Your hand reached out grazing across his stomach before you realised what you were doing.

He jumped at your touch almost dropping the bottle of wine. “Erm, yeah actually. Morgan dragged me to the gym with him a few times.”

“Well you’re looking good Spence.” You took the wine out of your best friends hands heading back to the couch. You didn’t see that he had turned red at your compliment.

You poured two more glasses and settled in for the next movie. Halfway through you turned to your friend “So what’s your favourite scary movie Dr?” You asked attempting to imitate ghost face.

He started laughing at you, pointing to your cheeks.

“What?” You exclaimed suddenly feeling self conscious.

“Your whiskers have smudged.”

“Oh balls.” You climbed off the couch searching for your bag and pulling out your make up wipes that you always kept handy and your eyeliner pencil. You wobbled slightly. The red wine had gone to your head.

You wiped your cheeks clean and then stood in front of Reid handing him the pencil and leaning over in front of him. “Draw them back on please?” You smiled sweetly.

You saw him glance down quickly and then look back up at you his cheeks flushing slightly. He coughed and raised his eyebrows at you. “Erm Y/N……You might not wanna stand like that.”

“Why not?” You were confused, the alcohol not helping.

He coughed again and fidgeted in his seat. “I can see directly down your top……Not that it’s not a nice view or anything.”
The last comment was completely un Spencer like and caught you off guard. The booze had obviously gone to his head a bit too.

“Perv” you smirked at him. He grinned back “Well I’m a guy. I can’t help but notice these things.“

"Stop having obscene thoughts about my boobs and draw my whiskers back on.” You teased leaning over that little bit more, finding the idea that Spencer was actually noticing you as a women rather than just his friend and colleague very intriguing.

“Come closer then.”

You moved closer, and then making a snap decision you grabbed his shoulders with your hands and climbed onto his lap straddling him.

His eyes widened and you felt him shift beneath you.

“Close enough?” You cocked one eyebrow. He nodded. “Now draw please.”

You watched as his removed the lid from the pencil and then gently placed his hand on your face, cupping your chin. He placed the pencil to your face and started to trace the whiskers back on to your cheeks, his tongue sticking out between his lips in concentration. He looked soo sexy when he did that but he had no clue.

You still had your hands on his shoulders so you moved one experimentally to the base of his neck, gently caressing his soft curls.

You felt him shudder slightly. “Don’t do that please” he whispered quietly, his voice a tone that you’d never heard from him. “Why?” You shifted your weight slightly. You swore you heard a soft groan coming from as you did.

You continued stroking his neck as he resumed drawing, the pencil light and slightly ticklish on your cheeks.

“I, erm, have a thing about my neck. It’s really sensitive.” His eyes not leaving your cheeks as he spoke.

You definitely weren’t stopping now. This was getting seriously interesting. Emboldened by the wine. ”So does it turn you on?” You asked coyly.

"Yes. And having you sat in my lap definitely isn’t helping things either.” He licked his lips.

Fuuucck you thought to yourself. This was a side of him you hadn’t seen or heard before. You liked it.

Your hands stilled slightly and then continued the exploration of his neck. You felt him judder again and definitely heard a groan this time. He handed the pencil back to you “Done.”

"Awesome. My turn now.” “Wait… What?!”

You cupped his chin feeling his strong jaw under your fingers. “Just go with it Spence.”

He nodded. You shifted your weight again so you could get a better angle. His hands immediately flew to your waist, gripping it tightly.“stop fidgeting” he muttered between gritted teeth.

You moved once more feeling something hard beneath your legs. Oh…. Oh… OH. You understood why he was trying to stop you moving. It was your turn to grow warm and you felt
yourself blush.

You leant your face close to his, your pencil poised to start drawing. Your eyes locked and you saw a look in his that you’d seen on plenty of other guys but never him. His hands still on your waist, you felt his thumbs start stroking lightly.

You stared at each other for what seemed like the longest time, both knowing what should happen next but neither wanting to make the first move.

He licked his lips again, slowly this time before murmuring “Fuck it.” He pulled you close, his lips crashing against yours.

Woah, you thought hearing your lips smack together. You moved against his mouth, your hands moving back to his neck.

His hand slipped under your vest, pressing against the bare skin of your lower back. You wriggled against him again feeling his bulge beneath you. He groaned again bucking slightly this time.

His pulled away to catch a breath, his brown eyes wild. You leant back in this time going instead for his neck rather than his mouth.

He was warm and smooth against your lips. You nipped and sucked your way across his throat loving the sound of the soft moans that were escaping from him. His hands slipped higher up your back stopping just below your bra. You grinded against his thigh gently, needing to feel some sort of friction. You whimpered as you felt him pushing back, rubbing himself against you.

You’d settled on a spot just below his ear which seemed to elicit the most noise from him as you nibbled, when you felt his hands tugging your vest up. You pulled back so he could lift it off.

He stalled asking softly “How drunk are you Y/N.”

“Drunk enough that it’s given me the courage to do this” you reached to his hands pulling your vest off yourself “But sober enough to know that I definitely want this and won’t regret it.”

His eyes roamed over your torso appreciatively ‘Good” he whispered “Me too.”

You leaned in for another kiss. “Bedroom?” You asked sliding off his lap.

“Bedroom” he agreed standing and tugging hard on your tail that was still attached to your skinnys.

He led the way shedding his tee shirt as he went.

You followed quickly, thinking how you missing the maize maze had worked in your favour after all.
It was dark when you woke up. You searched for your phone, surprised to see that it was only 11:17 pm. You had text messages from Garcia and Morgan, all wishing you well and begging you to join them at the bar if you felt better.

You did feel better now you’d slept non stop for the past 5 hours. The team had returned from their latest case yesterday and you had spent most of the day completing the mountain of paperwork that went with it. It had given you a migraine. Penelope and Morgan had wanted the team to go out together for drinks afterwards but JJ had wanted to get back to Henry and Hotch had needed to spend some time with Jack.

That had left you, Reid and Rossi for them to bully into taking part in their drunken shenanigans. You’d been game originally until the migraine had hit you around 4pm and you’d felt the desperate need to retreat to a dark room to hide.

Spencer had seen you wincing and rubbing your temples. “Go home” he’d said tenderly, understanding the pain you had been feeling. You took his advice, texting Penelope as you headed to the parking lot. She’d called you immediately asking if she could do anything to help. “No thanks” you were touched by her concern “I just need to take some meds and sleep.” "Well if you’re sure my little cupcake. If you feel better later we’re still planning on heading out to Bens" she’d said naming the bar right around the corner from you’re apartment.

You’d had a text from Spencer too. ‘Hope you feel better soon Y/N. Sleep will help’ he’d sent not long after you’d left the office.

He’d text you again at around 9pm ‘I think Morgan is trying to get me drunk. He keeps buying me funny coloured fruity drinks. Did you know that the human body actually produces its own supply of alcohol naturally, 24 hours a day and 7 days a week’

You’d received a picture message from Garcia about 30 minutes later showing a table filled with shot glasses, all with various brightly coloured liquids in them, and then another picture showing the glasses empty but with Reid and Morgan in the background pulling disgusted faces.

Reid had texted you again only ten minutes ago which must have been what woke you up. 'Save me Y/N. I think Morgans trying to break my liver.’

You giggled. 'You still out?’ you messaged him back. You dragged yourself out of bed quickly going to the bathroom and freshening yourself up. After ten minutes Reid hadn’t replied so you sent the same message to Garcia. 'Oh Yes Yes my gorgeous little munchkin’ she’d replied almost instantly. 'Be there in ten’ you shot back as you quickly brushed your hair and re did your make up. You threw on a short denim skirt and a black vest top grabbing your purple converse and hoodie. Not exactly classy but you looked good enough for the local dive bar you frequented so often.

“Sweetcheeks you made it!” Penelope squealed excitedly from her perch as you made your way through the bar to the table where her and Derek were sitting. Your placed the bottle of wine you’d just purchased on the table and gave her a quick hug. "Yep I feel tons better after my nap" you said quickly downing a glass and refilling it. “You need to catch up with us lady bird” Derek smirked at you handing you a shot glass full of an amber coloured liquid. You took it, screwing your face up at its bitter taste.
“Where’s Rossi and Reid?” you asked scanning the room for them. "Rossi left with a hot blonde about five minutes before you arrived" Garcia replied happily. “Yeah she looked like she was ready to eat him up” Morgan added in “And the pretty boy is currently being chatted up by a very attentive cougar over there” he made a notion with his head and you followed.

You laughed as you saw your friend looking horribly uncomfortable as a women in her forties was sat drawing circles on his arm with her nails whilst attempting to lean over seductively giving him a good look down her dress. You could see him trying to avoid looking, but every so often his eyes would drift down. ‘Men and boobs eh?’ you thought to yourself. You caught Spencers eye and waved. His eyes lit up as he saw you, mouthing 'Save me’ in your direction. You giggled shaking your head watching his brown eyes plead for you to come and help him.

“Poor Spence” you chuckled taking another long sip of your wine. “Poor Spencer nothing princess. That boy needs some female attention. It’s about time he got laid” Derek knocked his drink back. “Yeah but really Derek…..a cougar, she’ll break him!” you giggled. “How long has she been there?:“

“Well I pointed him out to her about 30 minutes ago when she grabbed my ass and asked if I was looking for a good time tonight” Derek laughed. “I figured the boy genius could have a good time instead. If he can’t find himself a hook up, I’ll do it for him.”

You shook your head at Derek feeling sorry for Reid. It wasn’t that the profiler was unattractive. Far from it. In fact, as far as your own tastes went, Reid was preferable to you than Derek. But he lacked confidence with women, not knowing what to say or when to stop rambling. You’d been surprised at how quickly you two had actually become friends outside of work to be honest, seeing how awkward and shy he could be around people.

You glanced at Reid again. He looked so miserable, but you knew he’d rather sit there than risk offending someone, even someone who was blatantly trying to get him into bed.

"Be right back” you said to Garcia and Morgan as you hopped off your stool and walked over to the booth where the cougar had imprisoned Reid.

“Baby!” you exclaimed sliding in next to him hoping he’d catch on. “I’ve been looking all over for you” you took his hand and squeezed it gently, leaning in and pecking him oh so lightly on the cheek. He smiled gratefully “I’m so sorry Y/N. I’ve just been listening to Shirley here telling me about her job as an air hostess.” You smiled at 'Shirley' sweetly “Well thanks so much for keeping my boyfriend company for me.”

"Boyfriend?” she sniffed curtly “His friend over there told me he’d be in need of a good time tonight” she nodded over at Morgan who you could see was trying to hold back laughter. Spencers cheeks started to blush at the implication of what she meant.

You started to stroke his hand softly feeling him getting flustered. “Yes boyfriend, Shirley. Our friend over there must have meant someone else. The only person showing Spence a good time tonight will be me, right Spence?” you raised an eyebrow at him. He flushed red at your words.

“Pfft” Shirley huffed “He’s too scrawny for me anyway. Probably wouldn’t be able to handle a real women.” ‘Bitch’ you thought to yourself. Some people just didn’t know how to handle rejection well. You felt Spencer wince at the insult from her. 'And there goes his confidence levels plummeting to the ground again’ you sighed internally.

“Let me tell you something Shirley” you leaned over looking her dead in the eye. "This man right here may look scrawny, but he has no trouble pinning me up against my bedroom wall and fucking
my brains out. He definitely, 100 percent knows how to handle a real women. Now I suggest you leave so I can discuss with Spencer exactly how he’s going to handle me when we get home. “You smiled as her jaw dropped. Her face started to flush as she gathered up her bag and stalked away from the booth in the direction of the bathroom.

You knocked back your drink and turned to look at your friend. “Hi” you said nudging his shoulder with yours. “Hi yourself” he replied licking his bottom lip “Thanks for getting rid of her.” he smiled taking a sip of his own drink. “No problem…. She pissed me off when she didn’t seem to believe that I was your girlfriend. So I had to put her in her place a little!”

“Well of course she didn’t believe it Y/N. Why would someone like you be with someone like me” he said softly suddenly seeming very sober. “What’s that meant to mean Spencer” you asked sharply turning to look at him. You started to pull your hand away from his, offended by what he was saying.

He gripped your hand realising how what he’d said might have sounded. “Oh no. N-no. T-that didn’t come out right” he stuttered. He looked at you sadly and sighed. “You’re gorgeous Y/N. She couldn’t believe that someone as beautiful as you would be with someone like me. Like she said. I’m scrawny and definitely don’t look like I’d be any good at….. Well….that” his eyes focused on his drink not wanting to look at you.

“Look at me Reid” you put your hand out touching his jaw, turning it towards you. “Spencer look at me.”

His sad brown eyes found yours. “Spencer, you may not be as built as guys like Morgan but trust me when I say that you could have any girl in here, if you’d only learn to be more confident.”

He huffed as if to say ‘yeah right’ and started to look away again. You grabbed his face keeping it aimed on yours and moved closer to him. “I’m being serious Spencer. You’re gorgeous. You have a jaw line that most guys would kill for, eyes that someone could easily get lost in and hair that most women would love the opportunity to run their hand’s through. Add that to the fact that you’re a genius as well as kind and funny and well… What’s not to like?” He started to bite his lip the way he does at least ten times a day. “Oh and lip thing you’re doing right now Reid? Sexy as fuck….When ever you do that I can guarantee there’s at least one girl in the room watching you, wanting you to bite down on their lips instead…..Seriously, if you can teach yourself a whole new language in the space of a weekend then you can teach yourself to be confident. You could have anyone you wanted if you just had confidence in yourself.”

You sat back in your seat feeling sad that your friend didn’t realise what a good catch he was and feeling angry with Morgan for sending that bitch over to try to seduce him. You weren’t saying those things just to be nice either. You genuinely meant them. He was gorgeous and would make someone an amazing partner.

“What if I don’t want just anyone” Spencer spoke quietly after taking a deep breath. “What if there is someone I like but I’m too scared that she doesn’t think of me like that?” he looked at you shyly.

You sighed racking your brains trying to think who this girl could be, feeling slightly jealous that there was someone he liked.

“Then tell her Reid, at least that way you know. If she doesn’t want you, then that’s her loss but at least you have an answer. Tell her.”

"I’m trying to Y/N. I’m trying to tell her right now” he spoke so softly you almost didn’t hear him. He must have felt you tense as the meaning of his words finally clicked in your mind.
‘Wait what’ you thought. ‘Me, he likes me?’ As much as you wanted to believe that’s what he’d just said, you couldn’t.

“Shit.” he muttered “Guess that’s my answer. Can we just forget about this please?” he smiled at you weakly.

When you didn’t respond he made a move to leave the table. When you realised he was going to leave you blurted out “NO.”

"No?" he asked quizzically.

“No, we can’t forget about it. Spencer…. You like me? Like properly more than a friend like me?” you wanted to be sure before you made a fool of yourself.

He blushed. “Well, erm, yes I do. A lot. A hell of a lot actually. I just never thought that anyone as awesome as you could like me. I don’t really have girlfriends, you know this” He brushed a brown curl that was escaping back behind his ears as his bit his bottom lip again nervously.

You giggled.“Spence… I’m that girl.”

He looked confused.

"You’re biting your lip again… I’m that girl who wants you to be biting hers instead.” you laughed at the expression on his face. "I like you too. A lot.” You whispered.

He smiled at you, his eyes lighting up. He looked so adorable right now.

"Listen” you said “Let’s go somewhere and get some coffee and talk okay.”

He nodded and you both stood up. You caught Penelopes eye and mouthed ‘We’re going’ across the room to her. She looked confused. You made a I’ll text you later motion with one hand and slipped your other hand back into Reids hearing him sigh happily at your contact.

Garcia clocked the hand hold and her eyes widened as a huge grin came over her face. You could almost hear the squeals that must be happening inside her head.

"Come on Dr Reid. We’ve gotta go find a wall for you to pin me up against. Wouldn’t want to have lied to Shirley now do we?“

He coughed and spluttered at what you’d just said.

“Haha. I’m joking Spence…. I don’t do that on a first date.” you turned to look up at him and said coyly "But someday, when you’re ready, we are soo doing that okay?“

He lowered his head so his lips were next your ears and whispered "Okay, but maybe tonight, we could try some of that lip biting you mentioned instead.”

It was your turn to cough and splutter then as you pulled his hand and nearly dragged him out of the bar.
Confidence - Part Two

“So, erm… Coffee?” You turned to your friend and colleague who still looked a little shocked that you had led him out of the bar, hand in hand.

You could feel your phone buzzing in your bag, texts coming through. And you knew they would be from Penelope and Derek, Penelope totally freaking out and Derek no doubt, teasing you about getting some. You wondered if Spencer would get the same messages from him.

“Coffee. Whatever you want.” Spencer smiled at you shyly, looking down at your interlocked hands. You squeezed his lightly.

“Okay, there’s a nice little place just around the corner from here…. Or, we could go back to my apartment?”

“Your a-apartment?” He stumbled over his words.

“Maybe not then.” You led him around the corner and into the coffee shop that you knew stayed open til 2am, settling into a booth and waiting for the waitress to come over and take your order. Rather than sitting the opposite side to Reid like you normally would have done, you sat next to him.

“What can I get ya?” The waitress appeared almost immediately, there was only you and three other people in the cafe currently.

“Can I get a large hot chocolate with whipped cream and sprinkles please.” You waited for Spencer to give his coffee order, surprised when he opted for the same rather than the double or triple espresso he’d normally have. That boy lived for caffeine… And sugar. Oh, the amounts of sugar he normally would pour into his coffee. It’s a wonder he hadn’t rotted his teeth.

The waitress disappeared and returned with your orders a few minutes later, you pulling out your cell and checking the messages in the meantime.

“I swear you were holding hands with Spencer, Y/N,“

“WHY WERE YOU HOLDING HANDS WITH SPENCER!! ”

“Omg!! Omg!! It’s finally happening. My real life OTP is happening.”

“Come back!! I need to see this play out.”

You’d been away from the bar for less than ten minutes and Penny was fangirling terribly over this.

You showed your screen to Spencer, earning a chuckle from him as he read through her messages.

“Her OTP? Is she serious?” He dipped his finger into the whipped cream on his drink, his tongue slipping out between his lips to taste it.

“Oh Garcia is deadly serious. When I first joined, she wouldn’t stop going on about what a catch you were. I had to tell her to shut up because I could see it for myself already and that I didn’t need her pimping you out to me.”

“Garcia said that about me?” He played with the chocolate flake that was poking out of the mug, pulling it out of the cream and then pushing it back in, repeating the actions over and over.
“Yeah…..Garcia is your biggest advocate. She just wants to see you happy. But at least she doesn’t try and force completely inappropriate people like Shirley onto you.” You scooped some of your own whipped cream into your mouth, using your finger as a spoon and seeing Spencers eyes follow your finger.

“I hate Morgan sometimes.” He shifted in his seat.

“You don’t hate him, he’s just a bit full on. And he’s just looking out for you too, in his own way.”

“I know, I know. It’s just…….whenever he does try to set me up, it’s never with anyone that I’d actually go for. Probably because he knows that they’d be way out of my league anyway. Like you.”

“Hey! Enough with the self depreciation again alright. What more do I have to do to convince you that you’re attractive.”

He shrugged and scooped up some more cream, giving you an idea.

Reaching out, you stopped his hand before it got to his mouth, pulling it to yours instead and seeing his mouth open ready to protest.

You flicked your tongue out, tasting the cream on his fingertip and then sucking it into your mouth, licking it clean and locking your eyes on his as you did.

“Fuuuuck.” He whispered and you released his hand, giggling at his reaction. You hadn’t intended on making the move so sexual.

“I’m not out of your league Spencer, trust me. I find you extremely attractive, I have done since day one. Not just in looks either. I’ve been worried about telling you this before because I didn’t think you’d like ME back.”

You scooted closer to him on the seat so that you thighs were pressed against each other, your faces turned to each other, only inches apart.

“You’re crazy Y/N. I think you’re the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen.”

“You do? Alright, so you’ve got a ‘beautiful girl’ sitting next to you and telling you she likes you. Are you gonna do anything about it?” Come on Spence, make the first move here, you can do it.

His eyes fluttered to your lips and then back up to your eyes, and you could see panic and worry in them, nerves that he really needed to get over.

You licked your bottom lip and placed your hand on his shoulder, gently toying with a lock of his hair. How much more obvious could you make this?

You could see his brain working overtime.

“Stop over thinking this Spencer. You’re a profiler, everything about my actions right now should be telling you something.” You whispered softly to him, desperate for him to make the move here just to prove to himself that he could.

He took a breath and made a decision, closing the gap between your faces quickly, pressing his lips to yours softly and tentatively, as though he still thought you were going to back away.

You didn’t, of course you didn’t. Instead, you pressed back slightly harder, moving your lips gently against his, tilting your head to stop your noses knocking into each other.

Aware that you were in a public place, you didn’t attempt to deepen the kiss further as much as you
wanted to try some of the lip biting you’d mentioned earlier. You pulled away after a few moments, instantly missing the feeling of his warm mouth on yours and seeing him blush.

“Was that….. Was it okay for me to do that?” He asked, looking down at his hands and then back at you.

“It was more than okay. You can definitely do that a few more times before we go our separate ways tonight as well. And maybe…. On a date tomorrow? You know, if you ever actually ask me out….”

“I like to do it more too. Maybe we could… Erm do it in the back row of the movies tomorrow? After dinner?”

“Making out in the back row of a movie theatre… Ahhh takes me back to my teenage years.” You laughed.

“I never did any of that as a teenager.” He told you shyly. No. Of course he didn’t. Because when the genius was a teen, he was already in college completing his first PhD, surrounded by students that were much older than him.

“First time for everything, Spencer. First time for everything. You can pick me up at seven. Now… Let’s finish these drinks and then you can walk me home and give me a proper kiss at my door.”

“A proper kiss… With the lip biting you talked about?”

“Maybe… If that’s what you want.”

“That’s what I want.” He picked his mug up and drank his drink down quickly, waiting for you to do the same.

“Eager, aren’t we?”

“Well I’ve been wanting to kiss you for ages. Now I know it’s okay, I really wanna do it again. And again. And then some more.”

“Excellent. Because I feel the same. Let’s go.”
Your date with Spencer had been wonderful. He’d still seemed nervous and had made a few comments about how he couldn’t believe you were here with him but you’d shut him down, telling him that there was no one else you’d rather be here with.

There HADN’T been any making out in the back row of the movies. When you’d both decided on a film to watch, the theatre had been packed. Whilst it wouldn’t have bothered you too much to be surrounded by people, you were fairy certain it would have bothered Spencer. Shy little Spencer. Although you hoped you could start to change that.

He walked you to your apartment door, his hand around yours and you fiddled with your keys.

“Do you wanna come in? Maybe have a beer, it’s not too late.” It wasn’t, it was only ten thirty. Spencer nodded and you pushed open your door and led him inside. He’d been here before a few times when you’d hosted parties or the occasional get together for the team, but this was the first time you’d been alone with him in your home.

You busied yourself, collecting two beers from the fridge and then sat down on your couch. He remained stood and you could see him trying to work out how close to sit to you. You patted the cushion directly next to you and smiled as he sat down. Flicking on the TV, you took a sip of your beer and then set it down, turning to him.

“So…. There was one thing I said we’d do tonight at the movies that we didn’t get chance to do.”

His eyes lifted upwards as he recalled what you’d said, a light blush on his cheeks as he remembered. He coughed, clearing his throat lightly.

“The making out?” He asked, his voice a little croaky with nerves.

“Yes.”

“You still wanna…. you still want to do that with me?”

You leant over and pinched his thigh and he yelped. “What was that for!?!”

“Everytime you ask me a question like that, I’m gonna pinch you. I’m not going to keep telling you what a catch you are and how I’ve had a crush on you for ages Spence. You need to believe me here when I say that I want to do everything with you. And I mean EVERYTHING. I know that you’re nervous and lacking in self believe but I need you to get it into your head that I like you. I really don’t want it to get to a stage where you’re thanking me for having sex with you or something daft like that.”

His eyes shot up and widened and you knew that probably would have happened. Thinking, he pulled his bottom lip between his teeth, letting it slowly roll back out. Your eyes were transfixed on it and you were sure a tiny groan left your chest.

“Did you just…..?”

Okay so a groan definitely had left your chest.

“I did. I’ve already told you I have a major thing about your lips and mouth, Reid. You have the nicest, sexiest mouth I’ve seen on a guy.”
“I do? No one’s ever said that to me before.” He licked his lip now, his tongue slowly swiping over his full plump lip.

“Spence, if you knew the obscene thoughts I’d had about your mouth……”

He set his beer down and inched closer to you.

“What sort of thoughts exactly?” He bit his lip again, now purposely toying with you it seemed.

Do you tell him and scare him off? Or hope it finally gets him to stop doubting himself?

The second one.

“Thoughts about having them in various places on my body.” You crept closer to him and now your thighs were pressed against each other.

“Where?” He almost whispered, pushing a lock of his hair back.

You touched your finger tips to your lips.

“Here.”

Spencer leaned forward and brushed his lips over yours softly before pulling away.

“And then here…. ” You pressed your fingers to your pulse point on your neck, pulling your hair out of the way. Spencer leant forward again, lowering his mouth to where you fingers had pinpointed, his lips warm against your skin. He scattered little butterfly kisses on the area before moving away slightly and touching his lips back to your own and taking you by complete surprise.

This kiss was different than in the coffee shop, still tentative and sweet, but he had more confidence with it. He moved his mouth against yours and you tilted your head slightly, parting your lips. Your tongue slipped out, the tip touching his and you felt his hand move to the back of your neck. You kissed for a few minutes, your mouths moving together in a dance. He tasted of sugar, the overly sweet slushie he’d had at the movies overpowering the beer he’d sipped. When he pulled away, you almost whimpered. You could kiss this man for hours, and given the chance, you would. He smiled, hearing the reluctance in your breathing he leant in again, not kissing you this time but to ask a question.

“Where else?”

Oh.

OH!

You wondered how far you take this….

“Here…” You pulled your cardigan to one side, exposing your collar bone.

Without any hesitation this time he kissed your collar bone, adjusting his position so that he could reach better. You moved too, leaning backwards and slowly inching down so that you were laying on your couch. He followed you, slotting against the back of the couch at your side so that you were both lying down.

Well this was going better than expected.

“And here…..” You dragged your fingers to the top of your breast, just above where the edge of your
tank top started.

He DID hesitate this time, glancing up at you, his eyes darker than normal. He didn’t wait long though, kissing his way down to the spot you’d pointed out, his lips skimming over the curve of your breast. Your breathing caught in your throat as his breath tickled your skin, sending a shiver down your spine, straight to your groin area.

“I’ve definitely imagined them here.” You told him breathily. If anything was going to make him balk it would be this. Your hand different over your boob, settling onto where you knew your nipple was.

He cleared his throat and wriggled slightly.

“Was there…. Erm…. Fabric between them when you imagined this?”

Oh god.

You shook your head, your eyes widening when he moved his hand to your tank top and pulled it down, exposing your bra. You watched as he licked his lips, hearing him gulp as his fingers slipped under the cup of your bra, moving it away and exposing a pink nipple.

Your eyes closed in bliss, a tiny gasp escaping you as he wrapped his lips around the sensitive flesh, something you’d only dreamed of him doing. Allowing your hand to move to his head, you gently caressed the back of his neck, feeling him twitch against you as you stroked against a sensitive spot. His mouth continued to work against your now pebbled skin, his tongue flicking out and circling your hardened bud.

“Oh fuck Spencer…. ” You groaned as little jolts of pleasure coursed through you. “This is definitely something I’ve thought about over and over again.”

“Really? Cos I’ve thought about it, but never ever expected I’d actually get to do it.” He released your nipple from his mouth to speak and you opened your eyes, seeing his hair falling sexily over his eyes, a huge grin on his face. He darted his tongue out, flicking against it and you gasped, lifting your hips slightly.

“Well I guess we’re both getting something we’ve dreamt about then.” You smirked, and the groaned again as he blew on your sensitive nipple.

“There’s erm….. Somewhere else I’ve…. I’ve thought about having my lips.” He said, and your eyes nearly bugged out of your head you were that surprised.

“Thats interesting because there’s somewhere else I’ve definitely thought about having them somewhere else too.”

“Should we see if it’s the same place we’re both thinking off?”

“I think we should.” Yes Spence, yes. This was what you wanted. Him coming out of his shell a bit… Well actually a lot.

He inched down the couch and made quick work of undoing the buttons on your jeans and dragging them down your legs, tossing them to the floor. Settling back down between your legs, he surveyed your still panty clad centre.

Lowering his head, he pressed his lips to the fabric, kissing directly over your clit causing you to buck your hips.
“I’ve definitely thought about kissing here before……” He whispered as he placed the flat of his
tongue to the cotton that was quickly becoming damp. He licked a thick stripe upwards and you
jolted again, whimpering.

“Can I take these off?” He asked, and you raised your hips in response. Alright so things were
happening a little quicker between the two of you than you’d initially planned, but what the hell.

You felt suddenly shy, perhaps because this was someone who was a close friend and now he was
seeing your most intimate parts.

“I can’t beli…..”

“Don’t you fucking dare say it, Spencer. I’ll kick you if you do.”

He laughed. “Sorry. It just seems surreal that we’re doing this.”

“Well we don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

He kissed the side of your leg and slowly started to work his way upwards.

“I want to, I definitely want to.”

Reaching the tops of your legs, he settled back down into a comfortable position and lifted one of
your legs over his shoulder. He moved the other off the couch so that your foot dropped to the floor
and you were wide open to him.

“This is the one thing I’m fairly certain I’m good at. I actually have a tiny bit of confidence when it
comes to this.”

Interesting… Very interesting.

“Show me how much confidence then.”

“I’ll try. Did you know the word “orgasm” is from the Greek word orgasmos, which is defined as “to
swell with moisture, be excited or eager.”

“I did not.”

He lowered his head again and gently blew on your warm core. “And did you know that the clitoris
has over 8,000 sensory nerve endings in it. Hence why it’s extremely sensitive.”

He blew again and then flicked his tongue out, looking up at you and seeing you bite down on your
lip in response.

“On average, it takes around twenty minutes to bring a woman to orgasm.” He licked again swiping
his tongue over the hood.

“Mmmmm.”

“Let’s see if I can do better than that.”

“Oh huh.”

You felt his fingers on you, gently pulling you open even more and pushing back the thin piece of
flesh that covered your sensitive bud. Lowering his mouth, he placed his lips to you and got to work.
Within minutes you were panting heavily, sharp gasps leaving your throat as he alternated between licking and flicking you, swirling his tongue over you as he sucked you hard into his mouth. Appreciative noises left his own mouth every so often and whenever he pulled away to take a quick breath, he’d comment on how good you tasted or how wet you were.

You had no doubts about that. Spencers mouth was everything you’d hoped it would be, his plumps lips and deft tongue working hard against you, reducing you quickly to a quivering mess. When he allowed his hands to join in on the action, slipping one then two fingers inside you and curling them gently as he thrust, you were a goner. You couldn’t stop your hands gathering in his hair, almost pressing him closer to you still, as he tongue teased your throbbing clit, your gasps and moans spurring him on as you bucked against his mouth.

“Oh fuck….Oh… Ah…….Fuck Spence….. I’m… Oh god…. I’m… Ah…. ”

Finally, you spilled over, crying out his name as stars exploded behind your eyes, an overwhelming sensation of pleasure burning through your body, your toes curling and your butt lifting off your couch as you were fucked with Spencers mouth and fingers.

When he was satisfied you were done, he retreated from you, quickly wiping his hand on his jeans and then his mouth on the back of his sleeve. It made you giggle watching him do it.

You tugged him down to you, wanting to feel him pressed against you and you wrapped your arms around his torso as he lay on top of you.

“Was that…. Okay?” He asked after a few moments.

“I thought that was something you were good at?”

“It is….. But I like to double check.”

“Well, clearly I knew what I was talking about when I told Shirley that you knew exactly how to handle me…. Fuck…. Oh god, I’m gonna get even more distracted by your lips now I know what they’re capable of.”

He laughed and raised his head to yours, planting a kiss onto your mouth.

“Give me a few minutes and we’ll see if I know just how to handle you too.” You told him.

“You don’t have to.”

“I know. I want to.”

You were gonna show him that you knew EXACTLY how to handle him. And hopefully, give him something to get distracted about when he looked at your mouth at work.
“Y/N this is Aaron Hotchner. You need to make your way to the hospital right now. Spencer’s being admitted.”
A chill ran down your spine, as you listened to the voicemail left by your boyfriend of five months supervisor.

Hospital……?

Admitted……?

There had been no other details aside from the name of the hospital and the floor that he would be on. You grabbed your bag and keys, hopping into your car.

You hit the speakerphone option on your cell, calling your best friend Penelope Garcia. She worked with Spencer at the BAU Headquarters in Quantico. It was through her you’d met eight months ago, although it had taken Spencer three months to garner enough courage to ask you out on a date. She answered immediately her immediately, her voice shakey “Y/N?”

“Penelope what the hell has happened. Is he okay?” You were frantic with worry, desperate for information,yet still trying to keep enough focus on the roads needing to get your destination in a hurry.

“I…uh….I don’t know yet.” She sounded on the verge of tears.

“You don’t know or you can’t tell me.” You knew how their jobs worked, somethings they were allowed to tell you, others they couldn’t.

“I genuinely don’t know. Dereks with him now. He…uh…….” She wasn’t sure how she could tell you.

“Garcia Please” You pleaded with your friend, the tears threatening to spill over.

Your heard her gulp on the other end of the phone. “He’s been infected with Anthrax.”

“Anthrax?” You knew very little about Anthrax aside from the fact that terrorists used it in attacks and that it killed people. Penelope had gone quiet. “Pen….He’s alive isn’t he?” You asked in a small voice.

“They’re working on a cure for him now, but that last time Derek checked in, he was in a bad way. He, erm, recorded something for you.”

“What do you mean?” You were confused, you were approaching the hospital now seeing the signs for the parking lot.

“He left you a message. He did one for his Mom too, just in case.”

In case he didn’t make you thought. You pulled into the parking lot and halted to a stop. “Play it Penelope.” you begged switching of the engine.

You heard her clicking some buttons and then a recording started. Spencers voice sounded shaky and hoarse.

“Y/N, this is Spencer. I just really wanted you to know that these last eight months have been the
best part of my life so far. Knowing you has bought a happiness to my life that I didn’t know I was capable of feeling. I’m so grateful to Penelope for introducing us to one another, and so thankful that you agreed to give me a chance.

I’m not sure what’s going to happen to me now but I needed you to know that I….uh. I’ve fallen in love with you Y/N. If I get through this, then I’ll spend the rest of my life trying to make you happy.”

The recording ended as the dam holding back your tears broke. You could hear Penelope sniffing down the phone as well.

“He’s never told me that before. What if I don’t get the chance to tell him back?” You were sobbing now.

A figure appeared at your window then and pulled open your drivers side door. Derek Morgan. He’d obviously been on the lookout for you, waiting for you to arrive. You tearfully signed off from Garcia.

“He’s alive Y/N. He’s going to be okay.” Morgan took your arm pulling you out of the car and escorting you into the hospital.

……...

After what seemed like hours, the doctors finally declared that you could go and see him. Morgan went in first, to fill him in on the case and to then allow you more uninterrupted time with him.

When he came out, he smiled at you encouragingly. “Pretty boy’s asking for you”. He touched your shoulder lightly as you took a deep breath and entered the room.

Spencer looked so weak and pale in the hospital bed, various wires and tubes protruding from. You shakily walked over to the his bed, sitting down and drawing the chair close.

“I thought I’d lost you Spence” Fresh tears began to fall as you took his hand, holding it to your lips.

His voice was low and coarse as he whispered “I’m sorry” to you. You just wanted to hug him and never let him go.

Being mindful off the wires and the tubes, you crawled on to the hospital bed next to him, curling up against his side. You kissed his cheek softly. “Penelope played your message to me.”

His eyes widened “She did?” still a whisper.

“Yeah…..It was beautiful Spence. I’ve fallen in love with you too. You make me so incredibly happy”

“Really?”

“Really.”

You lay your head on his shoulder lightly holding his hand and feeling very grateful for life at that moment.
“Aqua…. I need aqua!” You’d been dancing with your two best friends for the past thirty minutes and you desperately needed a drink.

“You guys want anything.”

“Nah Y/N, we’re good.”

You weaved your way through the crowds to the bar seeing a familiar face at a table not too far away. Spencer Reid, accompanied by some friends.

Spencer often came into the book store you worked at, and after the first few transactions you’d started making conversation with him, you both bonding over your love of books.

You looked forward to his visits, he was one of the few guys that didn’t try to hit on you constantly, although he was also one of the few that you wouldn’t mind if he did.

Not wanting to interrupt, you caught Spencers eye, giving him a quick smile. Both him and the dark skinned male sat next to him smiled back, the other man nudging Spencer.

……… X………

“Hey hey…. Guess someone’s seen something they like.” Derek nudged Spencer, eyeing up the cute girl who had just flashed him a grin.

“I am so gonna get myself some of that.”

“Who? The girl at bar?” Spencer knew she wasn’t smiling at Morgan, for once someone was smiling at him. He knew her outside of work, she worked at a little book store only a few streets away from his apartment. She was nice.

Once he’d actually plucked up the courage to start talking to her he’d discovered they shared a lot of similar interests. He’d spotted her dancing earlier with her friends but didn’t want to interrupt. Plus, he knew if the rest of the team saw him talking to a pretty girl he’d never hear the end of it.

Spencer watched as Morgan slid off his bar stool heading over to Y/N, the rest of the teams eyes watching him to see if she’d be another notch added to his bed post.

He returned a few minutes later. “Chic says she’s got a boyfriend. Lucky guy, hitting that.”

Spencer laughed out loud. Y/N didn’t have a boyfriend. It was only yesterday he’d been talking to her when he’d gone to collect some books he had on order. He’d asked her what plans she had that weekend, and Y/N had responded that aside from seeing her friends tonight, her only other date was with Oliver.

“Oliver, your boyfriend?” He’d tried to ask casually.

"Oh god no, he’s my cat. I’m single.” She’d chuckled.

Morgan had just been shot down, and that did not happen very often at all.
“What?” Morgan turned to Spencer.

“Nothing, just sounds like you’ve been fed a line.” Spencer smirked.

“Seriously kid? Pretty girl like that, of course she’s taken.”

Reid scoffed, glancing over at the bar where Y/N was in conversation with one of the female bartenders. They both glanced over at Derek, and laughed. She looked over once more, catching Spencers eye once more raising her eyebrows at him and grinning.

“I definitely think you’ve just been shot down.” Spencer had an idea. One that he hoped would work, otherwise he’d end up looking foolish. Still if it did work the look on Morgan face would be priceless.

“You think you can do better Pretty Boy?”

“Actually yeah I do.”

The rest of the team looked on in disbelief as their resident genius downed his drink and hopped off his stool, pushing through the crowds.

Their jaws dropped even further when a few minutes later, the girl leant up giving Spencer a quick peck on the lips before taking his hand leading him through the crowds and out of the doors, Spencer glancing back giving Morgan a huge smirk as he did.

“What the actual f……” Morgan couldn’t believe it.

“Well looks like Reids actually getting some tonight. Don’t worry my chocolate thunder, I still love you.”

The rest of the team fell about laughing as Penelope tried to reassure him.

-------- X--------

You saw Spencer making his way towards you as the guy he was with returned back to his seat.

You felt bad for telling him you had a boyfriend, but he really wasn’t your type. And you’d found that lying about having a partner was just easier than trying to think of some witty come back.

“Hey you.” You smiled at him when he was close enough to talk to.

“Hey Y/N.” He grinned back.

“Gotta be honest, wasn’t expecting to see you here Dr Reid.”

He shrugged, “I get dragged along with them sometimes. It’s alright.”

“So, take it he’s one of your teammates?” You nodded over to the table where Spencer had come from, the rest of the people there staring at you both with open mouths.

Spencer nodded at you. “Can I ask you a favor Y/N. You don’t have to…..”

”Is it anything to do with the rest of your table who are looking over here like they’ve seen Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe?”

“Yep, Morgan said you’d told him you had a boyfriend and I may have laughed.”
“Cos you knew it was a lie.” You remembered your conversation from the previous day, pleased he’d remembered something you’d told him too.

He nodded “Morgan asked if I thought I could do better. Would you mind just walking out of here with me? If doesn’t have to be for long, just so I can see the look on Morgans face.”

“Providing you help me find a cab then I’m game.”

You were ready to go anyway, your feet hurting from the heels you were wearing. You pulled your cell out, texting the girls that you were leaving.

“Are you sure?”

"Yep, come on. Let’s give them something to talk about.”

You stood up, giving him a light kiss on his lips, barely touching him before grabbing his hand and leading him through the crowds.

Exiting the bar, you waited until you were a few doors down before you stopped walking, turning to Spencer seeing the biggest grin on his face.

“Did you get what you wanted?”

“Yes oh my god, the look on his face was brilliant.” He laughed, his eyes crinkling and his face lighting up. “Thank you so much.”

“Happy to help. So now they all think you’re getting some right?”

Spencer nodded "Yep and the fact that you shot Morgan down before me, makes this a million times better. You’re awesome for playing along.”

“I know I am. Listen, I don’t actually live that far. Would you mind walking me? There’s a late night cafe open a few doors down from me. We could maybe get a coffee? Or you could come back to mine for a beer?” You took a chance, wondering if it would pay off.

Spencer looked surprised at your offer, before clearing his throat. “Erm sure. That sounds great.”

“Great.”

You started walking showing him the way, him offering his arm out like the perfect gentleman you knew he would be.

Slipping your arm through his you asked "So the cafe or my place?”

“Whichever. Either is good with me?” He still sounded unsure.

“My place it is then.”

Maybe he was going to get some after all.

Chapter End Notes

It's a big ask but if you’re enjoying my content and you’re financially able to then you
may consider buying me a Ko-Fi as a way of financially supporting my writing. Many thanks to you if you do, it means so much to me that anyone might enjoy my work enough to donate to me

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The Best Sort Of Workout

You hated cardio with a fiery passion.

But you loved food and wine far too much to actually diet. So this was the compromise.

To counteract the pizza and two bottles of wine you and your boyfriend had gotten through the previous night, you were now sweating like a pig in the middle of your apartment to a fast paced work out video.

Spencer had been called into a work this morning, just for a quick meeting about the latest case he’d gotten back from. He’d groaned when his phone had gone off, his head obviously hurting from the night before.

Being the awesome girlfriend you were, you dragged yourself out of bed fixing him a coffee to go and the best hangover cure you knew: a bacon sandwich. He’d come out of the shower and given you a big soppy kiss when he’d seen what you’d prepared calling you the best girlfriend ever. Well duh….

After he’d left, you’d grabbed a quick shower yourself before running to the store and picking up some items you needed. After a quick tidy up, you were bored so decided that it was time to bite the bullet and get on with your exercise routine. Spencer wasn’t due back for another hour or so anyway.

You’d changed into a purple sports bra and some cropped sports leggings, pulling your hair into a messy bun on top of your head and starting the video.

You’d just finished the forty minute long dance work out and was starting on the stretches and the cool down part when you heard the key turning in the apartment door. Spencer must be home early.

“Hey baby.” You called out, mirroring the image of the instructor, arms reaching high above your head.

“Erm….What are you doing?” Spencer had seen you working out before, but you normally stuck to the treadmill and light weights that were kept in the spare room of the apartment you’d shared. The dance video was new.

“New dvd I bought. It should be over in ten minutes or so.” You breathed out between stretches.

“Okay. Do you want anything from the kitchen?”

“Water. Lots of ice please.”

You heard him rummaging in the freezer, and then the soft plunk of a glass being set down on one of the tables next to the couch.

Spencer settled himself down on the couch as well kicking his shoes off.

“So what did they want you for at work?” You stood with your legs spread, leaning down over each leg in turn touching your ankles feeling the muscles in your calves pulling.

Spencer didn’t respond.

“Spencer?” You glanced around seeing him staring at you, his jaw slack and his eyes glazed.
“Huh?…. What?” He realised you were looking at him.

You giggled. “What did they want you for at work.”

The dvd was now instructing you into the downward facing dog yoga pose.

“Just some paperwork relating to………..” Spencer trailed off, as you let out a groan feeling the muscles in your back stretching as you followed the instructor.

“Are you okay?” You could see him from the position you were in, although he was upside down. He was fidgeting uncomfortably on the couch, a flush on his cheeks.

“I’m…. I’m erm, gonna go to the bedroom until you’ve finished.”

You pulled yourself up from the pose slowly, reaching for the glass of water he’d bought you when you were upright again. "Why?” You bought the glass to your lips taking a long sip, feeling the condensation from the ice cold water dribble down your chin and neck, disappearing into the sports bra.

Soencers eyes followed the droplets, his tongue flicking out wetting his lips. He coughed before standing up and making a move to go to the bedroom.

“Spencer, what’s wrong.” He stopped in his tracks, turning to you and you could see what was wrong. His trousers had grown tighter around his groin, and the flush on his cheeks darkening as he realised you’d seen.

You smirked at him “Really Spence? I’m all sweaty and disgusting.”

He cleared his throat again before speaking. “It's not my fault! Your…. Your not wearing much, and you keep letting out little noises w-when you stretch.”

He was stuttering, embarrassed that you’d caught him out.

“Do I? What sort of noises?” You were playing with him now, taking a another sip and purposely letting more of the cold liquid run out of your mouth and down your neck to your chest. To be honest, the cold water felt amazing on your warm skin and you shuddered.

Spencers eyes followed the water again as he croaked out “The same sort of noises you make when we’re in bed together.”

Hmmmmm.

You walked over to him, running your hand gently over his thigh grazing his hard on through his pants hearing him whimper.

“Let me have a shower and maybe we can go make some of those noises together. I’m disgusting right now.”

“No, no shower. Can’t wait that long, you’re never disgusting to me anyway.” His lips crashed into yours moving frantically against your mouth, his hands quickly going to your bare waist.

You walked him backwards until his legs hit the back of the couch again, him sitting down and you climbing on top of him, placing your glass of ice water down next to you. You reached behind you, pulling your trainers off, letting them drop to the floor.

His mouth parted as he sucked on your bottom lip grazing it with his teeth as you tugged his tie
loose, chucking it over the back of your couch before working on his buttons.

Reid’s hands moved off your waist and you heard a clinking sound before feeling something cold, hard and moist against your neck. An ice cube from the glass. You gasped at the sharp sensation, it wasn’t unpleasant just a shock. Spencer began moving the cube over your neck, his lips leaving your mouth and following the wet trail the ice left behind. The tingle of the cold followed by his warm mouth was driving you crazy and you arched backwards in his lap, your chest pushing out as you moaned.

When the cube reached the edge of your sports bra, Spencer pulled the fabric away letting it fall between your cleavage, the remaining ice quickly melting and pooling between your cleavage.

“Spencer…. What are you doing?” He was fishing in the glass for another cube, a smile playing on his lips as he pressed another to your bare tummy. “Cooling you down Y/N.”

He dragged this one down over your stomach, your muscles tensing against the cold object. When he reached the top of your leggings, he peeled them away from your skin, feeling for your underwear before pushing the ice cube down into your panties.

You bucked and cried out as the ice cube slipped lower, the cold water quickly melting and running down past your sensitive clit. This was new but you definitely liked it.

Spencer long fingers reached for your bra, gripping the edges and pulling it up and over your head, before pulling at your hair tie. You shook your hair loose, Spencer running his hands through it before reaching for the ice again.

This time there was no gentle rubbing over the skin, he just placed it directly onto your nipple, it hardening instantly as you squealed a little. It was so cold on the sensitive flesh that it was almost painful. Spencer was watching your reactions, his own breathing growing heavy. Moving the cube to the other nipple, he quickly latched his mouth on, warming you again with his breath.

His tongue flicked out and you ground against his lap leaning your head back, feeling the hard bulge beneath you.

Your eyes closed as Spencer nibbled and sucked at your chest, you continuing to tug at his buttons, shoving his shirt down and off his shoulders and back. When the ice melted, he moved to the other nipple doing the same, you rasping out a moan as he bit down harder. His hands moved down your back reaching the waist band of your leggings and slipping his thumbs in, tugging them down.

You raised yourself off his lap so he could lower them the rest of the way but he moved you, gently pushing down and to the side so you were lying flat against the couch now. He tugged the leggings and your panties off, your underwear damp from a combination of the melted ice and your excitement.

Kneeling on the couch himself he lifted one of your legs, hooking it up and over the back of the couch. You actually felt slightly self conscious, you were completely naked apart from your trainer socks and the way he’d moved your leg meant that you were wide open to him.

You could see his eyes running from your face down your body, before settling between your legs. “I wonder…..” He murmured to himself before pulling out another cube, settling the glass on the floor besides you.

Using the new cube his traced a line from your ankle down to the tops of your thighs, following it...
again with his lips. By the time he reached your center, you were quivering and the cube had almost melted from your warm skin.

You watched as he reached for another piece, a smirk on his lips. “I wonder how long this would take to melt if I…… ?”

His words trailed off and you felt him push the ice cube inside of you. Your hips lifting up in shock, you couldn’t tell if you liked the feeling or not. “Fucking hell Spencer!”

“Does it hurt?” suddenly concerned.

“No its just… Freezing.”

“Then let’s hope it melts quickly. Here, I’ll help.” He lowered his mouth, wiggling down on the couch to get into a better position. You heard him unzip his own pants, them falling onto the floor seconds later as he moved out of them.

His tongue started exploring between your thighs, lapping up the melted liquid that was already seeping out of you and swiping over your hardened nub. You could see his own hand moving and from the groans coming from his throat, you knew he was stroking himself whilst his tongue stroked you.

You gasped as he flicked out alternating between fast little laps with just the tip of his tongue and slower longer strokes with the flat of it. Your hands gripping the sides of the couch, you looked down seeing him glance up at you, his eyes wild. He pursed his lips, sucking at your clit and pressing his tongue hard against it, licking a line up slowly. Your leg juddered, the sensation almost making you come there and then.

“I think… I think it’s melted now.” You choked out.

“Hold on, I’ll check.”

Your eyes widened as your felt his tongue push deep inside you, retreating and then entering you again, curling up inside you. He repeated the movement a few more times until couldn’t cope with it anymore.

You reached down pulling at his hair and tugging him up to you.

“I need you to fuck me now Spencer.”

“I was fucking you Y/N…. Just with my mouth.” A wicked grin on his face as he licked his lips.

Oh my god. You pulled him down to your mouth, you tasting yourself on his lips and tongue. He shifted and seconds later, filled you with his length, groaning as you tightened around him. You scraped your nails down his back as he began to thrust, his hair falling over his forehead.

Grabbing your hips, he moved to his knees so he was more or less upright, one of your legs still hooked over the back of the couch and your other locked around his waist. Your butt was completely off the couch down and you had no way to move back against him, choosing instead to squeeze around him every few moments.

He reached up with his hand, tucking his hair back behind his ear and then moving it between your legs to your clit, pushing himself harder into you as he did.

You were getting close when he leant back down over you, your ass now back on the cushion.
Pulling him in for another kiss, you began to push back against him in time with his thrusts, now having the leverage to do so.

His fingers working faster on your clit you felt yourself beginning to lose it, your moans coming thick and fast as you came, seeing the grin on his face as he watched you.

“So fucking beautiful.” He whispered, looking down into your eyes.

Your walls contracting as you orgasmed sent him over the edge and with only a few thrusts more, he came following you by maybe half a minute at most.

He collapsed on top of you afterwards, your skin sticking to each other, your sweat mingling.

“Well that was a hell of a work out Dr Reid” You chuckled out when you finally got your breath back.

“You know, sex can burn almost as many calories as a thirty minute jog Y/N. And it’s much more fun.”

“I’ll remember that next time Spencer.” You laughed with him.
“You’re wrong on this Y/N. He’s definitely still dreaming.”

You sighed again. Four hours on the plane with Spencer and the test of the team, the best part of those four hours arguing with Reid about a sodding film.

“Spencer, can we not just agree to disagree here. Please?” You’d had enough.

“No because I’m right. The totem doesn’t wobble. I’ve just watched it ten times. He’s still dreaming.”

“Spencer it’s meant to be ambiguous. Why do you think it ends right after the slight wobble. To keep us guessing.“

"There is no wobble.” Geez, he really hated being disagreed with. Normally, you’d have to agree with him because normally he was right.

But this was one of your favourite films that he was talking about, a film you’d watched forty seven times. A film you’d spent an alarming amount of time reading up about after you’d first watched it.

You looked around at the rest of the team who’d been watching you, arguing back and forward. “Guys…Help, please?”

JJ leant forward in her seat, "Show me the clip.”

Spencer reset the clip, JJ leaning in to get a better view of the laptop screen. She replayed it once more when it had finished.

“Spence, it wobbles.” She declared, sitting back in her seat.

He glared at her. “Well you would agree with Y/N wouldn’t you. Girl power and all that.”

JJ raised her eyebrows at Reid.“How many times do I agree with you Spence? You might be a genius but you’re not right all of the time. I agree with Y/N. It’s meant to be ambiguous, and I see the wobble.”

The rest of the team gathered around his screen ready to cast their opinions on the matter. He replayed the clip again.

“I dunno Y/N, I don’t see it. I’m with the boy wonder here.” Prentiss sat back down, Spencer flashing a grin at her.

“Sorry kid, I see it. I’m with the pretty lady.” Morgan punched his shoulder lightly, Reid rubbing his arm at the contact.

Agent Rossi asked for the clip to be played for a third time, before sitting back down in his seat as the plane started it’s descent.

“Well?” Spencer asked him.

“I’m thinking about it.”

Fifteen minutes later, he asked to watch it once more, Reid handing the laptop over to him. Rossi
studied the screen once more, as the plane touched down.

“I don’t see it. I think he’s still dreaming.”

You were two for two now and there was no way Spencer was going to let that happen.

Spencer turned to his supervisor who was sat beside him. “Hotch, what do you think?”

“No.” The older Agent replied.

“See, he agrees with me. I’m right.” He smirked at you, gloating.

“I’m not agreeing with you Dr Reid, I’m saying no to taking part in this discussion. I’m tired and just want to get off the jet and go home. You’ve rambled on about it for the last few hours. Just agree to disagree. If I hear anymore on the matter, I’ll give you a formal warning.”

“You can’t do that, we’re having a discussion about a film not a case.” Spencers tone was one of a child that was being told off.

“I can and I will. You’re having this discussion on the BAUs time. And Agent Y/N has already asked you to drop the subject once. She may choose to say that you’re harassing her.”

Haha, you liked that.

Spencer shut his mouth and turned away from his boss. Aaron Hotchner caught your eye giving you a quick smile to let you know he was joking.

The jet rolled into the hanger coming to a stop a few moments later. You all stood, gathering your belongings and starting to make your way to the exit door.

Spencer was stood behind you, sulking at being told off. You heard him mutter under his breath.

“I still say he’s dreaming.”

“Oh for the love of God.” You spun around to face him, putting your hands out on his chest to stop him walking into you. “Did you not hear Hotch. Shut the hell up already. You may a genius, but you are not always right. For once, either let someone else have an opinion or agree to fucking disagree.”

His eyes were watching your mouth as you continued on your rant.

“The director himself has said the ending is up for debate, it’s meant to make the viewers question what they’ve just watched. It’s meant to make you go home and think about it. Some people see the wobble, some people don’t. But until the director or writer confirm it either way, just accept that you are neither ri…….”

You would have continued but a pair of lips were suddenly on yours.

The very lips of the man you’d just been yelling at to be precise.

And they felt nice. Soft. They moved, applying pressure against yours, a hand snaking out around your waist. You started to match them, your lips parting slightly.

Just when you felt the tip of a moist tongue slip between your lips you heard cheering and clapping.

“Way to go pretty boy! Didn’t know you had it in ya!”
You pulled away suddenly remembering where you were, your cheeks flushing red.

Spencers own face was flushed as he opened his mouth, closing it again seconds later as he struggled to think of what to say.

“What the hell Reid?” You chuckled at him, you were shocked but pleasantly surprised.

“Erm…. I don’t really know what came over me Y/N. Fuck, I’m so sorry.” He looked sheepish, awkwardly shoving his hands into his pockets.

The rest of time team started to exit the plane, Morgan and Prentiss looking over their shoulders at you both as they did.

"If you wanted me to stop yelling, all you had to do was agree with me Spence. You didn’t have to stick your tongue in my mouth.”

“I….. Erm….. I…. Um…… Shit. Please don’t slap me! ” Oh he was so awkward and cute right now, you almost forgave him for the past four hours.

You started walking up the short aisle to the exit, turning around when you realised he wasn’t following you.

“Come on Spence. I’ll give you a ride home…….Also if that’s how you stop me from getting angry at you, maybe I’ll have to yell at you more often…..just saying.” You grinned at him seeing his eyes light up as he started to follow you.

“Just next time you do that, maybe wait until we don’t have an audience. Okay.”

“Okay…..Do you….do you wanna yell at me now?”

You burst out laughing at him. “Let’s get away from the team first genius.”

He grinned at you. “Okay.”
“I’m drunk”

"Kinda gathered that Pen. When you started hounding Reid to play strip poker it kinda gave the game away.” You laughed at your best friend, trying to push her into the back of the cab Reid had hailed.

“I don’t know where my keys are… I’s losted em.”

“Yep.” You fastened her seat belt. “That’s why you’re staying in my spare room remember sweetie.”

The cabbie turned around. “If she vomits, there’s a $100 soiling charge.”

You nodded waving a plastic bag at him. You had it covered. You and Spencer climbed in on either side of your wasted colleague. You lived in the same direction so he was gonna help you get her to yours and carry on home in the same cab.

The driver set off, Garcia rambling incoherently before passing out on your shoulder.

“How is it that it’s Morgans fault she’s this pissed, but we get stuck making sure she gets home safely.” You looked over at your friend.

“Because Morgans the only one that can handle Rossi when he’s wasted. I think we got the easy end of the deal.” He laughed back at you. “She’s drooling on your shoulder by the way.”

“Yep, I can feel it.” You grimaced.

The taxi pulled up outside your house ten minutes later, you shaking Garcia awake.

“No, no sleep.” She mumbled as your fiddled with her seat belt and climbed out of the taxi, tugging her with you. She wouldn’t budge.

“Spence….. I think you’re gonna need to come in with us, I’m not gonna be able to get her up the stairs by myself. I’ll call you another cab later or your can crash on the couch.”

He shrugged paying the driver and hopping out of the other side.

Between the two of you, you managed to drag Penelope inside and push her up the stairs to your spare room.

“Spencer! You’re soooo pretty Spencer. Our little boy genius.” She kept grabbing at his tie much to his amusement as you unbuckled her heels and pulled down the cover to the bed.

“You just need to loosen a little…. ” she’d managed to completely unravel his tie now it hanging loose at the sides of his neck. “Y/N you think he’s pretty don’t you. She’s told me…..”

“Sleep Garcia.” You covered her up, placing a glass of water and some advil on the bedside table. She started snoring before you’d even closed the door, leading Spencer down your stairs to your kitchen.

He went to call a cab, coming back in a few minutes later. “There’s an hours wait, can I just crash here?” He rolled his sleeves back up. They’d come loose in his tussle with Penelope.

He took one off you taking a long drink as you leant back against your kitchen counter watching him.

Penelope was right, he really was pretty.

“What?” He cocked you watching him, licking the residue of his beer off his lips.

“Nothing, I was just thinking that I agree with Pen. You are definitely pretty Spence. Pretty hot.” Smooth Y/N, smooth..

His eyebrows shot up in suprise. “What?”

You shrugged. "You’re hot Reid.”

“You think that I’m hot?” Disbelief clouded his voice.

You moved closer to him, taking the beer bottle of his hand and placing it on the counter besides him.

“You’re hot too.” You popped the p. “Especially now, slightly dishevelled, tie hanging loose.”

“Erm, I kinda think you’re pretty too.” He blushed slightly, biting his bottom lip.

It was the lip bite that did it and you reached out grabbing the loose ends of his tie.

“Good, it makes this so much easier.” You tugged hard on the tie ends pulling him towards you, his lips coming down to meet yours.

His mouth crashed onto yours, his hands moving straight to your waist and gripping firmly. You started fumbling with the buttons on his shirt making quick work of opening them.

Tilting your head to the side you flicked your tongue out, dragging it across his lip feeling them part, his own tongue coming out to meet yours hungrily. Fuck, the boy was a good kisser.

Pressing his body against yours he started walking you backwards until your felt the edge of your kitchen island jabbing into your back. His hands moved to bottom of your top, pushing it up and over your head, your lips breaking contact so you could pull it off.

He stared at you hungrily, taking in the curve of your breasts. Tugging on his tie again you pulled him back down, him hesitating before pressing his lips to yours again. “Are you drunk Y/N?”

"Not in the slightest Spence. We don’t have to do this though if you don’t want to.” Giving him the chance to bow out now.

“No, I do want to. I like you, a lot. I just…. Didn’t want this to be a drunken mistake.”

“I like you too Spencer, have done for a while. Now can you just kiss me again please.” You yanked on the tie now, seeing a grin appear on his face before his lips pressed against yours again, moving faster now.

His hands started roaming up and down your torso, grasping at your skin and making you gasp when his palms skimmed over the cups of your bra. He moved his hands up to your shoulders, pushing down the straps. Your hands going to his belt buckle, fumbling with it and then popping open his button and zipper.
Moving his hands to your butt, he crouched slightly picking you up and placing you on your worktop pushing your skirt up as he went. You locked your legs around his waist pulling him tightly to you, feeling him hard against you.

Reaching his hand between your legs he began massaging over the fabric of your panties, the friction making you cry out. Moving from your mouth he started kissing a wet trail down your neck to your breasts pushing down the cups of your bra as he went. Your hands moved to his hair, tangling in his messy curls as he sucked one of your nipples into his mouth, you feeling it harden instantly as his tongue flicked out against it.

“Fuck Spencer…..” You moaned as his hand moved faster between your thighs, his long fingers searching for the sides of your underwear pulling them down and dropping them to the floor.

You didn’t want to wait any longer, you needing him now. You untangled your hands from his hair moving them down to his pants and shoving them open and down, hearing his buckle clink on the floor. Gripping his erection you positioned him at your entrance, sliding as close to the edge of your counter as your dared without risking falling off.

He kissed back up to your mouth, before pushing himself into you, a groan leaving his throat as you tightened around him.

“So….. So good Y/N.” Your legs locked around his waist he began thrusting, filling you deeper with each move. You gripped the sides of your counter to stop from coming off as his pace increased, his hand slipping back between you to massage and rub at your clit, the sensitive nub already throbbing.

Kissing and licking his neck you stifled your moans as his fingers increased their rubbing, driving you crazy.

“I’m close Y/N, this is too good.” He rasped out, his other hand digging into the curve of your ass.

“Mmmmm I know, just a bit….. Oh fuck.” You’db been about to say harder when he hit your sweet spot deep inside, making you bite down on his shoulder, pushing the fabric of his shirt to one side.

A few more thrusts and you felt yourself going light headed, that familiar heat rushing through you. “Spencer, I’m gonna….. Ah…ah, fuck.”

The contractions from your orgasm sent him over the edge too and a few hard, fast pumps later and he moaned the same, long low “fuuuck” leaving his mouth as he came.

You held each other panting, your legs loosening their grip on him.

“Wow.” He whispered into your neck.

“I know.” You chuckled back.

“Guys…. Are you done? Can I get another drink now?” You heard a voice from the other side of your kitchen door, you both pulling apart quickly.

“Shit!” You both exclaimed grabbing at your clothes, Garcia pushing the door open seconds later a dirty smirk on her face.

“The kitchen counter….. Nice work genius!”
“Why did you do it Reid?” You were annoyed and angry at him and you could feel your voice getting louder.

“Because if I didn’t put myself between him and the team, someone might have taken the shot.” He was agitated too.

“And what if he’d taken the shot at you? You went in unarmed, in an unsecured area, giving us no warning at all. He could have opened fire at you. You could have died.” Definitely louder now, the rest of the team’s ears pricking up, them glancing over at you.

Morgan got up out of his chair walking over to try to placate you. “Hey hey, Y/N. Hotch has already reprimanded him. Lay off him alright kitten.” He reached out to touch your arm in what he assumed was a soothing gesture. You narrowed your eyes at him, shrugging him off.

“Was I talking to you Derek? No. I was talking to Spencer. Trying to make him realise how STUPID and INCONSIDERATE he was, just handing me his gun and walking to his potential DEATH. He could have killed you Spencer!!”

"He wouldn’t have.” Spencer’s voice was meek, he knew he was in the wrong. Just like you knew you really shouldn’t be yelling at him. Derek was right. Hotch had already had words about his behaviour but you were still furious with your friend and colleague.

“You don’t know that Reid. I get that you identified with him and everything but you didn’t know! We would have had to watch helplessly if anything had happened. I would have had to watch. I don’t know what I’d have done if you’d have got hurt, and it would have been my fault that I didn’t stop you!”

“It wouldn’t have been your fault. Why do you care so much about what happens to me anyway. I didn’t see you yelling at Morgan the other week when he entered that unsub’s house without back up.”

“BECAUSE I’M NOT IN LOVE WITH HIM YOU IDIOT!! ”

The room fell silent chairs swivelling around to face you. You realised what you’d just yelled, your hand clasping over your mouth.

Spencer’s eyes had gone wide and he squeaked out” You’re in love with me?“

Dereks face flicked to yours expectantly, his eyes brows raised in amusement. You could feel everyone else’s eyes on you too, your face burning red with embarrassment.

"Erm……. ” You bottled it. Turning on your heel, you ran out of the office dashing between the elevator doors which were just amount to close.

Shit.

…..

You’d ran out of the BAU so fast you’d left your bag. With your phone, house keys, purse and car keys in it. Basically everything you needed to escape this new fresh hell you’d opened yourself up to.
Knowing the office would soon clear out, you wandered around town for the next hour and half thinking about the bomb you’d just dropped.

You did love Spencer. You had done for a while now, but you certainly were never intending on telling him.

He was so intelligent and kind and funny. And the most beautiful man you’d ever seen.

But when you’d joined the team ten months ago, you’d developed a friendship with him one that you’d didn’t want to ruin. So you kept your feelings for him quiet, swatting the butterflies you felt when he smiled at you away.

And now you were screwed.

It was starting to get cold outside, so you headed back to HQ, hoping that everyone would have left. Luckily it was a Friday evening and having just returned from a case, Hotch had given you all the next two days off providing nothing urgent came up in the meantime.

You entered the bull pen, scanning quickly around. Empty. YES! You quickly made your way to your desk, leaning down under the table and pulling your bag out the the little storage compartment you had.

“Hi” The voice came out of nowhere.

You shot up, cracking your head on the edge of the table as you did.

Spencer had been sat at one of the tables in the corner, out of sight of the main door.

“Erm, Hey.” You rubbed your head, glancing over at the door wondering if you could still make a run for it.

“Y/N?”

You bit your lip, not meeting his eyes.

“You said you weren’t worried about Morgan because you weren’t in love with him. Does that mean….does that mean you’re in love with me?” You were suprised by how bold he was being, although his voice was tinged with nerves.

Screw it, the whole room had already heard. In for a penny, might as well go in for the pound.

You nodded.

“Really?” A tone of disbelief to his voice, his eyes watching your face carefully.

You nodded again, shuffling awkwardly from one foot to another.

“Oh.”

That was it, your life was over. You’d have to move, get a new job and make new….

“Because I’m in love with you too.”

Pardon? Excuse me?

“Do you wanna, erm go for a coffee? ” He sounded just a nervous as you felt inside, worrying his
own lip with his teeth.

You coughed clearing your throat. “Erm… Yes. Sure Thanks Now?” the words came out as one the way you did when you were anxious.

A shy smile crept onto his lips as he gave a small nod of his head before offering his hand out to you.

You stared at it for a moment, before realising you were meant to take it. You did, slipping your hand into his soft, warm one feeling it wrap around yours.

You gave him an equally shy smile back, before walking out of the office together.
I Drove All Night

“Promise you’ll be home tomorrow. It’s been two weeks Spencer.”

“Promise. I’d have been home tonight, but we got stuck behind completing the paperwork and Derek didn’t want to drive this late. It’s at least three hours by car. And you know how he is about me driving. I’ve missed you too though. Just the feel of having you in my arms.” You heard your boyfriend of 15 months sighing at the end of the phone.

He’d been away for two weeks with work and the week prior you’d been on your period so in total it was three weeks since you’d had any sexual contact with him.

To say you were completely gagging for him right now was an understatement. “I swear Spencer, if you’re not home tomorrow night. I will have to take matters into my own hands again.”

He chuckled. “Will you now?” His voice lowering in tone suddenly.

“Yep. Or maybe I’ll find someone else to help me out.”

‘Don’t you fucking dare Y/N.‘

“Fine….. Just don’t be away for so long next time. I need to restock the battery drawer.”

He groaned. “Jeez Y/N. Don’t say stuff like that to me.”

"Hey are you alone?” You had an idea.

“Morgans still down at the bar. So yeah for now…….Wait, no he’s not.”

You heard door slam shut and then the voice of Spencers colleague and roommate for the past two weeks.

“Damn it. I’ll see you tomorrow Spencer. Hurry back. Love you.”

“Love you too Y/N."

"Love you three Y/N” a voice called in the background.

You giggled and hung up the phone, changing into one of Spencers shirts ready for bed. Before you buttoned it up, you snapped a quick picture on your cell. The shirt open, showing your bare breasts and your black cotton panties. You sent the photo to Spencers cell with a quick message “Look what you’re missing.”

You settled in for the night, turning your lamp off and putting your phone onto silent.

…..

A loud banging followed by a buzzing sound woke you up a few hours later. You shot up in bed listening to work out where the noises were coming from. The buzzing was coming from your bed side cabinet.

Had you left something on? No… That was definitely tucked away in the drawer.

Your phone was turned face down but you could make out a light flashing on and off in time with
the buzzing. Your sleep fogged brain finally worked out that someone was calling you. You reached out for it swiping across when you saw it was Spencer.

“It’s 3am. Is everything okay?”

“Take the chain off the door, I’m here but can’t get in.”

What? You climbed out of bed, walking to through the rooms still talking. “But you said you weren’t back until tomorrow?”

“That was until you sent me that photo. I told Derek he had no choice and that I was leaving with or without him. So I drove whilst he slept.”

You reached your door, cutting your phone off and unlatching the door seeing your boyfriend standing there, his hair messy and shirt sleeves rolled up.

“Well this is a ni…… ” You didn’t even get chance to finish your sentence before Spencers mouth was against yours, pushing you back into the apartment, dropping his go bag where he stood and kicking the door shut, it slamming loudly.

His lips moved furiously against yours, his hands going straight to the buttons on the shirt you were wearing, actually pulling two buttons off in his haste to undo them.

His tongue pushed into your mouth, as his hands roamed your torso, palming your breasts roughly. You accepted his kiss eagerly, your own hands working the buttons of his own shirt and yanking his tie undone and off.

“Fuck me, I’ve missed you Y/N.” His mouth moved to your neck, pushing aside your hair and hungrily sucking and kissing the sensitive skin, a whimper leaving your throat.

“Missed you too Spence. So much… Oh!”

He dropped to his knees in front of you, his lips trailing from your neck to your breasts. His mouth attached itself to your nipple, his teeth grazing against the now hardened peak as his tongue flicked out at it quickly causing you to gasp in pleasure.

He kissed across to the other nipple, his hands moving to your panties and dragging them down your legs as he bit down on you gently.

“Spencer…..” Your words coming out as pants as he sucked, his fingers moving directly to your clit and rubbing in a circular motion.

Your legs shuddered at the sensation, turning almost immediately to jelly, Spencers other hand hard on your hip keeping you upright.

“We could move to the…… Oh fuck….. Oh god.”

He pushed your legs apart, inserting two of his long delicate fingers inside you and thrusting quickly as his thumb kept up the friction on your clit. He’d barely been in the door five minutes and you were nearly ready to come.

“No time to move to the bedroom.” He mumbled against your nipple, the words vibrating through your chest as he continue to suck and nip at it, alternating between soft and hard.

Your moans were coming thick and fast now, your hand tangling in Spencers glorious hair.
“I can’t stand any….. ah…. any… oh shit… more.” Your legs genuinely felt like they might give way as his thrusting increased inside you hitting your sweet spot in just the right way.

You moved your hand to his, pulling him away from you and watching wide eyed as his placed his fingers to his lips, tasting the fluid that coated them.

“They were off now.” You demanded. That was by far the sexiest thing you’d seen in a long time and you dropped to the floor yourself, helping Spencer pull off his shoes and pants, climbing astride him when he was free.

Wrapping your hand around his hardened length, you pumped him a few times hearing the low groan you loved so much, before positioning him at your entrance and slowly lowering yourself down onto him.

The ground was hard against your knees but you didn’t care. Spencers hands moved under your ass, helping move you against him, his hips bucking up from the ground, his eyes trailing over your chest mesmerised by the slight bounce of your breasts as you moved against him.

“Oh god Y/N.” His gasps coming quicker now, matching pace with your own and your hands raked up and down his chest.

Your head tipped back and you bit your lip as you moved your hand from his chest to between your legs, fingers grazing over your own clit helping push yourself to your orgasm as Spencer moved you against him faster, his fingers digging into your butt.

“Spencer, I’m….. gonna…. Oh fuuuck.” You tightened around him, your breaths short and sharp as you came, a flood of heat washing over you, the sound of your blood rushing in your ears. You rid out your orgasm, before leaning forward and placing your hands flat on the floor either side of your boyfriend, your hair falling over your face. Using the leverage from the floor, you increased your momentum, grinding your hips against his faster, him rasping out a few minutes later that he was going to come, feeling him releasing himself seconds after.

You lay tangled together on the cold wood floor afterwards, a hot sweaty mess.

“That was definitely worth driving all night for.”
BANG!!!
You bolted upright in bed. What the fuck was that?
You grabbed your phone seeing that it was 2:30am.
Crrrrreaaak…. Crrrrreaaak
Shit!
What the hell was that noise? Oh god. A demon was coming to possess your body and eat your soul wasn’t it? This is how you were going to die.
You crept out of bed and to your bedroom door, pressing your ear to the wood.
Scrrraaatch…. Scrrraaatch…….
Yep. Definitely a demon.
What to do, what to do.
Think Y/N, think. Rock salt…. You needed rock salt. You’d watched enough Supernatural to know that rock salt solved nearly all problems, although you were mainly perving on Cas and the Winchesters.
Salt was in the kitchen. And did that even work on demons, or was it just ghosts?
One way to find out.
But how to get the salt?
Call Spencer. It was the only answer. He worked for FBI, maybe he’d had some dealings with those X Files he tried so hard to convince you didn’t exist. And being your best friend, he had a key.
He could save you…. Or at least if you did get possessed, he was that smart he’d be bound to know how to reverse it.
You climbed back on to your bed, making sure you took a big step so that nothing could grab you from underneath it. Making sure you were sitting directly in the middle of the bed, you dialed your friend.
He answered in the third ring, sounding groggy.
“Y/N it’s nearly three in the morning….. ” His voice was rough with sleep.
“I wouldn’t call unless it was an emergency. I need you to come over. Now! And I need you to bring rock salt, holy water, and a copy of the Rituale Romanum wouldn’t hurt either.”
“What the hell on you on Y/N?” Spencer was definitely awake now.
“There’s a demon in my apartment and it’s going to possess me. Does the FBI have a priest on its books?”
“Does this have anything to do with the fact that you made me sit through all five Paranormal Activity movies this evening?” You could hear the amusement in his voice.

“NO! I heard a bang and I can hear it scratching at my door…. It’s coming to kill me Spencer. Do you want it to? Do you want your best friend to end up dead? Or worse, possessed and trying to kill you?”

“I’ll be over in five….. Try to stay unpossessed until then, okay.” He sighed, knowing that you wouldn’t shut up until he came over.

“I’ll try, I sense it’s strong though. I’m not sure I can hold it off. It sounds like it’s trying to get into the bedroom. Bring the salt. And hurry!!”

“Salt, right…. Okay.” He released the call, and you sat hugging your knees.

It definitely didn’t have anything to do with the movies… Nothing at all.

As if YOU’D let a couple of horror movies scare you. I mean, sure… You’d squealed a few times, and alright… You may have averted your eyes during certain scenes. But films didn’t scare you.

Scraaaatch…… Scraaaatch.

OH JESUS FUCKING CHRIST. YOU WERE GOING TO DIE.

Spencer lived two floors up from you, you’d met him on moving in day, having spilled a box of dvds right at his feet. Seeing your Dr Who boxset he’d grinned and you two had become fast friends. He was your most favorite person in the world now, although it sucked that his job took him away a lot.

He’d protect you. He had a gun after all. Although, what good a gun would be against an evil entity, you didn’t know.

You heard your apartment door unlocking a few minutes later.

YASS! Cavalry was here. Hopefully the demon wouldn’t kill Spencer first…. If he’d bought the salt and the holy water though like you’d told him, he’d be good.

“Y/N??” He called out and you heard him flicking your lights on.

“Bedroom! Can you see it…. Has it left foot prints like in the movie….? Have you chucked the holy water at it?”

He was laughing and you could hear him talking quietly.

“Y/N, I don’t think it would appreciate having water chucked on it. Come out of your bedroom. Now please.”

Was he mental?

“Not until you’ve made the demon go away. Don’t you need to exorcise it, I can’t you reading out loud. Aren’t you meant to be reading Latin?”

“I’ve got the demon under control, I promise. Now come out.”

Hmmm. Okay.

You hopped off your bed, again jumping so that nothing could grab you… Maybe it had snuck in
You pulled open your bedroom door to see your best friend stood in his pajama pants and an old Star Wars t-shirt, his hair all over the place.

In his arms, was Sergio.

The cat you were looking after for three weeks for his colleague Emily, whilst she was out of town.

The cat you’d completely forgotten was staying with you.

Shit.

“You think this could be your demon? His scratching post is right by your bedroom door.” He was stroking the kitty, scratching him right between his ears. Sergio was purring contently.

“Erm……”

“Ready to admit that the films bothered you more than you let on…. I could see you hiding behind the cushion at some parts.”

“Erm….”

“Go back to bed Y/N. There’s no demon. It’s just Sergio. Breakfast tomorrow is on you now, okay.”

“Erm… Okay. Sorry. Stupid cat, scaring me.”

You felt silly. And foolish. You turned to go back into your bedroom, stopping before you walked through the doors.

“Spence…. Now that you’re here. Maybe it did freak me out. Just a teeny tiny bit.”

“You want me to stay don’t you? Is it going to be like this everytime you watch a scary movie.” He didn’t sound annoyed luckily, just amused.

“Yes….. And no, it won’t. I promise.”

“Fine…. I’ll stay. And you said that after we watched The Strangers. Do you still sleep with that hammer under your pillow?”

“No……” You’d moved it to your beside drawer when he’d found it. It was just in case!

You led the way back to your room and climbed into bed, Spencer locking up and flicking off lights as he went before joining you.

Lifting up the pillow before he settled down, you laughed at him.

“See, no hammer.” You told him.

“It’s probably in your drawer. I know you too well.”

He really did.

You scooted down under the covers, rolling on to you side.

“Spoon me please.” You demanded.
“Again…..” He sighed, although you knew he didn’t mind really. He’d told you before that he was a sucker for bedtime cuddles.

He rolled onto his side and draped his arm around you, his knees bending into the space behind yours.

“Have you cancelled the priest?” You asked him suddenly.

“Go to sleep Y/N.”
“Can’t I just wait and watch the new season? I only want to watch it for Gaga.” You settled on Spencers couch, ready for a Netflix marathon.

“No. If you’re watching this, you’re watching from the beginning like I did. Do you want another pillow or blanket?”

You nodded at your best friend, he knew you liked to be cosy when you were watching shows. He got up and fetched you another blanket, floating it down over you.

“But each season is different isn’t it? So what does it matter?” You grabbed the huge bowl of popcorn from the table in front of you and settled it on your lap.

“It doesn’t matter. You have to watch it from the start to appreciate the originality of it all. Now….. I’m pressing play okay. We’ve got a lot of episodes to get through tonight.”

“Spence we watched the whole of Breaking Bad in three days straight.” You pointed out as he settled on the couch next to you, crossing his legs and reaching for the control.

“Yeah and then you passed out and called in sick at work because you were so exhausted. That’s not happening again. The new season starts in three weeks That gives us plenty of time. It’s 4pm, we can finish season one tonight…. Well by around 2am. Now hush.”

He hit play.

One episode in:

“What the fuck is up with those opening credits? It looks like a Nine Inch Nails video or something. Are they all like that?”

“They change every season…. But yes, Y/N. They’re all pretty creepy.”

..

“It’s always the basement a isn’t it…. Always. I’m never having a house with a basement.”

“You said you’d never get rid of your iPhone too, but what’s that in your hand now? Oh, a Galaxy.”

He grabbed a handful of popcorn from the bowl on your lap.

..

“Why is she fucking a man in a rubber suit who clearly isn’t her husband? Does she think it’s her husband?”

No response, you looked over to see Reid rolling his eyes and shaking his head at you.

..

“Is the hot blonde dude Quicksilver?”

“If by the ‘hot blonde dude’ you mean Tate, then yes.”
“Him and emo daughter are definitely gonna get it on right? I totally ship them. Emo daughter is pretty hot too.”

“Shut up and watch it.”

Three episodes in:

“So she’s dead? Why does the husband see her differently though? Or is it a different maid. I’m gonna check.” You pulled out your phone and opened the IMDB app.

“Put your phone down Y/N.”

“In a sec…. Just…. HEY! I only wanted to check something!”

You scowled at you friend as he snatched your phone out of your hands, placing it on the table next to him.

“You can have it back at the end of class, alright. Now shut up and watch.”

You pouted and threw a popcorn kernel at him.

Six episodes in:

“I literally have no idea who’s dead and who isn’t anymore.” You said through a mouthful of pizza.

“That’s kinda part of the point… It gets confusing.” He grabbed another slice from the box he’d had delivered twenty minutes ago.

“Also, I’m questioning my morals. I’m concerned by the fact that he just went on a murderous rampage, yet I’d still happily grind all over his face.”

“Dont worry Y/N, you’re not alone with those feelings.”

“Dude! Really……”

“Not me!! I don’t find him attractive….. Well. I can appreciate the appeal and I suppose he does have nice….. Just shut up and watch it.”

Eight episodes in:

“She’s dead isn’t she. And he’s going to be the rubber man which means he’s pounded both her and her Mom.”

Spencer didn’t say anything, his mouth set in a thin line, the tub of Ben and Jerry’s melting on his lap.

“Ew! That’s so wrong… How can ghosts even fuck anyway? Or is he not actually dead? Nah… He’s gotta be. In fact, I’ll tell you now this is gonna end. They’re all going to wind up dead aren’t they, raising his demon spawn in that stupid house which they should have moved out of as soon as the realtor told them that murders had taken place. That’s just fucked up, why would you move in?”

“Just shut up and watch it.”

You inched closer and rested your head on his shoulder.

“You tell me to shut up an awful lot you know.”
Spencer turned his head and planted a kiss on your forehead.

“I know. Now shut up.”

Twelve Episodes In:

“I fucking knew it!” You were bouncing up and down in your seat.

“Calm down Y/N.”

“They’re all dead. And that demon spawn is his… And Oh my Fuck how does he expect Violet to forgive him? I mean he’s still hot and everything but my god, he screwed her Mom. That seems like something outta a weird porno. Her baby brother is fathered by the guy who took her virginity. Ugh…. ”

“The baby there isn’t. The one that died is Bens. The one who lived is.”

You stopped bouncing.

“Pardon? But they’re twins? What?”

“Heteropaternal superfecundation. Were you not paying attention?”

You looked at Spencer, your brain completely fried from the complete mess of a TV show you’d just watched.

“I am so confused right now…..”

“It really doesn’t take a lot does it?”

You gasped in faux shock pretending to be offended.

“Go away Spencer.”

“That doesn’t work on me.”

“Go away Spencer.”

“Y/N.”

“Go away Spencer.”

“Fine.” He started to get up from the couch but you tugged him back down.

“Can we start the next one now? You don’t have work til Monday.”

He looked at you, and then at his watch. It was 2:20am. He looked back at your face, your eyes pleading. You were long past the point of being tired now.

“I’ll go put on a pot of coffee. Press play.”

“Yay!”

You hit play on the controller, repositioning your legs.

“Ooooh! He’s a brunette here!”
Who on God’s earth was calling you at 1:00am.

You checked your phone seeing the name ‘Derek Morgan’ flashing up.

You couldn’t have a case. You’d only just returned from one this evening. Which meant…. One of them was drunk and needed a ride.

You’d bailed out of tonight’s festivities, having had a banging head ace. That hadn’t stopped Garcia, Morgan and Emily texting you constantly throughout the night, sending photos, voice messages and drunken texts.

They’d got progressively worse as the night had gone on. They really were like a bunch of college students when they’d been drinking. For FBI agents, you’d think they’d know better. But they didn’t, and you couldn’t judge too harshly. You’d sent a few of those drunken messages too when they managed to drag you out with them.

You swiped to answer your phone, pleased to realise that your headache had eased off, sleep obviously being the cure for everything.

“Dude, what the hell…..?”

Morgan chuckled at your opener. “Hello to you too little Kitten.” He used his pet name for you.

“Why are you calling me at 1:00am and interrupting my beauty sleep?”

“Kitty Cat, you don’t need any beauty sleep. You’re as hot as they come.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere and anywhere. But I’m not coming to pick one of you up… Not after last time. Get a cab.”

“I know it will…. And I’m not calling for a ride. In fact, I’m calling to warn you that you might very shortly, have a night time visitor.”

“Garcia?” Occasionally when Penny had been out on a date that had ended badly, she’d call in on you on her way home for a girly gossip. You only lived ten minutes from her apartment.

But you could hear Garcia in the background.

“Nope…. Pretty Boy’s drunk.”

“Spencer is drunk? I thought he didn’t get drunk after the Tequila Incident of 2012.” You hadn’t been part of the team then, but you’d heard stories of Spencer and Emilys all night Tequila binge which had resulted in them waking up in a doorway of a grocery store with a shopping list that read “lemons, lemons, salt, lemons.”

No one was a 100% sure exactly what had happened that night, but whenever Tequila was mentioned, both of them would dry heave.

“Well he’s hammered. He decided he liked the taste of Long Island Iced Tea cocktails….. I’m really surprised he couldn’t taste the Tequila in them.”

“What exactly makes you think he’s on his way here, Morgan?”
“Erm…. Well we may have been teasing him about his crush on you, Kitty Cat.”

It was no secret that Spencer had a thing for you, the boy had barely been able to speak to you when you’d first joined the team. As time had gone on and you’d become friends, he’d opened up more and more and now he only blushed when you caught him off guard with a flirty remark. Which was still quite often.

You liked making him blush….

What the rest of the team didn’t know, was that you had a thing for him too. He was kind and lovely, intelligent and funny when he wanted to be. And beautiful. The guy had cheekbones and a jawline to kill for…..and the habit he had of biting or licking his lips when he was concentrating.. Ugh.

You’d kept your feelings hidden though, deciding that Spencer probably would believe you anyway and not wanting to complicate things. It wasn’t that he like liked you anyway, it was just a crush. One thing you had told yourself though was that if he ever actually admitted it to you, face to face and away from the teasing busy bodies that were Derek and Penelope, then you’d admit you liked him back.

But that was never gonna happen.

“You tease him all the time Morgan. What’s new?”

“Well he disappeared about fifteen minutes ago, saying he was going to find a Kitty Cat to pet…. And seeing as there’s no pet shops open this late. Well he’s either in a park somewhere abusing the local feral cats or he’s on his way to you.”

“Fifteen minutes ago? Why are you only telling me now?”

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

“We didn’t think he’d actually gone… But erm. Sounds like he’s here. Be safe Kitten! Use protection!” he hung up before you had chance to yell at him.

You hauled yourself out of bed and tied a dressing gown around your waist before going to your door and checking the peep hole.

It was Spencer. Grinning stupidly at your closed door.

This was either going to be very very bad, or hilarious.

Let’s hope for the second one.

You opened the door and he stumbled, having been half leaning against it.

“S’up.” He said with a goofy smile on his face. “How’s my little Kitty Cat.”

Ugh, he really did smell like a brewery. Why hadn’t they stopped him?

“Spencer you don’t say ’S’up’. Or call me ‘Kitty Cat’. What gives?”

“I say it now…. I’m cool too. Just like Morgan and all the other guys you like.” He was slurring ever so slightly.

“Nope, what you are, is drunk. Come in. I’ll put the coffee on.”
You held the door open and he walked in, nearly tripping over his own feet and grabbing onto the coat stand that you had by the door, almost sending coats flying everywhere. You put your arms out to steady him, gripping his forearms tightly.

“Why am I here?” He asked you solemnly, suddenly looking around in confusion.

“Fuck Spencer, you’re so wasted it’s not even funny. Why have you got into this state?” His eyes were having trouble focusing and his coat was buttoned up wrong, his scarf loose around his neck.

“Derek’s fault….” You pulled the scarf loose and unbuttoned his coat, slipping it off his shoulders with ease and hanging it up. He wobbled again. There was no way you could send him home.

You led him into your kitchen, parking him in front of the fridge where he could lean and not cause too much trouble. You set about making strong black coffee.

“Did Derek force the drinks down your neck?” You asked, realising how much you sounded liked a parent.

“Nuh huh. But him and Penny kept buying me shots… And they were blue… The same blue as you.”

“The same blue as me?” You were going to kill Morgan, he’d neglected to mention that they’d been doing shots.

“Same blue as your eyes… And when I said that it was like I was drinking your eyes, they started making fun.”

You burst out laughing at his phrasing seeing him pout and push his hair back behind his ear.

“You’re laughing at me like they did. I’m such a loser.”

You poured hot water into two mugs and started adding sugar to Spencers mug.

“I’m only laughing because it’s cute what you said. And your sooo not a loser Spencer. Far from it.”

“I soooo am. When you first started, I could barely speak to you. That’s why I had to get drunk tonight! So I could speak with you! That’s why I’m here!” He sounded like a kid who’d suddenly remembered that it was Christmas tomorrow.

“Do you think maybe you could speak to me tomorrow when you’re sober?” You added a splash of cold water to his mug. Knowing his co-ordination levels, he’d probably manage to throw steaming hot coffee down him. And that wouldn’t be fun.

“I won’t be able to tomorrow.” He shook his head, his hair coming loose again.

“Sure you will.”

“Nope. I won’t be drunk tomorrow. And I’ll remember you telling me to get lost.”

“Spence, I’d never to tell you to get lost.” He looked like a puppy right now. One you wanted to hug, because you knew what he was going to say and you knew what he thought you’d say.

“Yes you will. If you find out I like you, you’ll think I’m stupid. Cos I’m weird and no one ever likes me. That’s why I have to be drunk to tell you. So I’ll tell you in a while okay…”

You wanted to laugh at him so badly. But that was mean and it would hurt his feelings. Why
couldn’t he just be more confident!

“Spencer, you just did. And… I know already. I’ve known for a while.”

He looked confused. “Known what?”

“That you like me.”

He clasped his hand over his mouth. “Oh my god, who told you!!”

“You did. Just now……”

“Did I?” His brow furrowed.

“Yes. You had to get drunk to come and be able to tell me you liked me remember. Because you think I’ll reject you.”

“Because you will….” And now he looked liked a puppy who’d been kicked. You moved closer to him and placed your hands on his arms.

“If you tell me when you’re sober, I promise I won’t reject you Spencer. Because you know something. I kinda like you too.”

“You do?”

“Uh huh. But you’re so drunk right now. You need coffee and then sleep.”

“Nope… What I need is…. ” He suddenly went pale.

“I need to be sick….” He turned on his heel and half ran, half stumbled to your bathroom. Moments later you heard retching.

Sighing, you quickly texted Morgan.

“He’s here, and he’s vomiting. Blue shots? Thanks guys….. ”

You locked your door and grabbed a can of full fat coke and three bottles of water, abandoning the coffee on the counter.

Going into your bedroom, you placed water either side of your bed along with the coke.

You pulled your bed cover back down and switched your bedside light on rather than the overhead and then went back to the kitchen in search of a bucket and kitchen roll, setting them by the side of your bed too.

You heard the toilet flush a few times signalling he was finished.

Giving him a few minutes more, you grabbed one of the water bottles and walked into your bathroom. He was kneeling on the floor in front the toilet looking very sorry for himself and holding his hair back.

“You okay?”

“My head hurts…..”

“Drink this. All of it.” You uncapped the bottle and handed it to him. He took it, his hands shaking
slightly and started to drink.

Finishing it, he swallowed a few more times before wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Do you think you’ll be sick again?”

He shook his head, wincing.

“Okay. Let’s get you up.” You held out your hands to him and together you managed to stand him up.

“I need to brush my teeth…. ”

“You really don’t. You’re the one who told me that brushing after vomiting will rot the tooth enamel. Use the mouthwash if you have to and then let’s get you to bed.”

“Bed? My beds at home.” He unscrewed the bottle of mouthwash, rinsing it around his mouth before spitting it out into the sink, suddenly looking appalled at himself.

“Y/N… I’m sooo sorry.”

“Shush. Now bed. You can sleep in mine, it’s big enough. It’ll be just like when we fall asleep next to each other on the jet.”

You led him into your bedroom and pushing him down gently onto the side of the bed you’d placed the bucket.

“I don’t have my jammies.”

Jammies….

“I don’t have any that are quite your size. Just strip to your boxers okay. I’ve seen you semi naked before.”

You’d seen all of the team in various states of undress, sometimes having to change quickly and having limited spaces to do it. It was nothing new.

He did as he was told, almost falling over when he took his pants off. You laughed quietly at him again.

When he was done he looked at you and you patted the bed next to you.

“Get in. And if you need to vomit, aim for the bucket.”

“Okay…. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay Spencer.”

“No I really am sorry…. I’m so embarrassed.”

“Go to sleep okay.”

You flicked the lights off and settled down. Seconds later, he was snoring.

……

When you awoke the next day, he was still lying next to you but he’d rolled onto his side facing
away from you.

He was no longer snoring and the rhythm of his breathing made you think he was awake.

“Spence?” You whispered.

Hearing your voice, he rolled onto his back.

His eyes were bloodshot and his lips looked dry and chapped.

“What happened? Why am I here? Did we…..oh god, did we?” He couldn’t look at you.

“Did we have amazing sex last night, giving each other multiple orgasms? Gosh I’m hurt you can’t remember. You said I was the best you’d ever had.”

His eyes snapped onto yours, he looked horrified.

“Chill, Spence. That didn’t happen. You turned up hammered, told me you liked me and then proceeded to decorate my toilet with blue shots and whatever else you’d been drinking.”

He groaned loudly. “The shots… Ugh. The fucking blue shots.”

“The ones the same colour as my eyes apparently. Which you wanted to drink.”

He closed his eyes, wincing again.

“I’m in actual hell aren’t I. It feels like I am, my heads pounding. Did I really say that I wanted to drink your eyes?”

“Something along those lines, yes.”

“I’m definitely in hell. I’m sooo sorry. I need to leave. Except, I don’t think I can move. It hurts so much.”

You scooted closer to him and placed your hand on his arm.

“You’re really not in hell and you don’t have to go anywhere. Drink the coke, have a shower and brush your teeth. There’s a spare toothbrush in the cabinet and I have a large hotel robe somewhere that I’ll find for you. And then we can talk.”

“I clearly did enough talking last night…. ”

“You did. But did you do any listening?….. Like to the part where I said I liked you too.”

“Wait, what?”

“Reid, I’ve liked you for ages. I was just waiting for you to make the first move cos I figured you’d think I was messing with you.”

“And you’re not?”

“No. Now go and have a shower. You reek. And I don’t really wanna kiss you right now.”

He shot out of bed so quickly and then groaned loudly, his head in his hands.

“Fuck.”
You laughed at him.

“Take it slowly Genius, there won’t be any of that on the cards today. Maybe tomorrow.”
Emergency Brake

You’d seen him almost every morning for the past twelve weeks on the way to and from work. You assumed he lived in the same direction as you, as he was always on bus into the city in the morning when you got on, and stayed on it after you got off.

Occasionally he wasn’t on the bus and you always wondered why. Was he ill or on vacation, did he work away?

Maybe one day you’d ask him.

More than likely not. You’d just settle for admiring him from afar.

You looked forward to seeing him, even if you didn’t ever speak to him. He was pretty. Dark brown hair that was perpetually messy, hazel eyes, and a jaw bone you were fairly certain you could cut glass on. He was by far one of the most attractive men you’d seen in real life.

He almost always had a book with him, a different one every time, and you wondered how the hell he got through them so quickly. You bought books with you too, but it took you three to four days to finish one. Whereas it seemed to take him less than a day, the book he was reading on the way home often different to the one he had in the morning. He was either a super quick speed reader, or he had a super short attention span and got bored with the story line easily.

Today was cold, and the bus was packed.

You’d spotted him at the front of the bus, one empty seat across the aisle from him. You took it, seeing him glance up at you smile shyly. You smiled back and sat down, tugging your ear buds out and shoving them into your bag. You didn’t mind listening to music on the train but you always turned it off when you got on the bus for some reason.

Four stops away from yours, a heavily pregnant woman boarded and looked around for a seat. No one moved to offer theirs up, everyone avoiding eye contact.

You sighed and went to stand up, catching her eye and motioning to your chair. She smile gratefully and made her way towards you.

The man opposite you looked up from the book his nose was buried in and frowned, seeing you exchanging your seat with the woman. He went to stand.

“Here, have mine instead.” He offered.

“No no no. It’s fine. She can take mine. I’m up now.”

You moved out of the way, the woman thanking you and sitting down. The bus began to move again.

“Well at least have my seat then. I’ll stand.” He rose from his seat and you saw that he was almost a foot taller than you.

“Seriously it’s fine. I get off in three stops anyway and you’re always on here after me. Sit back down. It’s okay.” You smiled at him in assurance and after a moment or two, he reseated himself.

You gripped the pole next to where he was sat, holding on tight. You hated standing up on public
transport. But you weren’t about to make a pregnant woman stand and you didn’t want to take his seat, even though he’d offered.

You watched him push a lock of his hair back behind his ear, closing his book and putting it back in his messenger bag.

The bus stopped suddenly, jerking you and making you stumble, knocking his head with your bag as you clung onto the pole trying to keep your balance. You were too short to easily reach the overhead strap.

“Shit. I’m so sorry!”

“It’s fine. I’m okay. I have a hard head.”

Two more passengers got on the already crowded bus and it set off again.

At the next stop, the bus jerked again.

This time, you lost your balance completely and wound up on the attractive man’s lap.

Your eyes widened and you scrambled to get off, his own face shocked at the stranger he now had sitting on his knee.

“Fuckity fuck. Shit. Fuck.” You pulled yourself upright again, bright red with embarrassment, his own cheeks flushed.

“I didn’t mean to… I’m sorry!”

He started to chuckle, amused rather than angry.

“Are you sure you don’t want my seat? You seem pretty desperate to get in it.”

You laughed back at him, your embarrassment subsiding slightly.

“I’m sure. I’m just clumsy. One more stop.”

The next stop came and you were seriously considering complaining to the transport agency about this drivers breaking.

Again you were sent stumbling into the man’s lap, frantically grabbing at the pole to pull yourself up so you could get off the bus and get home, ready to research a new way of getting to work so you would never have to see this man again. So far today you’d hit him with your bag, and landed in his lap twice.

He was trying to help you but your bag had landed awkwardly and had somehow tangled with the straps of his. By the time you were upright and able to start moving, the bus had pulled off.

“Shit.” You sighed.

“That was your stop wasn’t it?” He asked you.

You nodded in response, moving to pull yourself off his knee where you still were.

He put his arm out, stopping you.

“Listen, just stay put. It’s probably safer that way. The next stop is mine anyway so we can get off
together. I don’t want you falling into me again and making me miss mine too.” He grinned at you, and you couldn’t help but smile back.

He had such a nice smile, wide and happy with straight white teeth. His eyes sparkled when he grinned, making his handsome face even more beautiful.

“I’m Spencer.” He introduced himself.

“Y/N. I’d offer you my hand, but I figure we’re kinda beyond that now right?”

“Well you’re sitting on my knee. I guess we are. Right, the stops coming up. Think you can handle walking down the aisle without falling over?”

“Who knows. I’ll probably still manage to fall into you or something. You might just wanna wait for a few moments and walk a few paces behind me.”

“You might be right there.” He replied, teasing you.

The bus stopped again and you hauled yourself up, rushing down the aisle and shooting the driving a filthy look as you got off. He wasn’t the usual driver and you blamed him for your embarrassment.

“Y/N… Wait.”

Spencer called after you, and you halted in your tracks, turning towards him.

“Erm… Do you have far to walk?” He asked, looking down at his feet nervously.

“Nah, I’m only five blocks out. The exercise will probably do me good. I’m really sorry by the way.”

“It really is okay… Listen… Erm….. You like coffee right? I see you with a Starbucks cup most mornings.” He was still shuffling his feet, not really making eye contact.

“I live on coffee. I swear I probably pay the managers wages single handedly with the amount I spend in there.”

“Would you…. Erm… Would you like to get a coffee with me sometime, maybe?”

He was asking you out?

He was asking you out!

“Really? You wanna get coffee with me?” You were totally surprised. This guy was way out of your league. Yet here he was, stuttering slightly and stumbling over his words.

“Only if you w-want to… It’s okay if you don’t… I understand.” He finally met your gaze, rejection already set in his face.

“Do you wanna go now? I kinda owe you one.”

“Really?”

“Sure. You can tell me how you manage to get through so many books….”

“You notice that I read?” He seemed totally surprised.
“Yes. It’s hard not to notice you. You’re kinda the best thing about my journey.”

He blushed before replying. “You’re kinda the best thing about mine too.”

You both smiled shyly at each other, before you decided to take the initiative and reach for his hand.

“coffee shops this way.”
“Shoes… Oh my god! I love them, I need them!”

Penelope Garcia was squealing at you.

Loudly.

The team had just broken up from the morning meeting to discuss the agenda for the next few days. For once, there was no case so the team would mainly be on admin duties.

Your office buddy Penelope, had caught sight of the new heels you were sporting and had fallen quite literally, head over heels in love with them.

“They are pretty nice, Y/N.” JJ eyed them appreciatively.

They were, they’d cost you enough. You’d been eyeing them in the store window for a few weeks now and had decided to treat yourself with your second pay check. You’d joined the team eights weeks ago as the secondary technical analyst, being made to feel perfectly at home in the already close knit team within a matter of hours.

“I wanna try them on… Pretty please! I know you’re the same size as me.” Penelope begged you.

“How the hell do you know that?” You asked her, watching her slip her own kitten heels off, wriggling her pink painted toes on the ground.

“It’s in your file.”

“My shoe size is in my file? Christ, is my bra size there too?”

“Actually it will be.” Dr Reid glanced up at you from his seat. “The bureau has all of our measurements on file for if we need to be kitted out in specialist clothing.”

“But I’m a technical analyst?” You perched on the table next to where he was sat.

“You might still need to be kitted out in kevla. Garcia has had to join us in the field a few times.” He told you.

“Yes and each time was a horrific experience that I’d choose never to repeat if I had the choice. Enough talking….. Can I please try them on? I want your shoes but I don’t wanna buy them if I can’t walk in them.” Penelope interrupted you both and you laughed, inching back on the table so you were actually sitting on it and removing your shoes one by one, holding them out so Penny could come and get them.

She slipped her feet into them, holding onto Derek and wobbling as she tried to stand.

“Oh my…. Oh my…. How on earth do you walk in these things. What are they, four…. five inch heels?” She grimaced, her feet obviously protesting to the angle they were forced into.

“Six actually.” You told her.
“Six inch heels…..How…. Why…. Six inches…. Oh god.” Penelope tried to walked, her ankles bending awkwardly as she grasped Derek.

“Nope. No matter how adorable they are, I can’t force myself to endure that amount of pain. Why do you do it? You wear these sorts of shoes everyday, Y/N.”

Garcia stepped out of them, a relieved look on her face as she sank back down to her normal height.

“Because I like them… They make me feel tall.” You told her. “No doubt my actual height is in my file too.”

“It is… But I can’t recall it, I don’t have the eidetic memory of Spencer, here. So stand up.” She asked.

You went to slip the heels back on, but she touched your arm.

“Without the heels, silly!”

You looked around at your colleagues, them eyeing you expectantly, and slid off the table, preparing yourself for their comments.

They started to chuckle immediately.

“Oh baby girl, you’re really are a baby girl. You’re tiny.” Derek looked you up and down, taking in your tiny stature.

“Oh that’s adorable. You’re so cute and tiny!! I’m just wanna pick you up and put you in my pocket!” Penny gushed.

“I’m gonna start calling you Ma Petite….. I didn’t think the bureau employed any dwarves… ” Derek joked.

“Hey. Technically I’m not classed as a little person. I’m five foot.” Barely, and you had to make sure you stood very, very straight. But still.

“Five foot! Reid… Stand up next to her.” Penny clapped her hands.

“Yeah kid, you’re the tallest here, stand up next to her. This’ll be a laugh.”

Both Spencer and you rolled your eyes, but he obliged none the less. Unfolding his long body from his chair, he stood next you, Penny and Derek laughing hysterically at the height difference between you two.

“Oh that’s funny. Can you imagine if those two were together…. The neck ache they’d get from trying to kiss each other.” Penny commented and you glanced at Spencer, seeing his cheeks redden.

Yours did too, only slightly. The thought of kissing your handsome colleague making you feel warm and tingly.

“Little and large.” Derek guffawed.

“Lanky pants and short stack.” Penny joined in.

“Guys stop… Please. I hate comments about my height. That’s why I wear the heels.” You begged them to shut up, there wasn’t a name they could come up with that you hadn’t heard before.
“We’re sorry, Munchkin. We’re just teasing ya. You two look hella cute next to each other though.” Penelope gestured between you and Reid, and you felt your cheeks burning.

“Alright team, enough. Let’s get to work please.” Hotch decided to break up the gathering, looking up from his seat.

The team split, going their separate ways and you bent down to slip your shoes on, feeling relieved when you were back to the height you’d become accustomed to over the years. When you straightened up, you could see that Spencer had remained behind.

“I’m sorry about their teasing.”

You grinned at him. “Nah, it’s fine. I’m used to it. I just hate how sometime, people treat me like a little kid cos I’m so tiny.”

“I promise never to do that, Y/N. It is…. Erm… It is kinda cute though.”

“Oh…?” You raised an eyebrow at him, seeing him fidget awkwardly.

“Well… I mean…. Erm… I think you’re actually kinda cute….Actually no….not cute…. Erm…. I think you’re beautiful actually.”

The last part came out in a rush, all one word and you blushed deeper when you realised what he’d said.

“You do?”

Oh god…

“Erm…. Yeah….” He stood, shuffling his feet, his hands twitching slightly.

“I think you’re kinda beautiful too, Dr Reid.”

His eyes shot to yours and you smiled at him, a slow grin forming on his lips.

“Do you…. Would you…. Could we maybe go for coffee one night after work?” He asked you quietly, fully aware that Agent Hotchner was still within ear shot.

“That would be great. And And don’t worry….I live in heels so you won’t have to worry about getting neck ache!”

His grin grew wider and you matched his facial expressions.

“I’d live with neck ache if it meant I got to kiss you.” He whispered softly.

“Same Spencer, same.”

Chapter End Notes

It’s a big ask but if you’re enjoying my content and you’re financially able to then you may consider buying me a Ko-Fi as a way of financially supporting my writing. Many thanks to you if you do, it means so much to me that anyone might enjoy my work enough to donate to me
The Bad Touch

It was 2am by the time Spencer crawled into bed with you and you were silently fuming.

This week was meant to be his annual holiday, his time off from the BAU that they couldn’t take away from him. You knew his job was important, you’d known the ten months ago when you’d started dating following a two month flirtation every weekend in the book store you worked at. But it didn’t stop you being pissed. His request for leave had been granted six weeks ago, and you’d had a week full of activities planned which included meeting your parents who were only in town for a few days.

But on Monday, his phone had buzzed. You’d begged him not to answer it, knowing it would be his boss. He didn’t want him to come in, only wanted to email over a map and some coordinates for Spencer to take a quick look at and give his opinion. But Spencer had gone in instead, calling you four hours later from the jet.

Okay, so there had been three children’s life at risk. You’d been annoyed, but you’d followed the case on the news and earlier today, the unsub had been apprehended, victory for the team. Your boyfriend, a hero yet again.

What had pissed you off, was that you knew Spencer was back in town. He’d text you from a bar where he’d been dragged out to celebrate with his team. There wasn’t even an apology or a “come out and meet us”. Just a “we’re back, I’ll be round tomorrow, I’m just out for a drink to celebrate, Derek forced me out”.

You texted him back telling him you missed him and could he not come over now? After all this week had meant to be your time together, you were due back at work on Monday and you’d hardly seen him. He replied, two hours later saying he was on his way back and would use the key you’d gave him two months ago, and to go to bed; he’d meet you in there.

That was pushing ninety minutes ago.

He finally staggered into the bedroom, nearly falling over as he tried to take his clothes off. Slipping into bed, he tried to cuddle you but you shrugged him off.

“Y/N? What’s wrong….” He slurred his words ever so slightly, a strong stench of whiskey emanating from him.

“Can you really not figure it out? This week was meant to be our week together. And this is the first time I’ve seen you since Monday morning and you’re wasted.” You hissed at him.

“Everyone…. Everyone kept buying me drinks, they wanted to congratulate me.”

Of course they did, because it had been his breakthrough that has solved the case.

Didn’t make it any better for you though.

“You didn’t have to take them though. Hell you shouldn’t have even been on the case. I’m glad it was solved and everything Spencer but I’ve wasted almost a week of my holiday here for nothing. You could have come straight here to me tonight, or even text me and asked me to come and meet you, I would have been happy with that. But no. It’s 2am on Saturday morning. And you’re fucked.”

You shrugged off his touches again, rolling to the edge of the bed and pulling the blanket tightly
around you. You could almost hear the cogs in Spencers brain turning, trying to think of something to say to make this better but eventually he gave up. Sighing a huge breath, he rolled over himself and within minutes was snoring lightly.

…

“Y/N….. Y/N…. Wake up.”

Someone was rocking your shoulder gently, trying to drag you out of the dream you’d been having. You’d been riding a rollercoaster with Ned Stark and Tate Langdon. Weird….

Opening your eyes and rubbing them, you could see Spencer crouched down by the bed.

Any normal person would have been still passed out next to you, sleeping off their hangover. But not Reid. You’d quickly discovered that he didn’t get hangovers, ever. How, you did not know, but science totally needed to study him to find out why.

You pursed your lips at him giving him a look. So not only had he pissed you off royally already, but he was waking you up at the crack of dawn on a Saturday.

“What time is it?” You demand to know, your tone harsh.

“It’s erm…. 9am.”

Alright, not quite the crack of dawn, but still.

“I made you breakfast in bed.” He told you, a hopeful smile on his face.

You glanced past him seeing a tray balanced on the bedside table. So he had. Well, that was something.

You wiggled into a seating position, your back against the pillows and headboard as Spencer positioned the tray over your lap, sitting on the edge of the bed next to you.

Orange juice and hot coffee, pancakes and bacon slathered in maple syrup just how you liked them.

You looked at the food, your stomach letting out a tiny rumble. It definitely appreciated the sight and smell of the food. Glancing at Spencer, you saw him watching you intently.

“I’m still mad at you.” You told him, taking a sip of the coffee.

“I know. I’m gonna try and make it up to you today.”

Spearing a piece of pancake with your fork, you raised it to your mouth asking “How?” before devouring the food.

“Well, when you’ve finished your food I thought we could go out and spend a few hours at the zoo. I’ve checked out the feeding time for the elephants and if we get there at the right time, we can get up real close.”

Elephants. Your favourite animal ever.

“Keep talking… ” You continued eating.

“And then this evening, we can order take out and have a Disney film marathon.”
He was slowly wearing you down.

“Still doesn’t quite make up for missing a week full activities.” The food was delicious and you swilled the remaining few pieces down with orange juice.

“I know. That’s why tomorrow we’re catching the amtrak to New York. I’ve book us tickets to Wicked and then we’re staying over.”

“I have work Monday.” You reminded him.

“You don’t. Hotch gave us all Monday off. I called in a favour with your boss. Penny used to work in a bookstore when she was in college. She’s gonna cover your shift.”

Oh.

“And I’ve called your parents and assured your mother that yes, I do in fact exist and will definitely be coming home with you for thanksgiving break. Hotch has already granted the leave considering I came in and gave up my holiday this week. I’m sorry. I’m still new at this relationship stuff. I’ll try harder.”

How could you be angry now. Like seriously.

You set your knife and fork down, finishing off the OJ before Spencer took the tray off your legs.

“Are we okay?” He asked softly.

“We’re okay. I know your job is important but if we’re going to work, then I have to be important too. You’re entitled to time off, in fact; you need and deserve it or else you’ll burn yourself out.”

“I know. And you are important to me. I hope you know how much.”

He leant in and brushed a loose lock of your hair back, before cupping your chin and bringing his face close to yours, licking his lips.

You knew that look…

“Morning breath… I haven’t brushed yet.”

He shrugged. “You’ll taste of coffee and OJ. And even if you didn’t, I don’t care.”

“I do though. I’ll be right back.” You pushed him gently away and slid out of bed, padding out of the room and into the bathroom.

Quickly squirting toothpaste onto your brush, you began to clean your teeth. Hearing a noise, you glanced to the door and saw that Spencer had followed you and was leaning against the door frame.

“Stop watching me!” You exclaimed, toothpaste dribbling down your chin.

“Why?” He slid into the room, coming to stand behind you and resting his hands on your waist.

“Because! This is hardly a sexy sight, Spencer.”

“White stuff dribbling out of your mouth…. I’ll just pretend it’s something else.” He grinned and you laughed, spitting into the sink.

“Charming.”
“I try.”

You began to rinse with fresh water as Spencer pulled your hair to one side, softly kissing your neck just under your ear lobe. You sucked in your breath quickly almost choking on the water, he knew you were sensitive there. You could feel his mouth curling into a smirk, his hands slipping under the hem of your tank top and skating over your tummy, meandering upwards to your chest.

Leaning forward slightly, you spat again into the sink, your butt nudging against Spencers front and feeling something hard. His hands moved higher, cupping your breasts under your top.

“Spence…. Come on. I’m trying to do something here.” You whined, wishing he’d just let you get on with this sort you get back to bed with him.

“So am I. I’m trying to make it up to you.” He nibbled the outer shell of your ear as his fingertips grazed over your nipples eliciting a gasp from your lips.

“So let’s go back to the bedroom then…..” You breathed out, your eyes half closed as he work his hands over your now puckered chest, pinching at tweaking the way he knew you liked.

“Nah… It occurred to me earlier that the bathroom is one of the few places we’ve not done it.”

“Because my shower is tiny and you wouldn’t fit in my bathtub.” You wriggled backwards, nudging against him with your butt.

“Yes but the cabinet your sink is on is fairly sturdy. Just roll with me here, I’m a genius; I’ve got this sussed.”

“If we break my sink, you’re buying me a new one.” You gave in to him, one of the his hands had slipped downwards into your bottoms and was stroking against your panties.

“Fair enough.” You could hear the triumph in his voice and he removed his hands from their positions on your body and quickly spun you around so that you were facing him. Cupping your face with his hand, he ran his thumb across your bottom lip, your mouth parting for him and darting out to swipe over the tip.

“Now that you’re minty fresh, I can do this.” Lowering his head, his pressed his lips against yours, softly at first and then quickly moving urgently against your mouth.

Tilting your head to avoid your noses knocking you matched his pace, letting out a short moan as he sucked your lip into between his, nibbling it. You reached your hands out to touch him, moving straight to his groin. He stepped back, still keeping his mouth to yours. Pulling his lips away slightly he whispered to.

“Nope. This is about me making things up to your remember. No touching me until you’ve come at least once.”

He resumed his kisses before you had chance to respond, his hands starting to roam over your body, pulling your nipple through your top as he passed over them. You groaned into his mouth. Reaching the bottom of your tank top he gripped the fabric and yanked it upwards, breaking the kiss so he could pull it off you.

“Better.” He announced, his eyes drifting to your chest. Crouching to the floor, he slipped his fingers under the waist band of your sleep shorts and pulled downwards, dragging your underwear down to. He lifted your legs one by one and tossed the garments to one side. “But THIS is even better.”
Spencer started kissing up your leg, soft kisses followed by nips with his teeth and short licks with his tongue, he slowly worked his way up your body until he reached your chest.

Now level with your breasts, he let out a slow blow, his breath cool against your hard peaks. Dashing his tongue out, he flicked it roughly against one and you reached back and gripped the edge of the cabinet to steady yourself. Looking up at you and smirking, he pursed his pink lips and wrapped them around your nipple, sucking it into his mouth.

“Ugh.” You let out small groan, followed by a much longer one as he worked his mouth on you, flicking his tongue rapidly and sending ripples of pleasure straight through you.

Not wavering in his motions, he gripped the leg that was closet to the bath tub and raised it so it was bent at the knee and resting on the edge of the tub. Tracing a line with his fingertips from your foot all the way up to the top of your thighs, he stopped when he reached your most sensitive parts. You whimpered in anticipation of his next move, your breaths hitching in your throat as he teased your chest.

“Am I forgiven yet?” He asked, releasing you from his mouth and peppering kisses across your boobs until he reached your other nipple, never the type to favour one over the other.

“If I say yes does that mean you’ll stop?” You rasped.

“Maybe.”

“Then no, you’re not forgiven.”

“I’ll just have to work harder then won’t I?” He responded, Latching on to your other nipple, biting down on the already hard nub and swirling his tongue over it.

“Oh fuck Spence….”

His fingers started to move again, slipping between your legs where you were already wet for him. Dipping his finger inside you, he coated his finger in your excitement before dragging it forward to your clit. Using your own wetness as lubricant, he began to massage your clit.

Your gasps become more frequent, your breathing turning into panting as he played with your sensitive pearl, alternating between slow, torturous circles and rubbing it from side to side, increasing pressure. His lips on your chest and his hand working magic between your legs, it wasn’t long until you were a quivering mess, your fingers gripping the solid wood of the cabinet to keep yourself from collapsing.

“Fuck…. Oh fuck… Oh… Oh god…”

“Come for me, Y/N.” He murmured, his words vibrating through your chest. He adjusted his hand quickly, exchanging his fingers for his thumb on your clit, the wider pad of it pressing against you as his slips two fingers inside you. Curling them gently and rocking them back and forth, he increased his momentum on your clit and has you clenching around him in seconds, his name on your lips as you come.

Satisfied with your cries, he waits for you to stop moaning before retracting his hand from you and standing, his legs cracking slightly as they straighten up. Placing his hands to your hips, he lifted you onto the edge of the cabinet, being careful not to push you too far back or risk your butt falling into the empty sink.

Pushing his own pants and boxers down, you watch as Spencer grips his cock, stroking it a few
times before positioning it at your entrance and pushing quickly in.

You both groan as he fills you completely. No matter how many times you do this, you’re still amazed at how perfectly you slot together.

Spencer lowers his head to yours, catching your lips in another mouth watering kiss as you wrap your legs around his waist as he starts to thrust.

You hold fast to the cabinet, not letting him drive you backwards with his force and providing the perfect amount of resistance for him to thrust against, his own grunts coming thick and fast now.

“So…. good. So…. fucking…. good.” He chokes out as you squeeze your inner walls around him, feeling him knocking against your g spot and causing a new wave of euphoria to burn through you. Spencers mouth nuzzles against your shoulder, finding a spot on your collarbone to nip on.

He grips your hips hard, pulling himself nearly all of the way out and slamming into you again, once…. twice…. three times until you feel his mouth open wide against your shoulder, a low growl leaving his throat as he empties himself inside you, his cock twitching as he comes.

You both remain wordless for a moment, the sounds of panting filling your bathroom, the scent of sex permeating the air.

Raising his head from your shoulder, spender releases the grip on your hips and rakes his hand through his hair pushing it back.

“Am I forgiven now?” He asks, a knowing smile on his lips.

“Hmmmm. I think so. But then again, it was nearly a full week. Maybe a couple more orgasms wouldn’t go amiss.”

He chuckles and rests his head to your forehead.

“What about us going to the zoo?”

“Fuck the zoo.” You tell him. “We’ll only end up seeing animals screwing anyway. We can put on our own mating show here.”

“You and me baby, ain’t nothing but mammals, so let’s do it like they do….” He begins to croon the old Bloodhound Gang song and you join him, laughing.

“On the discovery channel.”
Sugar Hearts

“I’ll pick you up at seven, Spencer.” You heard Emily tell Spencer.

“I’ll pick you up at seven, Spencer.” You mimicked her in your head, narrowing your eyes at your colleagues and then immediately feeling bad.

It wasn’t that you didn’t like your team mates. Quite the opposite in fact for one of them. You had a ridiculously stonking great crush on Dr Reid and had done for the three months you’d worked at the BAU. But you were fairly certain he and Emily had a ‘thing’. They hadn’t come out and openly admitted it to the rest of the team but you’d overheard them making plans together, and they often rode in together. The looks they gave each other when they thought no one was watching, made you feel sick to your stomach.

It was stupid really. When you’d first started, you’d thought that maybe Spencer had liked you. He’d sometimes seem flustered around you, and you’d been sure you’d seen him checking your legs out the first day you’d worn a skirt. He also went out of his way to be kind to you, bringing you back your favourite coffee from the coffee shop down the road whenever he went out on his lunch break.

But then him and Emily had started coming in to work together, and you could just sense something between them. The little looks or soft touches, the way she always fixed his tie when it was crooked.

Ugh.

The team were making plans for this evening, a night out to let your hair down. Emily was leaving the office early for an appointment she had and you watched her hug Spencer goodbye before waving to the rest of you. You waved back, plastering a smile on your face.

Envy did not suit you, at all.

…

Two hours later and Spencer had just come back from his lunch break, taking it a lot later than normal. Passing your desk, he placed a takeout coffee cup down and gave you a sweet smile, shaking his hair back from his face. His gloriously messy hair.

What you wouldn’t give to run your fingers through those locks, or tug on the them gently. You bet Emily got to do that all that time.

Reaching into his messenger bag he pulled out a paper box and opened it, reaching inside and taking out a pink cupcake, placing it next to the coffee. The cupcake had a small sugarpaste heart on it.

“I thought you could do with an afternoon pick me up. You’ve been quiet today, everything alright?”

Everything was fine….. Aside from you dying inside from unrequited love.

Alright, that was a little over dramatic but still.

“I’m fine. Should you really be giving that to me?"

He looked confused, glancing at the cupcake and then back at you.

“I thought cupcakes were your favourite? Do you not want it…. I’ll erm…. I’ll take it away.”

You felt bad, he was just trying to be nice to you. You sighed and picked the cake up.
“They are my favourite. I’m sorry, thank you. I just don’t think your girlfriend would be too happy with you giving cake with love hearts on to someone else.”

You started to peel the wrapper, trying not to get icing on your hands.

“Girlfriend?”

Oh come on.

“Sorry. I mean Emily. I know you haven’t come out and told anyone else yet, but it’s obvious.”

“I’m sorry but what exactly is obvious?”

“That you and Prentiss are a couple.” You bit into the cake, licking the frosting off your lips.

“Me and…. Me and Emily?” He started to chuckle.

“We’re not a couple, Y/N.”

You paused your chewing. They weren’t?

Swallowing quickly you clarified. “Wait…. You’re not?”

“Nope.”

“Well you probably should be, it’s obvious you two like each other. I don’t need to be a profiler to see that.”

You took another bite of the cake, savouring the taste of the frosting. cherry flavoured, your favourite.

“Y/N, me and Emily are just friends. Just really good friends. Nothing more.”

“So you don’t like her then?”

He shook his head, crouching to the floor beside you so that he was at eye level.

“Nope. I er… I do like someone though.”

He reached out and brushed the tip of your nose with his thumb, holding it up to show you the stray blob of frosting.

“You do?” Your breathing hitched slightly. Could it be…. Nah… It couldn’t.

“Yes.” His tongue darted out and licked the frosting off his thumb.

“Who?” Your voice was barely a whisper.

“I’d have thought it was obvious. Maybe trying to express my feelings through coffee and cake wasn’t as blatant as I had hoped.”

Yes, Yes, YES!

“Me? You like me?!”

He nodded slowly.
“Are you sure?” You squeaked out and he laughed.

“Very sure. Ems been telling me to tell you outright for weeks. But I didn’t dare. She thinks you like me too, but I wasn’t sure. Is she… is she right?”

“Is the Pope Catholic?”

You grinned at each other, your heart doing little back flips inside your chest.

“I’ve been jealous of Emily this whole time for nothing then….. I’ve been shooting her daggers for no reason at all. I need to apologise to her.”

“You don’t, please don’t worry.”

“I’ll speak to her later. So erm…. If I like you and you like me, what are we going to do about it?”

You were not taking any chances, now you had an admittance of feelings, you were running with this.

“Dinner and a movie tomorrow?”

“Sounds perfect!”

Yes!!!
“We really shouldn’t be doing this, Y/N.”

You shot your best friend a look as you finished linking your laptop up to your TV.

“Look, it’s me that’s streaming it, not you. No one even has to know that you were here.”

You knew he was worried about watching a movie online because of where he worked but you’d had a random urge to watch Tomb Raider all day, and of course it had to be one of the few movies that wasn’t available on ANY of the legal movie streaming sites. So you’d gone down a different route. It wasn’t like you were downloading it, just watching it. You had your popcorn and huge home made milkshakes ready and you were just waiting for it to finish buffering before you settled back and watch Angelina Jolie kick some butt.

You looked back at your friend sitting on your couch, an unhappy look on his face.

“Oh come on Spence. Don’t be mad at me.”

“I’m not mad… I just don’t feel overly comfortable watching it this way. I’m not bailing you out if anything bad happens.”

It wouldn’t… Hopefully. What he didn’t know if that his friend and colleague had set your laptop up so that it ran through so many proxy servers that some one would have to be Penelope Garcia herself to trace the fact that you were watching movies illegally, back to you.

The movie finished buffering and you smiled triumphantly, hitting play but accidentally sliding the cursor halfway across the screen so that the movie started a few minutes in.

“Shit.” You scrambled to set it back, stopping when you heard strange moans coming from the screen.

“Harder baby, that’s right. Raid me, raid me hard.”

What the?

You stopped and glanced up at the screen seeing a naked woman with her hair in a pony tail and her legs clad in combat boots, being screwed from behind.

“Y/N… That’s not Angelina Jolie.” Reid pointed out, a light flush on his cheeks.

“Nope… It’s not. And neither is that other girl.” A second nude female had just entered the shot and lain down next to the pair, her legs spread as she touched herself.

You sat back in your seat next to him, not stopping the movie yet, intrigued as to where this was going.

“Come on…. I mean, does she even know them? Or has she just stumbled upon them and decided to join in? Who does that?”

Reid glanced at you and shifted in his seat. “Well I guess since we’ve started the film at…. Wait really? This is only seven minutes in?”

You laughed at him. “Seven minutes in and that dude is a lucky fucker.”
The two females had now started making out, their hands roaming over each other. Looking over you could see that Spencer was trying to avert his eyes from the screen but they kept drifting back.

“Are you gonna turn this off or what?” He asked you.

“Nope. Not yet. Let’s just watch this bit.”

“You seriously want us to watch porn together.”

“Friends who watch porn together, stay together.” You told him, grabbing the popcorn.

“I’m fairly certain that’s not how it goes.”

… An extremely frustrating hour later…

“Well.”

“Well indeed. I think I’m gonna go.”

Spencer stood to leave, picking up his messenger bag and holding it strategically in front of him.

You’d ended up watching the whole movie together, commentating on the ridiculousness of some parts, and sitting in a strange silence at other parts.

Watching a porno with your handsome best friend. Interesting…..

“Gonna go have a cold shower, Spence?” You asked him teasingly.

He shot you a withering look.

“Don’t worry, I’m gonna do the same.”

You stood up and followed him to your apartment door, getting ready to let him out.

“You actually…..you actually found that…..?”

“Hot? Some parts yes. Trust me Reid, if you weren’t here I’d have definitely had my hands down my pants.”

His jaw dropped slightly which surprised you. You figured by now that he’d be used to your lack of filter.

“What about you. I know you’re not holding your bag directly in front of you for no reason.”

You made a joke grab for it but your lunge startled him and he dropped it which resulted in your hand brushing against his crotch. His very hard crotch.

“SHIT! Oh fuck… I’m sorry.” You exclaimed, suddenly feeling warmer than you had done the whole movie.

Reid didn’t say anything, he just bent down and picked his bag back up, his cheeks on fire.

Okay… Make a joke. Kill the atmosphere.

“Although I gotta say, is that a gun in your pocket or are you just pleased to see me.”

NOT that kind of joke! For fucks sake woman!
He laughed at the stricken look on your face when you realised what you’d said.

“Y/N… I’m always pleased to see you.”

He furrowed his brow when his own innuendo set in and you both just stood there shaking your heads at each other.

“This is going well. I sure do know how to make movie night interesting. Make you watch porn, grope your junk and then have you tell me that essentially, I always make you hard. We should just fuck now and get it over with.” You gave an uncomfortable laugh.

“Should we….”

Hold on..

Hold on one second. There was no uncomfortable question there, just a statement.

You met Spencer eyes and you both stared at each other for a minute before he dropped his bag again at the same time as you moved towards him, your mouths suddenly against each other.

… Thirty minutes Later….

“We really should move off your floor, Y/N.”

You were both lying flat on your backs by your apartment door, clothes strewn everywhere after one of the best fucks of your life.

“Okay… In a second…. ” You breathed out, still trying to catch your breath.

“I guess this is the wrong time to ask you on an actual date?” Spencer rolled over on to his side so that he was looking at you.

You laughed.

“Spencer, we’re beyond dating.” You turned to face him, the hard wooden floor now beginning to hurt your back.

“So what? We just pretend this didn’t happen?”

He looked hurt for a second, and you pressed your lips to his, softly.

“Fuck no. I just meant that we’ve been friends for so long, we wouldn’t need to date. We already know everything about each other.”

“So what happens now?”

You sat up on your floor, smirking as Spencers eyes went to your bare chest.

“Well… We could try to find the sequel…. And then maybe tomorrow we can update our relationship status. Or you know…. Something equally as silly.”

“I’m a fan of both of those ideas.”

“Sequel first?” You asked him.

“Sure. But can we move to your bedroom please. Your floor is killing my back.”
Come Away With Me

Come away with me in the night
Come away with me
And I will write you a song

You watched him, his lips moving quickly as he read the words from the file back to himself. The other members of the team had fallen asleep, but not Spencer. He’d review the file and file over and over again until he was one hundred percent sure that the team had covered every angle. You had of course, but Spencer was meticulous. One of the things you loved about him.

Come away with me on a bus
Come away where they can’t tempt us
With their lies

Your earbuds in and one of your favourite lazy Sunday songs playing, you shifted in your seat next to him. Trying to get a better look at his handsome face, not that you needed to see it. You could close your eyes and you’d see it, it was seared into your memory, a photograph someone had developed onto the inside of your eyelids.

He glanced up, seeing you watching him carefully. He gave you a smile, those plump pink lips of his curling upwards.

Seven months you’d been part of the team, and six months, three weeks and four days you’d had a crush on Spencer Reid. He’d been absent the first day of your appointment as the new media liaison.

But you’d never tell him. You didn’t want to scare him away, you wanted it to come from him. So you’d wait, drop hints, leave little clues. Maybe one day he’d realise, Morgan teased him about you often enough, you’d heard him. But then again Morgan teased Spencer about any pretty girl who Reid stuttered around. Ah, the endearing and adorable stutter. It only made him sweeter when he tripped over his words when he spoke to you. He rarely did it now, now you’d become friends.

You were mouthing along with the words without realising it and Spencer touched his ear and made a tugging motion. You paused the music and removed an ear bud.

“What are you listening to? You look totally chilled out.” He asked.

“I am. It’s one of my favourite songs. It actually reminds me of you Spencer…”

“It does, how so?”

“I can’t say.. That’s a secret.” Playing coy with him now, you brushed a lock of your hair back, seeing his eyes flick to your hand and follow your movements. He mirrored them subconsciously, something you knew people did when they were around someone they liked. In fact, it was Reid who had given you that little bit of profiling information.

Yes. He definitely liked you.

“Well at least tell me what song it is!”

“Give me your phone.” You held your hand out to him and he obliged. You quickly connected to the jets WiFi and downloaded the song.
“You can’t listen to it until you’re home, okay. We’ll see if you can work out why it reminds me of you.” You locked his phone and handed it back, watching him slip it back into his pocket with a slightly confused look on his face.

You smiled and settled back in your seat, resuming the song and wondering whether the lyrics would ever be a reality.

*I want to walk with you*  
On a cloudy day  
In fields where the yellow grass grows knee-high  
So won’t you try to come

Maybe….

…

Spencer sat in his apartment playing the song Y/N had downloaded onto his phone over and over. It was a beautiful song, the soft tones of the singer making him feel warm inside, like he was wrapped in a thick blanket and that everything was right in the world.

*Come away with me and we’ll kiss*  
On a mountaintop  
Come away with me  
And I’ll never stop loving you

She’d said the song reminded her of him, but he wasn’t sure why. It was the sort of song that would remind someone of a lover, or perhaps someone they were pursuing as a lover.

A tiny spark inside of him made him wonder. Could it be possible that it reminded her of him because she was pursuing him? Morgan had told him a while ago that Reid’s crush on Y/N definitely wasn’t one sided, he’d apparently heard it from Penelope and Penelope was her best friend on the team. But he hadn’t believed it. If she did feel that way, why wasn’t she doing anything about it.

Unless…

She was waiting for him to make the first move?

He replayed the song again, remembering how her eyes had looked when she’d been lip syncing along. He was sure she was looking at him, that’s why he’d glanced up; because he’d felt a pair of eyes on him.

Maybe…

*And I want to wake up with the rain*  
Falling on a tin roof  
While I’m safe there in your arms

He closed down the media player on his phone, the lyrics embedded in his mind now. Pulling up her contact details, he typed the last few lines of the song and hit send. If this backfired, he’d pass it off as him showing his appreciation for it.

*So all I ask is for you*  
To come away with me in the night  
Come away with me

She text back almost immediately.
“I thought you’d never ask.”
“I can’t believe we’re spending New Years on the jet. I should be out in a club, getting my groove on. This sucks.” Derek Morgan was complaining loudly as JJ quickly poured the champagne she’d hurriedly bought into beakers.

It did suck. It totally sucked all sorts of ass. You should be out with your colleagues and friends, celebrating in style. Instead, you were stood in the aisle of the BAUs jet, flying home after spending the last four days on a case.

Still, at least Christmas hadn’t been interrupted. And at least you were together.

But, there was no way you’d be following through on your plan tonight. Nope. Not when you couldn’t blame it on being drunk if it backfired.

“Guys, get ready.” JJ called out.

You all huddled together, you shoulder to shoulder with Hotch and Emily.

“TEN, NINE, EIGHT…. ”

As you all loudly counted down, you snuck a look at your colleague Spencer, squished in between JJ and Derek. He gave you a small smile, raising his glass at you. You smiled back, somewhat sadly. He’d been your plan. You’d been crushing on Spencer Reid for the whole time you’d worked at the BAU and you were certain he shared them. Penelope had told you time and time again that Spencer liked you, but you were both too shy to actually do anything about it. New Years Eve together would have been the perfect time. A kiss at midnight, in a crowded room where everyone would be doing the same thing. But not here, not now when it was just the team.

“THREE, TWO, ONE. HAPPY NEW YEAR!!” You all cried in unison, hugging each other and pecking each other on the cheeks. You lingered in Spencers embrace for longer than you should have, inhaling the smell of him as you kissed his cheek, sure you heard him do the same.

You pulled away sadly. Maybe you’d just get drunk at Penny’s birthday party in a few weeks and tell him then.

Probably not.

There was always next New Years Eve.

…

“Y/N… We’re here.”

You shook yourself awake as Spencer pulled into a car parking space outside of your building. You must have drifted off. You lived in the same direction so he offered to drive you both as you’d had another glass of champagne on the jet and he’d stopped at the one.

“Thanks Spence.” You reached to the back seat and grabbed your bag. “I’ll see you in a few days.”

“See you, Y/N.”

You slid out of the car and closed the door behind you, making your way up to your apartment.
You’d been inside for less than a minute when you heard a knocking on your door. Opening it, you saw it was Reid.

Had you left something in his car? You didn’t think so, and he didn’t have anything in his hands.

“Y/N… I… erm… I wanted to… Earlier, on the jet… I…” He stood awkwardly, stuttering over his words.

This was your chance, take it or lose it.

You placed your hand on his arm gently and smiled at him. You leant towards each other at the same time, your lips meeting in a sweet, soft kiss. You couldn’t help but smile against his mouth, feeling Spencers arms circle your waist as you reached up and linked your hands around the back his neck, pressing against him as you deepened the kiss, your lips moving against each others as if you’d done this a thousand times with each other before.

A few moments later you released each other, standing back and looking at him.

“Happy New Year, Y/N.” He said shyly.

“Happy New Year, Spencer.”

“I… I should go…” He went to turn away but you’re reached out for his arm.

“Wait! You don’t have to. I mean… We’re off tomorrow and… I know it late but we could re watch the New Years celebrations together. I Tivo’d them. You could stay…my couch is comfortable….”

“If we rewatch the celebrations, do we get another midnight?” He asked, closing your apartment door behind him.

“Yes. We can replay it over and over again if you’d like.”

“I would.”

You grinned widely at each other, knowing that now you’d had your first kiss together, it was going to be the beginning of many others.

New Year, New Relationship.
You were buzzing. Spencer had called you moments ago, he’d be home in ten minutes.

He’d been away from you for two weeks. Two whole weeks! You hated it, but at the same time you loved how important his job was, he saved lives for a living, you couldn’t complain. The team had gotten home this afternoon and they’d all gone straight into the office to complete their paperwork so that they wouldn’t have to return tomorrow. His colleague Derek was going to drop him off so that he wasn’t going to be further delayed by the bus. Spender could drive, but he rarely chose to, and you COULD go and pick him up, which you’d offered to, but he didn’t like you coming out of your way and had convinced Derek to bring him home.

Your apartment had been cleaned and you’d swung by his place, using his spare key, to pick up some clean clothes for the weekend. He had a few items in a drawer you’d put aside for him, but having some more stuff at yours wouldn’t hurt. It would just be so much more easier if you lived together, but you hadn’t dared suggest it to him yet. It was a big step and you’d not had a roommate since college. But still, you spent all your spare time when he wasn’t on cases at yours and he spent more time in your bed than his own.

Hearing the familiar turning of the spare key in your lock, you bounded to the door, a huge grin spreading over your face.

Seeing Spencers smile as he opened the door, you flung your arms around him as he dropped his bag to the floor to embrace you.

“God, I’ve missed you.” He murmured into your hair, squeezing you tightly.

“Spence… Can’t breathe! Too tight.” You gasped out, laughing as he released you.

“Sorry…. I have missed you though, so much.”

“I know, me too. I hate sleeping without you, it sucks. How was the case?”

You studied his face, whilst he was happy, he looked weary; the shadows under history eyes, darker than normal.

“It was…. a bad one. It didn’t end well.” He never revealed too much about his work. He could if he wanted to, but he’d always said that when you were together, he wanted to focus on happy things. You hugged him again, stroking the back of his neck softly.

“I’m sorry Spence. If you wanna talk…..”

“I know. Thank you. I’m gonna have a quick shower if that’s okay, then can we maybe watch a film?”

“Sure thing. I ordered the pizza when I knew you were on your way anyway. I’m gonna change into my pj’s too.”

Spencer slunk off into the shower and you went and changed into the pajamas you’d adopted earlier on this week. You’d had a bath earlier in the day but had gotten dressed as you weren’t sure whether you’d be picking him up or not.

He came out the living room ten minutes later, loose sleep pants and a Marvel t-shirt on, his hair
damp. He looked you up and down, a slight smile playing on his lips.

“Thats my shirt.”

You nodded, lifting the long shirt.

“And my boxers.”

“They were clean ones… It makes me feel closer to you, wearing your stuff when you’re away. I can go and put on a sexy little number if you’d prefer?” You offered.

“I don’t think there’s a sexier sight than seeing you in my clothes… Although I don’t know why I like it soo much.” He came and stood behind you in the kitchen where you were fixing you both a drink, whiskey and coke to help you both relax a little.

You giggled and handed him a drink hearing the door buzz. Pizza.

Spencer took both of the drinks through and sat them down as you collected the food from the delivery girl and then joined him on the couch.

“What do you wanna watch?” You asked.

“You.”

You laughed again. “Don’t be silly. Choose something.”

“Fine! I choose… That programme where you take off the clothes you’re wearing.”

“Eat first. Then cuddle time.”

“And then naked time?” Spencer asked, pouting at you.

“Well I guess now that you’re home, I don’t have to wear your clothes to sleep in.”

His eyes lit up and you smirked. “Later though.”

You both ate, idly channel surfing until you settled on a film that was just beginning. Spencer moved the empty pizza box into the kitchen and then dropped back down next too you, resting his head on your shoulder.

“Can we snuggle now? I’ve missed my Y/N snuggles.”

Nodding, you shifted your position until you were laying flat on your long couch, Spencer laying between your legs and resting his head on your chest, his arms around you. Perfect.

You began stroking his hair softly, loving his soft messy curls that smelt like apples from his shampoo. You’d began to notice more and more of his toiletries creeping into your bathroom, not that you minded. Your apartment was the bigger of the two so it made sense that you spent more time there. And it was only one stop further on the bus for him.

Spencer twitched when you stroked against a particularly sensitive spot on his neck and you adjusted your hand. He had a very sensitive neck and were too full right now for any of THAT. You just needed an hour or so….

“Thanks for fetching some more clothes for me, Y/N. I’ll need to nip back on Sunday at some point though.” Spencer adjusted his head slightly, squishing your boobs.
“I’ll come with you, I’m not spending a second away until I have too.” You told him.

“Good. Thank you.”

A few minutes later he raised his head to look at you, nerves clouding his eyes.

“Y/N…..”

“Mmmmm?”

“What if…. what if I didn’t have to go home to get my stuff?”

“Well then you’d have nothing to wear, silly. I mean, I can keep washing the clothes that you have got here but…..”

“No… I meant… Erm. What if, my clothes were all here?” He chewed his lip, he’s cheeks colouring.

“But then what about all of your other things, your books and stuff.”

“What if they were here too. And your spare key, was just my key. And you didn’t need a spare key to my apartment anymore, because it wouldn’t be my apartment anymore?”

Ohhhhh!

“And I stop being so dumb and understand when you’re asking if we should move into together?” You smiled widely at him.

“That too.”

“I think that that, is the best idea you’ve had all year Spencer Reid.”

“Better than no pants Thursday nights?”

“Way better… And think of the pajamas I could choose from. I’ll have an endless supply of boyfriend shirts on hand.”

“Which you won’t wear to bed when I’m home… Right.”

Home…

You felt all warm and gooey inside.

“I promise I won’t wear them to bed when you’re here. When you’re home.”

“Excellent. I will hold you to that promise. So… We’re moving into together. Now to celebrate. And I can think of a perfect way.”

His hands slipped to the buttons of your shirt, well his shirt really, and started undoing them one by one.

“No bra… You really do know how to please me, don’t you?”

Spencer started to kiss down your throat and you let out a happy sigh.

It had been long enough.. And you DID need to celebrate after all.
The Best Thing

“Come on Y/N! Get up there. We only come to this dreadful karaoke bar to hear you sing.”

“Yeah sugar lips, go and give me some of that sweet sweet music I’ve been craving.”

The rest of the team were spurring you on, but like almost every other time you’d been to this bar with your friends and coworkers, you weren’t feeling it tonight.

You hadn’t been feeling it all week if you were being honest. But you hadn’t really told anyone why. Your best male friend on the team, Spencer had asked you a few times what was wrong but you’d made excuses. You’d told your best female friend Penelope, but you’d made her promise not to tell the others yet. You didn’t want all of the questions, not yet when it was so raw.

The group tried to get together once a month or so outside of work to inject some much needed fun into their lives. Given where you all worked, it was nice to let your hair down. Twelve months ago you’d lost a dare and ended up singing karaoke and everyone had loved it, commenting on how good you were. You always laughed them off, you weren’t terrible but you were no Adele.

After cajoling you a bit more, the team grinned as you downed your drink and went up to speak to the DJ to see if he had the song that had come to mind. He hasn’t but he could download it and strip back the lead vocals easily if you knew the words. You did.

You gave him a few minutes, just chatting away with him. You knew the DJ fairly well by now with the amount of times you’d sung. He plugged some headphones into his laptop and handed them to you, so you could check he’d got stripped it to you satisfaction. You grinned and nodded.

“I recognise the song. Sucks to be him right now, as I imagine you were.” He winked at you and you laughed, taking up your place behind the mic as the beat kicked in.

“I let you get away with thinking you’re the cure
I think I’m in too deep, it’s time to pull the cord
You like me more when you think, I’m getting bored
I hope you’re home the day I tear down the walls.”

You scanned the bar, seeing the team watching you with smiles and their faces as you jumped into the chorus.

“I won’t settle, settle, settle,
You are never gonna hold me down
So toxic, you ain’t nothin’ but a prick
I’m the best thing that never happened to you
Never, never, never, you are never gonna live this down
Life’s too short, I can’t fake it anymore
I’m the best thing that never happened to you”

You watched Spencers brow furrow as be took in the lyrics. If anyone would read into this song, it would be him.

“Don’t you get sick of only hearing your own voice?
Talk like you’re so damn tough but you’re just a little boy
You like to think you’ve broke the mold but now I’m sure,
You’ll crack just like the rest when I break your fucking jaw”
You were swaying along with the beat now, getting into the song and actually enjoying singing it. It felt good, even if he wasn’t here to hear you sing it at him.

“I won’t settle, settle, settle,
You are never gonna hold me down
So toxic, you ain’t nothin’ but a prick
I’m the best thing that never happened to you
Never, never, never, you are never gonna live this down
Life’s too short, I can’t fake it anymore
I’m the best thing that never happened to you

I won’t settle, I won’t settle, I won’t settle”

Spencer leaned over to Penelope and whispered something into her ear. She nodded at him in response.

“I won’t settle, settle, settle,
You are never gonna hold me down
So toxic, you ain’t nothin’ but a prick
I’m the best thing that never happened to you
Never, never, never, you are never gonna live this down
Life’s too short, I can’t fake it anymore
I’m the best thing that never happened to you”

You bought the song to a close and gave a little bow to the audience who clapped, before giving the DJ a thumbs up and hopping off the stage.

Instead of going back to the table, you went to the bar, needing another drink. Waiting for the barman to grab your water, you felt a presence beside you. Spencer.

“Can we go outside a sec?” He asked.

You collected your water and nodded, leading him around the tables and out into the cool night air. You leaned against the wall and took a swig of your drink.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because it’s not your problem.”

“I thought I was one of the your best friends Y/N. When you break up with someone, you generally tell your best friends.”

He looked hurt and you felt bad.

“Hey.” You touched his arm. “You are my best friend, I just didn’t want the questions. I was gonna wait a few weeks, in only happened last weekend.”

“So that’s why you’ve been quiet all week. You should have told me, I’d have.. I dunno. Bought you ice-cream and watched chic flicks with you or whatever it is that girl pals do nowadays when there’s been a break up.”

“Spencer that’s sweet, and really kind. But I just wanted to be alone for a bit. I’m starting to be okay with it now, it just stings a bit is all. He was seeing another girl from his office and I found out.”

“I’ll kill him… Wait no. I’ll send Derek to kill him.”
You laughed at him. “Spence, no. It’s fine. I’m good. Or at least I will be with friends like you around.”

You pulled him in for a quick hug, resting your head on his shoulder.

“Y/N. I’m glad you two broke up ya know? You’re way to good for him. You’re way to good for anyone.”

You kissed his cheek and pulled away from him.

“Nope. You’re the one that’s way too good for anyone Spencer Reid. Especially with smooth lines like that. Such a lady killer. Shall we go back inside? I can feel another ‘fuck you’ song coming on.”

“Which one this time?”

“The Queen herself, KC. Never Again.” You walked back inside.

Spencer hesitated slightly before following you.

“Nope” he thought to himself. “Now was definitely NOT the right time tell her that he was hopelessly and irrevocably in love with her.”

Maybe in a few months.
A few months had passed by since your break up with Jeremy and you were moving along nicely. You and Spencer had been spending more and more time together outside of work, becoming more of a twosome than the three or foursome you normally were when Penelope and or Derek came along.

It was nice. Sometimes you did enjoy having your male best friend to yourself. But you noticed something off about him. He seemed more rigid when you hugged him goodnight and a few nights ago when you’d thank him for a great evening and told him that he was the best and that you loved him, he’d turned a bright shade of pink and had scurried away.

Probably nothing, you’d thought.

You were at the karaoke bar again, this time though it was just you, Reid, Penny and Derek.

You’d already sang once and as you came back from the ladies room, they were begging you to go and sing again. Well, Derek and Garcia were. Spencer was unusually quiet.

Giving in to their demands yet again, you went up to the DJ booth with another song in the mind.

He shook his head at you.

“One’s been picked for you already.”

“By whom and what is it?”

He nodded over to your table, Spencer not making eye contact with you. A dead give away that he’d chosen this. What the hell was he playing at?

“He says you’ll know the song. I’ve never heard of it to be honest, but he assured me that you know every lyric to every one of her songs. It’s a Kelly Clarkson song apparently?”

You racked your brains wondering what Spencer had picked out.

Moving to the mic stand, you waited for the music to start, hearing just the sound of an acoustic guitar. You recognised the song immediately, your voice catching in your throat as you quickly recalled the words.

You look at me,
Like you always do.
You don’t have a clue.
You smile at me,
You hug me,
But you don’t know I want you.
You play with me,
You flirt with me,
You tell me all your secrets.
I’m always the one you run to,
but to you I’m just your friend.

You glanced at Penny and Derek seeing their jaws had dropped. Okay, so they weren’t in on this. Spencer still had his head down and avoiding eye contact with you at all costs.
Don’t say I love you,
Don’t say you need me,
Don’t say I trust you,
My heart can’t take it.
Don’t say you want me,
Don’t say you miss me,
Don’t hurt me.
Don’t say you love me.

There was only one reason you could think why he would pick this song for you to sing.

Spencer was terrible with telling people how he felt, and this song fit perfectly. Two best friends, one with unrequited feelings for the other. Or at least, that was what he thought.

I try my best to rid these thoughts,
Of you and I it’s so hard.
When come to me,
I fall back on my knees.
I learned to hate love.
You kiss me on the cheek,
You say you’d never make it without me.
It’s getting harder everyday.
Please don’t say to me,

You raised your eyebrows at Garcia and nodded your head to Spencer. She nudged him, making him look up at you. You locked eyes with him and frowned at him slightly.

Don’t say you love me.
Don’t say you love me.
Don’t say you love me.
Don’t say you love me.

If he really felt this way about you why couldn’t he just tell you. But then... You guessed this was his way of doing it. He could just say it was a song he knew you liked if all else failed, although by the look in his eyes, he knew that you knew the reason behind his song choice.

My heart can’t take it.
I love you so much.
But you don’t see me.
I hate love.

Don’t say I love you,
Don’t say you need me,
Don’t say I trust you,
Unless you mean it.
Don’t say you want me,
Don’t say you need me,
Don’t hurt me.
Don’t say you love me.

The song finished and you replaced the mic and jumped off the stage immediately, walking straight over to Spencer and grabbing his arm, almost dragging him outside.

“What the fuck was that?”
“Nothing…. I, erm… just chose a song for you. I know you l-like that song…” He shuffled awkwardly on the ground.

“Bullshit. Say it Spencer.”

“Say what?”

“Say everything you were trying to say by having me sing a song about someone in love with their best friend.”

“I… I… I don’t…”

“For God’s sake, Spencer. If you really feel that way, now is your one chance to have this conversation with me and to find out how I feel.”

“I already know how you feel. I’m in love with you and I’m not someone you’d even look at twice romantically. Everytime you hug me, or tell me you love me, it kills me because it’s not in the way I want it to be. I’m sorry…. I just….it kills me Y/N.” He looked like a lost puppy. A lost puppy who had no clue.

“You clearly don’t have any idea of how I feel about you.”

You grabbed his shirt and pressed yourself against him, standing on your tip toes and placing your lips to his. It took him a moment to realise what was happening and when he did, he reciprocated whole heartedly, wrapping his arms around your waist. You linked yours around his neck, tasting the sweetness of the cocktail he’d been drinking.

Pulling away briefly, you asked him “Does that tell you how I feel?”

“I think so.”

“You THINK so? Christ, man. Alright, I’m not going to stop saying I love you, because I do. I have done for a while, our friendship was one of the reasons me and Jeremy broke up. Because he thought there was more to us. It took me a while to see that he was right, at least on my part. I never thought it was on your side too.”

“It is. I’ve wanted to tell you so many times but just couldn’t work out how to.”

You smiled at him and pulled him in for another kiss, hearing clapping from the doorway.

Turning your heads, you saw that Penny and Derek had followed you out, obviously not wanting to miss the show.

“Finally!” Penny squealed.

“Yep. Took you pair long enough.”
“And this is Agent Derek Morgan and finally, Dr Spencer Reid.”

Supervisory Special Agent Aaron Hotchner completed his introductions and you attempted to finish your circle of handshakes around the team members you’d be working with for the next few weeks.

Holding out your hand to the messy haired Dr, you were confused when he waved his hand at you instead.

“Reid doesn’t really shake hands, don’t take it personally.” Agent Morgan chuckled and Spencer gave a small smile.

“The number of pathogens passed during a handshake is staggering. It’s actually safer to kiss.” He told you, almost apologetically.

Alrighty then.

Feeling bold and like you wanted to make a lasting impression, you stepped towards your new temporary colleague and stood on your tippy toes, planting a kiss on his cheek.

“Pleasure to meet you, Dr Reid.”

Resting back down, you saw that he’d gone bright red.

“You too!” He squeaked out.

“Hahahaha. You did kinda ask for that one Kid!” Agent Morgan slapped him on the back good naturedly and you saw the rest of the team smiling.

“I have got to start using that line.” Agent David Rossi quipped.

…

“Is it really safer to kiss, or are you just really that smooth? Cos Rossi was right, that’s a great pick up line.” You asked Spencer a few hours later when you were making coffee in the break out area, your eyes widening at the amount of sugar packets he was emptying into his mug.

“I’m the opposite of smooth, trust me.” He told, stirring his drink.

“You’re bumpy?”

He laughed at your joke and took a sip.

“I can actually feel my teeth rotting just watching you drink that, you know.”

“Everyone says that, I know I should cut down but I just can’t do it….And to answer your question. Yes, it is safer.”

“Surely there’s more pathogen passed through saliva though?” You were confused.

“If you actually were to exchange saliva with another person then you’re right, more germs would be passed that way. But a simple peck on the cheek like you gave me, that’s fine. Scientific studies have been done and everything. I can send you some links if you’d like to read about them.”
“Nah, I think I’d prefer to have you tell me about them. If you don’t mind of course.” You finished mixing your own coffee, wrapping your hands around it and bringing it to your mouth. Ahhh, sweet caffeine.

“You actually want to listen to me ramble? The others normally just tell me to shut up.”

He looked surprised and you felt sorry for him. You’d done your research on each of your new colleagues when you’d accepted the temporary position. Dr Reid was by far the most interesting of the lot.

And the fact that he was incredibly easy on the eye, helped too.

“I like random facts. And I get the feeling you could share a lot of them with me.”

“I definitely could.”

“Perhaps you could share them over dinner?”

“D-dinner….. Like.. Like a date?” He stuttered slightly, pushing his hair back nervously.

“If you like. And then…. Depending on how the night goes, we could swap some germs and pathogens? And I don’t mean by shaking hands.”

“Erm….. Er……. Erm.”

Shit. Well this was awkward. Had you blown it already.

“Sorry, forget I said anything. I’m sorry if I’ve made you uncomfortable Spencer.”

You started to walk away but he reached out and touched your arm, stopping you. Lowering his head, his pressed his lips to your cheek the way you’d done to him this morning.

“You mean swapping germs that way?” He asked, still unsure.

You smiled and nodded. “Or maybe with our lips together even…..”

“I’d like that.”
“You had sex in the Museum of Modern Art? Oh my gawd..” Penelopes hands were clasped over her mouth and she was almost shaking with laughter.

You all were. What had started off as a nice meal cooked by JJ, had quickly escalated into a full on girls night in. You were all strewn about her living room, wine bottles in various places. You were lying on her couch, your feet placed in Emilys lap as you were all discussing the various strange places you’d all had sex.

You were tipsy, pleasantly on your way to being hammered and you were having a brilliant night in with your female colleagues. Garcia was sat in the arm chair with her legs propped up over the side and JJ was sprawled out on her floor, her head propped up on her arms and a half empty bottle of wine next to her. She’d taken to swigging directly from the bottle as she’d smashed her second wine glass an hour ago and you’d all berated her for wasting alcohol. You knew where your priorities were.

“Yep! I used to date one of the security guards when I was eighteen. He snuck us in after hours.” Emily told you, her face pink with laughter.

“God…” JJ said. “The most adventurous place me and Will do it is in the shower, he loves it in there.”

You giggled. “Spence loves it when we fuck in the shower too, although I’m always scared we’ll slip over.”

The three girls stopped laughing and all turned to look at you incredulously.

“Spence?” Emily asked.

Your eyes widened as you realised what you’d said.

“OUR Spencer?!!” JJ rearranged herself into an upright position, crossing her legs and leaning forward.

Oh fuck.

“Y/N? Really? You and Reid?”

“Errrm.”

JJ crawled across the floor and pulled out her handbag which was stashed at the side of her couch. Taking out her purse, she handed fifty dollars to Emily.

“Penelope, I believe you owe me fifty too?” Prentiss told Garcia.

“In a minute. I still…. Really?” She was leaning forward in her seat.

“You can’t say anything to the guys. Please. We’re not ready for people to know yet.”

“OH MY GOSH, IT’S TRUE!! ” Garcia squealed and you caught JJ rolling her eyes and making
the motion of covering her ears.

You took a big gulp of wine and nodded, readying yourself for the questions.

“When?” Penny demanded to know. “No no no wait.. I bet it was at Morgans party? Am I right, am I right?”

You shook your head. “We were together by then.”

“THAT WAS THREE MONTHS AGO, Y/N.”

Emily and JJ just looked amused, watching the exchange between you two. You gave them all a sheepish look.

“The time we went on that outward bounds team building thing? I remember you two lagging behind on the trails. Did something happen then. Wait… You two got back to camp a good thirty minutes after the rest of us. It was then wasn’t it… Oh I can see it now; you trip and Spencer reaches for you to stop your fall. You end up in a pile on the floor and stare into each others…. ”

“Pen, no. We were already together then too. Although something definitely happened in those woods.”

JJ interrupted her just before she was about to launch into another convoluted guess..“ When exactly did it happen?”

“Erm…. You remember that case where I was really ill and Spencer ended up escorting me home and spending the weekend looking after me.”

“Hahahaha.” Emily laughed. “So you played a little bit of Doctor Reid and patient then.”

“Weell not exactly. I was too ill. But that’s when we discovered that we both liked each other.”

“Girl, we could have told you that.” JJ sipped from her wine bottle, grinning at you.

“So wow… That was… ” Garcia thought back in her head “Seven months ago.”

“Yep.”

“What’s he like, you know, as a boyfriend?” JJ asked.

“Perfect.”

All three awwwwed in unison. You weren’t lying either, Spencer really was the best partner you’d had.

“Does anyone at work know?” Garcia wanted to know.

“Only Hotch. And that was because we felt he ought to. He’s fine with it as long as it doesn’t effect our work. Which so far, it hasn’t.”

There was a moments pause before Emily cleared her throat.

“I’m just gonna ask what those two are thinking. What’s he like in the sack?”

“I can’t tell you that!!”
“Yes you can.” They urged, almost as if they were a practiced chorus.

“No, I can’t!”

“You’ve gotta give us something here.” Garcia begged.

“Look, all I’ll say is that he’s definitely picked up a thing or two from all the things he’s read, and that he makes me extremely happy.”

Another trio of awwws.

“I never really imagined Spencer to be a shower sex kinda guy though.” Emily piped up.

“Oh he definitely is. I swear, the amount of times one of us has nearly slipped over.”

…. Monday Morning…

The girls had promised not to say anything and you were trying to find the right time to tell Reid that you’d let it slip. You’d decided that when you were ready, you’d tell everyone together.

You were sitting across from each other around the circular table in the meeting room with Hotch, Derek and Rossi, waiting for the other three.

Strolling in with smirks on their faces, they handed Reid a wrapped package.

You looked at them curiously.

“A present? What did I do to deserve this?” He asked them excitedly, ripping it open at their urging.

“An anti slip shower mat? I don’t get it?” He looked at them confused.

You were going to kill them. All three of them, together.

“Y/N was telling us the other night how you sometimes have problems staying upright in the shower.” Emily told him as the other two tried to keep a straight face.

“Y/N?”

“I’m sorry…… I’m so sorry!!”

He started to chuckle as did the other men. Standing up, he quickly walked around the table and pulled you out of your chair, wrapping his arms around you.

“I kinda let it slip too, last weekend when we were at Rossi’s.”

“Thank God!” Derek exclaimed loudly. “I thought we were gonna have to pretend we didn’t know forever. You have no idea how hard this last week has been for me, wanting to make jokes at your twos expense. Although… The shower mat. I don’t get it?”

Penelope whispered something into his ear and he grinned, nodding approvingly.

“Slippery when wet, eh.”

Chapter End Notes
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“Don’t stop Spence, don’t…. stop.”

Spencer looked down at his girlfriend of eight months, writhing naked on the bed below him. Fuck, she was beautiful. And she felt so good clenched around him.

He’d returned from a case last night, falling into bed beside her after using the key she’d given him. An hour ago, he’d woken her up with nuzzles and kisses to the back of her naked body, his hands lazily trailing over her when she started to stir. He’d missed her too much, missed the feel of her curves, her lips, missed the smell of her, the sound of her moans.

He’d spent the last hour showing her how much he’d missed her, until she was begging for him to take her; needing him inside.

“Oh god… Fuck…”

Reid was nearly there, so nearly ready to empty himself inside of her. Not that he was planning on stopping there. A brief respite and maybe a shower together and then some more sexy times. If he got his way, they wouldn’t be putting on clothes today.

His cell started to sing, Derek Morgans ring tone. He paused momentarily and then resumed his thrusting. What the hell did Morgan want, it was still only six in the morning.

Y/N looked up at him, hearing the cell. She didn’t want him to stop but she knew it could be important. She pressed her hands to his shoulders, stilling him.

“Spence, you need to get that.”

He stopped, groaning to himself. She was right.

“Fine…. But whatever it is, I’m finishing you off.”

Y/N laughed and wiggled as he pulled out of her, watching him pad across the room naked to his go bag, pulling out his phone and answering.

“Man, I’ve been calling for the last fifteen minutes.”

Spencer quickly looked at the screen, eight missed calls. Whoops. The moaning must have drowned out of the ring tone.

“I’m outside. We gotta go, we missed something.”

Spencer closed his eyes in frustration, trying not to swear. Derek didn’t need to know what he’d interrupted. Ahhh but wait. If Derek was outside HIS apartment, that gave him another ten minutes or so. His dick twitched.

“I’m not at home. I’m at Y/Ns.”

“I know kid, incase you’ve already forgotten I was the one that dropped you there last night. Hurry up, the others are waiting.”

Morgan disconnected.
“Fuck… FUCK!”

“Seriously?” Y/N asked from the bed, disappointment in her voice.

“Seriously. We missed something.” He started moving around the room, grabbing his clothes from where he’d discarded them last night, pulling them on quickly. He’d have to shower on the jet.

“Stupid fucking case, stupid damn unsub.” He muttered as he shoved his feet into his converse, sitting on the bed to do up the laces.

“Ahhh baby, I’m annoyed too.” Y/N crawled across the covers to him and he groaned again at the sight of the beautiful creature he was leaving.

“I didn’t get to finish you.” His bottom lip protruded as he sulked.

“Spencer, you finished me twice already. I just feel bad for you. Go off and save the world. I’ll be waiting for you like always.” She kissed him quickly and then slipped back into bed, wrapping the covers around her.

Sighing, Reid collected his bag and made his way down to Derek.

“Someone doesn’t look happy to be awake this early.” He quipped, pulling away from the curb.

Spencer just glared at his colleague.

Derek glanced over, taking in Reid’s messier than normal hair, his lips which had a slight swell to them. His eyes drifting to the boy geniuses neck, he caught sight of a small purple bruise.

Instinctively, he sniffed slightly.

Sex.

“Woah ho! Ahhh Kid, I’m sorry.”

Reid said nothing, never one to talk about his private life. It had taken him five months to actually confess he was seeing someone.

“Did I interrupt a little something something. Stop your morning fun, interrupt your service…..” Derek went on, listing all of the innuendos he could think of and seeing his younger colleague becoming increasing agitated.

“…… morning glory.” Morgan was loving it.

“Derek shut up! YES! Fine, I was having sex.” Spencer exclaimed, dragging his hands through his hair.

“Welcome to my world kid, I’ve lost count of the times I’ve had to run out and leave someone hanging. Was she pissed that you’d left her all worked up?”

“She was fine….. It was me who hadn’t finished.”

“Oh boy!” Derek chuckled, feeling his pain.

“Look, hopefully it’ll be over quickly and you can get back to her. Might wanna have a shower at work though.”

“I smell?” Spencer asked, offended.
“Not of B.O. You smell of sex, Reid. And if I can pick up on it, then Penny and Rossi definitely will. You know what those two are like.”

“Oh fuck….”
“Hmmm, I need to get me some of that fine ass. I’m gonna sink my teeth so deep into it, he’s gonna have marks tomorrow.” You watched the fine blonde bartender walking away after placing your drinks on the table, feeling a punch on your arm.

“Ow! D! Was there any need?” You turned to your brother and punched his arm lightly back, a game you’d played whilst growing up.

“I really don’t need to hear lines like that coming out of my baby sisters mouth.”

“Hey… I learnt lines like that from you, big bro.”

“Tell me. Which one of your parents do you both take after. You two are so similar, it’s unbelievable.” Derek’s friend, Penelope commented and you grinned at her as Derek rolled his eyes.

“Mom probably… Dad was too quiet. I can’t imagine him ever saying shit like that… Where as I’ve heard worse coming from my mother’s mouth when she’s watching Denzel on the screen. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’m gonna see what time that bartender gets off work. I sure could use some company in my brand new bed. It needs breaking in.”

You slid off your stool, hearing Derek commenting that he was so glad you were no longer sleeping in his spare room.

You were too. You loved your brother and we’re grateful to him for putting you up and introducing you to his friends whilst you got settled during your first few months into your new job, but you were both cramping each others style.

...

You kicked…. Mikey? You wanted to say Mikey…

You kicked him outta your apartment early the next morning. He’d been fun and had given you an extremely good workout but now you needed a different kind of workout. Grabbing your ipod and changing into your running gear, you set out, pounding the pavement in the park nearby for an hour.

When you were well and truly all ran out, you slowed to a walk, stretching out your muscles as you went, spotting a kiosk where you stopped to buy a fresh bottle of cold water.

Sipping it you squinted, seeing a familiar face sitting on a park bench, newspaper in hand.

“Spencer! Hey…” You dropped down into the seat next to your brothers colleague, wiping the sweat from your brow.

“Y/N, hi!” He looked surprised to see you, considering you’d only left his company at 1am last night and it was still only 8 in the morning.

“You’re like the only person I know who reads actual newspapers. Isn’t it easier just read them online?”

“Erm… No. No matter how ‘convenient’ online reading is, I’ll always choose printed words on physical paper, rather than on a computer screen. Plus…. I can’t read as quickly on a screen. It hurts my eyes.” He closed the paper, not wanting to seem rude.
“Ah yes, the wonder boy who can read…. What is it? Like a gazillion words per minute?” D had told you all about Spencers genius, something you were completely in awe of.

“Twenty thousand. It’s not possible for anyone to read a gazillion words per minute. It would take someone over an…..”

“Dude I was joking. You’re good but you’re right, no one’s THAT good.”

He laughed, the sound a cute little chuckle. “I must say, I’m surprised to see you up and about.”

“Haven’t been to sleep yet to tell you the truth.”

“Really? You’ll regret that later. The average adult falling into the 18 - 25 age range needs 7 - 9 hours of sleep to be able to function at their full capacity. You’re 24 right?”

“Indeed I am. I’ll sleep later. When I’m dead or something. Today, I’ve got things to do. Starting with breakfast. Where’s good around here?” You chugged down the rest of your water, catching Spencer watching the droplets leak out of the corner of your mouth and down your neck.

“There’s erm… there’s a pancake house two blocks from here.”

“Excellent. I love pancakes.” You stood up and untied your hoody from around your waist, tugging it on.

“You coming? Or are you gonna make me buy my own breakfast?” You asked, watching Spencer blush and start to stumble over his words.

“I… Erm…. I, I… Erm sure?”


You didn’t say please, you just smiled sweetly at him, the smile that worked on every guy you’d ever met. He folded his paper again and stood.

“It’s this way.”

…

“D! You promised you’d take me out tonight.”

“I know baby girl, but you know how it is. And with Reid out ill, I can’t leave early.” Your brother sounded apologetic and you felt bad for berating him for cancelling your plans.

“Spencers ill?”

“Flu. He came in and Hotch took one look and sent him back out the door. Guy looked like the living dead.”

You talked with your brother for a while long before disconnecting the call and thinking.

Poor Spencer.

You knew he didn’t have any family in the city and there was nothing worse than that being ill and not having anyone to care for you.
Hmmmm.

Screw it.

Hopping off your couch, you put together some supplies and walked the short distance from your apartment to Spencers. Since running into him in the park that morning a few months ago, you’d spent a fair amount of time with your older brothers genius friend. Spencer was the baby of the team and was actually closer to your age than Dereks, only being four years older than you. And he was nice. Sweet. Not like the other guys. It was a welcoming change.

You still managed to shock him with your forthright personality and there were times when you wondered if he ever regretted befriending you, but hey. Opposites attract right?

Although was attract the right word? Spencer was attractive, very much so. But you weren’t 100 percent certain what his deal actually was. He rarely talked about any previous girlfriends OR boyfriends and you got the feeling he wouldn’t be open to talking about it so you didn’t pry. But he also never showed any signs of being attracted to you. Which was weird, and something you weren’t used to. You didn’t want to sound big headed but you knew you were attractive. The whole of the Morgan family were. And you made sure you took care of yourself, and maybe sometimes you did use your looks to your advantage. You made a mental note to ask Derek what Spencers deal was sexually.

Knocking on his apartment door it took a good two minutes before you heard a shuffling and the door creaked open. Spencer stood there, flannel pajamas and a robe on, his hair a mess and his nose bright red and sore looking. He looked shattered and he started to greet you but a coughing fit took over.

You waited for him to finish and then placed your hand on his chest, pushing him back into his apartment.

“You look like hell. Lie back on the couch, you look like you might pass out.” You told him, walking over to his kitchen area and placing your bags on the side.

“What… What are you doing here.” Spencer croaked out.

“Derek told me you were ill. And I was bored. So I’m here to take care of you. Where are your… never mind. Found em.” You flicked his hob on and started warming the chicken soup you’d bought him, finding a bowl and a tray and filling a large glass with orange juice. When it was ready, you took it through to him, setting it down on his knees as he looked up at you gratefully.

“Thanks Y/N. You didn’t have to come round you know.”

“Well I did. Soo eat up. I’m gonna tidy up a bit okay. No arguments.”

It took him half an hour to slowly gulp the soup down and in that time you loaded his dishwasher, sprayed his kitchen counters, and threw away his soiled tissues, setting a fresh box down next to him. Taking his empty tray away you sat next to him and placed a cushion on your lap, signalling for him to rest his head in your lap. He did so and you spent the evening watching TV together, you gently stroking his hair until he fell asleep.

…

“I thought we were meeting you at the bar?”

You slid into the back seat of Derek’s car as Spencer climbed into the passenger side.
“You were. But then Spencer told me you were picking him up and I figured I’d hang out with him for a bit before and catch a ride. Is there a problem, dear brother?”

They were having another team night out and you’d tagged along when you’d found out about it from Spencer.

Derek eyed you in the rear view mirror. “No problem, Baby sis. No problem.”

You weren’t sure how Derek felt about you hanging out with Spencer so often. He’d gone very quiet when he’d realised how much time you were spending with him and you could see various scenarios running through his head. But he hadn’t said anything to you outright.

It was Derek’s fault really. He was the one who’d found you the apartment which just happened to be only three blocks from Spencers. Perhaps he didn’t expect you two to gel so well. You hadn’t either when you’d first met him. But now…. You were starting to see him in a different light. A very different light.

Derek pulled up outside Garcias home, calling her cell and she came running out, hopping in next to you.

“Hey Y/N!” She grinned her ever enthusiastic smile at you. “Wow, you look amazing. Are you on the prowl again tonight?”

“Hahaha. Maybe. Maybe not. Gotta look nice though, just in case Mr Right walks in. Or just Mr You’ll Do For Tonight. And if neither of them walk in…. then I’ll just take Spencer home and keep him up all night, right genius.”

He spluttered in the front seat and you saw Derek give a sharp glance into the mirror. Penny just laughed.

“Keep him up all night by binge watching Dr Who is what I clearly meant. Jeez you guys have got filthy minds.”

Was that what you’d really meant though?

Derek parked a few doors down from the bar you were going to, filling the meter. As you started to walk into the bar, Derek pulled on your arm, tugging you off to one side away from the others. You frowned at him.

“No.” He told you.

“No?”

“Spencer. He’s off limits to you.”

“D, if this is your way of coming out of the closet…. ”

“Thats not what I mean, and you know it.” Derek glared at you. “I’ve seen how you are with guys. You eat them up and spit them out.”

“And where do you think I picked that up from? I learnt from the best…. Derek, I don’t fuck around with anyone that can’t handle it. And I certainly wouldn’t fuck around with Spencer like that.”

“So you don’t like him like that?” He pulled you closer to him, out of the way of some people that were trying to get by.
“Never said that. But it’s none of your business who I do and don’t like. Spencer is a grown man, he can make his own decisions.” He was irritating you now, how dare he try to tell you what you couldn’t and couldn’t do.

“He’s one of my best friends and he’s a colleague. I don’t want you coming between that and making things awkward. You’ll hurt him.”

“You’re meant to be having this conversation with him! Not me… That’s how these conversations generally go. You threatening your buddy that if he hurts your baby sister, you’ll kick his ass so hard that he won’t be able to sit down for a week.”

“Yes well… Spencer would never hurt you. He wouldn’t know how to. You, on the other hand.”

You raised your eyes at him. “Charming!”

Derek sighed. “Look I’m sorry. But can you not see why I’m worried about this?”

Annoyingly, you could and you softened towards him. But only slightly.

“This is no longer a discussion I’m willing to have with you. But I’ll tell you this much. I do like Reid. He’s sweet and kind and the complete opposite of everything I’ve ever gone for. I doubt he has any sort of feelings for me, but if he did and things happened, one: I’d never hurt him. And two: he wouldn’t let it affect yours and his friendship. You know that.”

He looked at you again, trying to read your emotions.

“Am I lying? You’re profiling me right. Stop it.”

“Okay fine. I’m not pleased about this though…”

“Derek, he probably doesn’t even like me like that. Now let’s go get a drink.”

…

“We’re on season nine right?” You asked Spencer as he swapped the discs out in his Dvd player.

The evening had ended early. Garcia had suddenly come down with a crippling migraine at 11pm and Derek had taken her home. You and Spencer had gone back to his not wanting to end the night so early. You’d borrowed a pair of his sweat pants and a tee shirt, not really feeling slobbing about on his couch in the dress you’d worn out. It was okay for earlier when you’d be sat at his breakfast bar pre drinking and chatting, but definitely not okay for lounging.

He handed you a glass of wine, settling into his couch crease next to you, and you watched in comfortable silence for a while.

After the first episode had finished and the next had started, you sensed a shift in the atmosphere; noticing a flicker from Spencer every few moments. Just when you were about to ask what was wrong, he turned to you.

“Erm… What was up with Morgan earlier? I saw him stop you before we went in.” He looked extremely uncomfortable which made you wonder, why had he even asked?

“He wanted to warn me off someone, tell me they were out of bounds.” You shrugged.

“Warn you off someone? Who?” He fidgeted in his seat.
Hmmm.

“You actually.”

“Me!? Why… erm why would he d-do that…”

Oh he was so cute.

“Because he thinks I’d hurt you. He thinks if I got my hands on you, I’d eat you up and spit you out.”

Spencer blushed, making you smile. Maybe you’d been wrong when you’d told D that he had nothing to worry about.

“I wouldn’t though. Just so you know. I mean… I’d eat you up. In a good way. But I told him he didn’t need to worry. Because there was no way you liked me like that.”

You inched closer to him on the couch, turning your gaze back to the screen and placing your hand on your thigh.

“Because you don’t… Right? My feeling are one sided?” Right now you sooo knew that they weren’t. You didn’t need to be trained to be able to read his body language, the change in his breathing. You moved your hand again placing it on his thigh and giving it a reassuring squeeze before continuing.

“I wouldn’t be offended, just so you know. I’m normally used to getting what I want though. But seeing as your Derek’s friend, MY friend. I wouldn’t pursue you if you didn’t want me to.”

“Y/N… I erm….. erm. I like it if you did…”

“Pursue you?”

You turned to him, your lips twitching into a smile as he nodded.

“Well. Alrighty then. Let me warn you though, I’m a handful. You’re only seeing the tip of it right now. Think you can handle me?”

“I work with your brother. I can handle Derek.” He placed his hand over yours tentatively and you shifted your position, resting your head on his shoulder.

“You probably can. But…. Unless I’m completely wrong about your twos relationship, I bet you’ve never had to handle him in bed. Not that that will be happening right away.”

“Youre right. I’ve never had to handle him in bed, thank God. But…. I’m quite confident I can handle you.”

You face broke into a wide smile and you’re flipped your hand over so you could interlock your fingers with his.

“I look forward to finding out. Now restart this episode please. You’ve been distracting me and I’ve no clue what’s happened.”

Spencer let out a happy and relieved sigh as he restarted the episode for you, resting his head gently against yours.
“Rossi, if only you weren’t old enough to be my Dad. The things me and you could get up to.”

The team laughed at your flirtatious remark to Dave as he waggled his eye brows suggestively at you.

“I’m not old enough to be your father, Baby girl. Why don’t you show me some of those things, and I’ll feed them back to Rossi and make him jealous.” Never one to miss out on some banter, Morgan inserted himself into the conversation.

“Sure thing Tiger, why don’t you meet me in the supply closet down the hall. But first… I need to get my coffee fix.”

“Oh you’ll need your energy for what I’ve got planned.” He retorted.

“Well I’ll go and fuel right on up then.” You winked at him and slid off his desk where you’d been perched, making your way to the break area where Spencer Reid was adding fifteen or so packets of sugar to his own coffee. You’d seen him watching your exchange with Derek and Rossi, a smile on his face.

A beautiful smile on his glorious face. Ugh.

“Hey Y/N.” He greeted you cheerfully.

“Um.. Hi Spence!” You quickly filled your mug up with coffee from the pot, looking around for some more sugar and not finding any.

“Shit…” You complained outloud.

“So you want one of mine?” He offered you the last packet he’d ripped open, knowing you took your coffee with at least one sugar.

“If you don’t mind. Thank you.” You reached out to take it, feeling a spark of electricity as his fingers brushed against yours. You dropped the packet, sending sugar spilling onto the floor.

“FUCK! Fuckity fuck fuck fuck.”

You dropped to your knees trying to brush the tiny particles into your hand, Spencer crouching down next to you to help. You cleared up in silence, your cheeks on fire at the complete twat you’d made of yourself in front of him.

“I can run down to the cafeteria and get more?” Spencer offered as he stood up, pushing his glasses which had slipped down his nose, back into place.

“It’s fine. I’ll drink it like this.”

It would make your mouth taste foul but you’d drink it.

“Oh wait…. I know!” Spencer took your mug and tipped a little bit of the liquid out into the sink and then poured some of his into it, before topping his back up from the pot.

He looked pleased with himself as he handed your mug back, being very careful and concentrating as you took it from him. You could do without spilling boiling hot coffee down you as well.
“That should taste a bit better. God knows I’ve got enough sugar in mine anyway.” He grinned and raised his mug to yours in a cheers motion before walking back to his desk, you watching him from behind.

Get a fucking grip, girl. You scuttled off to go and hide in Penelopes bat cave.

…”

“Team this is Luisa Henry, she joins us from Andy Swans unit. She’s consulting on this case with us.”

“Hi guys. I’m looking forward to working with you all, especially you Dr Reid. I’ve heard so much about you.”

You took one look at the tall brunette and you hated her instantly.

For the next five days, she stuck by Spencers side like glue, making you feel sick to your stomach. It didn’t bother you when she made flirty remarks to Derek or Dave, but she made you want to breathe fire when she tried it with Reid.

Especially when he’d laugh in return or smile at her.

On the last day of the case, after it was all wrapped up, the team plus Luisa all ended up in a bar to celebrate. You quickly went home to change, squeezing yourself into your sexiest dress and piling on the make up.

“Wooah, Baby baby! Girl I’m gonna need some water to put out the fire you just started in my pants.”

You handed the cocktail you’d just bought to Derek. “Here. Use that.”

“Y/N, you look really nice.” Spencer told you and you immediately took your drink back and downed it in one.

Luisa looked you up and down and then turned her attention back to Spencer, leaning in close to him.

You ordered another two drinks.

An hour and a half later and you were pleasantly tipsy and had dragged Derek to the dance floor, grinding up against him, making sure you were in Spencers eye line.

Morgan was playing along, laughing when he saw your glances back up at Reid to make sure he was watching.

“Girl, you got it bad.” Derek whispered two you, placing his hands on your hips and pulling you closer.

“Dunno what you’re talking about.” You muttered back.

“Sure you don’t. There’s a reason you don’t flirt with Spencer, where as you’re all over me and Rossi. We’re safe. But he’s not.”

“Shut up Derek.”

“Hey… I think it’s cute. And I happen to know he thinks you’re cute.”
You ran your hand over Morgans ass, watching Spencer over his shoulder. His eyebrows shot up.

Score.

“Pffft.”

“Seriously Y/N. You should talk to him. Before the Little Miss from Andy Swans team gets her claws into him.”

Looking back at Reid you saw Luisa had scooted her chair closer still and now had her hand on his shoulder.

“I think she already has. Derek I need some air. I’ll be back in a bit.”

You stalked outside, leaning against the wall and taking in the cold night air.

Seconds later you were joined. By Spencer.

“Y/N, are you okay? Derek said you needed to talk to me.”

Did he now…

“I’m fine Spencer. And no I don’t, Morgan was messing around. Go back inside, I’m sure Luisa is wondering where you are.”

He leant against the wall next to you.

“Actually, I’d rather not. She’s nice and everything but… Well, I’d much prefer to talk to you.”

He would?

“Do you want a drink, I bought some water out with me?” He held out a bottle of water and you nodded, going to take it from his hands and dropping it to the floor when your fingers touched.

“Oh for fucks sake.” You cursed again, fed up of how clumsy you were around him.

“Sorry. I think that was my fault. I just… Well… It’s going to sound silly, but sometimes when we touch, I feel a spark.”

Raising your head up, you met his gaze.

“You… You do?”

He nodded.

“I…I do too.” You felt your cheeks burning, and Spencer reached out and touched his cool hand to your face.

“You’re really pretty when you blush you know. You’re really pretty all the time actually, but even more when you blush. I think it’s cos you only seem to do it around me.”

“Cos you’re the only one who can make me blush, Spencer.”

He grinned, the smile lighting up his eyes.

“Do you… Erm. Do you want to go get coffee. There’s a late night cafe not too far from here.” He asked you, shuffling him feet nervously.
“There’s nothing I’d like to do more right now.”
You hated this time of year. Valentines day and the run up to it. It just reminded you that you were hopelessly single. You’d spent Valentines day alone for the last five years and whilst you weren’t exactly pining after having a boyfriend, this time of year only served to remind you that you didn’t have anyone. Well, what you meant was that you didn’t have anyone to cuddle up to and spoon at night. You didn’t have anyone to cook romantic meals for and vice versa. You didn’t have anyone who’s oversized sweaters you could steal and curl up in, and you didn’t have anyone to kiss and hug amongst other things.

The book shop that you’d inherited from your grandparents and had worked in since you were eighteen, had been decorated with pink balloons, faux rose petals scattered over displays. Men were coming in on an almost hourly basis, looking sheepish as they picked up the latest ‘sexy’ book or erotic thriller that were all the rage these days for woman. Or at least men thought so. You personally would much rather someone present you with a classic or a good autobiography rather than one of those types of books. Not that there was anything fundamentally wrong with them, you’d read your fair share and they definitely had certain perks, you were just sure that their partners would appreciate something a little bit more romantic as a Valentines Day gift.

The chime above door the sounded and you looked up from the book you were reading, nestled behind the counter. It was quiet in the store right now and your assistant and friend Jess was taking her lunch break in the back. A familiar face met yours, the face of a man who’d been frequenting the shop for the last five months or so, someone you actually looked forward to seeing although you never did know when you’d see him again.

The mans name was Spencer, you’d found that out a few weeks after he’d starting coming in and had asked you if you could track down a certain book for him. You could and you had, and the two of you had started casually chatting, continuing the conversations each time he came in. He worked for FBI he’d told you during one of the chats, which explained why sometimes he’d be in almost daily on his way home from work but then you could go three weeks in a row with seeing him at all. He was nice, funny and sweet, with a love of literature which mirrored yours. And the pace at which he seemed to devour books was fascinating.

Spencer gave you a shy smile when he entered and mooched around the store for a while, just browsing. He was the only customer in there currently. After around ten minutes or so, he came up to the cash desk with two books in his hands. You rang them up and handed them to him, watching him place them directly into his messenger bag like he always did, before pushing his hair back behind his ear.

“I’ve not seen you for a few weeks, big case at work?” You knew he couldn’t talk to you directly about what he dealt with but you knew he was somewhat important. He was Googleable, and you didn’t know many people personally who were.

“Yup. We just got back this morning. I’m on my way home to relax for a well earned break.”

He did look tired now he was up close, shadows under his eyes and a light scruff covering his jawline. A jawline that could very easily cut glass. He bit his lower lip, looking uncomfortable and like he wanted to ask something.

“So erm….You’re open on Sunday? That’s Valentines Day right?”

“Yep. It’s not like I have any other plans, and there’s always guys needing to buy last minute gifts.”
You were only opening 12pm until 3pm anyway, you deserved an early finish.

“Is Elliot not taking you out?” he asked quietly, his eyes flickering away and then back to you.

“Elliot? My cat?” now you were confused.

“Elliot your cat? Oh… The way you talk sometimes…. He’s just your cat. So you don’t have a boyfriend?” Spencer still sounded cautious but there was something else in his voice that you couldn’t pin point.

“Nope. Young, free and single. Except twenty seven isn’t that young.”

A smile that could have melted chocolate it was so warm and bright crossed Spencers face then and he laughed. He chatted for a few more minutes before making his excuses and leaving.

On Thursday the store had been open for an hour when a flower delivery girl walked in with hugest bunch of roses and violets that you’d ever seen.

“Are you Y/F/N?” she came straight up to the desk and you nodded, accepting the bouquet. The girl grinned as you signed for the flowers.

“Someone’s a lucky lady” she folded the sheet and tucked it in her bag, leaving you surprised.

“Who the hell are they from?” Jess bounded over, her eyes wide in excitement.

“I haven’t got a clue.” You scanned the bouquet, spotting a card tucked away.

“Roses are red
Violets are blue
I come in here so often
Just to see you”

“Oh my God you have a secret admirer! This is awesome, who do you think it is?”

You weren’t sure. There was someone you hoped it would be but you didn’t dare let yourself think it could be them. You didn’t want to be horribly disappointed.

The next day at around the same time another delivery girl walked in, this time from the bakery up the road. You knew her, you frequented it often and she grinned as she handed you a cake box.

“Please tell me who it is” you begged her and she laughed.

“Hell no. That’s what Valentines is all about isn’t it. Secret admirers and all that. All I will say is that, Damn girl. He’s pretty hot.”

She left and you opened the box, Jess stood besides you. There were six cupcakes in the box each decorated with tiny frosted books on top of them. They were so adorable that you didn’t want to eat them, smacking Jess’s hand away when she reached for one.

You couldn’t help but smile, a warm and fuzzy feeling building inside you.

On Saturday, you opened the front door to the shop in the morning to find a wrapped box with your name on a card. It hadn’t been there ten minutes ago when you’d knelt by the letter box to collect the morning post, which made you think that he was nearby and watching.
You took the box back to the cash desk and opened it, revealing a ceramic money box in the shape of Eeyore from the Winnie The Pooh books. Another typed card was placed in the box.

“You said once during a conversation that you loved these books as a child and that you wanted to save so you could visit England and go to Ashdown Forest, the real life setting. Now you can start your own 100 acre woods fund.”

Had you said that? It was true, they were your favourite childhood books and it was one of your goals to visit and travel all over England, and visiting that forest was on your list of places to go whilst you were there. You couldn’t recall having this conversation with anyone though, at least not recently. It was generally only children you talked to about Pooh Bear and his friends.

Curious, very very curious.

Valentines day itself came and you opened the store as planned, doing a decent trade for up until 2pm and then the customers fizzling out. You were on edge all day, having taken extra care with your appearance in the morning, sure that your secret admirer would make an appearance today.

As it was a Sunday and you were only opening for three hours Jess wasn’t in, and at ten to three you started straightening up the store, feeling slightly disappointed that whoever it was, hadn’t made an appearance. At three, you locked the door and flipped the sign to closed, turning to head back to the desk and jumping when a sharp rapping came from the glass behind you.

You spun around slowly to see a very nervous looking Spencer standing the other side of the locked door, a picnic basket in his hand and a picnic blanket thrown over one arm.

Yes yes Yes!

Your lips twitched into a smile as you unlocked the door again and held it open for him.

“Hi.”

“Hi” his voice faltered slightly as he stepped inside.

“You’re aware that I’m closed, right.” You were nearly certain that he wasn’t here to buy a book but you also didn’t want to blurt anything out and make a fool out of yourself.

“I know. I’ve been waiting for you to close.”

“Any particular reason, Spencer?”

His cheeks flushed in the most adorably endearing way and his shuffled his feet.

“Erm…. I thought…. Maybe…. We could have an indoor picnic. Or an outdoor one, but it’s pretty cold outside.”

“Please tell me the flowers were you. And the cupcakes. And the beautiful money box? Please don’t let them be somebody else.”

“It was me. Did you… Did you like them?” he took a step closer to you and you mirrored him.

“I’ve never had anyone send me Valentines gifts before, even when I was in a relationship. It’s honestly the most romantic thing anyone’s ever done for me, and I hoped and prayed it was you but I didn’t want to let myself believe it until I knew. I didn’t want to be disappointed.”
He smiled at you and you beamed back.

“I… I would have tried to ask you out sooner but I thought… Well, I thought you had a boyfriend called Elliot. And when you didn’t, and it was four days from Valentines Day, I figured I’d try to use it to my advantage and to try and win you over.”

“Well it worked. Consider me well and truly won over, although I kinda was before. I always looked forward to your visits Spencer, they brighten up my week. One thing though… Did we ever really speak about Winnie The Pooh? That threw me.”

“I overhead you talking to a small child one day and it stuck in my mind like almost everything I’ve heard you say does.”

“Well it was so sweet and adorable and…. I could literally ramble right now about how warm and fuzzy I’m feeling but I’m kinda making an idiot of myself already so…. An indoor picnic you say? In here?”

Spencer nodded and shook the blanket out. “We both love books so it seemed fitting. There is kinda one thing I have to ask though, just because of what today is.”

“Go on then.”

“Y/N.. Will you…. Will you be my Valentine?”

“There’s nothing more I want to be right now, Spencer.”
“Celebrity stalkers still just make me feel really REALLY skeevy.”

“I know. Although surely any kind of stalkers should make you feel like that?”

Spencer glanced over from the passenger seat of your car. You were giving him a ride home after your latest case, he only lived a couple of blocks from you so it made sense to carpool together.

“Well yeah, but I don’t know. Celeb stalkers, like the ones who get THAT delusional and possessive, and you know; who kidnap them like the one we just caught. They just have that extra layer of skeevyness. I mean how mental is it to put someone on that high a pedal stool?”

Out of the corner of your eye you saw Spencer frown, his lips moving silently. He shook his head quickly.

“Just say that again?” he asked you as you came to a stop sign.

“Which part?” was he not listening? That wasn’t like him at all.

“The last part.”

You recalled your words quickly “Erm… That it’s mental when people put someone on that high of a pedal stool.”

Spencers lips twitched as you waited for the lights to change, and he stifled a laugh.

“That’s what I thought you said” his shoulders were shaking slightly now.

“What?” you were confused “Why are you laughing at me?”

He shook his head again as you pulled away from the lights.

“Pedal stool? ” was all he could say, repeating it a few times. For someone so intelligent, you were concerned that he was questioning the word.

“Yeah. Pedal stool. Where you admire someone so much so you set them on a pedal stool?”

His faced creased and a loud belly laugh escaped his mouth as you looked on incredulously.

“Spencer…What’s so funny?”

“Pedal stool…. Oh my God… Pedal stool…..” he couldn’t stop laughing so you signalled, pulling over to the side of the road.

“Reid…. REID! I don’t get it.”

“It’s… it’s not a pedal stool. It’s pedestal. You put some one on a pedestal. Oh shit, Y/N. All I can imagine is a stool with little wheels on it” he wiped away tears from the corners of his eyes, still shaking with laughter.

“But… That’s what I said. Pedal stool. Isn’t that what it is? So like, you’d set them on the stool so you can wheel them about and admire them?”

Pedal Stools
That set him off again and you looked on crossly, waiting for him to regain his composure which didn’t seem to be happening any time soon. He just kept shaking his head and going to speak, then collapsing into giggles again.

“A stool… With wheels….. So you can wheel them… Hahahaha. You really thought… Oh god….pedal stool. PEDAL STOOL!”

You leant over the centre console and thumped his leg. Hard.

“Stop laughing at me. And explain.”

He breathed deeply a few times, before coughing to clear his throat.

“The term is pedestal. P.E.D.E.S.T.A.L.” he spelt the word out for you slowly, watching your face fall as you realised.

“It’s one word Y/N. To put someone on a pedestal means ‘Give someone uncritical respect or admiration; treat someone as an ideal rather than a real person’. It’s not an actual stool with…. ” he snickered again “wheels.”

“Oh.”

“Yes, oh.”

“Well there was no need to laugh, you could have just told me.”

“You’re 28 years old. I just find it ridiculously hard to believe that you don’t understand the word pedestal. PEDAL STOOL” he started laughing again, grabbing his sides.

“Get out the car.”

“What? No…” he stopped suddenly.

“Stop laughing at me or get out the car.” You told him, deadly serious.

“But we’re still 7.4 miles from my apartment. And it’s raining.”

“Exactly.”

He looked at you sensing that he was irritating you.

“Okay fine. I’m sorry. Please don’t make me walk.”

“Are you done laughing?”

He pressed his lips tightly together, trying to suppress another smile as he nodded. You signalled away from the curb, pulling out slowly and continuing on your journey.

Seconds later you heard a whisper “pedal stool”

“SPENCER!”
“Don’t be too long baby” you called from the bedroom, having slipped off your cocktail dress to reveal black lace underwear and a matching bra.

It was your two year anniversary and you and Spencer had been out for a romantic meal for two. You were now back at the apartment you both shared ready to get down to all the sexy things you knew you should be doing on your anniversary, although right now you kinda just wanted to sleep. You were podged from the food and a little light headed from the wine, but it was your anniversary. You had to, right?

The girls at work had been teasing you about it all week asking if you had anything special planned and then giggling hysterically when you’d told them you were just going out for food and drinks.

“So you’d gone out and bought some, making sure to leave the Victoria’s Secret bag in full view so that Spencer knew exactly what was coming.

You lay under the bed covers, turning all but one bedside lamp off so that there was a certain ambience to the room. When Spencer walked in from the bathroom a few minutes later, he was rubbing his tummy.

“You okay?” you asked him as he began undressing.

“Well… full, is all” he drew the covers back, a smile lighting up his face when he saw you laying there in your underwear “….. but I’m definitely ready for some dessert.”

“Thought you might be.”

The pair of you got busy, kissing and cuddling and doing the things that came so naturally and easy to you both. Things which you both normally loved and relished.

Except, after a while, it wasn’t….. working as well as it should be.

“Spence…. Can you move to the left a tiny bit?”

Never one to be offended by your instructions, Spencer shifted his mouth immediately, catching your clit in just the right way and you moaned happily.

But after a few moments, the sensation wasn’t comfortable again and your legs were starting to cramp. You tugged on his hair, bringing him up.

“Everything alright?” he’d obviously clocked your lack of….. vocal appreciation.

“It’s fine.. It’s just… erm, maybe try something else?”

Spencer wasn’t discouraged and set about using his fingers on you, working the outside first before slipping them inside you and thrusting against your sweet spot as he lavished your breasts and nipples with kisses.

MEEEEEERRRMMMMMMPPPP
There was suddenly a loud noise, like air being expelled and both of you looked at each other in alarm, Spencer stilling his movements.

“Did you just…” he asked and you felt your cheeks redden.

“That wasn’t me! I thought it was you, you said your tummy hurt after all.”

“Y/N, it definitely wasn’t me.”

“Well I didn’t…. I didn’t…..” you whispered the next word “….. fart.”

Spencer chuckled and retracted his fingers from inside you, wiping them on the bed.

“I didn’t say you did. I think it was air trapped inside your….. erm, well your vagina. I believe some people refer to it as a queef?” He lay down on the mattress besides you, his arm snaking over your tummy.

“You actually know the word for it?”

He nodded. “It’s not the first time it’s happened. I just think it’s the first time it’s been that loud. It’s natural though when you think about what I’m doing. I’m essentially pumping in and……”

“Please don’t, you really don’t need to describe fingering to me. I’m a grown adult, I know what goes on down there. Just…. It’s not a very encouraging noise is all.”

He laughed again and began kissing your neck. “No but some of the other noises you make are very encouraging.”

And so you continued onwards, forgetting about the queef and quickly getting back into the flow of things. After another play around, you were on your hands and knees being taken from behind, Spencer grunting and groaning away but not with his usual enthusiastic momentum. He was slower than normal and you were beginning to get back ache.

You were also beginning to get dry.

“Spencer, go harder. Faster. I want you to cum for me baby” you tried to spur him on using your sexiest voice and he began to increase his pace, pulling almost all of the way out ready to slam back into you again the way you liked it.

But he didn’t. As he pushed in, hard and fast, he slipped out, ramming his cock against the wrong place causing both of you to cry out.

“Mother FUCKER”

“FUCKING BASTARD”

You slumped down onto your stomach, rolling over to look at Reid who was holding his penis in his hand, a look of horror on his face.

“Are you okay? Is IT okay?” you scooted closer to check for damage. You’d heard about things snapping in the heat of the moment but luckily it had never happened to either of you before. There wasn’t any blood but Spencer had a pained look on his face, his member losing it’s rigidness quickly.

“It’s okay. It just…. hurts. Somethings just not quite right tonight is it?”

You shook your head, laying down and pulling your boyfriend down next to you, resting your head
on his chest.

“No. It’s not like I didn’t want to… Or that you were doing anything wrong. But I think… I dunno. I was a bit uncomfortable to begin with and then the noise happened…..”

Spencer raised his head so he could look at you.

“Too much rich food, too much alcohol….. and perhaps added pressure because it was our anniversary?”

“Pretty much. And now we’ve broken your penis.”

“It’s not broken…. It might take a day or so to recover though. It’s a bit…. Sore.”

“Yeah well, my vagina is a bit sore too.”

Spencers eyebrows raised and you burst into giggles, thinking how ridiculous this was. It was your anniversary, you were meant to be well and truly shagged out.

Instead you had a sore and chaffed vagina that had ruined the moment with a horrendous noise, and a boyfriend with an almost broken penis.

“Happy anniversary, Spencer” you managed to blurt out through your chuckles.

Luckily, he saw the funny side too, joining in the laughter and then pulling you in for a sweet kiss.

“Happy anniversary, Y/N. I love you.”

“I love you too. Shall we cuddle and get some sleep?”

“That sounds perfect.”
“Glee, again?”

Your boyfriend flopped down onto the couch next to you, resting his head on your chest. You automatically wrapped your arm around him, threading your fingers into his hair.

“Yep. It’s the final series. You know, if you actually sat down and watched it, you’d probably enjoy it.”

“Erm… I’ve tried that line with you and Dr Who and what do you you always tell me?”

You laughed, snuggling down into the couch as Spencer snaked his arm around your waist.

“Alright point taken. If you’re staying and watching though, I don’t want any derogatory remarks okay.”

“Okay fine.”

Thirty minutes into the episode and he pulled up from his resting position on your chest and looked at you.

“Okay it’s bugging me. Who is she? She seems so very familiar but I can’t for the life of me think where I know her from?”

“Who exactly?” he could easily be referring to any member of the female cast.

“The older woman with the short blonde hair… Sue? I think they called her.”

“Oohhhh, Jane Lynch. Erm.. I can’t think of anything you’d have seen her in. She’s been in plenty of things though.”

“But I DO know her. Her face and voice, I’ve definitely seen and heard them before. What else has she been in?”

He looked so perplexed so you reached for your phone and pulled up the IMDB app, searching for Jane Lynch.

“Okay so the only thing I can think you might know her from is that crime show I sometimes watch which you detest.”

He hated crime shows, and you’d barred him from watching them with you because he’d pick them to pieces and ruin it for you.

“Crime Analysis?” he scrunched up his nose when you nodded. “Who is she in that?”

“Erm… Well she’s not a main cast member, she plays Dr Matthew Wright’s mother.”

“He’s the one you like, right? The really annoying one who changes his hair every other episode.”

“Yup.”

“The one who you used to ignore me for whenever he came on the screen.”
“I sooo did not. He’s just the best character and normally the one with all the answers… So if I miss something HE says then the rest of the show will make no sense.”

“Sure sure…. “Spencer sniffed, pouting slightly.

"Stop being jealous. He’s a fictional character.”

“I’m not jealous….. ”

“ Sure sure” you parroted his words. You held your arm out again, signalling for him to come for another cuddle. He settled back down and you resumed watching your show.

“Y/N. I’m better than him right? You prefer me?” he asked after a few minutes.

“Spencer, he’s fictional.”

“That doesn’t answer the question.”

You guffawed and then gently kissed the tip of his head. “Yes I prefer you, okay?”

“Okay.”

After a few minutes he pulled away again.

“I definitely don’t think it’s Crime Analysis that I know her from.”

You sighed and pulled out your phone again, ready to list every show and movie Jane Lynch had ever appeared in.
“I can’t believe you’re making me go to a wedding fayre with you.”

“Stop grumbling” you told your friend from the drivers seat. “You chose our last outing and I didn’t whinge about being dragged around the Dr Who exhibition did I?”

“No but only because you were just as excited as I was. This seems wrong though, we’re not getting married, we’re not even a couple.”

“For the purpose of today though we are. We’re getting married in two years time at a beautiful country home in West Virginia, Hawthorne House. Remember that, it’s important.” You signalled to into the parking lot of the venue where the fayre was taking place.

“You want me to lie? That’s wrong, it’s dishonest.”

“No what’s wrong is the amount they charge you for Mac make up in the stores. Here, I can pick up enough free samples to keep me going for a food few months as well as a load of discount vouchers to enable me to purchase all the products I need to look like a blushing bride on my wedding day. Plus, they’ll be free cake samples, and I know how much you like cake.”

“You sound like you’ve done this before” Spencer glanced at you with his eyes narrowed slightly, still looking uncomfortable with the idea of pretending to be engaged to you, his best female friend of three years.

“I have. Lots of times. What do you think me and Garcia do when we have our girly day trips. It’s great, we both get treated like Queens and play dress up with the gorgeous gowns. And we both walk away with our make up bags restocked.”

Reid shook his head at you and you knew he was planning on making some snarky comment to her when he went back to work on Monday. It was shame you wouldn’t be there to see that. You’d met Penelope four years ago when you moved into her apartment building, two doors down from her. She’d turned up at your door with a welcome hamper and you two had quickly become bosom buddies. She’d dragged you out with her one night where you’d met the rest of her beloved team and you and Spencer had quickly bonded over your love of books and Dr Who as well as many other things. Now he was just as important to your life as she was.

“Alright so you get free make up and discount vouchers out of this little charade, what do I get?”

Pulling into a parking space carefully and switching the engine off, you turned to your friend.

“You mean aside from the free cake and spending the day with your best friend? Is that not enough?”

Spencer just stared at you, his mouth set in a straight line.

“Fine. I thought this would happen so I came prepared.”

You reached into the back seat and pulled out a paper bag.

“Inside here is that ridiculously long Russian film that you’ve been trying to make me watch for months. This is the limited edition, collectors release with added cast interviews. Personally, I’d much rather watch the Clooney remake, considering its seventy minutes shorter, but this is my
offering.”

Spencer took the bag from your hands and peeked inside, making sure you weren’t bluffing. He sighed and undid his seat belt.

“I guess if you can bring yourself to watch Solaris with me, I can play at being fake fiancé for a few hours.”

“Good boy.”

…

You’d spent the first hour walking around the stalls and stands with Spencer begrudgingly holding your hand in his to play into the illusion. To give him his dues, Spencer was playing along very nicely, nodding along and telling the stand owners how lucky he was and how he couldn’t wait for your special day. You found yourself smiling on multiple occasions and actually almost welling up when one of the stand owners that was showing you different foundation shades, asked how Spencer had promised.

Already armed with a story planned, you were surprised when Spencer interjected and told his own, smiling at you adoringly as he did.

“I proposed on our second anniversary, I was so nervous but I so badly wanted to make this woman my wife that I knew I had to do it. I planned a surprise picnic at her favourite spot in a beautiful park not far from where we live. I picked out all of her favourite foods and bought a cd player with a disk containing all the songs she loved. The smile on her face as she sat opposite me on our special day made my heart burst and as nervous as I was, I knew I was doing the right thing. I just prayed that she’d say yes.”

He paused to take a breath and both the make up girl and you were captivated, waiting to hear the rest of his story.

“After we finished eating I presented Y/N with a photo album, documenting our time together. Photos from the first time we met when our friend Penelope introduced us, photos from our random day trips that we drag each other out on and always end up having the best time regardless. We were smiling in each and every one and as she flipped through the pages, I could see her eyes starting to fill with tears. When she got the the last page there was a string with a label on it saying “pull me”. I remember that she looked so confused as she tugged on it lightly, slowly pulling out the tiny bag that I’d hidden in the spine of the album. Inside was a ring, a ring that in no way matched her beauty but it was the best I was ever going to able to find. And that’s when I asked her, I told her she was my best friend, my favourite person in the world and I never wanted to be apart from her. Would she be my wife? And she agreed and I felt like the luckiest man in the whole world. “

When he stopped talked you quickly brushed your hands under your eyes, seeing the make up girl doing the same thing. Spencer looked between the two of you, a light blush forming on his cheeks.

"That has to be the best proposal story I’ve heard. And I’ve heard a lot. Can I see the ring?”

You looked to your hand, panicking as you realised that you weren’t wearing one. Spencer came to your rescue.

“Unfortunately no. One of the stones came loose last week and it’s back in the jewellers being replaced.”

The make up girl gushed over the pair of you for a while longer and filled a bag with free samples
and goodies for you, adding in more than she probably should have.

You walked around the rest of the fayre feeling slightly strange. You binged on the cake samples, carefully watching Spencer as he ate. The story he’d told had really gotten under your skin, it was quite possibly the most romantic thing you’d ever heard and although it hadn’t happened, it was something that you could totally imagine him doing. Spencer was sweet like that, he did special things. Like on your last birthday, he set up a treasure hunt all over D.C, clues placed in hidden places which you had to decipher in order to claim your main present which had been two tickets to the theatre.

The strange feeling stayed with you the rest of the day, as you made your way home loaded up with goodies. You had the comfier couch, so you returned back to your apartment, ordering in take out as you settled down to watch the film, sitting snuggled up side by side.

You missed the last third of the movie, your eyes fluttering shut and your head resting on Spencer’s shoulder. You only came to when he nudged you awake, getting ready to leave himself.

Following him to your door to see him out, you hugged him tightly, thanking him for coming with you today.

“It was actually okay, I kinda had fun to be honest.” he told you, his hair slightly messy from lounging on your couch.

“Spencer… That story you told, where did you pull it from?” You had to ask, it had been playing on your mind all afternoon. He shifted awkwardly, shaking a lock of hair out of his eyes.

“Erm…. It just…. I don’t know. I just started talking and it flowed out. I could imagine us sitting in that park having a picnic together, looking through pictures of all the silly things we’ve done. It just seemed…. right?”

He sounded so unsure then, almost wondering if he’d said the wrong thing and you found yourself wrapping your arms around his neck and planting a kiss on his cheek.

“It sounded absolutely perfect, Spencer.”

“It did?”

You nodded at him, your faces so close together, your eyes searching his for any sign that maybe that was something he actually WANTED to happen. In the long run of course.

But you couldn’t read him, he seemed shielded suddenly and you took a step backwards, not wanting to do anything stupid and risk ruining your carefully cultivated friendship.

“I’ll… I’ll see you later, Y/N.” Spencer swallowed as he turned to open the door, you feeling increasingly disappointed.

“Goodnight Spencer” your voice was small as he opened the door and walked through it, closing it behind him.
Ever since the wedding fayre there had been a weird atmosphere between you and Spencer, one that neither of you acknowledged.

You couldn’t get the description of his fake proposal out of your head, nor could you stop replaying the moment by your apartment door as he was leaving.

Should you have kissed him?

Did you even want to kiss him?

Yes.

Yes you did. So very badly.

You couldn’t believe you never realised it before but you had feelings for Spencer. Actual feelings. And now that stupid wedding fayre had made you realise it, you couldn’t make the feelings go away.

When you were near him, you wanted to touch him, to hug him, to smoosh your face up against his. When you were away from him, you wondered what he was doing, worried more than usual about if he was safe or not when away on a case. You’d even dreamed about him. More than once, and one of the those dreams was the sort where you woke up needing a cold shower.

This wasn’t good.

At all.

You were stuck though. Because he was your best friend. Your best fucking friend. You couldn’t outrightly ask him if he felt anything for you because if he didn’t, that was the friendship over. But what if he did? What if you two were the otp that the world was waiting for?

What if?

You hated what ifs. Despised them. You’d rather not have regrets so you knew that at some point, you were going to have to tell him.

…

“You were quiet tonight” Penelope rolled over on her double bed. You two had gone out for a night of drinking with Spencer and Morgan and you’d decided to spend the night at hers so you could have some girly gossip time.

“Was I?” the lights were off and the room was dark but you could feel Penelope looking at you in that concerned way she had.

“Yeah. Are you and Spencer okay? It seemed….. I dunno, kinda awkward at times between you.”

Oh. So it was noticeable them. Crap.

“Me and Spencer are fine.”

“Are you sure? You can tell me you know. Have you had an argument? Do I need to hurt him?”
“No…..” should you tell her?

“Y/N, I can tell something’s wrong” she reached out and touched your arm and you sighed.

“I think I like Spencer.”

The words hung in the air and you waited for your friends reaction. It came a few moments later.

“Before I start planning weddings here I need to be sure. LIKE like him? Like…. You like him?”

You nodded then realising she couldn’t see you. “Yes. I like like him. It’s an extremely new development but it's becoming a massive issue for me.”

You heard a squeak and flipped on Penelope’s beside lamp to see her covering her mouth trying to suppress her squeals of joy.

“Oh god Penny. Don’t start with the high pitchedness. Nothings happened.”

“But…. But you want it to.”

“Yes. Except…. I don’t know if he feels the same, I don’t know if we’d even work together as a couple. And I certainly can’t figure out how to ask or tell him.”

“This is amazing. How though, when did it change for you?”

You told her the story of the wedding fayre and the fake proposal and at the end of story she had tears softly running over her cheeks.

“Y/N…. That’s how. That’s how you tell him.”

...

You had to wait a full week. A full nerve racking week. But you made the plans. You made a play list of his favourite songs, you packed a picnic basket full of his favourite foods and you painstakingly put together a photo album.

And so here you were, sat at the top of a hill in your local park, a place where you and Reid came sometimes to feed the ducks when it was nice out. A place he tried desperately and patiently to teach you how to play chess, something he still hadn’t managed to accomplish.

You were dressed in a light blue summer dress and a black shrug. An outfit you’d worn a few times last year and you could recall Spencer complimenting you in it. He was in worn jeans and a t shirt, a cardigan thrown over the top, his wrist watch over the cuff of the jacket.

You were sat opposite each other and you knew he was taking in the setting, the food, the music that you were playing. You kinda felt stupid but Penelope had insisted it was the perfect way to do this. It probably would be, except for the fact that you hadn’t spoken to him since you’d got here. You didn’t know how to.

“Y/N….. Erm…. This is all really nice.” Spencer looked over at you and then quickly glanced away again.

You just nodded, picking at a patch of daisies that were off to the side of the picnic blanket.

“Y/N, is everything okay?”
No. No it wasn’t.

You were in love with your best friend. There was nothing okay about that.

“I…..” You voice was strangled and you coughed, taking a sip of cloudy lemonade to try to clear your throat. The bitterness of the lemon only made it worse and you spluttered, Spencer sliding over to you and patting your back gently, handing you water.

“I….. Oh fuck….. I…. I made this for you.” You reached into your bag and pulled out the photo album, tossing it at him.

“Oh… OH!”

Bringing your knees up to your chest and hugging them, you hid your face burying it in your knees. Turning to the side every so often you snuck a glance at Spencer as he turned page after page of photos of the two of you, studying each one. When he reached the final page with the piece of string, you squeezed your eyes shut and held your breath, knowing that at the end of that string was a note.

“Spencer, you’re my best friend.
But…
I’m kinda in love with you.
I’m sorry!”

“Oh…”

Oh?

That was all he could say? Oh fucking fuck, this was a mistake. You hoped Penelope had a fuck ton of wine, you were going to need it.

“Y/N…. Why are you sorry?” you felt Spencer shuffling closer to you and then placing his hands on your arms, tugging them away from your legs so that your face wasn’t hidden anymore.

“Erm… For ruining our friendship?” you still had your eyes closed. It was childish but you couldn’t bear to look at him.

“Y/N will you please open your eyes and look at me?”

Reluctantly you did, surprised to see that his face was only inches from yours. His brown eyes locked onto yours and he gently placed his fingers under your chin, tilting your face upwards.

“I’m kinda in love with you too, Y/N.”

“Oh…”

“Yeah, oh.”

You stared at each other for the longest moment before Spencer made the first move, closing the gap between your mouths and pressing his lips against yours.

Penelope was going to have kittens when she heard about this…
“Truth or Dare” Spencer asked Y/N, taking another sip of his beer. The pair were sat on her couch unwinding after a ridiculously hard case at work. Spencer had stopped by to bring her a book she’d mentioned she wanted to read and she’d offered him a beer and to stay to share the mounds of take out food she’d just ordered. One drink had led to another and three hours later and the two were pleasantly tipsy and had wound up playing Truth or Dare. Y/N couldn’t even remember how the game had started, only that if you’d have asked her this morning how she would be spending her evening, she definitely wouldn’t have guessed that it would involve getting wasted with her colleague Spencer Reid and playing a game normally be reserved for teenage sleepovers.

“Dare” she took another drink waiting for Spencer to think of something. This game was already turning out to be very interesting. So far she discovered that Spencer was NOT the sweet and innocent guy the team had him down to be, as well as getting him to reveal that he’d pretty much had crushes on every female in the BAU, including herself at one time or another.

“I dare you to send Derek a sext.”

Y/N spluttered, putting her hand to her mouth and wiping away the dribble of beer. Spencer knew what a ‘sext’ was? She needed to drink with him more often, this was turning out to be waaay better than the evening she’d had planned.

“If he texts back you can pretend it was meant for someone else.”

“Okay. Hand me my phone”

Spencer reached to the coffee table and handed Y/N her phone.

“Do you have any more beer?” He was strangely enjoying himself this evening, having definitely not expected to be here so long or to be feeling so buzzed. Him and Y/N got on and everything in the office, but they rarely socialised together just the two of them. But it was turning out to be quite fun and she’d had him in fits of laughter at multiple points throughout the evening. She nodded and motioned towards her fridge instructing him to bring her one too as she tapped away on her phone. When he came back and set her drink down she had a wicked grin on her face.

“I’ve sent it. Wanna hear?”

“Of course.”

“Okay” Y/N coughed and then put on a flirty voice. “Hey big boy, fancy stopping round later? I’m all alone and feeling incredibly horny today. My vibrator just isn’t going to cut it. I need your big, throbbing cock inside of me. What do you say?”

“So Morgan lives, twenty minutes from here? Give it twenty one minutes and I reckon you’ll have a visitor.”

“Hahahah, can you imagine? Derek turns up and sees you here instead?”

“Oh god, oh god. The look on his face….. Oh I’d pay to see that.”
“Maybe you won’t have to. He’s messaged back. Let’s have a look shall we?”

Y/N opened the message, her eyes widening as she covered her mouth with her hands. She tossed the phone to Spencer so he could read it.

“Baby girl, you being serious? I can be there in twenty.”

“Told ya” Spencer looked pleased with himself. “I’m not the only one who had a crush on you when you first started.”

“So if you received this text message from me what would you reply with?”

He wasn’t expecting that question and Spencer’s mouth goldfished for a few moments, his cheek tingeing pink.

“You have to answer.”

“No I don’t. We’re not playing right now.”

“Fine. Truth or Dare Spencer?” Y/N quickly text Morgan back with a ‘sorry, wrong person’ text as she waited for Spencer to complete his internal struggle. He hated dares, and he knew what the truth question would be.

“Fine. Truth. And I’ll answer the question you just asked. It would probably be the same response as Derek’s although I’d make sure the message was meant for me first. Truth or Dare?”

“Truth.”

Reid took another gulp on his drink “Do you really have a vibrator?”

Y/N smirked. Spencer was definitely coming out with some interesting questions tonight. “Yes. Wanna see it? I washed it earlier.”

His eyes bugged and Y/N giggled, hopping off the couch and running into her bedroom. Rummaging in her drawer she found fresh batteries and grabbed the toy, inserting them into the slot as she walked back into the room. She tossed it at him, hearing him squeal and then fumble with the toy, looking uncomfortable as he caught it. His uncomfortableness turned into curiosity. She knew he’d seen sex toys before, searching people’s homes was part of their jobs. But it didn’t appear that he’d ever really handled one. He switched it on, almost dropping it as the rabbit ears began to vibrate and the tiny balls at the bottom of the silicone shaft began to rotate.

“Jesus fucking christ…… It’s really quite loud.”

Y/N shuffled closer to him on the couch, taking it from his hands and fiddling with settings so that only the ears were vibrating. “I don’t bother with that setting. It’s these little babies that do the majority of the magic. And when it’s under the covers and I’m moaning, you don’t really notice the noise.”

“So it’s good then?”

Y/N switched the toy off and placed it on the coffee table. “Yes Spencer. It’s very good. Anyway. Your turn. Truth or Dare.”

“Truth”

She thought long and hard.“Tell me something about you that would surprise me. More than you
already have.”

It was his turn to think long and hard, his eyes glancing over to the coffee table and then wondering how honest he should be here. Meh, why not throw caution to the wind, he thought.

“I can tell you a thought I had a minute ago that would probably surprise you.”

Y/N made a ‘go on’ gesture with her hand.

“Okay. When you were talking about toy making you moan, my immediate thought was that I wish I could hear you make those sorts of noises.”

Oh!

Well, that WAS unexpected. And yet…. Also, not so much.

“Spencer, truth or dare.”

“But I just went!”

“And? Truth or Dare. Hint….pick dare.”

She downed her drink and waited.

“Dare”

Here goes nothing. “I dare you to kiss me.”

Chapter End Notes

It's a big ask but if you’re enjoying my content and you’re financially able to then you may consider buying me a Ko-Fi as a way of financially supporting my writing. Many thanks to you if you do, it means so much to me that anyone might enjoy my work enough to dontate to me

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Truth Or Dare - Two

Here goes nothing. “I dare you to kiss me.”

Y/N stared at Spencer and he stared back, his brain processing the words that had just left her mouth as he wondered whether he could. Whether he should?

She saw him lick his lips and she did same instinctively, still waiting.

Had she taken the game too far?

“Y/N….. If I kiss you, I don’t think…. I don’t think I’ll be able to stop at just a kiss.”

Which is exactly why she’d made that dare. She adjusted her position, surprising Spencer by crawling onto his lap, her thighs either side of his.

“Gotta say. Never expected to end up here, but now I have, the dare still stands. Take it and we both know what’s going to happen. Or don’t take it. No harm, no foul. I won’t be offended. But before you worry about this, yes I’m tipsy. But I’m not drunk enough to not be in control of my decisions here.”

When Spencer’s hands gripped her waist, Y/N knew he was taking the dare, and seconds later he bought his face up to meet hers, their lips pressing against each others and moving together in their semi drunken haze.

Y/N tilted her head to the side, deepening the kiss, their mouths opening and their tongues meeting. She moved her hands to Spencer’s neck, fingerling his locks and gently caressing the base of his neck. Spencer’s hands began to roam, tentatively at first and then with more confidence when she didn’t object. She felt them slip underneath the hem of her top, long fingers exploring the bare skin of her tummy, her back, then slowly making their way up to her chest. Reid hesitated slightly and Y/N pulled away from his lips, waiting to see if he’d say why he was hesitating.

When he didn’t, she leant back and gripped the bottom of her top, pulling it up and over her head and dropping it onto the floor.

“We can stop. If you want to. Just say the words.”

Spencer shook his head, his eyes now focused on her breasts. Typical man….

“So touch me then” then smiling wickedly “I dare you.”

She saw the smile flicker across Spencer’s lips as he bought his hands to her shoulders, slipping his long fingers under the straps of her bra and then dragging them down her arms. He leant forward, unhooking the clasp in one quick move and pulling the bra away completely, tossing it to the floor where it joined Y/N’s top.

“You dare me to touch you?” Spencer asked, his voice playful as he moistened his lips.

“Well actually… I double dare you.”

“Oh well. If it’s a double dare…..” instead of touching Y/N with his fingers like she’d expected him to, Spencer leant forward again, placing open mouthed kisses to her breasts, kissing across from one to the other as his hand splayed flat against her back holding her to him.
Y/N felt her nipples puckering in the air, becoming extra sensitive when Spencer slid his mouth over one, teasing his tongue over the hardened bud. She let out a little gasp, jolting slightly at the sensation when he did it again, this time grazing his teeth over it. Y/N allowed her eyes to close as Spencer continued to work her nipples with his mouth, switching from one to the other and then back again until she started to feel light headed with lust, an uncomfortable feeling building between her thighs.

She rolled her hips against him, pleased to feel that Spencer had his own problem to deal with between his legs. A fairly nicely sized problem from what she could feel. Spencer let out a moan as she ground onto him, biting down on to her chest as she continued.

“Spence….. Do you wanna… Ugh…. Bedroom?”

“Bedroom”

Y/N hauled herself off his lap, holding out her hand and tugging him upwards, quickly leading him into her room and shimmying out of her jeans. Turning around to face Reid, she started pulling at his clothes, the pair of them making quick work of stripping him in a matter of seconds. She crawled onto her bed and motioned for him to come and join her, which he did, laying down next to her and rolling onto his side, running his hand up and down her torso.

Y/N reached up and pressed her lips back to Spencer’s, her hands finding his body as their mouths moved together, slowly winding their way down to his groin and palming him over the thin cotton. He grunted into her mouth as she did it again, caressing him through the fabric before sliding her hand under the waistband of the briefs and grasping him lightly. She felt Reid adjust himself, moving the briefs down his legs so that she could move easily as she began her slow, confident strokes up and down his length, enjoying his groans.

After a few passes up and down, Spencer’s hands meandered down to her panties, pushing between her thighs and beginning to massage her fabric covered centre. They broke their kiss, their eyes locked together as they pleasured each other with their hands. The friction of her underwear was adding to the sensation and Y/N was soon struggling to maintain her strokes as Spencer rubbed over her clit. She felt her legs start to twitch, that telltale sign that she was getting close and her moans were coming thick and fast. She let go of Spencer, not being able to keep up her momentum as her orgasm broke through, his name catching in her throat as she came.

“Fuck……” she panted, trying to get her breath back, the aftershock of her high still twitching through her body every so often. Spencer had moved his hand away and was lazily drawing patterns on her abdomen whilst she recovered.

“Okay….okay. I’m good to go.” she looked over at Spencer, trying to decide whether to pay him back with her mouth of her hand, when his fingers gripped the edge of her panties, pulling them down before he removed his own underwear completely.

“Do you have…… erm….? ” he asked and Y/N nodded, rolling over and reaching in to drawer, pulling out a foil packet.

“Do you want to or….?”

Spencer took the packet from her and carefully tore it open. Y/N watched as he carefully rolled the condom on, pinching the tiny reservoir at the tip and making sure in was on correctly. When he was satisfied, he changed positions, moving so that he was placed in between her legs.

Y/N opened herself up to him, reaching between their bodies and positioning him at her entrance. Slowly he began to push inside, stopping when he was completely in so that they could adjust.
“Okay?” he whispered.

“Okay.”

She placed her hands on his back, gently raking her nails up and down as he started to move inside of her, his thrusts slow at first until he found his momentum. Y/N wrapped her legs around his body, trying to angle herself just right and letting out a loud gasp when he hit against her sweet spot.

“Can you go faster?”

Spencer nodded “I can, but I won’t last long.”

“Don’t care…”

He adjusted himself again, so that he was up on his knees bringing one of Y/N’s legs so that it was straight up and flush against his chest. He leant forward slightly and thrust again, the angle now exactly right.

“That’s it….”

He moved quickly as she’d asked, driving himself in and out of her, the room filled with the sounds of their groans and gasps. Y/N’s lips parted wide as he continually hit directly against her g spot, her walls clamping down on him as they contracted with her pleasure. She wasn’t going to come again, not without adding something else into the mix, but damn…it felt good.

Spencer obviously agreed as moments later she saw his face contort as a loud groan left his throat. His thrusts became short little spurts as he grunted in time with them. Finally he lowered her leg and collapsed on top of her, resting his head on her chest.

They lay together for a while until he slipped out. When he did, Y/N saw his quick movements as he removed the condom and then he disappeared into her bathroom, taking his briefs with him. When he came back, she’d slipped under the covers still naked and he hovered by the side of the bed, unsure what happened now.

“Stay… It’s late now anyway. Or you can call a cab if you feel weird about this. But I’d like it if you stayed.”

Reid slid under the covers next to her and she rolled over, placing her head on his chest and feeling his arm wrap around her.

Now for the awkward ‘we just had sex and we work together’ talk.

Or maybe not so awkward.

“Spencer, truth or dare?”

Y/N heard him suppress a laugh as he answered “truth”.

“Do you like me?”

“Y/N, I just had sex with you.”

She giggled as she replied “you don’t have to like someone to screw them. Trust me.”

“Alright, fair enough. Yes, I do.”
“Good.”

“Y/N. Truth or Dare.”

Knowing he’d probably ask her the exact same question she chose “dare”.

“I dare you to….. Come out to dinner with me tomorrow night.”

She was surprised, but pleasantly so. “On a date?”

“Yes.”

“Do you double dare me?”

He chuckled and answered “yes, I double dare you.”

“Well I can hardly turn down a double dare, now can I?”
“Y/N we’re gonna have to get a motel, I’ve checked online and the highways gridlocked for miles. Huge accident.”

“What if we if double back and go a different way?” You asked him, already knowing that you wouldn’t be able to drive for much longer without losing your patience.

“It’ll still take us at least three hours. It’s up to you. I can drive for a bit if you’d like?”

“No I think you’re right. There’s bound to be a motel around here somewhere. Can you call Hotch and tell him we’ll be late in tomorrow please.”

You pulled out of the fast food restaurant parking lot you’d pulled into after sitting on the freeway for the last three hours, barely moving more than an inch every few minutes. Spencer and you had been lecturing for the last two days at a colleague campus four hours away. The faculty had taken you out for a meal afterwards to say say thank you and you’d left at eight pm, meaning you should have been home by twelve at the latest. Instead, it was eleven pm at night and you’d encountered one of the biggest traffic jams you seen or read about in years. After crawling at a snails pace for three hours, you come off at the next exit to assess your options and to get food. You were tired, you wanted to sleep but you still had at least a three hour drive ahead of you both and that was in normal traffic. You spotted a sign for a motel and pulled in, seeing the parking lot was nearly full. A lot of other people on the road were perhaps having the same ideas as you were.

Spencer disconnected his call to your supervisor. “Hotch says it’s fine, the accident is all over the news. He says we can reclaim the cost of the rooms on expenses.”

You nodded and reached behind you to pull out your bag that you’d packed for the few days away, handing Spencer his, and you both exited the vehicle, heading for the reception.

“Please tell me you have two rooms free?” You greeted the woman behind the reception desk.

“Sorry darlin’. We’re down to our last one. We’ve filled up pretty quickly cos of the accident on that darn freeway.”

“Twin beds?” You asked hopefully, watching her shake her head.

“Fraid not. It’s a double. I can get you some extra bed linen in one of you wants to take the floor? Or else there’s another motel a few miles down the road.”

You couldn’t bear getting back in the car right now, you just wanted to stretch out and sleep. Turning to Reid you asked him.

“Do you mind sharing a bed?”

“If you don’t then I don’t.”

You pulled out your purse and credit card, flashing your FBI ID as the required identification and requested a receipt for expenses.

“Did you guys want any extra linen?” The receptionist asked as she slid the room key over.

“We’ll share. It’ll be fine, I’m sure.”
You and Reid found the room, pleased that the bed was a fair sized double, and you took yourself off into the bathroom; changing quickly into your sleep shorts and tank top, brushing your teeth and pulling your hair up.

“Bathrooms all yours.” You told your colleague as you plumped the pillows up and climbed into the bed, rolling onto your side, willing your brain to remember that you were sharing with someone so if you got warm, you could NOT strip off like you normally did in your sleep. Half the time you didn’t even remember doing it, you’d go to bed in pajamas and wake up naked and with your foot sticking out of the sheets in an effort to cool down. Not tonight, please… Not tonight.

Closing your eyes, you settled down into the pillows, feeling the bed creak a while later as Spencer climbed in beside you and got comfortable.

“Goodnight Y/N.” He whispered, shutting off the light.

“.. Night…” You murmured, already half asleep.

…. You were warm, uncomfortably so.

And it probably had something to do with the arm that was wrapped around your waist and the long body that was pressed against your back. Spencer was asleep, little snuffles coming from his mouth.

So this was why Derek refused to share a room with him on cases. The genius was a sleep snuggler.

Glancing down, you were thankful to see that your tank top was still in place. Otherwise that could have been embarrassing. You wriggled, trying to gently nudge your colleague away but his arm wasn’t budging. Not wanting to wake him, you threw the covers back and closed your eyes again.

You woke again a few hours later… Or at least you thought you were awake.

But you couldn’t be. If you were awake you definitely wouldn’t have your colleagues hand on your chest.

Would you? You wriggled again feeling the hand start to stroke softly against the fabric of your chest. It actually felt kinda nice.

More than nice to be honest, it felt… Sensual, erotic even. As his hand caressed your body, skimming over your torso and cupping your breast, massaging it lightly, you wondered what he was dreaming about.

This was not good. Except.. Oh it was. You stretched out, pressing your back against Spencers front and feeling a hard bulge pressing against your ass.

You should totally wake him up.

In a minute, you thought as his fingers brushed over your nipple sending a jolt of pleasure through you. You juddered suddenly and you felt Spencer stir beside you, his hand stilling and his breathing changing.

He was awake.

He didn’t remove his hand but you could feel him holding his breath and trying to work out if you
were awake and what he should do.

What SHOULD he continue to do exactly. You’d never been in this situation before. You stretched again, pressing your ass against him and pushing your chest out so that it pushed against the palm of his hand.

He breathed in deeply and then moved his hips forward, nudging you. You very purposely rubbed your butt up and down slowly hearing a low groan.

Alright. So you knew he was awake and he knew you were awake.

One of you needed to take charge here and make a decision.

“Either roll over and go back to sleep Spencer, or carry on what you were doing, because I’m VERY intrigued to know what you were dreaming about that was making you do that…. ” You whispered.

“ You… I was dreaming about you, Y/N.” Came his murmured response. He hand resumed it’s previous activities, groping and squeezing your breasts lightly, the tips of his fingers grazing your now very alert peaks through your top. Fuck that felt good, and you let out a little gasp to let him know.

Reaching back with your arm, you placed your hand onto his hip, rubbing it over the fabric of his bottoms.

“Dreaming about… Me?” You asked him, move your butt up and down again as he teased with his thumb and forefinger.

“Mmmmm. I still think I’m dreaming.” Spencer adjusted himself behind you and you felt a pair of soft lips on your shoulder, kissing along the skin until he reached the crook of your neck.

“Same… I don’t think we… Ugh… are though.”

Spencers lips kissing the skin just below your ear, his hand travelling higher and tugging the tank top lower, slipping a strap off your shoulder and exposing your breast. His hand was now on your bare skin, your nipple catching between two fingers as his caressed you, pressing the two fingers together occasionally and pinching your bud.

“Oh fuck… ” You arched your back at the sensation, hearing Reid sucking air through his teeth as you pushed against him.

Moving on the mattress, you leant back so that you were flush against him, hooking your leg back and over his, essentially pulling his groin as close as you could to you. You actively started to grind on him now, revelling in the feel of him hard on you, the little grunts and groans he was making, egging you on. Feeling bolder, Spencers hand starting roaming further, trailing up and down your body, slipping lower and lower with each lap.

With your leg hooked over his hip, your centre was exposed to him already and you held your breath as he let his hand skate over your thighs and drag against your shorts. His fingers felt for the waistband, pushing underneath it and ghosting over your panties.

You were desperate for the friction now and you ground your butt against him harder and more frantically. He seemed to get the picture and moved his hand between your legs, dragging his fingers over your fabric covered clit. You gasped and he did it again, the pads of his fingertips pressing harder against you as he found your bundle of nerves through your underwear.
His lips suckling at your neck, he began to rub, alternating between moving the sensitive nub from side to side and up and down, the friction of your panties adding to the sensation. You pushed against him hard, feeling him starting to grind back, humping against your ass as he played between your legs.

Your moans started to get louder and more frequent, your arm reaching up and back so that it could caress the back of his head as it was buried in your neck, Spencers gasps and groans tickling your neck as they escaped his throat.

“Fuck…. Spence… Oh shit…”

His fingers moved faster, applying just the right about of pressure at exactly the right speed as he worked himself up and down your butt, using it get himself off.

“Oh god…” He bit down on your shoulder and growled out your name, now bucking against you, his fingers working magic on your clit, the familiar tremble in your leg starting as you dragged your lip between your teeth as you started to come, your fingers tangling in his hair as you gasped through your orgasm. He shoved hard on your ass a few more times before your felt him twitch behind you, delicious grunts coming from him as he came inside his boxers.

“Jeez….fucking hell Reid…” You whispered minutes later, when you could finally catch your breath.

You unhooked your leg and rolled away, Spencers hand retreating from you. You shifted on to your back, turning your face to face look at him.

“Hi.”

“Hi.” Spencer replied, rolling onto his back and tugging his pajama bottoms away from his skin. You knew he must be dying to go and clean up.

“That was an interesting way to wake up, I must say.”

“Y/N I’m so sorry… I honestly didn’t mean to start groping you.”

“Hey hey…. Do you hear me complaining? Were you really dreaming about me?”

He nodded and you grinned.

“Have you dreamt about me before?”

“Erm…. ”

“Cos I’ve dreamed about you before Spencer. Just so you know…. And if you ever feel like doing that again, maybe with our clothes actually off, just let me know.” You told him.

He laughed. “Clothes off might be less messier for me… But do you think we could maybe go and see a movie or go to a restaurant before hand? Like.. Erm… A date?”

“If you’re asking me out, I’m saying yes.”

“Then I’m asking you out, Y/N.”

You smiled at each other.

“Alright. Go clean yourself up. We can still get a few hours sleep before we need to leave.”
He slid out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

“Spencer….”

“Hmmmm?” He turned to look at you.

“Is that why Morgan won’t share with you? Did you sleep grope him too.”

You laughed at the horrified expression on his face.

“I can tell you know, I have never EVER have those sorts of dreams about him.”

“Good…. Cos as much as I like Morgan, I’d hate to have THAT in common with him.”
Exiting the bath, you glanced to the interconnecting door between yours and Spencer’s hotel rooms. You’d definitely locked it before you’d gone for your bath right? Yeah, you were sure of it.

You tossed your phone onto your bed next to your bag and lay down, you’d air dry naturally and then pull on your pj’s. Now you were on the bed, you couldn’t be bothered to move again.

Something had been bothering you for the best part of the day. Something that really shouldn’t have been bothering you as much it had.

Actually, it was more like a someone. The same someone who was more than likely asleep in the room next to yours.

Spencer Reid.

Spencer had been looking extremely good recently, even despite the fact that he was hobbling around with a crutch due to getting himself shot in the leg. His hair was longer than you’d ever seen it before and at multiple times over the past few weeks, you’d found yourself looking at his hair and wondering what it would be like to run your fingers through it.

The two of you had been sent to do an inmate interview out of town and due to the lateness and the distance, had been allowed to put a hotel room and meals on expenses. For your desserts, you’d had the strawberry cheesecake, but Spencer had had an ice cream sundae that had been topped off with pieces of candy, which had included a large cherry flavoured sucker.

Which was when you’d started to feel extremely uncomfortable.

Your eyes had become completely entranced by his lips as they worked their way around the sucker, his pink tongue poking out every so often to swipe over it as he innocently carried on speaking to you, although by this point, you were a simply nodding along, having no actual idea what he was saying. All your brain could think about was his lips and what else they could do.

Which as you were lying on your hotel bed, was now all you were thinking shout again.

Jesus Christ, Y/N. Get a grip, you told yourself.

Yeah, get a grip on his hair, tug him towards you and push him down between your legs so he could use his mouth on something else.

Oh fuck. Stop it!

But you couldn’t, your mind was in overdrive and you suddenly needed release. Hiking your towel up and kicking your bag onto the floor with a loud thud, you slipped your hand between your legs and got to work, focusing on the imagery from earlier. Dr Reid’s lips.

Ugh.

…

Spencer couldn’t sleep and a loud thud from his colleagues room jolted him. What had the noise been? Had she fallen off the bed or something?

He both cursed and blessed the fact that the hotel had given then interconnecting rooms. It meant
they’d been able to keep the doors open earlier so they could talk as they were getting ready for
dinner. Which had also meant that Spencer may have accidentally caught a peak of Y/N’s beautiful
body as she was changing. He hadn’t meant to, but the way the mirror in her room was angled had
meant he’d been able to see her as she changed and it had only added to his already ridiculously
huge crush on her.

Spencer hauled himself off of his bed, grabbing his crutch and limping over to the doors between the
two rooms. The thud had worried him and now he could hear a strange noise. Heavy breathing.
Shit, perhaps she had fallen and now couldn’t get back up.

Placing his hand on the door knob, he quietly turned it and pulled the door open, his jaw dropping at
the sight in front of him.

Jeeeesus.

Spencer knew he should look away but he couldn’t. His colleague, his gorgeous and amazing
colleague, was lying on her bed in a toweling robe, her legs spread and her eyes closed as she
frantically rubbed her fingers over her clit.

Her breathing was heavy, little gasps and groans escaping her parted lips and Spencer felt his dick
twitching as blood rushed to it, making him immediately hard.

He was just about to turn away when he heard a name fall from her mouth.

“Spencer…”

What? What now? He glanced over and saw that her eyes were still closed, a light sheen of sweat
covering her body. She shifted her legs further apart and Spencer’s eyes widened as he watched her
slip two fingers inside her slit, his name… his name, on her lips again.

He coughed. Not intentionally, at least….he didn’t think so.

Her eyes flew open and locked onto his.

…
Shit.

Crap.

Oh god, you’d been so close as well.

But now somehow, the object of your lust filled fantasy, was standing at the door between your
rooms watching you.

Well this was embarrassing. You pulled your fingers from yourself quickly, wiping them on the bed
cover and pulling your towel back down.

“Spencer… What the fuck?!?”

“I… I erm… I heard a noise. I thought… I thought you were…. Never mind.”

He leant on his crutch and tried to turn around. It was then, that you saw the sizeable bulge that had
formed in his pants.
“Wait!” you called out, sliding off the bed and walking over to him. Now you’d seen that he was turned on, there was only one way you could see this going. And that was like the plot of a bad porno.

But still.

Standing in front of Reid and hearing his breath hitch, you boldly placed your hand over his groin, palming him through the thin cotton of his sleep pants.

“Did you like watching that, Dr Reid?” you felt him twitch in response and you slowly started to stroke your hand up and his length, watching his tongue flick out over his lips.

“You can… You can feel that I did…. ” he murmured.

“Do you know what I was thinking about when I was doing it?”

He shook his head, although you knew you’d called his name out and that he’d heard it.

“You Spencer, I was thinking about you.”

You squeezed him through his pants, watching his pupils dilate with lust.

“How bad is that leg exactly? Can you still.. Erm… Fuck?”

He groaned as your hand slid up and down his shaft as your other one moved to your towel and tugged it loose so you were standing in front of him completely naked.

“I…. I think so… I’d have to be on… Oh fuck… Bottom, though.”

You grinned. “Suits me fine. There’s plenty of things I was thinking about doing to you that involve me being on top. The main thing being grinding on that beautiful mouth of yours.

The hand that wasn’t grasping his crutch suddenly gripped yours, stopping your ministrations on his dick.

“Then stop thinking about them and do it.”

Oh my! Those were unexpected words from him. But oh my! Yes….

You helped him over to your bed, the crutch being discarded onto the floor swiftly followed by his clothes. Carefully, you pushed him back onto the mattress, taking in his glorious body as he positioned himself comfortably. His knee was still bandaged from the gun shot wound and you hoped he wasn’t lying when he said he was certain he could still do this. But then, if you were doing all the work, surely it would be okay.

You climbed onto the bed next to him, kneeling by his side and moving your hand with the intention of stroking him.

“No” he shook his head at you.

“No?”
“You mentioned something about grinding on my mouth. Y/N, I’ve just stood and watched you finger your pussy. Do you have any idea how badly I want to taste that now?”

Well. Okay then.

Spencer reached behind him and pulled the pillows from under his head so he was laying flat. He licked his lips slowly at you and that was really all of the encouragement you needed.

Inching forwards, you carefully swung your leg over so you were straddling his head, your hands gripping the head board. Looking down you could see his eyes had drifted to between your legs and then they looked up, locking onto yours. Placing his hands onto your thighs he pulled you downwards, on to his mouth and you let out a loud moan as the flat of his tongue connected with your already overly sensitised clit.

His mouth began to work, his eyes never leaving yours as he swiped over your throbbing bundle of nerves over and over, applying just the right amount of pressure to have you gasping within moments. Fucking fuck! His mouth was everything you’d dreamed about and more, his lips sucking around your clit to increase the sensation as his tongue flicked away, his fingers digging into your thighs as you tried to raise yourself off, the feeling almost too much. He kept you there though and you were sure that your juices were probably dribbling down his chin right down with how turned on you were.

Letting go of the head board, you allowed your hands to snake over your body, pulling and teasing your neglected breasts, a groan vibrating through Spencer’s mouth as he saw what you were doing. One of his hands released their hold on your thighs and when you dared to look behind you, you could see that he was pumping away at his cock.

You were close, so very close, now actively grinding on his lips as he licked and sucked at you, the room now filled with the sounds of both of your excitement. Finally, you felt that tell tale flicker deep inside your lower stomach and you gripped the headboard again with both hands, as you came, shuddering and squirming over Spencer’s mouth. From beneath you, you felt a series of jolts and you realised Spencer had reached his own end as well, watching you come as he was stroking his own dick had pushed him over the edge and he had a pool of glistening fluid atop of his tummy.

You swung your leg back over and collapsed on the bed next to him, giggling as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“I was kinda hoping that you’d be inside me when you did that” you told him hoarsely.

“Same here. But…. Fuck…. I just…”

“How much recovery time do you need?” you raised your eyebrows at him, licking your lips. Now you’d had him, you wanted him again and again.

“Half an hour…. Maybe?” he groaned, shifting on the bed and then wincing as his mess started to move.

“Half an hour it is then. I’ll get something to clean you up, and maybe a drink or something. Then we can talk.”

“About?”

“The things we just did and how often they’re gonna need to happen. Your mouth is magnificent Spencer. And I kinda had visions of tugging on your hair and stuff but I think you need to be fully able bodied for that sort of stuff. So I think we’re going to need to date. Okay with you?”
“More than okay with me..”
“No. You cannot go to a gig dressed like that”

Your best friend and colleague Spencer Reid looked down at his outfit and then back up at you. He was dressed in smart slacks and a shirt, with dress shoes on his feet. You on the other hand were dressed in a denim skirt, leggings, a vest top and an oversized hoody. Converse hi-tops completed your look.

For your last birthday, Spencer had presented you with two tickets to see your favourite English band Muse performing. They didn’t tour America that often so when they’d announced a tour, you’d been desperate to get tickets only to discover that they’d sold out pretty much straight away. Reid however had been one step ahead of the game knowing it was your birthday in a few weeks. He’d set Penelope Garcia on to the case, her somehow jamming the server for other users until she’d purchased two tickets. Naturally, you’d chosen to take him.

“What’s wrong with my outfit?”

You shook your head, it wasn’t that he didn’t look nice. He just looked….. “It’s too smart, too over dressed for a gig”

You marched him back down the hallway to his apartment, striding into his bedroom and throwing open the closet doors. You knew he owned jeans, you’d seen them at least twice before. You found them eventually, slinging them at him and searched for a t-shirt finding a plain black one which would do and tossing that at him as well. Spying a grey cardigan on the back of the closet door, you instructed him to wear that, along with his converse and you left his room so he could change.

He emerged five minutes later looking like a completely different guy. He looked good though, his hair slightly messier from tugging the t-shirt on and the jeans hugged his frame nicely. You nodded your approval and the two of you set off to the gig.

…

Three hours later and you were grinning from ear to ear as Spencer drove you both home. Your ears were ringing, your lower back was on fire from standing up for so long but you’d had the best time ever. The band had been amazing, belting out all of your favourite tunes and the atmosphere had been so intense and enjoyable. You’d been overcome with emotion during Unintended, one of your all time favourite songs, and you’d grasped hold of Spencer’s hand as you swayed with the rest of the crowd.

He’d seemed to enjoy it as well, actually singing along to the songs although you knew all he’d had to do was listen to them once whilst reading the lyrics and he’d have them all memorised.

The ride home was short, the gig hadn’t been too far from home so you invited Spencer in for a few beers, groaning as you slumped down onto your couch, flicking the TV on.

“Everything okay?” Reid asked you slightly louder than normal. He dropped down next to you, handing you an uncapped beer which he’d pulled from your refrigerator.

“I’m good. My back just hurts a bit, I’m getting too old for this shit.”

Taking a pull of his beer, Spencer set it down and then turned to you.
“Y/N turn around. Where does it hurt?”

Adjusting your positioning, you crossed your legs and turned on the couch so you were sitting sideways on with your back to him. “It’s just at the bottom, it aches like a mother fucker.”

Spencer chuckled and then gently placed his hands to your lower back, slipping them under your hoody and pressing his thumbs into your spine, softly kneading the aching area. It felt surprisingly good and you leant forward slightly, pulling your hoody off to allow him better access.

Spencer’s lithe fingers worked along your spine and lower back hitting all of the pressure points with precision and you found yourself enjoying his touch so much so that a soft groan escaped your lips causing Spencer to freeze his movements and your eyes to fly open and your jaw to drop.

“Sorry….” he started to say and you shook your head.

“You didn’t hurt me Spence. It just felt….really REALLY good.”

“Do you want me to carry on then?” he asked tentatively, a slight edge to voice.

“Erm….only if you don’t mind?”

“I don’t mind…. But could we change positions? It would be easier for me if you sat between my legs in front of me.”

You understood what he was saying and could appreciate how it would would be more comfortable but it still didn’t stop you from saying “Christ Spence, how long have we been friends for and you’re only now telling me you want me between your legs?”

His cheeks flushed pink and you immediately regretted it. He coughed, clearing his throat “Do you want the damn massage or not?”

You did, it was doing wonders to ease your suffering. You scooted from your seat and waited for Spencer to part his thighs, settling on the couch between them and waiting for him to start up again. He did and you leant into his touch, his hands working on your spine as you tried to keep your little grunts of satisfaction to yourself.

Adjusting your position slightly, you rolled your neck on your shoulder wincing as you heard a crack. Spencer’s hands immediately moved up your back to your shoulders, pressing against the hard knots that had formed and working to loosen to them. The sensation was magical and you allowed your eyes to close again, your breath hitching in your throat as his thumb brushed over a particularly sensitive spot on your neck. This time Spencer didn’t pause, he just shuffled his body forward slightly, his thighs trapping you between them. His fingers continued their dance over your sore muscles, brushing over that spot again and earning another groan from you. When he did it again moments later your mind began to wander. It was THAT exact spot on your neck, the spot that when touched correctly would send tingles right down to your groin. And Spencer’s fingers kept sweeping over it in just the right way….

Did he know? Or was it just an accident? When it happened again, his finger tip actually lightly circling the spot and making your downy hairs stand on end as a low gasp left your chest, you realised he must know.

Which was extremely interesting.

You and Spencer had been friends as well as colleagues for a few years now and you’d always wondered whether there perhaps was something more between the two of you. He was attractive,
very much so and you’d be lying if you said you hadn’t wondered briefly what it would be like to kiss his plump pink lips. But you’d always pushed the thought aside. It was Spencer after all. Spencer didn’t have girlfriends, half the time he rarely seemed to even notice if an attractive looking female was in the room. It was only six months ago when you’d both been babysitting Henry together that he’d actually expressed desire to find someone. You’d talked to him for a while, surprised by how insulted he was when you’d told him that you didn’t think he was bothered about finding a partner. When you’d asked him what his ideal woman was though, he’d appeared awkward and eventually just shrugged the question off, not giving you an answer.

Had there been a reason he hadn’t given you an answer?

The next time his finger dashed over that spot on your neck you made sure that your groan was louder, leaning back slightly and placing your hands onto his thighs. Spencer stiffened slightly but carried on with his slow kneading of your shoulders and neck. Feeling bolder and just damn curious, you softly stroked his thighs feeling him sit up straighter at your touch. The air was almost crackling with tension right now, both of you waiting for the other to give some sort of signal that you wanted more. You inched your hands higher on his thighs hearing Spencer’s breath catch, his hands stilling their movements momentarily before changing track. This time they moved to your sides, trailing up and down your rib cage tickling you sensually through the thin cotton fabric of your vest. You shuddered, heat starting to flood your body as you dug your fingernails lightly into his thighs, not enough to cause pain. On the eighth lap up and down your torso Spencer’s hands lingered inches from your breasts and you could feel him closer to you than before, his breath on the back of your neck. Wanting to give him a sign but not to outright tell him that this was okay, you reached up to your hair and pulled it to one side, exposing your neck to him.

Reid received your message loud and clear and a pair of warm lips pressed against your neck, his hands creeping around to your front and splaying across your abdomen. Spencer peppered the side of your throat with kisses, his tongue poking out and swiping over the shell of your ear, his hands not moving from their spot on your tummy.

“Is this…. is this okay? That…. that I’m doing this?” came a whisper in your ear, Spencer’s voice a few octaves lower than what you were used to.

“Uh huh….You’ll know if it’s not okay, Spencer. Trust me” you whispered back, surprised by the slight croak to your own voice. You turned your head to the side, your eyes connecting with his, both of you realising there was no going back from this once you took the next step.

You ran the tip of your tongue over your lips watching Spencer do the same. But still, neither of you moved an inch.

“Spence. The ball’s in your court here. If you want this then…. ”

You didn’t get chance to complete your sentence because his lips were suddenly upon yours, the pressure light to begin, still unsure. When you didn’t pull away he deepened the kiss, his head tilting to the side and his lips parting. Allowing your own to part, your tongue slipped out to meet his as you twisted your body to kiss him properly.

Spencer’s kisses were both everything and nothing like you expected them to be, igniting a passion in you that you hadn’t felt for a while; a desperate need to be closer to someone, to feel them pressed against you. You suddenly had the urge to kiss Spencer everywhere, to taste him and to drink him in. If one kiss could make you feel like this, God only knows what would happen once this went further.

You pulled away from his mouth, breathless and gulping the air down as his face searched yours for
signs that he’d done something wrong. Smiling, you tucked your hair behind your ear and then turned your body completely around, Spencer’s eyes widening as you straddled his lap, your skirt riding up as you changed positions, the denim waistband uncomfortable against your stomach. You grimaced.

“Did…. I do something wrong?” Spencer clocked it and you shook your head.

“It’s the skirt and the position I’m in.”

“You could…. Erm, take it off?” His cheeks were already flushed so you couldn’t tell whether the colour deepened or not but knowing Reid the way you did, you’d be surprised if it didn’t. You stood directly in front of him, taking his hands and placing them on the waistband.

“Or… You could take it off for me.”

Only a few seconds passed before he answered but it felt like an age.

“Y/N, if I remove your skirt, I’m not sure I’ll be able to stop with just that.”

“So don’t stop then.”

Taking a deep breath and seemingly having a word with himself, Spencer’s fingers quickly moved to the button on your skirt, unhooking it and then sliding the material down your legs. You stepped out of it, kicking it to one side and then stood, waiting. You weren’t going to take charge here, you wanted to see what he’d do. Rising to his feet and towering over your small frame, he slipped his fingers under your vest, gripping the hem and tugging it upwards, peeling it off your body.

You didn’t think you looked like the most attractive person standing in your bra and leggings but the way Spencer’s eyes were trailing over your torso, made you feel like a goddess. He rolled his lip between his teeth before dropping to his knees in front of you and slowly dragging your leggings off, lifting your feet one by one and then moving them to the side. Running his hands up and down your legs you were shocked and pleasantly surprised when he moved them to your ass, squeezing your buttocks through your panties.

You were even more surprised when he slipped his hands into your panties, pressing them against the bare skin of your butt.

“I really, REALLY want to have you naked and laid out in front me so I can see and kiss every inch of your body, Y/N,”

Those were words you’d never in a million years expected to hear from Spencer Reid but yet they’d just left his mouth and you felt yourself becoming even more turned on than you were before.

Cocking your head towards the bedroom, you did your best to cross the room in what you hoped was a sexy walk, hoping to God that Spencer was actually following you. Almost as soon as you were through the door, his hands were on you again, not quite as gentle as before. His movements were fuelled by a passion inside of him and it showed. You didn’t mind though. Your bra was unhooked in seconds, being pulled down your arms and being tossed somewhere onto the floor as Spencer dropped to his knees again to drag your panties off leaving you entirely naked and exposed.

He started to place wet open mouthed kisses up your legs, starting at your ankle and slowly working up to the tops of your thighs, before crossing over to the other leg, avoiding your most sensitive area. Your legs felt shaky and you tangled one hand into his luscious hair doing your best to not fall over.

“So beautiful… ” you could hear him murmuring into your skin as he repeated his kisses up and
down your legs, a hand pressed firmly against your butt cheek and lightly squeezing.

“Spence….” your leg shook again and Reid pulled away from you shuffling forward on his knees and forcing you to walk backwards until the backs of your legs hit the bed.

“Lie down” he whispered, remaining on the floor and looping a hand around your ankle, making it so that you were laying with your butt on the edge of the bed.

“This hardly seems fair that you’re still dressed. Even the playing field a bit please?”

Spencer obliged and you saw his tee shirt whiz over your head as he removed it and threw it into the corner of the room, still knelt between your legs. Gripping your thighs, he pushed them wide open opening you to him completely. You could feel how wet you were already, knowing he could see it too. Spencer ran a finger teasingly up and down your slit and you watched open mouthed as he then bought that finger to his lips, tasting it. Not that you’d ever imagined what Spencer would be like in the bedroom but if you had, you were sure it would have been a far cry from what was actually happening.

Lowering his head, Spencer kissed and nipped along you inner thigh again. This time though, he didn’t stop. You glanced down to the end of the bed seeing his eyes locked on yours as he placed the flat of his tongue on you, licking a thick stripe from bottom to top, flicking your clit. You gasped as he briefly hit the spot. He did it again, this time placing his hands on you and using them to very gently pull the fleshy skin back, so he had clear access. His tongue stayed on your pulsating clit though this time rather than flicking off it and you gripped the bed covers as he started to circle it, using the exact amount of pressure you needed.

Your moans became more frequent and louder, your appreciation spurring him on as he worked you with his tongue, moving the sensitive nerve bundle from side to side, back and forth. When he slipped first one, then two fingers inside you, curling them against the pebbled area of your inner front wall, you knew it wouldn’t be long and less than two minutes later you were gasping out his name as your hips bucked off the bed, forcing yourself harder against his mouth as you came.

You felt Spencer retract, you suddenly feeling very empty as you watched him wipe his glistening mouth with the back of his hand before standing and pushing his jeans and underwear down. You tried not to stare at his impressive length as he crawled onto the bed, hovering over you.

Reaching your hand up, you tugged him down to you, crashing your lips against his and tasting the slightly bitter taste of yourself on his mouth. Spreading your legs, you locked them around Spencer’s waist so that he was forced against you, his cock nudging at your entrance.

Pulling his lips away it was Spencer who remembered the all important question. “Condom?”

“Contraceptive implant. Definitely clean though so it’s entirely up to you.” You hated condoms hence the implant and regular testing. You were quite certain Spencer would be okay too but you waited for his confirmation.

“I am too, can we… go without then?”

You nodded and quickly slipped your hand between your bodies, grasping him and lining him up, your mouths opening simultaneously as he pushed inside, inch by inch.

He began to move slowly at first and then gaining pace as you moulded to his shape, bucking your hips up against his.

“Fuck….oh fuck” Reid groaned, trying to shake his hair back out of his eyes. You reached up and
pushed it back behind his ears. Wriggling, you raised your legs higher trying to feel him as deep inside as you could. He shifted, moving one leg at a time up over his shoulders.

“Jesus fucking…. Oh god” the new position had him hitting directly against your sweet spot as he thrust in and out, your walls clamping down around him. It made it tighter for him too and you could see him struggling to last.

“Harder please” you rasped out, knowing you weren’t going to come again but enjoying the feeling nonetheless.

“I’ll… I’ll come if I do” Spencer whispered, sweat shimmering on his forward.

“So? You’ve already made me come with your mouth. It’s your turn now. Hard and fast, just the way I like it.”

He obliged, slamming into you with a renewed ferocity that had you crying out in pleasure. No more than thirty seconds and his face contorted in that telltale grimace, his body juddering and his breathing ragged. Spencer allowed your legs to drop to the mattress, as he lowered his body down, resting his head on your chest as he panted.

You stroked his hair lightly, then enormity of what you’d just done hitting you.

“So erm…. That was some massage”

Reid chuckled, his body shaking against yours as he did causing him to slip out. You winced, hating the feeling of liquid seeping out onto your sheets. You’d live with it for the moment.

You continued stroking his hair, waiting for him to speak. He opened his mouth a few times, closing it again as he tried to figure out exactly how to respond. Things had escalated extremely quickly and now you both had to deal with the aftermath.

You just hoped he didn’t think it was a mistake.

“Y/N….. In case it wasn’t blindingly obvious by what a just did, I like you.”

Finally…..

“Well that’s good. And in case you didn’t already know, I’m not in the habit of allowing guys I don’t like to give me that type of massage.”

He chuckled again and you grinned. Spencer raised his head, looking you directly in the eyes.

“So we like each other then”

You nodded at him.“I’d say so. Funny how that happens.”

“So…. Maybe tomorrow we could go out for dinner?”

“Or you could stay and we could go for breakfast. Or breakfast in bed.”

“Or we could do that. I fully support that option.”

“I thought you might” you smiled at him.

“You’re sleeping on the wet patch though…..”
Skin Deep

You wanted to cry. Five days you’d been out in the field on one of the worst cases you’d been involved in and you were finally on your way home. You just had to survive the last round table debrief with the team and then you could go home, cut and file your nails right down again and then hide for a few days.

For the best part of the flight home you’d been resisting the urge to do it, to pick and pull at your skin. You’d been doing so well recently and the majority of the wounds from your last bout had healed nicely except for one which just wasn’t closing. But the stress of the case had got to you and on the jet home you’d found yourself giving in and slipping your hand up your sleeve and starting to pick at your outer arm, until the tips of your fingers and nails started to feel damp and you knew you’d broken the skin. You’d been staring out the window counting the squeezes, the nail scrapes it took until you felt the sting and the relief that came with it. Swiftly followed by the guilt that you’d given in to the urges and that you hadn’t been able to manage the stress in the other ways you’d been taught how to.

It was a never ending circle though. You’d pick and feel relief, and then you’d feel the guilt and stare at your body, your left arm covered in faded scars from when you’d damaged the skin too deep, or developed infections in the past. And then you’d feel ugly and hate yourself even more. You’d talk with yourself and convince yourself that it was the last time, that no one would want you with your arm looking like that, especially knowing that you did it to yourself. And then you’d stop, for a while. Until it all got too much again.

Today was one of those days. Where it had got too much.

“Okay, that’s it for today. Guys you did a great job. Get some rest this weekend.” Agent Hotchner dismissed you all and you stood, reaching for your full cup of coffee that you’d neglected to drink and straightening up and turning to step away from your chair. As you did, your colleague Dr Spencer Reid moved from his chair, knocking into you and causing you to spill your coffee all down your white shirt and cardigan.

“Shit…” You pulled the fabric away from chest, thinking that at least it wasn’t scalding hot anymore, that was something.

“I’m so sorry Y/N. So so sorry. Are you okay?” Spencer was looking around hurriedly for something to mop up the mess with, settling on some scrap paper he’d been absent mindedly doodling on.

“I’m so sorry Y/N. So so sorry. Are you okay?” Spencer was looking around hurriedly for something to mop up the mess with, settling on some scrap paper he’d been absent mindedly doodling on.

“I’m fine, I’m fine. It wasn’t that hot. Rossi, can I use your office to change? I can’t be bothered to walk all the way to ladies.”

Dave nodded and you picked up your go bag and slipped into his office next door, shutting the door behind you and peeling off your sodden clothes, pulling out your spare shirt and cursing the fact that it was short sleeved.

It was then that you caught sight of the number you’d done on your arm with your finger tips and nails, blood crusting around the edges of the small circular wounds you’d made, the damaged skin suddenly becoming sore as the fresh air hit it. You sighed and pulled on the dry shirt, jolting when the door knocked as you were closing it up. They didn’t wait for a response, opening the door as you spun around so that your back was to whoever it was as you finished fastening the buttons.
“Y/N?” Spencers soft voice came from behind you.

“Hmmm?” You reached carefully for your cardigan, cringing at the thought of putting something damp back on, and knowing that the wool was likely to stick to your weeping skin.

“You shouldn’t put that back on you know, and you should let me drive you to the drop in medical center. That mark on the back of your arm is infected and I think you need some antibiotics or topical steroid cream at least. You were doing so well, what happened?”

You spun around to look at him in shock.

“H-how… W-what… Erm.”

“Excoriation disorder, right? A girl who was in one of my college classes used to pick her skin terribly when she was stressed or anxious, or even just heavily concentrating. It was like she didn’t even know what she was doing at times. You’ve been working here for a while now, and I’ve seen you so many times slipping your hand up your sleeve when we’re out on a case or on the way home. It’s always your left arm too. You haven’t done it for the last two cases though. What happened?”

Spencer came and stood next to you, placing his hand lightly on your left wrist and raising your arm, studying it. If anyone else had done this you’d have yanked your arm away and told them to mind their own business. But there was something in the way Spencer was talking to you and looking at you. It wasn’t with pity or disgust, it was with understanding and concern.

“I… I missed my last two therapy sessions. And the last case. It just…. Stop looking at it please, it’s so ugly and horrid.”

“Cognitive behavioural therapy? You should call and reschedule the appointments ASAP, Y/N. And you need steroid cream, I’m quite certain of it. The drop in medical center is open until 10pm. Let me take you, and once you’ve got some ointment, we can go for a coffee or drink and we can talk if you like. Talking tends to help and I want to help.”

He was right in that you needed steroid cream, the mark on your arm probably was infected and the wounds you’d caused today would probably go the same way, you’d dug so deep. You didn’t have your car today either. Morgan had picked you and Penelope up from the mall where you’d been shopping together when the call had come in about the team having an urgent case.

Reid rummaged in his own go bag, pulling out a shirt and handing it to you. You looked at him confused.

“I’m guessing you don’t want the others to see this which is why you always wear a jacket of some sort. But the fibres on your cardigan will stick to your arm and make it worse. I’m sorry I ruined your other shirt, so wear this. It’s still relatively clean, I rinsed it out last night in the motel and left it to air dry. And it’s got long sleeves. More importantly, it’s cotton. If you put your cardigan over it, and tuck it in, I doubt the others will notice.”

You took it from him gratefully and turned back around, quickly changing. It was way too big but once you’d tucked it inside the waist band of your pants and adjusted it slightly, it felt okay. And he was right. Cotton over the exposed wounds was better than wool. When you shrugged your arms into the jacket, you could barely notice that it was a man’s shirt.

“Ready?” he asked you.

“Okay.”
Two hours later and you were sat in a coffee shop opposite Spencer. You had prescription strength cream in your bag and Spencer had stood next to you whilst you called your therapist and rescheduled. She’d managed to squeeze you in for the following morning. Reid had stayed with you the whole time, except for when you went in to see the nurse who prescribed the cream for you. It was one you’d used a thousand times before.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Spencer asked you, sipping on a hot chocolate.

“Not really.”

“Okay. You know that I’m here if you do want to talk about it though right?”

You smiled softly feeling sorry terribly emotional right now, tears building behind your eyes and one trickling free. Seeing it, Spencer quickly slipped out of his seat and moved into the booth beside you.

“Hey hey hey… Don’t cry. Please don’t cry.” He touched your cheek, catching the tear.

“Oh god. I’m sorry it’s just… You’re being so nice to me and I just feel so crappy right now. I know I shouldn’t do it but I can’t stop it, and then I look at my arm and think that anyone who does see it will think that I’m a weirdo who abuses them self and no guy would ever want to be with someone who does this themself. And it fucking stings right now too.”

“Y/N. I don’t think you’re weird. The team wouldn’t think you’re weird. Your other friends wouldn’t think you’re weird. And as for guys. Well, I probably don’t count and all but if I liked someone then I wouldn’t let this stop me from being with them. I’d try to help them and let them know that I’m here for them. I’d drive them to the doctors if they needed a ride and… if I saw that they wanted to pick, I’d do this, to distract them.”

Spencer slid his hand over yours where it was resting on the table, interlocking your fingers with his. You stared at them linked together, his hand warm and soft.

“This condition doesn’t define you, so don’t let it. But you should talk to us, maybe not even me if you don’t want to, but someone you trust. And you need to keep up with your therapy.”

“I trust you. That’s why I let you take me to the center. And I know you’re right. I get on top of it and then something happens. And then I just feel so down about it sometimes, which makes it worse.”

“I know, I know. You’ll get on top of this though. You’ll find something that works. And the right person won’t see it as an issue, they’ll help you with it.”

“Like you are?”

Spencer smiled at you, squeezing your hand.

“Like I am.”
Spencer hated being set up. It never worked out, no matter which one of his well intentioned friends was doing the match making.

Tonight had been no exception and as he wandered through the city streets back to his apartment he silently cursed himself for letting Derek convince him that this time would be different.

The girl he’d double dated with had been okay. A Doctor who Savannah worked with at the hospital, she’d been very well educated and was extremely attractive, not that that was something that mattered to Spencer. But as the four of them had sat and eaten their food, it was blindingly obvious to everyone at their table that there was no connection between the two. When it got to that point where his ‘date’ was openly flirting with the waiter, Spencer pulled his friend to one side, made his excuses, and left. He should have felt bad about running out mid date, but there was no love lost there. And Derek understood, apologising to him.

“It’s fine Morgan. I’ll see you at work on Monday, okay?”

And so it wasn’t even ten pm on a Friday night and Spencer was on his way home to spend yet another weekend alone in his own company. Which most of the time he didn’t mind, but now that even Derek Morgan seemed to be settling down, there were times when it bothered him. The problem was, he didn’t really know what he was looking for in a partner, all he knew what that he needed that connection, that instant spark. And he’d yet to feel it. Maybe he never would.

Spencer was just about to turn the corner off of the main street when he spotted a bright lit store front further down the road. Last time he’d come this way, the store was still boarded up and vacant, yet now it looked like it was open, this late.

He decided to wander the few yards further to check it out, seeing a brightly decorated sign ‘Jams with Java’.

What?

As he approached the store front he could see that it appeared to be a music store combined with a coffee shop, with a sign announcing it’s late night opening. Forever on the look out for good coffee, Spencer decided to check it out, pushing the door open and hearing the jangle of bells over the low melody that playing.

Looking around, he smiled slightly to himself. There were only three customers in there, sitting at booths off to one side. In the middle of each table was a mounted electronic tablet with a headphone splitter attached to it. It looked like people could plug their own headphones in and peruse the stores music choice, whilst they drank their coffee or ate the various baked goods they had on offer. A third of the store was taken up with rows and rows of albums, both vinyl and cds although Spencer was tech savvy enough to know that a lot of people just downloaded their music these days. He still preferred to own ‘hard copies’ though. The final third had various musical instruments on display, acoustic guitars and such. The smell of coffee permeated the entire space and Spencer found himself walking over to one of the tables and pulling up a chair.

After a few moments, the only member of staff who appeared to be working came over and smiled at him. Her name tag read ‘Victoria’ and she had one of the most enchanting smiles that Reid had ever seen. Her face looked almost bare of any make up, although Spencer knew from JJ and Emily that the so called ‘natural’ look could take longer to achieve. Her hair was a mixture of honey coloured
blonde with darker undertones to it and was cut relatively short for a females. She wore it in a side parting with the right side falling longer than the left and it framed he faced beautifully.

It took Spencer a minute to realise that she’d spoken, asking what he’d like to order.

“Sorry” he shook himself out of his trance.

“That’s alright. You certainly looked like you were off in another world. Was it nice there, can I come?” her voice was like a wind chime in a light summers breeze, a sound Spencer could listen to for hours on end.

“Pardon?” he’d heard her words but wasn’t sure what she was saying.

“The other world you were just in… Was it nice there…. Actually, just ignore me, it’s been a long day.”

“Sorry. It’s been a long day for me too.”

She smiled again. “If it’s been that long, should you really be prolonging it by drinking coffee? Not that I should be turning down business in my first week. Decaf perhaps?” she wrinkled up her nose at the word decaf as did Spencer.

“I don’t sleep much anyway. A cappuccino would be fine though please, no decaf. I really don’t see the point.”

“Me neither. I adore coffee for both the taste, and the hit it gives me. Which is much needed sometimes. So, cappuccino it is, that’s my favourite too. Can I interest you in a pastry or a cookie? A muffin perhaps? We’ve got these amazing coffee and chocolate chip flavoured muffins, they are to die for. In fact, I really need to stop promoting them. I have two left and if they don’t sell, I get to take them both home.”

A thought passed through Spencer’s brain which he quickly dismissed, but then back tracked to it, deciding for once to act on it.

“Could I get the two muffins then and two cappuccinos please?”

“Two…. Jeez, you really don’t need much sleep. Give me two ticks and I’ll bring them over.”

She wandered away back behind the counter and Spencer found himself watching her as she walked. She was curvy, a very voluptuous figure hidden in black skinny jeans and a black long cardigan. Her v neck t shirt had been bright pink though and Spencer hadn’t been able to stop himself noticing the ample creamy cleavage that peeked out of the v.

Trying to not seem like he was biding the time before she returned, he started to swipe through the tablet, struggling slightly with the different options on there. He could work his iPhone but the interface on the tablet was different and he gave up just as Victoria returned to the table. She set out both drinks and muffins in front of him and he swiftly moved one of each to the space in front of the empty chair opposite him.

“You’re expecting company?” she asked him.

Spencer felt his cheeks start to flush as he shook his head and looked down at the table.

“Erm no, I was… um. I wondered if maybe you wanted to join me. There’s not a lot of people in here and you seem… god, I’m being stupid. Of course you don’t want to join me, you probably have
“much better things to do than talk to some random stranger…..”

He felt a small hand touch his and then quickly retract and when he looked up he saw that she had climbed into the seat opposite, her waitresses notepad sitting on the table.

“So… Random stranger. If I’m going to eat muffins and drink coffee with you, I kinda feel like I should know your name maybe?” she took a sip of the hot drink, her lips pursing around the mug.

“I’m Spencer… Spencer Reid” he couldn’t believe she’d joined him, butterflies jumping about in his stomach.

“Well, it’s nice to meet you Spencer Reid. I’m Victoria.”

“I know.”

“You know?” she suddenly looked alarmed and Spencer couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Your name badge… ” he pointed to her chest at the badge that proclaimed her name.

She started to laugh herself. “That’s happened to me three times this week. Customers calling me by my name and every time I’m like, how do they know? My sister always laughs at me. I really need to remember that it’s attached to my chest.”

“Your sister? Does she work here too?” Reid asked, taking a bite out of the muffin. Christ… It WAS good, she definitely hadn’t been lying.

“Yup. We actually own this place. My sister, her husband, and me. Our grandparents passed away earlier this year, within days of each other. We were their only grandchildren so as sad and upset as we were, we were both pleasantly surprised to discover that they’d been sitting an a sizeable rainy day fund, which they left to us. We decided to do something that would hopefully make them proud. Our Gramps always loved music and Grandma loved baking and food. And myself and Amy love coffee as well as food and music so we thought we’d combine all three. We’ve only been open for a week but we seem to be doing okay. And although it’s hard work, it’s fun….I’m rambling, I’m sorry!”

Spencer could listen to her ramble all day, he thought.

“You’re really not. I live a few blocks away and wondered who’d taken over this place. It was only tonight that I saw it was open and decided to come and see what was what.”

The pair talked for a while longer, sipping their coffee and eating their muffins, tearing tiny pieces off. One by one the other customers left until it was just Victoria and Spencer. She glanced to the clock on the wall, jumping when she saw the time.

“Balls… It’s eleven. I’m meant to close up at ten thirty” she slid off the chair, quickly moving to the door and flipping the sign to closed.

Spencer followed her, hovering by the door. “Erm, how much do I owe you…”

She waived her hands away. “Nothing, it’s on me Spencer Reid.”

“Can I… At least help you clean up then maybe? Seeing as I’ve distracted you and kept you here longer than you needed to be?”

He didn’t want to leave…he really didn’t want to walk away from this woman.
“Nah it’s fine. I live in the apartment above anyway. Sissy and hubby have an apartment a few blocks down but I think figured I’d save on the rent seeing as we were forking out for this place anyway. And it means I’m generally always here to accept deliveries. Will you come by again? I enjoyed talking to you tonight.”

Spencer nodded and begrudgingly accepted that he was going to have to leave her company. He opened the door and bid her adieu, albeit rather sadly.

She was just about to lock the door when he turned, going with his gut instinct for the second time that evening. She stopped, holding the door ajar when she saw he’d turned around.

“Victoria… I don’t want to… erm… Christ, I haven’t even asked if you’ve got a boyfriend… But would you… Maybe want to go out with me? For dinner sometime?”

She looked surprised to begin and Spencer began to panic thinking he’d made the biggest mistake ever. But then her lips started to twitch upwards into a smile and she slowly nodded.

“I don’t have a boyfriend… And I’d very much like to go out with you sometime.”

“Really?” his voice squeaked slightly causing her to grin even wider.

“Yeah, really. In fact, I’m actually free tomorrow. We only open late on a Friday. We close at six on Saturdays.”

“So I could maybe pick you at seven?” Spencer tried to control the nerves that were creeping into his voice.

“I think you definitely could.”

She rummaged inside her apron and pulled out her pad and pen, scribbling her number down on it and handing it to him.

“Text me, when you get home, so I have yours too. And I’ll very much look forward to seven pm tomorrow.”

“So will I.”

Spencer took the paper, his fingers brushing against Victoria’s as he did, feeling a jolt.

There it was, that spark he’d been so desperately waiting to feel.
Spencer was nervous. When he’d woke up this morning he was suddenly panicked. He didn’t know where to take a girl on a date, he didn’t date! And all of the dates his friends had set him up on had been pre arranged. They’d told him where to go and what time to be there. He liked Victoria, he didn’t want to mess this up. He needed help, but who from?

Derek would tell him to take her to a bar, once he’d gotten over his disbelief that Spencer had actually found a girl by himself. JJ would mother him, probably picking out his outfit for him. Rossi would recommend a fancy Italian restaurant that would probably cost Spencer a weeks worth of wages, not that he was opposed to shelling out. And Hotch, Hotch would probably sit him down and try to have ‘the talk’ with him, not that Spencer needed the talk. That left Garcia. Yes, she’d know what to do and she wouldn’t mother him. He dressed quickly and left his apartment, stopping by a bakery on his way to her building when he realised that it was still only 8am and she’d probably murder him if he turned up this early on a Saturday without bringing goodies.

“Spencer? What… What is it? Is it Morgan, oh god what’s happened to Derek?” Penelope was bleary eyed when she opened her front door, her hair still scrunched up atop of her head and a robe thrown over pajamas.

“Nothings wrong, I have swear it. And I’m so sorry for turning up so early but… I erm. I need your help. With a girl….”

That got Garcia’s full attention and her face lit up.

“I thought last night’s date didn’t go well? Morgan text me to say you left midway through….” she opened her door all the way, welcoming Spencer into her apartment and taking the coffee and pastry box from him when he offered them up.

“It didn’t. But I met someone else. There’s a new store open a few blocks from me, a coffee and music shop. I stopped off there on my way home and…..”

“Oh my god, I know the place. I was only there myself two days ago. What was her name, what was her name…. Wait… Victoria! Pretty little thing, great hair…. Nicely done Spencer, I’m so proud of you!”

Spencer blushed slightly, sitting on his friends couch and popping the lid off his coffee, pouring numerous sweetener packets in.

“Thank you. I’m taking her out tonight, but I don’t have the first clue where to take her. And I really want to impress her.”

Garcia grinned at her friend, her heart full of joy for him. Happiness was radiating from him and she genuinely couldn’t remember the last time she’d seen him like this. She was also touched that he’d come to her for this, she could NOT let him down here.

“Oh, okay… I need coffee and sugary goodness first and then we will come up with the perfect date for you…”

…

Victoria was also nervous, clock watching for the last hour of her shift. Amy was closing up tonight so as soon as it got to 6pm Victoria tossed her apron in the office and legged it upstairs to her
apartment, jumping in the shower.

She’d mentally picked out her outfit for tonight this morning when she was setting out the muffin display. She didn’t know where Spencer was planning on taking her but she wanted to look nice for him. There was a moss green dress she’d bought a few weeks ago which had an empire fitted waist and stopped a few inches above her knees. It fit her body well, showing off a nice amount of cleavage and skimming over her little tummy. Victoria knew she wasn’t the slimmest of girls but she knew how to look nice and what suited her. The dress, with low heels and a light black shrug would be perfect.

She quickly blow dried her short hair, sliding a clip with a small green bow on it into the shorter side, pushing it back behind her ear. Her long fringe on the right side framed her face just the way she liked it. Mascara, eyeliner and a touch of clear lip gloss completed her look and she checked the time. Five minutes to seven. She’d text Spencer earlier, telling him to buzz the door to the left of the store and at bang on seven, her door sounded. She clicked to unlock the door, and then opened her own door at the top of the stairs, stepping out to meet her date.

Spencer bounded up the stairs quickly, the bouquet of flowers that Penelope had helped pick out in his arms. Tulips, a mixture of bright colours. Victoria stood waiting for him, that same enchanting grin he’d been taken with last night upon her face.

“Hi!” she greeted him and he suddenly felt his worries melting away. He still felt butterflies in his stomach but his worries about her changing her mind or not actually wanting to go out with him were less.

“Hi. You look… Really, really amazing,” Spencer truly meant it, she looked beautiful. He held out the flowers to her. “I bought you these. I hope they’re okay.”

Victoria took them from him, not sure if she should tell him or not. She stepped back into her apartment, motioning for him to follow her.

“They’re great. Really pretty.” she could feel the sneeze coming on and wrinkled her nose to try and stop it as she looked for a vase.

“What is it?” Spencer was looking at her strangely, his lips pursed to together.

She couldn’t stop her sneeze and quickly covered her mouth and nose.

“Oh gosh, you’re allergic aren’t you?”

Victoria nodded apologetically. “I am, I’m sorry. Only to certain types of flowers though, tulips, roses and violets. It’s something to do with the pollen in them.”

“Oh… I’m sorry.” He looked so sad and Victoria felt really bad. She put the flowers down on her kitchen counter and walked over to him, touching his arm.

“Hey, you didn’t know. How could you know, we only met last night. And the gesture was really sweet. They are beautiful flowers so you definitely get points for effort. Let me just pop an antihistamine and I’ll put these downstairs in the shop. My sister Amy will still be there, she can take them home if you don’t mind?”

“No, not at all.”

Reid waited whilst she found her pills and then grabbed her bag and the flowers, running down to the store before taking him by the arm and leading him out of the building.
“Amy says you have fabulous taste but that she’d prefer roses next time.”

Spencer laughed, no longer feeling bad. She was right, he hadn’t known. But now he did and he would know for next time. If there was a next time…

“So… Where are we going?” Victoria asked as he started walking, her falling into step next to him.

“Well, I feel I should be honest. I don’t exactly date much, at all. So I had to ask for help. My friend Penelope told me about this jazz club that serves food and it’s actually right around the corner from here. She made us a reservation.”

“Blue Smoke? I’ve seen the place in passing but never been inside, Amy has though. She raved about the food and the musicians.”

They walked the short distance, their arms swinging side by side, Spencer unsure whether he should take her hand or not. By the time he’d decided to try it, they’d reached their destination.

The maître d took their names and led them over to a table in the corner, a waitress appearing a moment later.

“Can I get you both a drink whilst you look at the menu?”

“A white wine spritzer please. Whatever the house wine is will be fine,” Victoria told the woman as she took the menu from her.

“I’ll have the same please.” Spencer took his menu as well.

“I’ll bring them over shortly. We do apologise for the lack of live music in here tonight. Our normal house band have all come down with an illness and our usual back up band were booked to play a wedding.”

“Oh” Spencer was mildly disappointed. He’d hoped the music would set the atmosphere. Victoria ran a music store after all.

“It’s fine, these things happen,” Victoria smiled sweetly at the woman and then gave Spencer a reassuring look as she went away to fetch their drinks, returning a few moments later.

“Do you know what you’d like to order?” the waitress placed the two drinks on the table and took out her notepad. Victoria nodded and they both gave their orders, watching her disappear again to give them in to the kitchen. Victoria took a small sip of her spritzer.

“So000, what exactly is it that you do for a living Spencer. When we talked last night you didn’t actually say.” She leaned forward slightly and Spencer found himself drawn to her eyes. He needed to focus here otherwise he was just going to end up staring at her all night and she’d think he was some shallow guy only interested in her looks when she was so much more than just a beautiful girl.

“I actually work for the FBI. Which I feel like I should tell you know that it means I’m out of town a fair amount and can get called in at the drop of a hat.”

“FBI? So you like catch serial killers stuff?”

“Well, yes. I work for the Behaviour Analyst Unit as a profiler which means we….”

“I know what profilers are, I’ve read about them before. Just…. Wow. You have me suitably impressed. Tell me more.”
Spencer and Victoria talked, him telling her about his job and her eyes widening. He knew he was rambling at some points but she never looked bored and she never interrupted him. Through their conversation he found out she was 25 to his 33 and had a degree from UCLA in music.

When they paused Spencer checked his watch and saw that an hour and twenty minutes had passed and they’d both barely touched their drinks. There was also no sign of their food. He looked around concerned.

“I was just starting to wonder where our food was, I hadn’t realised how long we’d talked for,” Victoria also glanced around noticing that the majority of the other tables around them had received their food.

A different waitress passed their table and Spencer stopped her.

“Excuse me, I’m sorry. I’m sure you’re very busy but we ordered around ninety minutes ago now, and we still haven’t had even our starters bought out.”

The woman tried to hide her surprise, taking out her pad and pencil.

“I’m so very sorry about that. What was it you ordered? I’ll go straight to the kitchen and find out what’s going on.”

Spencer rattled off both of their orders and the waitress disappeared, returning a few minutes later with a plump looking man in a very expensive looking suit.

“Hello, I’m Marcus Alvin, the manager here. I’m so terribly sorry that you’ve been waiting so long. It would appear that your original waitress didn’t give your food order in.”

Victoria glanced over to the bar area where she could see the girl who’d taken their order looking over. She looked sad and forlorn, and was sniffing.

“We’ll get the food out to you as soon as possible and we’d like to offer a bottle of champagne to compensate.”

Victoria had worked in restaurants before and knew that what they’d ordered would take at least another thirty minutes. And she was starving. She could feel Spencer looking at her, wondering what to say to the manager.

She decided to take the lead instead.

“Mr Alvin, thank you for the offer but I think we’ll leave. I’m absolutely starving and as much as I’d love to try the divine food I’ve heard so much about, right now I really just want to stuff my face with pizza. I hope you understand.”

“Of course, of course. The drinks you’ve already had are on us, and I’ll write your names in our book. If you decide to come back the champagne will still be yours. I’m terribly sorry about the mistake.”

“That’s okay, these things happen. I’m sure we will be back at some point. Thank you.”

Victoria picked her bag up and rose from her seat, Spencer following her out. She shot the waitress a kind smile, she remembered how horrific it could be to mess an order up. She hoped Mr Alvin wouldn’t be too hard on her. Out on the side walk, she turned to Spencer.

“I hope that was okay. I really didn’t want to wait any longer, there’s a great pizza parlour not to far
from here. We could maybe grab a slice and go and eat in the park?”

“Whatever you want is fine with me Victoria, it’s the company that is making tonight, not the food.”

Reid again felt relieved. Although there was absolutely nothing he could have done to prevented the restaurant error, he knew that someone else could have easily blamed him for it going wrong. Or else they could have been horrid and used the situation to their advantage to get a free ride at dinner. Instead Victoria had bowed out without making any form of scene and she still seemed perfectly happy with the way tonight was going.

“Good good. Now, this way please.” Victoria slipped her hand into his, threading their fingers together and leading him down the street to the pizza place not too far from the store.

Spencer walked beside her, her hand so warm in his. It felt both foreign and like the most natural thing in the world for their hands to be together. They stopped to grab pizza, getting a whole pie to share between them and then walked to the small park, finding a bench that overlooked the duck pond. It was in a good area of town so Spencer wasn’t worried about being there after dark. They ate and talked in between bites, learning more and more about each other as the night went on. When Victoria shivered Spencer shrugged his suit jacket off, draping it over her shoulders and when she looked at him, her eyes sparkling in the moonlight, Spencer knew that he didn’t want this night to end.

The pizza box now empty and discarded into a trash can, Victoria closed the gap between them on the bench and rested her head on his shoulder.

“It is a shame about the restaurant. I would have really enjoyed an after dinner dance with you there. Amy said it was all terribly romantic when she and Dillon did it.”

“You’d have hated dancing with me, I can’t dance,” Spencer said softly, enjoying the feeling of her next to him.

She lifted her head off his shoulder. “Bullshit. Everyone can dance, especially a slow dance. You just hold their waist and sway.”

“I’d have stepped on your toes or tripped you up.”

She jumped off her seat and stood in front of him, her hands out.

“Stand up, we’re dancing.”

“No! I can’t… And… And, there’s no music.”

“Easily rectifiable,” Victoria pulled her cell from her bag. She had a play list of ballads and she selected shuffle, trying not to grin too widely at how fitting the song that started to play was. At least for her, although she didn’t want to jinx things too much.

At last…. My love has come along..

Spencer shook his head and she cocked hers to the side.

“Please?” She stuck out her bottom lip a little and Spencer relented, standing up awkwardly. Victoria stepped towards him, moving his hands one by one.

“That hand goes there, that one can go there. And my hands, go here.”
She placed his hands on her waist and rested her own on his shoulders.

“And now we sway. See…” she demonstrated, rocking their bodies slowly from foot to foot.

“Easy peasy…” she whispered looking up at him.

They moved together, slightly awkwardly at first until Spencer felt her thumbs rubbing his shoulders through his shirt. His squeezed her waist slightly, her moving closer to him.

*I found a dream, that I could speak to*
*A dream that I can call my own*
*I found a thrill to press my cheek to*
*A thrill that I have never known*

“...You know what, this is much better than dancing at the restaurant would have been,” Victoria whispered. Spencer just nodded, his heart suddenly beating faster in his chest.

*Oh yeah yeah*
*You smiled, you smiled*
*Oh and then the spell was cast*
*And here we are in heaven*
*for you are mine...*

Victoria raised herself onto her tip toes, her heels still not quite putting her at the right height to be able to do this. She wetted her lip, Spencer mirroring her actions without even realising it.

In what seemed like slow motion she moved her face slowly towards Spencer’s, trying not to feel so damn nervous about this. She was worried he was going to pull away when he lowered his head to meets hers, the lips softly brushing against each others before he slid his arms around her waist bringing her closer and deepening the kiss.

*At Last*
“JT! Long time no see, babe!”

You cringed at the name and turned to see your old college friend Lauren scurrying across the bar towards you.

Your boyfriend and colleague Spencer Reid raised his eyebrows, catching the nickname she’d thrown your way.

“Hey Loz, how have you been?” You ran into each other from time to time, both of you choosing to remain in the same city you’d gone to school in.

“I’m good hun. Benji finally proposed, can you believe it” she stuck her finger in front of your face, showing off her huge ring. You made the right noises, admiring the rock.

“JT, where are you living now? I want you at my wedding, you’re one of the only school friends I still see!”

Lauren rummaged in her purse for her cell, pulling it out and opening up a memo, titling it JT’s address. You rattled it off, not missing Spencers curious eyes.

“I’m sorry… But, JT?” he couldn’t hide his curiosity any longer.

You saw Loz go to open her mouth and you glared at her, shaking your head. She grinned wildly and nodded.

“Secret’s safe with me, Y/N. What happened in college, stays in college. Except the nickname of course.”

She chatted for a while longer before leaving, and you and Reid stayed for another two drinks before walking the few blocks back to your apartment building.

“JT?”

“No…”

“But…”

“Drop it Spencer, it’s just a nickname from school.”

He changed the subject until you were sitting on your couch, swigging from two beers.

“Please? It really bothers me that there’s something you’re not telling me. I won’t make fun if it’s embarrassing. I just… I want to know and learn everything there is about you. Because I love you.”

Damn him and his sweetness!

“Fine… But you won’t like it” you turned to face him on the couch. He shrugged.

“JT stands for Jizz Tits.”

He spluttered. “Pardon!?”
“You heard….”

“Jizz Tits?”

You nodded. “In college…. I erm, well… Guys like my boobs. Right? You like them too.”

“I like everything about you. But yes, you do have a very nice… erm, chest.”

You smirked as he blushed slightly.

“Well… Lauren was my roommate and she may have come home early to a scene that she didn’t want to see. Which was one of my ex boyfriends finishing on my boobs. He had a thing about them and I, well… It was better than swallowing it, his spunk always had a funky taste to it. She started calling me Jizz Tits and the name JT kinda stuck.”

Spencer was very quiet for a few moments before suddenly blurting out “You’ve never let me do that!”

“That’s the only thing you’ve got to say about this conversation?”

“Pretty much, JT…. ”

“If you’d ever like to see them again, I suggest you don’t start using that nickname.”

He laughed and snuggled closer to you on the couch.

“But still. You’ve never let me do that.”

“You’ve never asked…”

“I didn’t realise it was an option until now.”

“Reid, you’d be surprised the options available to you if you use your imagination.”

His eyes widened somewhat as his brain started to tick over.

“Really?”

You nodded. You were fairly open and up to trying new things. And you doubted Spencer could shock you and ask for anything too weird.

“Huh. Well… Right now, I kinda wanna do that” he gestured to your breasts and you laughed.

“Fine… Let’s go to bed.”

…forty minutes later….

“Spencer it’s in my fucking hair!!”

“I’m sorry!” he was sat on the side of the bed, his pants down and a pillow covering his junk.

“And I swear you got some on the head board….”

You peered closely at the wood as you tried to clean your hair with a baby wipe. It had gone pretty much everywhere but on your boobs.

“You’re an FBI Agent. You have to aim and fire guns. The target was big enough, how the fuck did
you miss??’”

He just shook his head, trying to bite back laughter.

“I guess I should be thankful you missed my eye. That shit stings, trust me…. ”
“You’re drunk”

It wasn’t a statement Y/N felt she could really argue with as she looked up at Spencer from the floor where she’d just landed, having missed Penelope’s couch. Luckily, most of the party goers had left for the night so it was only the team and a few others that had seen her not so graceful fall.

Spencer leant down and proffered his hand to her, Y/N using it as leverage to haul herself up, wobbling on her feet as Spencer grabbed her arm to steady her.

“I possibly… HIC…. I possibly am a teeny bit drunk” Y/N gave what she thought was a charming smile not noticing Spencer rolling his eyes at her.

She hadn’t meant to get that wasted, she’d just wanted a good night with her friends. But then her ex douche bag had updated his Facebook profile picture to a photo of his very heavily pregnant girlfriend and she’d just needed a drink. The girlfriend that was eight months pregnant when Y/N and said ex douche bag had only split up six months ago. “I got lonely with you being away with work all the time” a line she definitely hadn’t heard before.

“Can you call me a cab? I can’t remember……the…..numbery things.”

Reid tried to stifle a laugh, reaching down for Y/N’s bag and hooking it over her shoulder.

“You live less than a block away. Come on, I’ll walk you home.”

…

Forty minutes later and Spencer was regretting his decision greatly. What should have been at most a ten minute walk, had turned into a full on mission. Y/N was like a hyperactive child, one that was over tired. She’d wandered off in the opposite direction as soon as they’d left Penelope’s building and Spencer had had to go chasing after her. Then she’d wanted to sit on a bench and look at the stars which Reid had obliged her in, listening to her rambling incoherently about them. After that she decided that she wanted pizza from the place two doors down from her building, so now Spencer was stood waiting for the food to be ready and trying to convince Y/N to put her heels back on.

“But they hurting my feet. And we’re only two doors away.”

“Do you know how many germs and bacteria are on just one square foot of sidewalk? The things you could catch?”

“No but I bet you know exactly how much. Because you’ve counted them right! Because you’re a genius and that’s what geniuses do” she turned to the pizza parlour owner. “See my friend there, not only is he beautiful and kind but he is soooo smart. Like soooo ridiculously smart. He blows my mind on a daily basis. I just wish he’d blow it in other ways, but shhhhh cos he doesn’t know that.”

Reid shifted from on foot to the next uncomfortably as the owner looked from Y/N to Spencer with an amused expression. He handed her pizza box over, telling her he’d add it to her tab and she could pay tomorrow. She was a regular here.

Y/N wobbled back over to Spencer, linking her arm through his and smiling up at her friend.

“Home?”
“Shoes” he looked down at her bare feet pointedly.

“Ugh… I can’t bend down though, it makes me feel fuzzy and I won’t get back up again”

Shaking his head, Reid knelt to the floor and inserted her feet back into her heels one by one, trying to push the conversation he’d just overheard to the back of his brain. She was drunk after all, there was no way she meant it, right?

The pair walked the two doors and climbed the stairs to Y/N apartment, her literally dragging him inside with her as she tossed her bag and the pizza onto a table.

“Stay with me tonight please?” she asked him, staring intensely into his eyes and grasping at his sides.

“Erm….”

“I like you… Like really really REALLY like you. You’re pretty… And funny… And… And… I just like you.”

Spencer didn’t know what to say. He’d be lying if he said he didn’t reciprocate her feeling, but she was smashed out of her face so he didn’t know how much of what she was saying was the alcohol talking and how much was actually Y/N.

She pressed her body against his, her hands suddenly roaming his body, feeling places she definitely shouldn’t be feeling.

“Spencer… I wanna kiss you… I wanna take you into my bedroom and show you the best time ever.”

When her hand reached his groin Spencer stepped back, wincing at the hurt look on her face.

“You don’t like me?”

“You’re drunk, Y/N”

“You don’t like me.” she wobbled and Reid put his arm out to steady her again.

“You’re wasted. I’m not taking advantage of you when you won’t even remember this conversation in the morning.”

“But I want you to take advantage of me. I want you to… I want you to kiss me. I want to feel your mouth on me. I want to feel you in m….”

“Don’t!” Spencer squeaked, feeling himself blushing. He was trying so hard to be a gentleman here knowing that no matter what she said right now, she was still out of her mind drunk and he wasn’t.

Y/N blinked a few times and then her hands flew to her mouth as her face paled. She began to retch and Reid rushed to her side, shoving her in the direction of her bathroom, barely making it in time before the eruption of vomit started.

Fantastic.

Spencer sat by Y/N’s side rubbing her back and holding her hair back, handing her cups of water and finding aspirin in her kitchen, forcing her to swallow it when she was sure she was done throwing up.
As he helped her to her bedroom, she clung to him, babbling nonsense as she pulled her dress and hose off, Reid looking to the ceiling as she changed into her pyjamas, nearly falling over again.

“Stay…. ” she told him again, her voice slightly hoarse from the retching. She pulled back her covers and fell into bed.

“Y/N….”

“Not for….that. Please, I just don’t want to sleep alone.”

She looked so sad in that instant that Spencer found himself agreeing, asking if he could have a quick shower first. He felt kinda icky having held her hair back and cleaning her up. Luckily, he carried his go bag with him pretty much everywhere so had a change of underwear and a clean shirt with him.

He tiptoed into her bedroom ten minutes later, pleased to hear the soft sounds of Y/N snoring as he climbed onto the other side of the bed clad in his boxers and a shirt. Y/N immediately rolled onto her side, throwing an arm over his side and snuggling around his back. Spencer sighed and closed his eyes, wondering how awkward she’d feel tomorrow. Hopefully she wouldn’t remember the things she’d said and he could forget that he’d had to turn down the most beautiful girl he’d ever known.

…

Y/N’s head was pounding when she woke up the next morning and she desperately needed to pee. As she hauled herself out of her bed, she cringed seeing Spencer lying there beside her.

Unfortunately for her, however drunk she seemed to get she’d always remember the previous night and the memories of throwing herself at him came flooding back.

As did the memories of him being the perfect gentleman that she knew he was. She’d apologise today… And maybe talk to him about what she’d said. He hadn’t out rightly rejected her after all, just had repeated over and over that she was drunk and he wasn’t going to take advantage of her.

Ugh.

First things first. Shower, then coffee.

…

Thirty minutes later, a shower, two more aspirin and a coffee and a banana later, and Y/N was feeling a bit more alive. She’d redressed in an oversized shirt and was creeping back into her bedroom with two cups coffee, placing one on each bed side table before climbing back into bed, pulling her still damp hair into a top knot.

Reid stirred, blinking a few times before he sat up, leaning against the headboard.

“I bought you coffee” Y/N croaked out, trying not to over think how uncomfortable he looked. He reached for the cup, taking a long sip before setting it back down.

“How are you feeling?”

“A little…. headachey. Aaaand, a little embarrassed.”

“Oh” Reid’s cheeks turned pink. “So you remember last night?”

“Yep” she popped the ‘p’ loudly.
“How much exactly?”

“I remember telling Marco at the pizza place that I thought you were beautiful and that I wished you’d blow my mind…. Aaaand I remember coming onto you in my living room before I decided to vomit everywhere.”

“Oh”

“I also remember you being the perfect gentleman and looking after me, and staying when you obviously didn’t want to.”

“You asked me to.”

“I also asked you to sleep with me” she pointed out, seeing him blush a deeper red.

“You were drunk. People say stupid things when they’re drunk that they wouldn’t normally.”

“And being the genius that you are, you’d also know that when someone is drunk, they’re more likely to confess a deep dark secret.”

She looked at him trying to assess from his reaction how much further to go with this conversation. She didn’t want to make any more of a fool out of herself than she already had, but at the same time she was curious. DID Spencer maybe feel the same way? They’d been friends and colleagues for two years and three months, and she harboured a secret crush on him for most of that time. Even when she HAD had boyfriends, she’d still found him extremely attractive and now she was single again, she couldn’t help but wonder whether it was time to test the water here.

He coughed, clearing his throat. “That’s also true.”

Y/N shifted on the bed so she could face him, wanting him to be able to see her reactions, profile her body language if you will.

“So I guess the question I’m wondering is: do you want to know how much of what I drunkenly said is actually true, and how much was the alcohol?”

Leave the ball in his court, Y/N. Let him decide. He swilled down another gulp of coffee, placing it back on the table.

“I only want to know if you want to tell me.”

Okay so he was playing it safely too. Fine. She shuffled closer on the bed.

“Spencer, it was all true. Every word I said about thinking you’re beautiful and wanting to feel your lips on…..”

She didn’t need to continue, she COULDN’T continue. Because said lips were on hers, the bitter taste of coffee and morning passing between them. Y/N didn’t care though, she kissed back wrapping her arms around Spencer’s neck and moving closer to him still as their mouths moved together sending sparks through her body.

When she pulled back moments later to catch her breath she kept her arm around his neck, resting her forehead against his.

“So…. Can I assume that you share similar feelings then and that you really were just trying to be a gentleman last night?”
“Y/N, if you knew how hard it was for me to turn you down last night you wouldn’t for a second doubt that my feelings weren’t the same. But you were smashed and I had no clue whether it was the booze talking or whether it was you, and even if it was you, there was no way anything could have happened because you were wasted.”

“I’m not wasted now… ” she raised an eyebrow suggestively, licking her lips.

“No, you’re not.” Spencer grinned back, suddenly extremely glad that he had stayed over.
Perfect

Chapter Summary

Eating Disorder mentioned

You were nervous. You hating eating around people, especially around your best friend Spencer.

Recently, you’d noticed him watching you carefully and you were having be extra careful with what you were doing. For the past three days he’d suggested you go out for food after work. You’d dodged him the first two times but he wouldn’t take no for an answer on the third day, even insisting he’d pay.

You’d cut the chicken you’d ordered into tiny pieces, only eating every third piece and spreading the rest around your plate. When he’d got up to go to the bathroom, you dumped half of your salad on one of the leftover plates on the recently vacated but not yet cleared table next to you.

Twice, you chewed a mouthful of food, only to bring your napkin to your mouth, discreetly spitting the chewed up food out into it, wrapping the napkin carefully.

He’d finished eating twenty minutes ago and seemed intent on watching you, waiting until you’d finished.

“You’re not going to finish that Y/N are you?” He finally asked quietly. You shook your head.

He sighed signalling for the bill, and paying for it before accompanying you to his car.

The drive back to yours was silent and you were surprised when he got out of the car locking it behind him and following you to your door.

“Are you coming in?”

He nodded, and you unlocked the door, a sense of dread overcoming you.

You hung your coat up kicking off your shoes. “Do you want a drink?”

“No thank you. Can you…. Can you just take a seat. I want to talk to you about something.”

You really didn’t want to. Generally whenever someone told you they wanted to talk about something it meant they knew. And you thought you’d been so careful this time.

You sat on your couch crossing your legs beneath you, him sinking to the couch beside you.

You’d been friends with Spencer for the past eleven months now, joining the BAU to assist Penelope Garcia. It was suprising to everyone how quickly you’d taken to each other, Derek constantly teasing you that Spencer had a crush on you. Yeah… As if.

Spencer turned to you, reaching out and taking your hand. You flinched.

“Y/N……Why are you hurting yourself?” His tone was gentle and caring and enough to make the tears start to rise.
“I’m… I’m not.” You shook your head, not looking at him.

“You’re starving yourself. In the past four weeks you must have dropped around 12 kilos and you were already slim. Your clothes are baggy, you’re paler than usual and you’re not yourself. Why?”

Why indeed. You’d never really got to the bottom of why you did this to yourself. You’d be fine for months, even years on end and then one day you’d wake up, look in the mirror and hate what you saw. It had been this way since you were fourteen. When you hated what you saw, you started to feel out of control. And when you felt out of control, the only way to feel better was to not eat.

Five weeks ago you’d opened an invitation to your high-school reunion. You had no intention of going, but seeing the schools logo on the piece of card bought back all the horrid memories. The taunts, your so called friends calling you ugly and fat, the boys calling you a slut. It had triggered a reaction in you that you hadn’t felt in two years.

“I’m not starving myself. I’m just…. On a diet. I could do with losing a few pounds.”

"Please don’t lie to me. You’re my best friend and seeing you doing this to yourself is tearing me up inside.” His voice cracked.

You made yourself look up at him, his soft amber eyes full of concern. “I’m sorry.” That was all you could offer him. “I just want to be perfect.”

“Y/N….. To me, you’re the most amazing and beautiful girl in the world, inside and out. If someone somewhere has made you feel less than perfect then they were wrong to do that. The funny, kind, sassy girl who could kick my ass at poker is starting to fade away, and I don’t know where she’s going. Please come back to me. Please….. Don’t do this to yourself.”

“I…… I….Can’t not. I don’t know how not to. It’s the only way I can take control, the only way I can be perfect.” Your tears started to fall, every time someone had confronted you about this in the past you’d flatly denied that you had a problem. But there was something in the way he was looking at you and talking to you. He wasn’t judging you. He was just… Being there.

“Can I hug you?” The fact that he asked before touching you, made your tears fall faster. You nodded, his arms circling you holding you tightly. Your cried into his shoulder and his hand rubbed your back soothingly.

“You don’t have to tell me what’s caused this Y/N. I don’t need to know the ins and outs unless you want me to. But I can see what you’re doing to yourself, and it kills me inside that you feel that you have to do it. If you need to talk I’m here, or if you don’t want to talk to me, then we’ll find someone you can talk to. You don’t have to go through this alone.”

“Why do you care so much?” You sniffed, pulling back.

“Because you’re my best friend, and you don’t deserve to feel bad about yourself. You’re…. You’re perfect already Y/N. You always will be to me. I know that doesn’t mean a lot to you, but just know that there is some one out there who thinks that of you.”

Spencer thought you were prefect? No one had ever said that to you.

“Spencer, it does mean something to me. It means the world to me.”

You leant back in, burying your head into his neck before finally whispering.

“I’ll try, if you help me. I can’t do this without you.”
“You don’t have to.”
You didn’t want to go into work. You were sat in your car in the parking lot staring blindly at the car in front you. You couldn’t even recall the car journey from the hospital to the BAU headquarters where you worked.

Hotch would understand if you called in sick especially once he found out why, but that would just delay the inevitable conversation with everyone. And the sooner you got this over with, the better.

You’d made your decision as soon as you’d received the news. The alternate didn’t bear thinking about.

Two months ago your aunt had called you. She was your moms sister. She’d been diagnosed with stage four breast cancer. Terminal.

Your mom had passed away from the same type of cancer five years ago when you were 23. Your Aunts oncologist had strongly recommended that any female relatives make appointments.

So you did, managing to get an appointment three weeks ago and dragging yourself down to the hospital and having your boobs wedged into the mammogram machine. Three days later, a phone call asking you two return. They wanted to do a biopsy; they’d found something.

You’d spoke with Hotch to arrange the vacation time, not even telling your boyfriend Spencer Reid. You didn’t want to worry him. Instead you’d agreed that you’d just call in sick the day of the biopsy as it would be an outpatient procedure and you’d be home later the same day.

The results had come back a week later, the tumour they’d spotted was benign. Normally this would be a cause for some concern but not massive amounts. In normal cases, it would be monitored to see if it did grow and could be extracted if it caused any issues.

What they told you next though was what had taken you back there again today. They’d also tested you for a defective BRCA1 gene. And the results had come back positive. They’d wanted to do more tests. More time off work.

Today’s appointment was to tell you the outcome. And it wasn’t good. Given your Mom and Aunts history, the small tumour that had already developed and the fact that you’d tested positive for the defective gene, they estimated you had an eighty percent chance of developing Breast Cancer.

Eighty percent.

The most preventative course of action was a double mastectomy. And although the thought terrified you, developing cancer scared you even more. Yes, there was a twenty percent chance that you’d be fine, but you didn’t like those odds.

They’d checked their calendars and given you an op date of two weeks time. Now you just had to tell your little work family.

Climbing out of your car and locking it behind you, you made your way into the building and into the elevator.

When you exited you could see the team already huddled around Spencers desk already deep in conversation about something. JJ looked over at you, smiling when she saw you. When the smile you gave back didn’t quite reach your eyes she noticed, her brow furrowing into concern.
“Everything okay?” She asked when you’d made your way across to the team.

“No and yes. Can we go to the meeting room? I, erm…..I need to tell you something.”

They all looked over at you then, confusion and concern showing across them all. You loved your little family at the BAU, which is why you knew you couldn’t keep this from them. As they rose from their seats making their ways into the room, you grabbed Spencer arm holding him back.

“Spencer, I should have really told you what I’m about to tell them, separately. But I can’t bear to have this same conversation over and over again. So I’m sorry.”

He nodded at you, his deep brown eyes full of worry. You took his hand and led him into the office with you with, not letting it go when you got inside.

The rest of the team stared at you waiting patiently for you to begin.

“Guys, please don’t interrupt me. I’ll answer anything I can at the end but I need to get this out.” They nodded at you, Spencer squeezing your hand lightly.

Taking a deep breath, you began. “I’m having surgery. To remove my breasts.”

You heard a sharp intake of breath from somewhere in the room, and felt Spencers hand twitch. He moved slightly so he was closer to you.

“You all know my Mom died of breast cancer. Well two months ago I found out my Aunt, her sister has it. I made an appointment for some tests and it turns out I have the faulty gene too. And I have a lump. I didn’t even notice it until the mammogram but it’s definitely there.”

Glancing around the room you could see your teammates struggling with their emotions. A tear ran down Penelopes cheek and JJ looked close to spilling over too. You daren’t turn to look at Reid.

“I don’t have cancer guys. That’s the good thing. But the tests have confirmed that what I do have is an eighty percent chance of developing breast cancer. And the best way to lower that is to have them removed. So that’s what I’m doing.”

You breathed out, relieved that you’d said everything you needed to without crying.

“Are you…. Are you going to be okay?” Garcia spoke in a tiny voice.

“I should be. I still have the same odds as developing another form of cancer as the rest of us, but this will remove that massively increased odd of breast cancer. I mean eighty percent…..I’m not gonna bet against that. That’d be like trying to beat Spencer here at chess right?” You smiled trying to lighten the mood.

“Anything you need Y/N and we’ll accommodate you. Take as much time off as it takes. We’re all here for you.” Your supervisor Aaron Hotchner spoke, his voice calm and kind.

“I already have the date sir, can we talk in your office shortly?”

“Of course. Team, I think we should give Agent Y/N a moment or two alone.” He glanced at you and Spencer and you nodded.

Spencer still hadn’t spoken.

The rest of team filed out, patting you on the shoulder and hugging you as they went, all whispering kind words and assurances that anything you needed, they’d do. Hotch was the last one out, closing
the door quietly behind him.

You turned to Reid, your partner of ten months now.

“Spence. I erm….I understand if you want to break up with me now. I get that it’s a lot to go through, and I know I’ll look different afterwards. I won’t judge you.”

This is one of the things you’d been scared off. With your breasts gone, you wondered if you’d feel less of a woman. And what man wanted to be around someone with scars where their boobs should be. Sure you could have reconstructive surgery, but not for a while.

“Why would you even think that Y/N?” His voice cracked as he spoke. “What you look like under your clothes is the least important thing to me. You’re the most beautiful woman in the world to me and that will never, ever change. Yes, I love your breasts, I’m not gonna lie. But they don’t make you who you are. They’re a minor insignificant detail.”

He took a breath before continuing. “I just can’t understand why you didn’t tell me. I’d have gone with you to your appointments. Two months you’ve known about your Aunt. Two months you’ve had of going through this alone. You shouldn’t have had to do that.” His eyes were glazed, and you were scared he was going to start crying. If that happened, there was no way you could hold your own back.

“I didn’t want to worry anyone until I knew if there was something to worry about. And there isn’t. It’s just minor surgery. I’m okay Spencer, I swear.” You smiled at him, moving closer and wrapping an arm around his waist.

He pulled you close, his arms circling you tightly as his head rested on your shoulder.

“I’m coming with you to the rest of your appointments Y/N. I’ll be there every step of the way through this. I love you. Unconditionally. Don’t ever think anything would change that.”

“Thank you. I love you too.”

The tears that did escape from you then, weren’t tears of sadness for the surgery and no doubt the pain you’d go through during recovery. They were tears of happiness, knowing that the one person you loved most in the world would be by your side through out it.
You’d texted your boyfriend and told him not to bother coming over. What was the point, you were sure he was going to end up leaving you anyway. Everyone always did. Always.

Snuggling back down in your bed, you pulled the duvet over your head and cocooned yourself in the warmth, closing your eyes and praying for sleep to come quickly. Your eyes were red and sore from crying and your body just felt exhausted.

You didn’t know exactly what had triggered this episode, only that you’d woken up two days ago feeling like nothing was right anymore. Which was annoying because you’d been doing so well recently, seven months without an attack, seven months without the crippling fear of despair and feeling of loneliness which threatened to consume you whole.

Spencer had texted you back asking if everything was okay and you replied telling him you felt a little under the weather. Which was true in a sense. It DID feel like it was raining in your heart. The funny thing was, part of the reason for you feeling so sad was because you felt alone. Yet you could solve that so easily by allowing your boyfriend to come round and to be with you. But you didn’t want to let him see you this way, have him see how pathetic and emotional you got sometimes. That would definitely make him leave, although THAT was inevitable anyway.

Ugh.

You hated your brain sometimes.

…

“Y/N?”

You heard your front door open and close followed by the sound of Spencer’s voice calling your name.

Crap. You’d given him a key a few months ago, sometimes he worked so late that he’d just come back to yours and crawl into bed with you and you never even realised he was there until the morning.

You swiped at your face quickly, knowing that it was pointless. The tears you’d been silently crying all morning wouldn’t be hidden, your puffy eyes would immediately give it away. You sighed, waiting for him to enter to bedroom which he did a few moments later.

Seeing your red eyes he rushed over to the bed crawling onto it.

“Are you okay? What’s wrong. Where does it hurt, what can I do?”

You burst into fresh tears and he took you into his arms, holding you against his chest. You clutched at his shirt like it was your lifeline.

“Are you in pain, Y/N? I’ll call an ambulance.”

“NO!” You yelled, remembering that he still thought you were ill.

“Then what’s wrong? I’ve never seen you like this before.” He rubbed your back in small soothing circles.
“It’s silly.” Your voice was small and timid.

“If it’s making you this upset then of course it’s not silly. Tell me, please. So that I can help.”

“I’m scared.”

“Y/N. Of what?” He pulled away so he could look you in the eyes, and you looked down so that you weren’t meeting his.

“Of being alone.”

“I….. I don’t understand?”

People never did.

“I’m sorry… It’s really…. I don’t… I can’t explain. I just… Everyone leaves. They always have. I just…. I feel so sad sometimes, like there’s nothing out there for me and that anyone I find that will make me happy, will leave me.”

“Why do you think that?” Spencers voice was soft and quiet, almost like he was coaxing down a kitten from a tree.

“Because I’m weird…I mean I hardly have any close friends, my last three relationships didn’t work out and… Ugh. I can’t put my feelings into words. There’s just something wrong with me, it makes people leave.”

Spencer cupped your chin and tilted your face up to him.

“Alright, you say that anyone that makes you happy, leaves you. Do I make you happy?”

“More than anything. I’m the happiest I’ve been when I’m with you.” You sniffed.

“But I’m not going to leave you Y/N. I’m the happiest I’ve been too now that I have you in my life. You complete it, you really do.”

“You’re just saying that to be nice.” You tried to look away, but he kept his soft grasp on your chin.

“Look at me Y/N. I’m not going anywhere. And as for you saying you don’t have many close friends, you do. I’ve seen you with them remember. And at our age, it’s fine not to have a wide circle of friends. It’s the ones that you do have, that are important.”

“I just…. Spencer… I can’t explain it all. It’s not just that, but…. I don’t know anymore.”

He pulled you closer again, kissing your forehead gently.

“I’m so sorry that you’re feeling sad. But I need you to know that I love you and I WON’T leave you. Trust me on this. You’re perfect to me, and you mean everything to me. It’s okay that you don’t know what’s upsetting you, but you’re not alone. I do need you to talk to me though. Don’t shut me out when you start to feel sad. Come and tell me and we’ll try to work through it however muddled it might seem to you, okay?”

You looked up at him and saw the concern in his beautiful brown eyes. Maybe… maybe he was telling the truth. He looked and sounded like he was.

Maybe, just maybe he did love you.
As if reading your thoughts he reiterated his words one more time.

“I love you, Y/N. I hate seeing you sad. Can I get a smile, just a teeny tiny one?”

You managed a small watery smile at him and he smiled back. “That’s my beautiful girl. Now… I’m here. Do you feel like getting out of bed, or shall I change into my pj’s and we can watch movies all afternoon and snuggle.”

“Snuggle.” You whispered out, so pleased that you somehow hadn’t scared him away.

“Excellent. Snuggles with you are my favourite thing.”

And afternoon of snuggles might be just what you needed
You Make Me Wanna

You make me wanna leave the one I’m with
Start a new relationship with you
This is what you do
Think about her and all the things that come along with
You make me
You make me

You’d had that song stuck in your head on repeat for the past six weeks. You knew what had triggered it, and you just wanted it to fuck off. Everytime you found yourself humming it, you felt yourself getting more and more confused. It was like the damn song was mocking you.

You’d been singing it at work earning strange looks from Spencer, and you’d been singing it when you were at Chelseas apartment, earning curious looks from her.

“Didn’t know you were an Usher fan?” She’d asked you one night, wrapping her arms around your waist as you washed the dishes together.

“He’s okay….” You’d shrugged her off, feigning a headache and that you needed to be at work early the next day and heading off to bed.

You didn’t technically need to be there early, but Spencer was always there at least an hour before everyone else was, and you’d started going in at the same time so you could spend longer with him away from the team.

Which was bad.

So bad.

You told yourself that it was just because you didn’t get to spend that much time alone with him now, and you missed your best friend. But you knew you were lying to yourself. And you were lying to Chelsea. And to an extent, you were lying to Spencer as well. Your mornings together were no longer full of the fun and witty banter, they were a tinged with a slight awkwardness. But you still couldn’t stop yourself going in early and everytime you did, Spencer was waiting for you with your favorite coffee and pastry ready for you. He couldn’t stop either.

It wasn’t like you were doing anything wrong by spending time together. Not technically.

Shit.

When did this all get so fucking complicated?

Rossis’ annual fourth of July party that’s when. Chelsea hadn’t been able to make it, she’d been called away on a business trip. So you and Spencer had ridden there together, sharing a cab there and home again.

You’d invited him in for a night cap and you’d lounged on your couch together, your head in his lap. You’d carried on drinking, watching crappy late night movies together and you both fell asleep. When you woke up later, you’d both managed to twist positions and you were lying side by side. With just the light from the TV, you’d found yourself studying his face, his eyes searching yours. There’d been no words between you, but you suddenly found yourself pressing your body against his, your hand tracing his jaw bone, his own hand lightly skimming up and down your arm causing
your hairs to stand on end.

This was your best friend, the person that had introduced you to your girlfriend of eighteen months, she’d been a member of a book club he was part of and Spencer had known that you were bi, it wasn’t a secret.

This was the man you bitched about her to when things got a bit rough, the person you made you laugh so hard that you cried. He was the person you knew you could count on out in the field, who would come and hug you when a case had gotten too hard.

In the three years you and Spencer Reid had known each other, you’d become the best of friends. You’d learned everything about each other and had become each others rocks. You could tell him anything.

Yet, that night on your couch there was one thing you couldn’t tell him. And that was that at the particular moment, you’d wanted nothing more than to press your lips to his and to kiss him. From the look he was giving you, and the stroking of your arm, it seemed he was having the same thoughts. You’d lain together for what seemed like an age, just looking at each other, your breathing growing heavy as you both waited.

Nothing happened. You didn’t end up banging each other. You didn’t even kiss. But there’d been a connection there deeper than friendship. You’d communicated with each other through the small actions of your bodies that night. His fingers trailing on your arm, you gently caressing his jaw, his eyes closing as you ran your thumb over his stubble.

It was…weirdly intense. But that small moment had changed everything.

*Before anything came between us*

You were like my best friend
The one I used to run and talk to when me and my
Girl was having problems (that’s right)
You used to say it would be okay
Suggest little nice things I should do
And when I go home at night and lay my head down
All I seem to think about is you
And how you make me wanna

Since that moment, all you could think about was what Spencer would be like as a boyfriend. You weren’t picturing him between your legs or anything like that. Not all the time at least, although there had been one heated night alone in your bed where you may have let your imagination run wild.

You were imagining going home with him and curling up on the couch. Taking him home to meet your friends and family, spending holidays with him. You were imagining him doing everything you and Chelsea would be doing together. And in your imagination, you were happy. So fucking happy.

You weren’t certain of what exactly was going through his head, but you knew him well enough to know that SOMETHING was. His eyes would linger on you for longer and when you’d sit next to each other on the jet or in the meeting room, he’d press his leg against yours or find some reason to touch you.

And then you’d heard that bastard song on the radio one day. And the whole song resonated with you.

*You make me wanna leave the one I’m with*
Start a new relationship with you
This is what you do
Think about her and all the things that come along with
You make me
You make me

Spencer and you needed to talk about this. And soon. But you didn’t know how to approach the subject, what to even say?

“Hi, I know we’ve been friends for years and currently I’m in a same sex relationship with someone you introduced me to, but I’m fairly certain I love you and I think you might feel the same?”

Nah.

That was not how to do this.

But you had to something. It wasn’t fair on anyway, especially not Chelsea.

Things hadn’t been great recently, even before that moment on the couch. You’d been drifting apart, not spending as much time with her as before. And now, when you were with her, you wished you weren’t.

You couldn’t even pin point what was wrong, but it just wasn’t the same anymore. But… You couldn’t bring yourself to do anything about it. You both kept trying to make it work, because you did still love her. She was a great girl and for the most part, your relationship had been great. She was kind and considerate, funny and loving, and the sex was unbelievable.

Except you hadn’t let her near you since that moment on the couch and that was six weeks ago. You didn’t dare. You couldn’t trust yourself not to close your eyes and to fantasise that it was someone else doing those things to you.

Did he sit at home wondering this same things?

*Now what’s bad*
Is you’re the one that hooked us up
Knowing it should’v been you
What’s sad is I love her but I’m falling for you
What should I do
Should I
Tell my baby bye-bye
Should I
Do exactly what I feel inside
‘Cause I
I don’t wanna go
Don’t need to stay
But I really need to get it together

You were minutes away from leaving work for the day and you’d just finished up in the ladies restroom when Emily walked in as you were washing your hands.

“Hey Y/N.” She greeted you.

“Hi Em.” You gave her a smile back. You liked Emily.

She was about to go into the cubicle when she paused, turning to you at the last minute.
“Y/N. I don’t wanna pry but… You know I’m here for you if you ever wanna talk about something right?”

She must have seen your face drop in shock. How did she know?

“You’ve not been yourself lately sweetie, that’s all. You’ve been quiet and I can see those cogs turning behind those big blue eyes of yours. Is everything okay at home, is it you and Chelsea?”

Oh god. This was why working with profilers was the absolute worst sometimes. But still. Maybe a fresh perspective could help. And Emily wasn’t one to judge people.

“I don’t know Em, that’s the problem. I just….oh fuck, it’s all a bunch of shit.” You were struggling to hold it together now and your friend walked towards you and rested her hands on your shoulders, squeezing them lightly.

“Hey… Just breathe okay. You don’t have to tell me, just know that I’m here for you.”

“Em… I… I… think I’m in love with someone else. I haven’t, I haven’t cheated on Chelsea, I swear. But… If the opportunity arose, then I’m not sure I could stop myself again. I love her but… I love him too.”

“Oh honey.” She pulled you in for a hug, smoothing your hair down. “Does this other person know? Do they feel the same?”

“I think so. I can’t be sure because I haven’t actually asked them. I’m scared of the answer.”

“Y/N, I can’t tell you what to do here. But I remember someone saying once that if you fall in love two people, pick the second one. Because if you truly loved the first person that much, then it wouldn’t have happened. You’re sure it’s love and not obsession or infatuation?”

You nodded, now you’d said those words out loud, you knew it was true. “It’s love, Em.”

“Then you need to have a conversation with Chelsea about this. It’s not fair on her and you’re not being fair to yourself either. Even if this other people doesn’t feel the same, although if my suspicions are right about who it is, then I’m fairly sure they do. But even if they don’t, it’s not fair on either of you for you to stay in a relationship with someone if you have feelings that strong for someone else.”

She released you from her embrace. “Talk to Chelsea. And then talk to Re… him.”

She knew, and the flicker in your eyes as she started to say his name just confirmed it.

“I… I will. I’m just scared to. I don’t wanna hurt her.”

“Y/N. You’re hurting both of you by not doing anything about this. And you’re hurting him to. I’ll be home all night if you need someone to talk to, or to cry on and to feed you wine and ice-cream. Okay?”

“Okay. Thanks Em. I know that you’re right.”

You make me wanna leave the one I’m with (oh baby)  
Start a new relationship with you  
This is what you do  
Think about her and all the things that come along with  
You make me  
You make me
You’d pulled yourself together and had gone back out into the bullpen, gathering your things ready to go. A shadow fell across your desk and you looked up to see Spencer stood there, his messenger bag over his shoulder.

“Any chance I can get a ride?” He asked softly and you nodded. He didn’t live far out of your way.

The drive to his apartment was silent. The whole way you could hear you both going to start a sentence so many times and then stopping. This was not going to be easy, at all. As you pulled into a parking space outside his building, you took a deep breath. Staring straight ahead and not looking at him, you blurted out.

“What would happen if I wasn’t with her? If we broke up?”

He didn’t speak for the longest time, but he made no move to exit your vehicle.

“I think….I think… It depends on why you broke up.” He said quietly.

“Does that matter?”

“Yes. Because… You might be ending it because you’re just not happy with her. That doesn’t mean anything for m….. I mean, I’d be sad for you and her, but I don’t know what would happen.”

Okay. You could see what he was getting at. He was asking for a reason you’d end it.

You shifted in your seat and turned to look at it.

“What if it ended because I had feelings for someone else. Feelings I don’t want to hide anymore, feelings that have provably been there for a lot longer than I’d care to admit but only came to light recently… Say on the fourth of July.”

There was no way you could be anymore obvious here without coming out and saying it. But you didn’t want to, not whilst you were still in a relationship.

“Then I’d… I’d be happy. And… I think that you and this person would be wonderful together. It’s probably all he’s been thinking about for a while now too, but he’s just not wanted to say anything. He was scared of having his feelings rejected and he knew that it would be wrong to say something because you’re with someone else.”

Nicely done Spencer. Refer to yourself as ‘he’ so as to avoid actually saying it.

God this was so fucked up.

“Spence… Are you… Are you in all weekend?”

Because there was a definite chance you’d be turning up at his door.

He nodded. “All weekend. Doesn’t matter what time it is.”

“Okay.”

“Okay….Y/N…?” His brown eyes connected with your blue ones as he opened your car door.

“Be sure she’s not what you want. And be sure that he is……” He gave you a pained expression as he slid out of the car and shut it, not looking back as he walked into his apartment.

You drove around the streets for an hour after that. You needed to think, come up with a speech.
You went back and forth in your mind, still not sure what to do even though you knew you had to do something.

Emily was right. It wasn’t fair on anyone.

Finally, you found yourself outside Chelseas building, not even remembering driving there. You trudged into her building and up the stairs, not using your key to open her door. It didn’t feel right anymore.

You knocked and she answered a few minutes later, a smile plastered on her face.

“Y/N, hey! Did you forget your key?”

You held up your hand to show her it, already separated and off your key ring. Her face dropped when she saw that, and you felt your heart begin to break.

“Chelsea… Can we talk?”

At this point
The situation’s out of control
I never meant to hurt her but I
Gotta let her go
And if she may not understand it
Why all of this is going on
I tried
I tried to fight it but the feelings just too strong

Three hours later and you were now outside another apartment door, knocking.

That had been one of the hardest things you’d ever had to do. Your eyes were red and puffy from crying and your make up was streaked down your face, but here you were.

She’d asked, of course she’d asked. “Is there someone else?”

You couldn’t lie to her, not now. “Yes. But we haven’t done anything, I swear.”

“It’s Spencer, isn’t it. Who would have thought it, the man that introduced us, being the man you leave me for. Guess I’ll be changing book clubs.”

“Chels……”

There’d been shouting, she didn’t believe that nothing at happened. Spencer had apparently been acting off around her the last few times he’d seen her. You couldn’t blame her for not believing her. You weren’t sure you would either if it were the other way a round. Finally, you’d left. She’d pack up the things you kept there and leave them at the front desk of your building and could you please do the same.

You’d nodded sadly, hating every minute of this. She looked so…. Broken. And you’d caused that.

But you needed to do it, and when you walked out of the building, you felt like a weight had been lifted.

You hadn’t intended on going straight to Spencers either, you’d go home or to Emilys. But ten minutes later and you were outside his door, waiting for him to answer.
He did, quickly; almost as if he’d been waiting for you. His eyes raked over your face, taking in your tear stained cheeks. He went to open his arms to you and then hesitated.

“It’s done Spencer, me and her are over.” You whispered, watching as he breathed a sigh of relief, having the confirmation he needed, and then pulled you to him enveloping you in his arms.

_You make me wanna leave the one I’m with_  
Start a new relationship with you  
This is what you do  
Think about her and all the things that come along with  
You make me  
You make me wanna leave the one I’m with  
Start a new relationship with you  
This is what you do  
Think about her and all the things that come along with  
You make me  
You make me

It was done. You could say it.

“I think I’m in love with you, Spencer.” You murmured into his chest.

“I know that I’m in love with you, Y/N.”
Photograph

Loving can hurt
Loving can hurt sometimes
But it’s the only thing that I know

Loving fucking sucked sometimes. It sucked so hard. Letting yourself get consumed entirely by someone, just for it to blow up in your face like a bomb when things got hard.

And boy did yours and Spencers relationship get hard. Well, hard for you. You knew he worked for the FBI and you knew he’d be away for long periods of time and to begin with, that was okay. And then, it started to get to you. Not knowing how long you’d be away from each other, not knowing when you’d see him again or if you’d ever see him again. His job was dangerous, he risked his life regularly going up against serial killers and it terrified you. And so after a year, you’d ended it.

There’d been crying, and pleading on his part. But you just couldn’t.

It hurt so much when he was away for so long and you were always so worried and anxious.

When it gets hard
You know it can get hard sometimes
It is the only thing that makes us feel alive

You never stopped to realise that the fact that he was away a lot, actually added so much to the relationship. It made you treasure the time you were together more. It had made you spend the days and nights you had together, acting like they could be the last day and night you could ever have.

But by the time you realised that, it was too late. You weren’t one to go back on your decisions no matter how much you wanted to. You’d already messed with Spencers emotions and you couldn’t do it again. And so you found yourself missing the days where you’d sit up until 2am waiting for him to walk through your apartment door when he’d finished a case. You found yourself craving the snatched phone calls when he had a spare five minutes, a quick call just to say he missed and loved you. You’d never really understood how Army Wives could set themselves up for a lifetime of waiting for their husbands to come home, but now you did.

Except you weren’t waiting for him to come home anymore. Because he wouldn’t, you’d ruined that.

Four months had passed since the day you’d ended things. It wasn’t really getting easier but it wasn’t getting harder either. It was like you were in a limbo, knowing you’d made a mistake but being unable to move on or recover from it. You’d finished work for the weekend and was planning on slobbing out in front of your TV with some wine and perhaps Les Mis. Belting out ‘On My Own’ at the top of your lungs seemed a good way to end the night. You wearily dragged yourself up the stairs to your apartment, stopping when you saw a box on the floor in front of the door.

You hadn’t ordered anything recently, and even if you had, it would have been left with the concierge downstairs. Hmmm.

You stepped closer, seeing your name printed on the front in familiar messy handwriting. The handwriting of a genius. Spencers.

Huh.
Picking it up, you unlocked your apartment door and walked inside. You tossed your keys into the bowl by the door and went straight to your couch, not even stopping to remove your coat. Sitting down, you placed your bag on the floor and ripped open the parcel paper, opening the box. The was a folded note on top which you picked up and read.

“Y/N.

These were given to me a few months ago but I couldn’t bring myself to look at them until now. Some are from JJ and Wills wedding and some are from that disposable camera we bought when we went to the zoo.

I don’t know why I’m sending you these except… Maybe if you’ll see them, you’ll remember how happy we were together.

Take a look. I’ll be home all evening if you want to talk.”

You carefully refolded the letter and placed it to one side, picking up the photos and looking over them, one by one.

We keep this love in a photograph
We made these memories for ourselves
Where our eyes are never closing
Hearts are never broken
Times forever frozen still

In almost every photo, you had a wide grin on your face. Some were professional photos from the wedding, airbrushed and framed just right, capturing the look of adoration in your eyes, others were taken by digital cameras; there’d been lots floating around at JJ and Wills wedding and you guessed that perhaps someone on his team has found all of the pictures of you and him together. You smiled, remembering the evening, how you’d spent the night dancing, Spencer holding you tightly in his arms having just finished a horrific case involving a bank robbery in town.

The pictures from the zoo were terrible, but only because they’d been take on a disposable camera. You’d jokingly said that you’d missed the suspense of having to wait to get photos developed before you could see how they’d turned out, and Spencer had immediately rushed into the nearest gift shop and come out with one.

They were silly, you posing in front of the penguin tanks, Spencer pointing excitedly at the giraffes and you almost in tears watching the baby elephants cavorting in their pen. There were a few attempted selfies, taken with Spencers long arms. Only one had managed to get the whole of both of your faces in but even then you couldn’t see yourselves properly. But that was because you’d been kissing each other, the camera capturing the moment.

You felt tears beginning to fall from your eyes as you looked over them, over and over. The photos bringing back all of the emotions, all of the feelings you’d felt. Recalling his last line of the note, you picked yourself up and grabbed your keys, leaving the apartment.

So you can keep me
Inside the pocket
Of your ripped jeans
Holdin’ me closer
‘Til our eyes meet
You won’t ever be alone
Wait for me to come home>
You made it to his apartment in fifteen minutes, hesitating before knocking on the door. Spencer smiled when he opened it and saw you.

“Y/N.”

“I miss you Spencer.” You blurted out.

He opened the door the whole way, stepping back so that you could move inside.

“I’ve missed you too.” He said quietly.

You spied the same photographs strewn across his coffee table, mixed in with others. He must have had copies made. You strode over to them and picked one up. A photo from the wedding.

“Do you remember the song we were dancing to when this was taken?” You asked him.

“The way you look tonight. And I told you that the song must have somehow been written about you.”

“And I laughed because I wasn’t even born when that song came out. What about this one. Where were we?” You held up another, a print out of a cell phone photo; a selfie of your burying your head into his neck. You could barely make out the surroundings as the camera was focused on your faces.

“The beach in Maine, when we’d got up super early to watch the sunrise.” He stepped closer to you, standing directly opposite you as you searched through the pictures spotting another cell phone print out.

You’d barely held it up when he spoke “The night we told each other we loved each other for the first time. And the one to the right of it is the photo you tucked inside my suitcase when I was going home to visit my mom. The one to the left was taken when we’d gotten home from the zoo and I fell asleep on your chest. I wasn’t even awake for that but I know when it was taken. I could tell you when and where every single one of these was taken, because all of those moments are seared into my mind just like every moment spent with you is.”

So you can keep me
Inside the pocket
Of your ripped jeans
Holdin’ me closer
‘Til our eyes meet
You won’t ever be alone

“Spencer, I’m sorry.”

He moved closer still, waiting for you to continue.

“I made a mistake. I couldn’t stand you being away from me on cases, but now I can’t stand not being with you at all. Is there…. Could we…” You started to cry, not being able to finish and he took you into his arms.

“I can’t change my job for you Y/N. I love what I do and I’d like to do it for a while longer. But I won’t be doing it forever. These months way from you have been hell. I hated being away from you too, but at least I knew that you were here, waiting for me. Giving me something to look forward to, a reason for coming back.”

“Spencer I love you. I’m sorry I broke us up.”
“Me too.”

“Can we…?”

You didn’t even have to finish your sentence before he pulled away from your embrace, placing his hand to your chin and tilting your face up to his.

“Yes. I love you, Y/N.”

Lowering his face to yours, he kissed you soft, a kiss that made these last few months seemed like a memory. His kiss and his embrace, felt like home. You could cope with him being away, you could deal with it, as long as you were together and you could hold him and cuddle and kiss him when he returned.

When I’m away
I will remember how you kissed me
Under the lamppost
Back on 6th street
Hearing you whisper through the phone,
“Wait for me to come home.”
Fix You

When you try your best but you don’t succeed

The house seemed…. empty, when you woke up in the morning. You stared at the walls of the spare bedroom where you’d slept last night after another blazing row. Your eyes were sore from the tears, they felt like someone has crushed tiny bits of glass and rubbed them into the your eyes during the night.

How many more times were you going to fight? How many more times were going to wonder if you and he had made a huge mistake by getting married?

Slinging the covers back, you crept out of the room and down the hall. You needed to get your work clothes out of the bedroom but you didn’t want to wake him. Not yet.

Seeing the door was open, you were surprised. It was still early and he normally slept late when he could. You were even more surprised to see the bed was perfectly made as if it hadn’t been slept in. It was only then that you actually took in the rest of the room. The closets were open and his clothes were missing. You spotted a piece of paper folded on your pillow, sitting down you opened it.

“Y/N.

I can’t keep doing this. I think we should separate.

I can’t bear an argument about that either, so I’ve taken my things and I’ve gone to my Moms. Please don’t try to contact me, I’ll call you to make arrangements to collect the rest of my stuff and I’ll make contact with a lawyer. Irreconcilable differences should cut it.

I’m sorry.”

..

When you get what you want, but not what you need.

You were late to work. You almost hadn’t gone in but you needed the distraction.

You spoke to Hotch privately, he needed to know, he was your supervisor after all. He’d offered to push through some leave for you but you’d told him no. Work was all you had right now.

The rest of the team treaded carefully around you, they knew something was wrong. You’d piled on the make up this morning, trying to hide your pale face and chapped lips but nothing could hide how small and piggy like your eyes had become. No amount of eye drops could disguise the blood shot eyes.

There were little touches of your shoulder from the girls , soft sad smiles from Derek and Rossi, and coffee and chocolate placed by your computer when you’d got back from the ladies room, from Reid you presumed. They all knew you and him had been having problems, but none of them asked today. They knew, that you knew that they were there if you wanted to talk.

And maybe you would in a few days. Right now, it was raw. Bitter. You spent the day with your head buried in a file, barely paying attention to anything around you and swallowing back sobs.

Luckily, the team weren’t called away on a case. You weren’t sure you’d have been able to go with
them if they had. Your head wouldn’t have been in the game and you’d have been more of a
hinderence than a help.

The hours passed by and it was soon finishing time. Too soon.

You didn’t want to go home to an empty house. A house full of memories.

You drove around the streets for hours until it grew dark, finally pulling up outside your house. It no
longer looked like home to you. It was just a shell, a container for a life that you would no longer
live.

You reached into the back seat of the car and pulled out a blanket you kept there for emergencies,
then you walked to the porch sitting in the two seater swing that was hanging in the corner. The
swing you’d spent summers lazing in, him bringing you iced tea as you read books, enjoying your
time off. You pulled your knees up underneath yourself and wrapped the blanket around your
shoulders. It was cold outside but you didn’t care, you didn’t want to go inside.

*When you love someone and it goes to waste,
Could it be worse?*

..

Spencer pulled up behind Y/N car and surveyed her house. He’d been here a few times for parties
and gatherings. He visited less when she married HIM though, he never did like the friendship that
Spencer and Y/N had shared.

She’d seemed so sad today at work. Sullen, lost. Spencer had an idea of what might have happened.
Normally when they argued, she’d come in ranting and raving about it, but not today. He’d watched
her go into Agent Hotchiners office, not being able to see her face but having a clear view of Aarons.
He could read his reactions, empathy and compassion flooding their supervisors face.

Reid just wanted to check on her, to let her know he was here for her. Just because they didn’t spend
the same amount of time together outside of work as they used to when she joined the Bureau seven
years ago, only a year after him, it mean there was anything less to their friendship.

Yet as he walked to the front door, he realised there were no lights on.

But her car was here. He’d called her a few times when he’d got home but she’d not answered the
house phone or her cell, which was why he’d decided to drive over.

Where was she?

He knocked a few times, taking out his phone and calling her again. He could hear the sounds of her
personalised ring tone for him, the Dr Who theme, coming from the corner of the porch. Turning,
Spencer saw her hunched over in the swing that she’d had installed a few years ago.

He made his way to her, seeing her shoulders racking with sobs.

“Y/N?” He spoke softly, crouching to his knees in front of her.

She looked up, her eyes swimming with tears and her breath visible in the cold night air. Spencer
reached out to wipe away a tear from his friends face, noting how cold her skin was.

“Y/N, it’s freezing out here. Come on… Let’s go inside and get you warmed up.”
She shook her head, her voice creaky when she spoke.

“I can’t… I can’t go in there. It’s empty. So empty.” She started sobbing again and Spencer picked her bag up from the floor and found her house keys. Shrugging his own coat off and around her shoulders, he unlocked her door and went inside.

It took him a while to pack a small suitcase for her, he found one in the hall way closest. When he entered her bedroom and started searching through her wardrobes for clothes he’d seen her wearing at work, his suspicions were confirmed. Her husbands belongings her no longer there.

When Spencer went into her en suite to chuck toiletries into a bag, there was only one toothbrush in the holder, only one set of female marketed shampoo and conditioner on the sides of the tub. And when he went down to the kitchen to search for a bottle of whiskey or something, he was sure he might need tonight to help her sleep, he spotted a gold wedding ring on the side. She’d still been wearing hers at work so it must be his.

Reid’s heart broke for his friend, and he quickly finished packing, locking her door and placing the bags in his trunk.

Going back to Y/N, he reached for her hands and tugged her upright, her complying with very letting resistance. He caught his coat before it fell of her shoulders.

“Come on…” He told her softly.

“No! I’m not going in there….” She shook her head at him and he pulled her towards his chest, wrapping his arms around her.

“We’re not going inside. I’m taking you back to mine. I’ve packed you a bag, and I’ll fetch anything else you need. You can stay with me. You don’t have to tell me anything, Y/N. I know….and I’m sorry.”

She sniffed against his chest. “I can’t impose on you Spencer. Your apartment is tiny.”

“Yes you can. For as long as you need to. You’re my friend and I love and care about you. If you’re hurting, then I’m hurting. Let me help in anyway I can.”

Reid heard Y/N swallow deeply, almost as if she was swallowing her pride. She looked at him, meeting his eyes properly for the first time all day.

“Thanks, Spencer.” She whispered hoarsely.

Placing his hand on her back, he led her to his car.

_Lights will guide you home_
And ignite your bones
And I will try
To fix you
How Soon Is Now?

*I am the son*  
And the heir  
Of a shyness that is criminally vulgar

Almost every time Spencer went out socialising with the team after work, he’d leave feeling miserable. Spending the evening watching Morgan hitting on girls, listening to Rossi using his charm on woman, and seeing guys literally falling at Emily and Penelope’s feet as they danced and faux flirted together.

*I am the son and heir*  
*Of nothing in particular*

But Spencer, Spencer would stand off to one side nursing his drink and looking down at his feet whenever a pretty girl would walk by him. Some would try to smile at him, sensing his shyness, some even feeling sorry for him. Others would giggle at his awkwardness as he’d step aside to let them pass, more often than not sloshing his drink onto the ground as he did.

Most girls though, most girls just ignored him.

The rest of the team found his shyness, his social anxieties, amusing. They’d laugh and joke when he’d stumble over his words on the odd occasion he did try to engage a stranger in a conversation. Derek would thump him on the back, telling him he wasn’t doing it right. He’d get Reid a manual, he’d quip. Flirting for Dummies, or something.

*You shut your mouth*  
How can you say  
I go about things the wrong way?

They didn’t understand. They thought that his genius and intelligence was enough to satisfy him. That somehow, because he was smart and spent the best part of his free time reading, that he didn’t crave the same love and affection that others did.

But he did. Oh god how he did.

*I am human and I need to be loved*  
*Just like everybody else does*

Tonight was no exception to the rule. Sat at the small table the team had commandeered, he was left guarding the coats and bags of the others as they socialised and mingled, the girls dancing on the wooden dance floor that was already sticky with spilled beer. Hotch had left an hour ago needing to get home for the babysitter, leaving Spencer to his own thoughts. His own socially crippling thoughts.

He’d tried to make his excuses to leave as well, his reasons being pushed aside by Derek.

“Stay Kid, stay. See that girl across the room? She’s been watching you all night. Play your cards right and you could be in luck for once.”

Derek had pointed out a pretty brunette, also sat alone surrounded by bags, coats and half empty cocktail glasses. She was looking down at the table, her fingers moving swiftly. Playing on her phone; Spencer assumed. She glanced up for a second, her eyes meeting Reid’s for a moment. She
flashed the hint of a smile before looking away hurriedly, averting her attention back to her phone.

*There’s a club if you’d like to go
You could meet somebody who really loves you*

So Spencer had stayed, not even necessarily because the girl had smiled at him. But because staying was easier than trying to explain to Derek how unbelievably worthless and unwanted he felt when he was in a room full of people who knew how to fluently speak the language of attraction. One of the few languages Reid was sure his brain would never master.

*So you go and you stand on your own
And you leave on your own
And you go home and you cry
And you want to die*

He knew though that the night would end the same as all of the others had. Him eventually leaving, slipping out when the others were distracted enough not to care that he’d left. He’d go back to his empty apartment and stare at his degrees, framed on his living room walls. He’d been blessed with an IQ of 187, an eidetic memory and the ability to absorb large amounts of text by barely glancing at it. That all seemed to have come at price though, and that price was obviously finding happiness in the arms of someone else. Someone to share his life with, someone to grow old with.

His Mom was the only person who ever sensed his unhappiness, telling him that he’d find someone, probably sooner than he thought. He was her handsome and intelligent boy, in her eyes any woman was foolish to NOT want to date him.

*When you say it’s gonna happen “now”
Well when exactly do you mean?
See I’ve already waited too long
And all my hope is gone*

Right now though, he didn’t even want a date.

Just one night of experiencing a connection with someone, any physical intimacy to make him feel like he wasn’t a leper.

Hell he’d even settle for just a conversation with an unfamiliar female, one that didn’t end in them walking away feeling like they’d wasted five minutes of their lives listening to him ramble.

*You shut your mouth
How can you say
I go about things the wrong way?*

But it wasn’t going to happen. Not tonight. Spencer sighed and finished his drink, scanning around the bar and seeing his friends all suitably distracted. Slipping on his duffel coat and looping his message back over his shoulder, he made his way to the exit of the bar, leaving.

*I am human and I need to be loved
Just like everybody else does*
The Last Goodbye

I don’t believe you
And I never will

The drive back to Spencer’s apartment was quiet. You were seething in anger at the fact that he had turned up at the club and had pretty much accused you and Evan of having an affair in front of all of your friends.

This wasn’t the first time he’d insinuated such things, this wasn’t even the first time you’d fallen out over this. But this was the first Spencer had pushed you past the point of no return.

You’d been dating him for two years and for the most part, it was great. He was sweet and caring, and he made you laugh. He was the perfect boyfriend it seemed at first. He’d also known from day one that your best friend was a guy and at first, he told you he accepted it. Him and Evan seemed to get on well, Evan had told you he liked Spencer, he tried to get to know him on a one to one basis inviting him out so the two could bond. Evan tried, and Spencer tried too. At first.

But then… He’d start to moan whenever you went out with your friends and Evan was there. It didn’t matter that Spencer was invited, he always chose not to come. It didn’t matter if Spencer was out of town so the fact that you were out wasn’t even impeding on any YOU time. He’d always complain. If Evan wasn’t there though, he was fine.

You finally lost it with him one night and demanded to know what his problem with Evan was. His answer?

“He’s so blatantly in love with you, it’s so plain for anyone to see.”

So you’d sat and patiently explained to Spencer that A) Evan wasn’t. You two had had that discussion a long time ago. There were no feelings there whatsoever, and plus, Evan had a girlfriend. B) Even if there were any feelings there on Evans part, which there wasn’t; there were none there on your part. You loved Spencer and only him, and he needed to trust you.

Oh I can’t live by your side
With the lies you’ve tried to instill

And so for a few weeks, he’d been fine again. Then you noticed that if you left your phone out when you left the room, that it would be in a slightly different position when you came back in. You found yourself logged out of some of your social media accounts, meaning someone else had tried to log in. You knew what he was doing, and for an FBI Agent, he wasn’t doing a particularly good job of it.

So you called him out again. And after lying to your face and telling you that you were paranoid, he finally admitted to checking your text messages and things. And you’d fallen out again, with you threatening to leave if he didn’t trust you.

Then came the tears, the crying from him. The promises that he did trust you, it was all just because he’d never really had a relationship before, he couldn’t believe that anyone as great as you would be interested in someone like him, he’d change. Just please don’t leave him.

So you didn’t. You let him off because he HAD never really had a long term relationship before, he WAS shy and awkward and didn’t really know what he was doing. But you told him again that he needed to trust you for this to work. Trust was integral to a relationship and if he didn’t trust you, then what was the point.
I can't take anymore
I don't have to give you a reason

Now though, as you looked at him in the drivers seat of his car, you realised that he’d never trust you. Not whilst Evan was on the scene. And you and him had been best friends since you were thirteen years old. You couldn’t think of any one point where you’d given Spencer reason to doubt yours and Evan’s relationship. You’d been open and honest about the friendship from the start and you’d even cut down on the amount of time you texted him or spent with him. It just wasn’t worth the arguments anymore.

Tonight though, was one night you weren’t going to not see him. Evan’s birthday which Spencer had yet again cried out of going to. He had a headache he’d told you. He was just going to bed, but it was fine if you still wanted to go out, he didn’t mind.

Well why should he mind? This had been planned for months now and you weren’t going to miss your best friend’s birthday. And if Spencer did genuinely have a headache, then it’s not like you could have done anything for him anyway.

But… The headache couldn’t have been bothering him that much. Everytime a new photo was uploaded to Instagram or Facebook, he liked it. Everytime the group checked it at a new location, he liked it. Everytime you checked your phone, you had messages from him. You replied, to the first few. And then you told him to get some rest, you’d be home in a few hours and that you didn’t want to be checking your phone all evening because it was rude.

You didn’t hear anything back from him and you were satisfied that he’d gone to sleep. Until an hour later when your friend Sara had nudged you. “Isn’t that your boyfriend?” she’d asked and you looked up to see Spencer walking across the bar to you.

He felt better, he told you. He thought he’d come and join you for a bit and then he could drive you home. Okay great, but you weren’t going to be ready to leave for a while.

Spencer sat by your side for the rest of the evening, not really talking to anyone but keeping one hand firmly on your thigh. When you went up to dance, he watched you like a hawk, you could feel his eyes burning into you. And when Evan threw one arm over his girlfriend Rosie’s shoulder and the other over yours, you saw Spencer pull himself up and stalk over to you, angrily pulling you away from him.

“Spencer, what the fuck?”

“Why is he touching you like that? He shouldn’t be touching you like that.”

Rosie and Evan watched in disbelief as you two argued in the middle of the dance floor, tears finally breaking free and streaming down your face. They tried to step in to diffuse the situation but it was no good. In the end, you told them you were leaving, Rosie telling you to keep safe and to let her know what happens. You didn’t dare give Evan a goodbye hug, simply telling him you were sorry for ruining his birthday and that you’d make it up to him, hearing Spencer muttering something under his breath.

As you pulled up to his apartment building, you knew what was going to happen once you got inside. You couldn’t take this anymore. You were well and truly done. You loved Spencer, but…. it wasn’t worth it. Not anymore.

For leaving this time
Coz this is my last goodbye
When you walked inside, you walked straight to his bedroom finding a huge holdall that you’d left there before and throwing your belongings into it, moving from room to room as Spencer stared on. Words were coming out of his mouth but you weren’t listening. You tuned him out. Knowing it was the same old lines that you’d heard a thousand times before from him.

*I’ve gotta turn and walk away*  
I don’t have anything left to say  
I haven’t already said before

Luckily, although you’d dated for two years, you hadn’t yet given up your own apartment. So at least you had somewhere to go.

“Y/N please, I’m sorry! You know how jealous I get. I just love you so much.”

Gathering up the last of your important things, you closed the bag and turned to him.

“No Spencer, you don’t. If you loved me as much as you claim to then you would accept my friendship with Evan. You’d trust me when I’ve said for the hundreth time that there’s nothing going on between us. If you loved me, you’d believe me. You wouldn’t make me feel guilty for having a friend that’s a guy, you wouldn’t try to come between us. I cannot have this fight with you anymore.”

*I’ve grown tired of being used*  
*And I’m sick and tired of being accused*

“I can change though, it’s just because I’ve never had a relationship like this before” he was blocking your path between the bedroom and the door.

“You might change, but you’re not going to change whilst you’re with me. We’ve been together two years now. That’s enough time for you to figure out how a relationship works. That’s enough time for you to have figured out how to behave appropriately. And it’s enough time for you to have learnt to trust me. But you don’t. And I, quite frankly, am sick of this shit right now.”

You walked passed him, the bag heavy on your shoulders.

“Y/N please. Don’t leave me. I don’t know what I’ll do!”

“Spencer, we’re over. You bought this on yourself.”

His tone changed so suddenly then and as soon as the next words left his mouth, you knew you were making the right decision.

“So I bet you’ll be running off to him then right? So you two can be together. Poor Rosie, I bet she didn’t even see this coming, not like I did.”

“Go fuck yourself Spencer.”

*Now I’m walking away from you*  
*And I’m not coming back*
Dust begins to fall to the ground
(and you sit there and do nothing)

“Y/N, are you okay?”

You snapped out of your reverie, realising that your boyfriend and colleague Spencer Reid was talking to you. The jet had landed and you were the only member of the team still seated.

“I’m okay… Just tired” you hauled yourself from your seat and collected your bag, walking down the aisle in front of Reid and exiting the jet into the waiting SUVs. Spencer slid in next to you, giving you a concerned look.

“I’m fine Spence, honestly.”

The air is cold and thin
(you’re content with doing nothing)

You weren’t fine, not really. But you weren’t willing to tell him that, he’d only worry. And you didn’t want him to worry, you didn’t want to be a burden to anyone.

This last case had triggered a reaction in you, a series of murders framed to look like suicides. Except the last ‘murder’, a 28 year old woman, had turned out not be that. She’d actually taken her own life, the team finding her journal stashed inside her mattress, a kit consisting of nail scissors and razor blades.

The same kit you had in your bedside drawer, a kit that had been closed for fifteen months and counting.

The kit that you knew you’d be reaching for when you got home tonight.

Thoughts are haunting me as I look around
(but in my life, I wanted more)

You’d done so well. Since joining the team three years ago you’d only had one relapse and that had been when your uncle had died. You’d been taking your pills daily and had managed to rely on breathing techniques when things felt overwhelming, which when you were out the job wasn’t actually that often. It was only when you got home that you sometimes had to sit and make yourself see that you hadn’t made a mistake, YOU weren’t a mistake. You were here for a reason, a purpose.

Yet today, as you were driven back to headquarters, no amount of reasoning with yourself could make you see what that purpose was. And that mentality of not feeling good enough, of not being worthy, and of feeling like everyone would be better off without you, had come slipping back.
This will never end, when I'll bleed forever
(this will never end)

You knew you should speak to your boss. He knew about your depression, your past history with self harm. He had to know, it was his duty to look out for his team. You and him had regular well being check ins, and you’d assure him that you were still taking your pills and that nothing was becoming too much for you.

Your pills though, had been lost two weeks ago. They’d rolled out of your bag somewhere and you hadn’t refilled your prescription. Deep down you knew that was the problem. The chemical imbalance and withdrawal was messing with your mind and making you focus on everything wrong with your life, everything wrong with the world.

Don’t acknowledge right, just dwell on wrong;
This spot in hell’s where I belong
I’ve come so far - it’s been so long
Don’t know why it started or where it came from

“Y/N?”

You looked up to see Spencer standing by your desk, his messenger bag in hand. He’d finished his paperwork already a while ago and you were done with yours. You just needed to hand it in to Hotch. But you couldn’t face your supervisor right now. You bundled your papers together and sighed wearily.

“Spencer, I have the hugest migraine ever. Could you take these to Aaron for me whilst I gather my stuff together and then I’ll drop you off home?”

He took the papers out of your hand, a surprised look on his face. You normally spent your evenings after a case together. But you wanted to be alone this evening, you NEEDED to be alone so you could act on certain urges.

“I thought…” the tone of voice and the look on his face made you unable to argue with him.

Outside shell is strong - confident,
(there is nowhere to run and hide)

“I won’t be much company, Spence” you told him, hoping he’d get the picture that you wanted to be by yourself.

“I don’t mind. We can have an early night. If you’re not feeling okay, let me take care of you.”

You stared directly at him and he stared back not budging until finally you nodded. You could wait for him to go to sleep to do what you needed to do.

But slowly eats away;
(stuck alone inside your head)

The evening passed slowly, sitting together on the couch, Spencer’s touch no longer comforting you but instead irritating you. You hated feeling annoyed with him but right now you wished he wasn’t here. Right now, you wish you weren’t here. Your skin felt like it was crawling and your head was pounding. You could almost feel the flow of blood against your veins begging to be set free so you could see it, smell it, taste it even.

Like a man plagued with disease, I try to fight
(guess you’re better off dead)

You needed to feel the burn, the blade on your skin. You knew you’d regret it afterwards, especially with Spencer here but you needed it.

He knew, of course he knew. You’d told him months ago before you two had embarked on your relationship. You’d never told him how bad it had been though, but he’d seen your naked body, had kissed the raised scars that ran across the tops of your thighs. He’d told you he loved you no matter what and if you ever felt like you needed to do that again, to talk with him.

*Through my pores it seems to seep*
(your mind bleeding)
When I’ll bleed forever

But what good would talking ever do? Spencer didn’t have the answers to your problems, you didn’t have the answers to your problems. No one did, no ever had. Because you didn’t know what the issue was. What exactly it was the caused you to feel so sad, so worthless, so……..like you were nothing. And when you became sad, you felt numb and the only way to make that go away was to cut.

*Don’t acknowledge right, just dwell on wrong*
This spot in hell’s where I belong
I’ve come so far - it’s been so long
Don’t know why it started or where it came from

Spencer wasn’t showing signs of going to bed anytime soon despite the now very late hour. His grasp on your hand was super strong and you suspected he knew that something was wrong. You tugged your hand away, standing from the couch.

“Spence, I’m going to go and have a bath okay. I have a lot of tension on the back of my neck and I think the warm water will help.”

He nodded, looking at your face carefully. You smiled at him sweetly. “We’ll go to bed afterwards and cuddle, okay?”

“Okay” he seemed satisfied with your comment and you made a show of going into your bedroom to collect clean pajamas (and your kit which you hid inside the bundle).

You didn’t lock the door, it was old and loud and would be a dead giveaway as you never locked the bathroom door. Spencer respected your privacy anyway and would only ever join you in the bath or shower if you asked him to.

You turned the taps on and stripped off your clothes, climbing into the bath when it was half full and slowing the flow of the water to a stop.

Drawing your knees up, exposing your thighs above the water level, you reached for your kit, finding the razor blade, your old friend. A friend you’d missed.

Without hesitation you drew the sharp edge across your skin, watching the skin break apart as bubbles of red came rushing to the surface as that familiar burn settled in.

It felt euphoric to you and you closed your eyes, revelling in the feeling. You did it again, dragging the blade this time and pressing harder, your eyes still closed. Your thigh felt warm and you could sense the trickle of blood running down your leg.
When you opened your eyes you smiled, satisfied at the red stream of blood that was flowing across your creamy skin and into the bath water, tingeing it with scarlet.

As you cocked your head, following the trail of blood with, your eyes were drawn to your wrist. The long blue vein there seemed to be almost pulsating at you, teasing you and daring you to do it. You’d never cut your arms before, it was virgin flesh for you.

But now…. Now you wondered if the feeling would be more satisfactory than your thighs. Surely because it was flesh that had never had to heal it would hurt more and the hurt was what you needed right now. Your thighs… We’re riddled with scar tissue, desensitised from the amount of times you’d laid into them. Your arms though……

\[ \text{Don’t acknowledge right, just dwell on wrong} \]
\[ \text{This spot in hell’s where I belong} \]

You turned your arm and assessed it, the vein on your wrist still teasing you. You knew what would happen if you hit that vein right. If you were left for long enough, you’d bleed out.

But you were known for having lengthy bath times, Spencer knew he could lose you in there for hours at a time. Would it be long enough?

Your mind seemed to cloud with darkness suddenly, a fog that hadn’t been there before, a small voice telling you that if you cut that vein, you’d never have to feel this way again. Because it would be over.

You’d never have to lie to your colleagues, never have to lie to your partner. You’d never have to pretend to be okay again. You wouldn’t have to pop pills for the rest of your life just to feel normal.

You wouldn’t be here.

\[ \text{I’ve come so far - it’s been so long} \]
\[ \text{Don’t know why it started or where it came from} \]

In that one split second you made the decision, dragging the blade down your arm and following the line of the vein perfectly before changing hands and repeating your actions on your other wrist. The burn was intense and the flow of the blood was fast. Too fast. Much more stronger than it had ever been on your legs, much more final than it had ever been on your legs.

It dripped into the water quickly turning it a deeper shade of scarlet as you watched in panic, suddenly feeling woozy at the amount of blood you were seeing.

This wasn’t…

This wasn’t what you wanted.

\[ \text{But in my life, I wanted more; I needed more, I taste more} \]

“Spencer… SPENCER!!!”
I don't know
This could break my heart or save me
Nothing’s real
Until you let go completely

Today was the day you were being released.

Twelve weeks since you’d voluntarily checked yourself in.

Twelve weeks since you’d lain in the bath tub and made the split second decision to slit your wrists.

Twelve weeks since you’d yelled for your boyfriend after almost immediately regretting it, the look on his face as he barged into the bathroom one you’ll never ever forget. You could replay the thirty minutes that followed over and over in your head. Spencer grabbing for towels and wrapping them around your arms as tightly as he could whilst you waited for the ambulance to arrive, and dragging you out of the bath tub as you both cried. The constant asking of ‘why’ from him, a question which ultimately you couldn’t answer. In that split second, it had seemed like the way out, a way to be done with the never ending cycle of depression that you lived. A way to never have to rely on pills and medication again. A way to never feel that low again.

So here I go with all my thoughts I’ve been saving
So here I go with all my fears weighing on me

You’d passed out in the ambulance, from the loss of blood and when you woke up, you were lying in a hospital bed, your wrists heavily bandaged, Spencer sitting at the side of the bed.

He stared at you and you stared back, not knowing what to say.

“Why?” he asked you again.

“Because I didn’t want to have to cope anymore” was the only response you could give.

Spencer stood up and left the room then and you didn’t see him for the next seventy twohours. You didn’t blame him. You didn’t hate him for walking out. Faced with a similar scenario and you’d probably done the same.

You did see Hotch though. Spencer had called him and he’d come down the hospital straight away. It was Aaron that sat with you when you told the doctors how you’d misplaced your pills, it was Aaron who held you whilst you cried as you talked about the burning desire you’d had to feel the slice of the razor blade again, just so you could see the blood and know that you were actually still alive, rather than just some empty shell which is how you’d felt. It was Aaron who convinced you to sign in to voluntary rehab, where you’d stay for three months to undergo counselling, counselling you’d always opted out of before, preferring to just pop the little white pills daily. It was also Aaron who went to Spencer’s apartment before and after every visit to you those few days before before Reid came back.

Three months and I’m still sober
Picked all my weeds but kept the flowers
But I know it’s never really over

The twelve weeks you’d spent in this place had been…. helpful. You’d rested, slept a lot; recovering
from the mental exhaustion that your mind had put itself through. You’d talked to doctors and counsellors, opened up in a group, something you never saw yourself doing.

You still didn’t know what ultimately lay behind the incessant sadness you felt sometimes, but they helped you realise that sometimes there simply was no reason for it, it was just the way some people were wired. It wasn’t a bad thing, everyone was different and unique in their own minds.

What you were reminded of though was that you needed to stay on your medication and if you misplaced the pills, you needed to get a refill straight away. Your doctor had told you that although many people do eventually come off antidepressants, it’s a slow process with the dosage being reduced bit by bit. To go from taking pills daily to not taking anything had set off the chemical reaction in your brain. It was the withdrawal, the doctor had told you, that had pushed your hand to your wrist. Not you actually wanting to die.

_I don’t know_
I could crash and burn but maybe
At the end of this road I might catch a glimpse of me

Ultimately though, you saw this as your cry for help. A ridiculously loud cry.

Spencer had been allowed to visit you, apologising for leaving you in the hospital. You shrugged them off, you understood. He was here now, that was all that mattered.

You talked to him, told him of your long journey down the dark path of depression and self harm. And he listened, never interrupting you once. It took hours, a story told over days, sometimes you’d sit and stare at him not even finding the words to be able to describe how you’d felt. When you finished he simply took your hands into his and raised them to his lips, kissing your still bandaged wrists.

“There’s no words I can ever say to take away what you’ve been feeling, what you’ve felt. There’s no words I can say to chase away the shadows that fill your mind, to chase away whatever demons scream so loudly in your ears sometimes. Just remember though, that when you feel like you’re walking through hell, I will take your hand and I will walk through the fire with you. Talk to me. Don’t keep it locked away.”

You’d nodded and collapsed in his arms, yours tears mingling with his.

_So I won’t worry about my timing I wanna get it right_
No comparing
Second guessing
No, not this time

You WOULD make the effort to talk to him in the future. You didn’t want to block him out, you didn’t want to feel like you were cutting him out of a part of your life. Because this was part of you, it always would be. You’d just been scared, scared that once he knew how bad things could get that he’d run.

You should have known better really.

_Three months and I’m still breathing_
Been a long road since those hands I left my tears in but I know
It’s never really over, no

Today, Aaron and Spencer were coming to collect you. Today, you were going home and Spencer
was coming with you. You’d originally agreed to stay for eight weeks but had extended your stay to
twelve. You wanted to be absolutely certain that you were ready, that you’d re-learnt your coping
techniques, that your dosage was correct.

You wanted to make sure that you could leave this place and not end up back there in two weeks
time because being out in the real world and dealing with life was too much for you.

You wanted to make sure that you were ready to wake up again and live your life again. To embrace
your life again.

*Wake up*

*Three months and I’m still standing here*
*Three months and I’m getting better yeah*
*Three months and I still am*

When you collected your belongings from your room, packing the bits and pieces that had been
bought into you on numerous visits, you knew the time was right. You wanted the fresh air, you
wanted to be able to go where you wanted, when you wanted.

When you saw both men standing in the waiting room for you, you knew that you were ready. You
knew they would help you if you opened up to them. Even if all they could do was to listen and to
assure you over and over again that whatever you were feeling, wasn’t right. That you weren’t
worthless, that you WERE loved. That you were justified.

That you were alive.

*Three months and I’m still breathing*
*Three months and I still remember it*
*Three months and I wake up*

When you walked towards your boyfriend and your boss…your friend even, you didn’t look back.

*Three months and I’m still sober*
*Picked all my weeds but kept the flowers*
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Party girls don’t get hurt
Can’t feel anything, when will I learn
I push it down, push it down

You applied your make up carefully, making sure the shadows under your eyes were covered up. You’d rolled in at around five am this morning, at least you thought that had been the time. You couldn’t actually remember even leaving the club. Prentiss and Garcia had been alarmed at the amount you were knocking back, trying to convince you to switch to water but you were having none of it. Plus, it wasn’t like you couldn’t handle it, your body was used to it now.

You’d slept most of the day, waking up to a phone call from one of your gym buddies Heather. She wanted to go out drinking again, she’d just broken up with her boyfriend and needed to drown her sorrows. You could understand that sentiment, in fact that was pretty much your life right now. Since you’d broken up with your boyfriend Nick ten months ago you’d spent nearly every Friday and Saturday night that you could, out on the town. If Penelope and Emily didn’t want to join you, you had plenty of other friends who would, especially if you were buying.

It wasn’t like you had a problem, you just didn’t particularly enjoy spending your Friday and Saturday nights alone. And it wasn’t like you were going home every night from work and getting sloshed either, just the one glass of wine or two. It helped….it helped you sleep, helped numb the feeling of loneliness you felt. It didn’t impede on your ability to work at all, although there’d been the odd morning when you’d had to get a cab in because you didn’t feel safe to drive. But that wasn’t a hangover, it was just a migraine. And the time you’d had to pull over to vomit into the gutter had been a dodgy burrito, nothing to do with the previous nights festivities.

I’m the one “for a good time call”
Phone’s blowin’ up, ringin’ my doorbell
I feel the love, feel the love

Slipping into your dress and heels, you made the final adjustments to your look, sipping on the vodka and coke that you were pre drinking before calling a cab and heading out.

The bar that Heather had told you to meet her in was crowded although you were surprised when you instantly spotted a familiar face. Spencer Reid, your friend and colleague was in a booth by the door talking with another male. This was NOT the type of bar you expected to see him in on a Saturday night so you made your way over to him.

“Hey Spencer!”

“Y/N, hi! I thought you and the girls went out last night? Is it tonight, I’ll come say hello.” He and his friend stopped talking to greet you, you feeling the other man’s eyes checking you out.

“Haha, it was last night. I’m here to meet another friend actually.”

“Ah okay. Well this is Ethan, he and I were in college together.” Reid motioned to his friend.

Ah, so that was why Spencer was here. You greeted Ethan before spotting Heather at the bar, waving and trying to catch your attention. Telling the boys you’d catch them later, you snaked
through the crowd to join her, seeing her lining the shots up already.

1, 2, 3 1, 2, 3 drink
1, 2, 3 1, 2, 3 drink
1, 2, 3 1, 2, 3 drink

“Hey babe! Boy am I ready for tonight!” Heather kissed your cheek and motioned to the six shots in front of you.

You were always ready for a night like this. It had become your life over the last ten months. You reached for the first shot.

*Throw ‘em back, till I lose count*

Over the next few hours you and Heather knocked back countless drinks, some paid for with your own cash, others paid for by cute guys or not so cute guys who were trying to pick you both up.

*I’m gonna swing from the chandelier, from the chandelier*

I’m gonna live like tomorrow doesn’t exist
Like it doesn’t exist

You shimmied together on the dance floor, attracting even more attention as men clambered to be able to dance with the two girls who looked to be having the best time ever.

*I’m gonna fly like a bird through the night, feel my tears as they dry*

Because that’s what it would look like to an outside. Like you WERE having the best time ever.

*I’m gonna swing from the chandelier, from the chandelier*

Inside though, you were crying. Inside, you hated yourself for making Nick leave you. You hated yourself for needing drink to dull the constant thud of self disgust, that feeling that you’d never be good enough. When you drank, it bought out a different side of you. The fun side, the side that didn’t give a shit.

*But I’m holding on for dear life, won’t look down won’t open my eyes*

Keep my glass full until morning light, ‘cause I’m just holding on for tonight

When you drank, you felt able to exist.

*Help me, I’m holding on for dear life, won’t look down won’t open my eyes*

Keep my glass full until morning light, ’cause I’m just holding on for tonight
On for tonight

As you grinded against Heather on the dance floor you caught eyes with someone over her shoulder. He smiled and raised his eyes brows at you suggestively, licking his lips at you. He looked familiar and it took you a second to realise why.

*Sun is up, I’m a mess*

Gotta get out now, gotta run from this
Here comes the shame, here comes the shame

Three weeks ago, you’d woken up in that guys apartment, him passed out and snoring next to you. Your head had been pounding and it taken every ounce of energy that you had to not vomit onto his bedroom floor at the overwhelming smell of alcohol and sweat that filled the air. Your body had
ached and you felt like you’d spent the night riding a horse. You’d winced and grimaced as you’d wobbled around the room collecting your belongings and dressing, sneaking out into the morning light and searching for cab, knowing what a mess you must look.

When you’d stumbled into your apartment, you’d caught sight of yourself in the mirror. Purple bite marks on your neck and shoulder, smudged make up down your cheeks and your hair a birds nest from having someone’s hand fisted into it as they’d thrust into your mouth. You’d felt sick and shakey, knowing there was only one thing that could calm you right then. You’d reached into your refrigerator and pulled out the vodka.

1, 2, 3 1, 2, 3 drink
1, 2, 3 1, 2, 3 drink
1, 2, 3 1, 2, 3 drink

Pulling Heather back to the bar with you and away from the guy who’s name you could even remember, you ordered another round of shots, noting that Spencer was still in the booth by the door with his friend. It was slightly quieter over there and they looked deep in conversation. Good for him, it was nice to see him socialising.

Proffering a twenty to the bartender, he shook it away and motioned to an older guy standing a few feet away. Both you and Heather smiled at the guy and blew him kisses before bringing the shots to your lips and drinking.

Throw ’em back till I lose count

Another hour or so passed by. You’d lost tracked of Heather, she’d got talking to a the man who’d bought you the shots so you’d starting dancing with a group of girls you recognised from various club nights, feeling totally buzzed and wasted.

I’m gonna swing from the chandelier, from the chandelier
I’m gonna live like tomorrow doesn’t exist
Like it doesn’t exist
I’m gonna fly like a bird through the night, feel my tears as they dry
I’m gonna swing from the chandelier, from the chandelier.

You needed to pee again so you pushed through the throng of people making your way to the ladies and going about your business, tidying up your make up as you did. As you stood in front of the mirror you suddenly felt uncomfortably warm and dizzy. You ran cold water over your wrists trying to cool down, before leaving the bathroom and making your way to the front of the club and out the exit.

Once outside, you leant against the brick wall, the cool night air soothing against your skin. Your head was fuzzy and your vision slightly blurred.

“Hey baby, wanna go for another round?”

The guy from three weeks ago had followed you outside and was standing next to you. Stumbling, you moved away from him, walking to the corner of the building and shaking your head.

He followed you. “Hey, I asked you a question? Don’t ignore me. Last time was great baby, you know you want another go, girls like you always do.”

“I… I’m here with someone. I can’t leave….. Without her.” You blinked, trying to focus.

“We don’t have to leave then. This alley way here is just fine.”
But I’m holding on for dear life, won’t look down, won’t open my eyes
Keep my glass full until morning light, ’cause I’m just holding on for tonight

“I don’t want to… Not tonight.” You tried to move back towards the bar but he put his arm out, stopping you and pressing his body against yours, pushing your back to the wall.

“Don’t lie to me sweet thing. You were begging for it last time. Didn’t I make you feel good. You made me feel good.”

He ran his hand over your dress, his hand slipping up underneath the hem. The dress was short so it wasn’t long until his fingers were brushing against your panties.

“No. Not tonight.” You tried to push, your FBI training lodged somewhere in the back of your inebriated brain. But he was stronger than you and you could barely stand up as it was. You closed your eyes. Perhaps it would just be easier to….  

Help me, I’m holding on for dear life, won’t look down, won’t open my eyes
Keep my glass full until morning light, ’cause I’m just holding on for tonight
On for tonight

“She said no.”

Suddenly the guy was hauled away from you and your eyes shot open, seeing the blurry figures of Spencer and his friend. His friend had thrown the guy onto the floor and he quickly picked himself up and scurried away.

“Spencer…. Oh god.” Bile rose in your throat and you turned your body to the side, throwing up on the sidewalk, as you trembled.

“Reid, I think you’d best take her home, do you know her friends name? I’ll go inside and find her.”

You could hear the two men talking, feeling a pair of soft hands grasping your hair back as you emptied your stomach onto the concrete.

“She lives across town, no cab will take us. Her friend left a while ago. I’m only a few blocks away. Will you hold her things and hold my badge. Just in case anyone questions this.”

Heather had left? Without telling you?

You’d stopped vomiting and was now shaking. Spencer removed his jacket, handing his FBI badge and he keys to his friend and wrapping his jacket around you.

“Can you walk, Y/N? I’m literally two blocks away from here. I can carry you if not.”

You wanted to go home but your brain couldn’t figure out how to get those words out of your mouth anymore. Your tongue was thick and the world was spinning.

Instead, you just nodded. Spencer placed his arm around your waist and you leant into him, resting your head against him and closing your eyes as your legs somehow managed to carry you the two blocks back to his apartment. That was the last thing you remembered.

On for tonight
'Cause I’m just holding on for tonight
Oh, I’m just holding on for tonight
On for tonight
On for tonight

You didn’t remember the walk home. You didn’t remember throwing up again on the pavement or falling over and skinning your knee. You didn’t remember Spencer having to carry you up the two flights of stairs to his apartment because you nearly sprained your ankle trying to walk.

You didn’t remember Spencer looking embarrassed as he pulled your vomit stained dress off your body, almost fighting with you to get one of his shirts onto you. And you certainly didn’t remember trying to convince him to sleep with you just because you suddenly felt like you owed him for rescuing you.

’Cause I’m just holding on for tonight
’Cause I’m just holding on for tonight
Oh, I’m just holding on for tonight

All you remembered was the overwhelming shame and hatred you felt when you opened your eyes the next morning, Spencer asleep next to you and a bucket on the floor next to the bed. There was a bottle of water and two advil on the table next to you.

Snippets of the previous night came back, the shots, the dancing. Being pushed up against a wall by a guy you’d let fuck you a few weeks ago. Spencer and his friend pulling him off you because you were so wasted that you couldn’t do it yourself.

What would have happened if they hadn’t been there? You knew the answer.

On for tonight
On for tonight

You started to cry.

Chapter End Notes

It's a big ask but if you’re enjoying my content and you’re financially able to then you may consider buying me a Ko-Fi as a way of financially supporting my writing. Many thanks to you if you do, it means so much to me that anyone might enjoy my work enough to donrate to me

https://ko-fi.com/cherrywhisp
You started to cry.

Quietly at first, and then a sob broke free and your shoulders heaved and before you knew it, you were ugly crying in your colleague's bed.

_**Regrets collect like old friends**_
Here to relive your darkest moments
I can see no way, I can see no way
And all of the ghouls come out to play

Last night could have ended so very differently and you knew it, which made you wonder; there’d been countless occasions over the last few months where you couldn’t even remember getting home because you’d been blind drunk. Things could have happened to you and you had no clue. You didn’t think they had but you’d been putting yourself in dangerous situations for months, situations where you’d made yourself vulnerable because you couldn’t stand to be sober and deal with the loneliness, the self hatred, the self pity.

Your stomach churned and you leaned over and grabbed the bucket Spencer had placed on the floor. Nothing came up, but your throat burned and your head pounded. Spencer stirred besides you in the bed and you scrunched your eyes shut to stop the world spinning from his movement. How humiliating that he’d seen you like this and had needed to intervene and take care of you.

_**And every demon wants his pound of flesh**_
But I like to keep some things to myself
I like to keep my issues drawn
It’s always darkest before the dawn

“Y/N?” his voice was small and cautious like someone talking to a scared kitten.

No.

No no no.

You couldn’t deal with facing him right now. Rolling out of his bed as quickly as you could, you searched for your dress.

“It’s soaking in the bathtub” Spencer’s voice came from the bed.

“I need to go home. I need to leave” your voice was hoarse and breaking with emotion.

“If you really want to leave then there’s a pair of sweat pants in the bottom drawer with a draw string waist……” you immediately started searching for them, finding them and tugging them on, pulling the cord as tight as it would go to stop them falling down and then rolling up the bottoms. This was going to look ridiculous with your heels but whatever. You were breathing deeply trying to control the urge to vomit again when Spencer spoke.

“I thought though that maybe we could talk. And that afterwards I could drive you to a meeting, there’s one at 11am, I checked last night.”

“Meeting?”
“AA.”

You spun around to face Reid so quickly that you stumbled and had to grab hold of his dresser to keep yourself upright.

“I’m not an alcoholic.”

“I didn’t say that you were, Y/N. Please know that I’m not judging here. I am the last person that would judge you. But I saw the state you were in last night, and I know that you spend almost every weekend out drinking. You come into work looking like you’re barely awake and functioning, and there’s been a few occasions where I can smell the alcohol on your body from the night before. If I can smell it, then Hotch can too. It’s only a matter of time before he says something.”

Spencer had shifted positions so he was sat up right against his headboard now, his hair even messier than normal.

“I’m not an alcoholic” you repeated to him, your voice louder and clearer now.

“Maybe not. But you are drinking an awful lot and you are putting yourself into dangerous situations, you can’t deny that. I’m talking to you as friend here, not a colleague. You have issues, and you’re using alcohol to hide from them. I don’t need to be a profiler to see that. Come to the meeting, listen to other people’s stories, maybe it will make you realise that…. ”

“I’M NOT AN ALCOHOLIC. I DO NOT HAVE A PROBLEM.”

Spotting your heels and bag on the floor, you picked them up and walked as quickly as you could to his apartment door, hearing him calling after you. You fumbled with the locks on the door, trying and failing to unlatch them, your hands were trembling so much in anger, tears blurring your vision.

Spencer followed you, reaching into a bowl on a table by the door and stuffing his feet into a pair of converse.

“I’ll take you home.”

..

The drive home was silent, tears still flowing down your cheeks in a mixture of anger and disgust. Every so often Spencer would glance over at you and open his mouth to say something, but then he’d think better of it and close it again.

When you reached your building you turned to climb out of Spencer’s tiny car, feeling his hand on your arm stopping you from leaving.

“Y/N. I AM here for you okay, if you need me. Just call. It doesn’t matter what time.”

You nodded before yanking your arm away and exiting the vehicle, not even thanking him for coming to your rescue last night, or taking care of you.

When you got inside your apartment you went straight to the refrigerator and pulled out the glass bottle of clear liquid. This one was almost empty, but no matter. You had another one. You brought the bottle to your lips, feeling the burn as the liquid slipped down your throat and into your empty stomach. The urge to vomit was immediate and you spun around to the sink seeing the vodka reappear again, your head throbbing.

It was then that the stark realisation hit you.
You shouldn’t be spending your weekends like this.

You shouldn’t need another drink to help recover from the last binge.

You shouldn’t need to get so out of your mind that you could barely recall certain events.

*And I’ve been a fool and I’ve been blind*
I can never leave the past behind
I can see no way, I can see no way
I’m always dragging that horse around

What were you doing with your life? Why had you let someone break you down into such little pieces that you didn’t like who you were and needed to drink to get away from it? How had you let one man leaving you, get to you and affect you so badly that you no longer wanted to be alone in your own company.

You turned the cold water tap on and stuck your mouth directly under it, rinsing you mouth out and spitting.

This…. this needed to stop.

Standing back up, you reached for the bottle of vodka and unscrewed the cap. You poured the liquid down the drain, opening the refrigerator and pulling out the second bottle and doing the same. Moving around your kitchen and living room you collected the various bottles and emptied them all, lining them up on the counter.

When you were done, you counted them. Fifteen bottles, a mixture of spirits and wines. Most had been half empty already when you’d drained them. Pulling a bin bag out of your drawer, you started to drop the bottles into the bag carefully, wincing as you missed and sent one crashing to the floor. Falling to your knees you made the huge mistake of trying to pick up one of the larger shards of broken glass with your hand.

“Mother fucking fuck bags” grabbing a tea towel you wrapped it around your palm seeing the fabric turning red with blood almost instantly.

Shit. It was deep. There was no way it wasn’t going to need stitches but you were in no condition to be able to drive yourself in and you wouldn’t be able grip the steering wheel even if you weren’t severely hungover. Reaching for your bag you found your phone and dialled the number of the man who’d told you only fifteen minutes ago to call him whenever.

“Spencer, I need you. I’m hurt. I need to go to the hospital.”

“I’ll be there in five minutes” he told you and you breathed a sigh of relief.

Ignoring the mess on the floor, you moved into your bed room and changed as carefully and quickly as you could into a pair of your own sweats pants and a hoody, blood seeping through the tea towel and smearing over Spencer’s shirt as you changed.

Fucking hell, it hurt. Sliding your feet into vans, you picked your bag back up and wrapped another towel around your hand, pulling it tightly. Locking your door, you waited outside, jumping into Spencer’s car when he pulled up.

He reached for your hand immediately. “What the hell did you do?”

“I was throwing out bottles and one smashed. I think I need stitches.”
“I think you do too. Keep your hand raised okay.”

Reid pulled away from the curb and started the drive to the hospital.

“Spencer. Earlier…. Last night…. I’m not an alcoholic. I stand by that.”

All of his questions, such a mournful sound
Tonight I’m gonna bury that horse in the ground
So I like to keep my issues drawn
But it’s always darkest before the dawn

He was silent, sensing there was move to come.

There was.

“But….I think that maybe I am drinking too much. I just, don’t like myself very much at the…. at the… moment” you started to sniff again, trying to hold it together “I don’t…. I don’t know what to do anymore, how to be by myself, how to be alone. So I go out and drink, and when I’m home alone, I drink so I can sleep and forget. Forget that he left me. Forget that I wasn’t good enough for him.”

Shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, ooh whoa
Shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, shake it out, ooh whoa

“Y/N, you say you don’t know how to be alone, you’re NOT alone though. Talk to your friends, talk to Penelope or Emily, or to me. As for him leaving you, he wasn’t good enough for you not the other way around. He was an idiot. Please, do not let your ex bring you down. You’re better than that. You’re better than getting wasted every night. You’re better than vomiting on pavements. You’re better than him.”

Spencer sounded so sincere and genuine, the warmth and passion in his voice making you cry again.

He glanced over at you, giving you a soft sweet smile.

“Let’s get your hand sorted and then I’ll help you get rid of of the bottles. Then if you want to, we can talk. Or I can take you to Garcia or Emily and you can talk to them.”

“Thank you. For everything Spencer. If you weren’t there last night…. I…..”

And it’s hard to dance with a devil on your back
So shake him off, oh whoa

“Don’t even think about it, Y/N. I was there, that’s all that matters right now, okay.”

“Okay. Spencer, you’re a good friend.”

“I try. And I’ll be here for you with this as much as you need it. Just please, talk to someone about this. Don’t let it get any worse than it is, don’t let it consume your life. You’re worth more than that.”

He was right. You were. And things could have ended so differently last night. This has been the wake up call you needed. It might be a struggle to change the way you’d been living for the past ten months but you WERE going to change it.

And I am done with my graceless heart
So tonight I’m gonna cut it out and then restart
'Cause I like to keep my issues drawn
It's always darkest before the dawn
A Reason To Cry For One Last Time - One

It’s funny how one moment of weakness can ruin everything. “Y/N, you’d better still be coming tonight.”

You replied to Penelope, assuring her that you were even though you didn’t want to.

Tonight was the Annual FBI Summer Ball and when you’d booked your ticket, you’d been intending on accompanying your then boyfriend, Spencer Reid.

Until you fucked everything up and made the biggest mistake of your life. One that you’d spent the last six months regretting as you watched him grow closer and closer to your other colleague JJ.

It was your own fault, and you deserved every piece of heartache and pain you felt. God knows, you’d caused him enough.

The night you could no longer hide your guilty conscious had been the worst night of your life. The tears that had been shed by the both of you, the yelling; you to him, begging for him to say something, to berate you, to tell you he hated you instead of just sitting there with a look of absolute disbelief on his face.

Disbelief that you’d hurt him. Because both of you had never thought that it would be possible for one of you to hurt the other the way you had.

When you’d got together nearly three years ago, you thought you’d be together forever. This was it, the love of your life. The man you were going to marry and have babies with, mini geniuses running around spouting off facts.

The team had been shipping your relationship from almost the moment you’d joined, replacing JJ as media liaison when she moved positions to profiler.

JJ.

Jennifer Jareau.

The woman who’s arms you’d sent Spencer running into.

Despite her marriage to Will, you were so certain something was happening between those two too. The looks they gave each other, the sly touches. The text message that had been sent accidentally to you which was clearly marked for her. You knew her relationship with Will was on the rocks and had been for a while, you just never expected her to cheat on him with Spencer, or for Spencer to become the other man. The whole thing seemed very hypocritical on his part, not that you could comment to him about that.

And not that you had any actual proof. It was just a feeling, a very strong feeling.

You’d lasted two months keeping your secret, scrubbing yourself raw in the shower almost every night, still convinced that your body would show evidence of your failings. Two months of trying to act normal around the team, around Spencer. Until one night you couldn’t bear it anymore and you broke down crying, your secret spilling free.

“Why?” Was all he’d asked over and over again.
“I don’t know.” Had been you answer. Because you truly didn’t. You loved Spencer to pieces, he was the perfect partner. Kind, funny, considerate, great in the bedroom and amazing everywhere else.

When you looked back over and over and analysed the situation, you came to the conclusion that you’d simply been lonely. You’d been injured a few months prior and had been unable to complete your usual duties, being deemed unfit to fly. This meant you and Spencer being away from each other for longer periods than you were used to, and when he was back, he seemed distant; didn’t want to go out anymore and didn’t want to take you to bed.

It turned out when you’d eventually confronted him about it, that he’d been getting debilitating headaches and hadn’t wanted to trouble you when you were dealing with your own recovery. At that point though it was already too late. The deed had been done, the crime committed.

You tried to convince yourself that you could live with yourself, that you loved Spence and what he didn’t know, couldn’t hurt him. You’d made a mistake, a huge horrific one, but you were sorry. You realised that he was one hundred percent, the person you wanted to be with. No one else, ever again. And then one night something had set you off. You couldn’t even remember what made you blurt the words out, only remembering the sound of Spencer dropping his coffee mug to the floor as the world you both knew seemed to stop turning.

Suprisingly, Spencer hadn’t wanted to break up. “It was a mistake” He’d said. He could forgive you, as long as it never happened again. He’d neglected you and hidden his own problems from you which had resulted in your feeling abandoned, leading you to that bar that night. He loved you, you’d get through this.

The only problem was: you couldn’t forgive yourself. Now the words, the contents that had been filling your head since that night, had come spilling out; that was it. You couldn’t go back from this. You didn’t deserve his forgiveness. You deserved his hatred.

And so you’d broken up. Three years together, gone. In the space of 24 hours, you’d collected up your belongings and moved them back into your own apartment, contacting the realator and taking it back off the market. In the space of 24 hours, you’d updated your social media relationship status to single, replying to every single message with “I don’t want to talk about”. In the space of 24 hours you’d become a singular cell, rather than being part of the unit you’d become accustomed too.

In the space of 24 you’d lost the love of your life, your best friend, the father of your future children.

In the space of 24 hours you’d lost a piece of you. And it was all you’re own fault.

Spencer graciously agreed not to reveal to the rest of the team the reason why you two had broke up, giving the explanation that you’d simply just fallen out of love with each other.

“If anyone asks, I’ll tell them we both just moved on
When people all stare I’ll pretend that I don’t hear them talk
Whenever I’ll see you I’ll swallow my pride and bite my tongue
Pretend I’m okay with it all
Act like there’s nothing wrong”

The team accepted it on the surface, Hotch calling you both into the office separately and asking if you’d be able to continue to work together. You both thought that you could and you both managed to maintain a civil attitude to each other, not letting the break up affect work or the others in the team.

You knew the others talked about other though, speculating what had what happened between you.
Penelope and Emily both turned up on your doorstep with bottles of wine on multiple occasions wanting to be there for you. You never let yourself cry in front of them though, you didn’t want their pity, their kind words. What you’d done didn’t warrant it.

A few weeks after the break up, JJs demeanor towards you changed. Whilst she didn’t exactly become cold, she was no longer the friendly, mothering figure she’d been, and she stuck to Spencers side like glue. He’d told her, that much became obvious. You saw them both talking in hushed tones at the office, Jennifer touching Spencers shoulder slightly in comfort. After that, they started spending more and more time together, excluding the rest of the team from their out of work activities and acting almost like a couple.

Their new behaviour to each other sparked even more wonder within the BAU. Everyone had known that Spencer used to have a huge crush on her, and for someone who was usually very private about her life, JJ had made it very clear that her and Will were having problems, discussing them at length with Emily and Morgan.

You tried to ignore the whispers, the gossip. No one in the direct team believed it, it was the clerks, the office staff, the temps. There was talk that Spencer had left you for Jennifer and that they were having a not so secret affair.

If only they knew the truth about why you’d broken up.

But then…. they’d hate you. No one could ever hate Spencer though. There was something about him. He was the golden boy. If it had been him that had cheated on you, then people would forgive him. They’d say it was because he was so socially awkward, he didn’t really understand relationships. They’d make excuses for him. Not you though. So you played that old line again and again. “We just grew apart” and when people commented on his apparent affair with JJ, you’d shrug “if they do end up together, then I’m fine with it. I want him to be happy.”

And then at night, when you were alone, you’d cry.

“Is it over yet?
Can I open my eyes?
Is this as hard as it gets?
Is this what it feels like to really cry?
Cry” “

How much longer would you feel like this? Would you ever stop hating yourself for breaking his heart, for breaking your own heart?

Probably not.

Tonight was going to be tough.

And then tomorrow, you’d hand in your transfer papers. You were never going to move on when you had to see him every day.

Especially now when you could see that he was starting to laugh and smile again.

That was the worst. Seeing him becoming happier. And knowing that you’d have to pretend to be happy for him.

Because he deserved to be happy.

“I’m talking in circles

I’m lying, they know it
Why won’t this just all go away?~>

And you didn’t.
The ball was going pretty much how you’d expected it to. Penelope and Morgan spent the evening flirting with each other, Hotch and Rossi spent most of their time networking and being taken aside by different people from various departments within the FBI, Emily was well on her way to being drunk and was currently being chatted up by an office boy fifteen years her junior, and you were sat nursing your third glass of wine and trying to look happy.

Spencer had been seated next to you, something that had caused a momentary glance of awkwardness between you both. It wasn’t like you’d stopped talking to each other or anything like that. In fact, you’d both managed to make a big show of actually being friends and interacting with each other normally since the break up. You’d had to really. It was just….. odd that they’d chosen to seat you next to each other. JJ was on his other side, seated next to her husband Will who had managed to get the night off work and a sitter for Henry.

Being so close to what you were sure was a love triangle was interesting, the tension crackling between the three. Whenever you’d met Will before, you’d always got the distinct impression that he wasn’t overly impressed with his wife’s friendship with Spencer. He viewed him as a threat to their cosy little family. You wondered if he suspected what you suspected. From the looks he was giving Spencer, you figured he did.

After dinner there was dancing, the team bar you and Will hauling themselves to the floor, dancing in a group.

Will cleared his throat. “So, you and Reid no longer together?”

“Nope. Not for a while now.” You took a swig of your wine, watching Will do the same.

“Mind if I ask what happened? JJ wouldn’t say.”

Looking the man square in the eye, you were honest for the first time in months, perhaps feeling sorry for him.

“I cheated on him Will. One night, one stupid night.”

The southern gentlemans face dropped and he moved across the two empty seats so that he was sat next to you.

“And he found out?”

“I told him. I couldn’t lie to him anymore. He wanted to make it work but I couldn’t live with myself.”

“So you risked your whole relationship by telling him?”

“I had to. Wouldn’t you want to know if you’d been cheated on?”

Will took another sip of his drink and looked down at the table. “No.” He mumbled. “If it was a one time mistake and nothing had come from it, then I wouldn’t want to know.”

You and Will watched from your seats as the tempo changed to a slower song and the team paired off, Spencer and JJ moving together.
They looked strangely uncomfortable, Spencer holding her stiffly and looking passed her rather than at her. His eyes connected with yours for a moment and he gave you a sad smile as the band started to sing. You realised why within seconds.

It was a cover of A Thousand Years, the song that you and Spencer had made your own. He was dancing to your song with someone else. Albeit, he didn’t look too happy about it but he was still doing it.

You pushed your chair back and reached for your purse. The team had booked rooms in the hotel that was hosting the event, rather than having to drive home afterwards.

“Everything okay?” Will looked at you concerned.

“No. It’s not. This was our song. I’m sorry Will, can you tell them I’ve got a headache and I’ve gone back to my room.”

“Sure thing darlin’. Take care of yourself now.” You left Will to his own thoughts and made your way back to the room, stripping off your dress as soon as you got in and sitting cross legged on the floor in front of the mini bar in just your underwear.

You uncapped a whiskey miniature and knocked it back, the bitter nectar burning your throat as you selected another drink. Vodka this time, screw not mixing your drinks. You knocked that one back too and was just settling on the gin when you heard a light knocking at your door.

Emily or Garcia you guessed, coming to check up on you.

You pulled the terrycloth bath robe from the back of the dressing table chair where you’d left it earlier and shrugged it on, not bothering to belt it.

Pulling the door open, you were suprised to see that it was Reid.

“Can I come in?” He asked softly.

You didn’t say anything, just moving aside and letting him in, pushing the door shut behind him.

You sat on the edge of the bed waiting for him to reveal his reason for coming to you.

When he didn’t speak and just stood there, his hands in his pockets, you uncapped the gin bottle and pressed it’s opening to your lips.

“Y/N….. ” He began.

“Oh.. I’m sorry… Manners and all that. Did you want a drink?” You held the tiny bottle out to him and instead of taking it, he circled his fingers around your wrist, tugging you to your feet and pulling you to him.

You looked at him confused.

“Spencer, why are you here? Is it because Wills here and you can’t be alone with her?” Your voice cracked and you willed yourself not to cry.

Not releasing your arm, he pushed his hair back with his other hand.

“What are you talking about?” He asked, his eyes darting from side to side.

“You and Jennifer, Spencer.”
“You know?”

So it was true? You felt your breath quickening, you actually couldn’t believe it even though you’d suspected it. You nodded, not being able to speak.

“Look, what happened between JJ and I is none of your business.”

Harsh. But true.

“It’s Wills business though.” You shot back.

“Y/N. Can we not. I came to see if you were okay. You ran out pretty quickly and I know you well enough to know that it wasn’t because you weren’t feeling very well. It was…. because they played that song… our song right?”

There was no point in trying to deny it to him. You nodded again. “Our song. Which you danced to, with her.”

“I’m sorry it upset you. If it means anything, I tried to pull away. I didn’t want to dance to it but I didn’t want to make a scene.”

He was sorry for upsetting you. After everything, all you’d done, and he was apologising to you. You’d lied to him, cheated on him, and he was sorry for dancing with someone else to your song.

A tear trickled down your cheek and Spencer reached out and wiped it away, his touch soft and tender.

“I’m sorry Spencer…”

“I was a liar
I gave in to the fire
I know I should’ve fought it
At least I’m being honest”

“I’m sorry too.”

You looked at him, his hazel eyes full of concern. You thought back to your earlier conversation with Will, something he’d said.

“Spence…. Should I have not told you?”

He closed his eyes momentarily, thinking before quietly answering.

“You did what you thought you had to do. I don’t know if we’d still be together even if you hadn’t told me. I think it would have eaten away at you inside and we’d have drifted apart because of it.”

He was right, keeping it a secret had no longer been an option.

“Y/N, for what it’s worth. I don’t hate you for doing it. I hate that we ended because of it. I thought that what we had was perfect.”

“Feel like a failure
’Cause I know that I failed you
I should’ve done you better
’Cause you don’t want a liar”
“It was, for a good while. I’m so sorry. I wish I could go back. I wish I could change things.”

“I know. Me too.”

His hand was still around your wrist, his skin warm to the touch. He’d always had warm skin, he was a great snuggler in the winter but in the summer you’d had to sleep with fans on to keep cool. You smiled at the memory of a hot summers night when you’d bought a glass of ice to the bedroom to cool down. Spencer had had other ideas of what to do with the Ice though.

“I…. I miss you, you know?” You said to him quietly, taking a tiny step closer to him.

“I miss you too, Y/N. You were the best thing to ever happen to me.”

“Ditto.” He shuffled slightly closer too, wiping away another trail of tears from your cheek.

“Spencer…. What’s going on with you and JJ?” Your voice was creaky, your tears making it rasp.

“I don’t know. It’s complicated. Everything’s complicated right now.”

“Everything?”

“Yes. Everything. I can’t tell you because I don’t know. My feeling are all over the place right now. So are hers. She’s going through some things, and…. Well, I just don’t know what’s going to happen.”

“Why. Why don’t you know what’s going to happen?”

“Because….. I’m still not over you.”

He wasn’t?

More tears started to fall and he stepped closer again and wrapped his arms around you, you burying your head into shirt, inhaling his intoxicating scent.

“Do you love her?” You asked as his hands rubbed the back of your robe.

“Not like I loved you.”

That was something at least. But…. JJ wouldn’t hurt him the way you had. You knew that. And that probably counted for more.

“And I know, and I know, and I know
She gives you everything,
But, boy, I couldn’t give it to you”

“Spencer, I’m gonna hand my transfer papers in tomorrow. I can’t see you everyday. I can’t…. I can’t.. see you with….”

“Shhhhh…. I get it. I don’t want you to leave though, Y/N. Please don’t.”

“I have too, I need too. ”

You pulled away and raised your head, seeing that his own eyes were now watery. You reached your hand up to touch his face, the face you could probably map out with your eyes closed, you’d stroked it so often. He leant his head against the palm of your hand, you feeling the slight stubble on his chin.
Sniffing, you moved your hand over his skin wanting to cherish the feeling of it for a last time.

How had you been so stupid?

How? You’d thrown it all away for one night. One night that had meant nothing.

You moved your hand over to his lips, the lips you’d spent hours kissing, probably days or weeks if you added all the time up. The lips you wanted to badly to kiss again, but knew you couldn’t. Those lips were probably going to end up spending the rest of their lives kissing your blonde colleague. You were so sure that’s how things were going to end.

“And I know, and I know, and I know
That you got everything,
But I got nothing here without you”

Allowing your finger to graze over his bottom lip, you were surprised when he didn’t pull away, instead pursing them against your digits lightly.

Maybe….

Could you?

Would he?

Adjusting your footing you stood on your tip toes, Spencer lowering his head slightly as you tilted your face up to him.

“Y/N…..” He breathed out, his voice barely louder than a whisper.

“Just… Once more. One last kiss?”

“So one last time
I need to be the one who takes you home”

You were sure he was going to object but as your lips met it seemed like maybe he was never ever intending on objecting at all.

The kiss reignited so many memories, so many feelings exploding through your mind, your body. Spencers arms slipped underneath your robe and around your waist, pulling you tightly to him and your arms threw themselves around his neck as you almost crushed yourself against him.

You didn’t want to stop, never wanted to stop. Tears were now freely falling from your closed eyes, slipping into your open mouths, tasting the salt on your tongue as you kissed. You pulled back slightly to catch your breath, shocked when Spencer smashed his lips back against yours, capturing them between his. Your tongues met in a dance you knew so well and Spencers hands started to roam over your body, a route they’d travelled so often.

“One more time
I promise, after that, I'll let you go”

“What about……” You murmured into his mouth.

“Stop over thinking this. I told you, it’s complicated.”

You no longer cared about the complications and the repercussions, only about the feeling of your ex lover against you. You wanted to consume him, make it so he could never leave even though you
knew he would.

“Baby, I don’t care if you got her in your heart
All I really care is you wake up in my arms
One last time
I need to be the one who takes you home”

Spencer tugged your robe off and then bent his knees, gripping your thighs and raising you off the ground. You wrapped your legs around his waist as he walked you towards the bed.

“I don’t deserve it
I know I don’t deserve it,
But stay with me a minute
I swear I’ll make it worth it”

You broke apart from his lips and started peppering his neck with kisses, pushing off his suit jacket and letting it fall to the floor. Inhaling his scent, the apple smell of his shampoo, you felt yourself becoming addicted to him all over again.

“Can’t you forgive me?
At least just temporarily
I know that this is my fault
I should’ve been more careful”

As he lowered you to the bed, you both began undressing each other, your underwear coming off, followed by the rest of his clothes. You quickly wiped away your tears, watching him shed his layers before crawling onto the bed and covering your body with his. He kissed you again, this time his mouth becoming more urgent against yours as your bodies moved against each other, hands skimming over skin that you hadn’t touched in so long, a body that you never thought you’d get to feel again. If this was going to be it, then you’d need to treasure every moment.

“So one last time
I need to be the one who takes you home
One more time
I promise, after that I’ll let you go
Baby, I don’t care if you got her in your heart
All I really care is you wake up in my arms”

As your legs parted and he adjusted himself ready to push inside you, you closed your eyes, briefly wondering what would happen tomorrow.

“Y/N…. Open your eyes. Please…..” He whispered, pushing in, your bodies remembering each other like long lost friends meeting for a final time before saying goodbye for good.

“One last time
I need to be the one who takes you home ”

You’d think about tomorrow when tomorrow came.
A Reason To Cry For One Last Time -Three

The night of the FBI Ball had been emotional. Physically and mentally.

You and Spencer hadn’t slept at all, staying together until five am in the morning. There hadn’t been much talking, only love making if you dared to call it that. It definitely wasn’t just sex but it seemed strange to refer to it as making love because you were no longer a couple.

Over and over you’d devoured each other, tears from both of you sometimes mixing with the sweat your bodies were producing from the activity. You tasted every part of each other that night, barely having a moment where you weren’t physically connected in one way or another.

When it had gotten to five am, Spencer had glanced at the clock and announced he should get getting back to his own room. The team were meeting for breakfast in a few hours and he wanted to try and get some rest. He thanked you for the time you’d spent together, apologising for it as well, as you both knew it would complicate things even further.

Rather than joining the team for breakfast, you showered, packed up your things, and drove home. You texted Penny to say that you still didn’t feel well and just wanted your own bed. It was partially true. Your head was now a mess and you did feel slightly sick. If Spencer had been doing things with JJ and then had come to you last night, well….. It all seemed a massive contradiction.

When you got home, you changed into your pajamas and crawled into bed, sleeping for the next ten hours. It sounded like a lot but over the past few months, you’d had tons of sleepless nights. Yet today, it finally felt like you could sleep. Maybe because you’d had the perfect goodbye? The goodbye to Spencer you should have had?

When you did wake up, it was to a pounding on your apartment door.

You checked your phone seeing that it was close to eight pm.

Ugh…

Dragging yourself out of bed and to the door, you quickly checked the peep hole to see that it was Reid.

Twice in the space of twenty four hours he’d now shown up at your door.

You opened it, stepping back without words so that he could come in.

Not even greeting you, he turned to you and blurted out “If you could erase these last six months, would you?”

Without having to think, you nodded. Because you would, without a doubt. Spencer had held your heart from almost the moment you met him.

Right from the start
You were a thief
You stole my heart
And I your willing victim

“We can’t erase them though Spencer. Too much has happened.”
You watched him take a seat in his old spot on your couch, the leather material remembering his shape and moulding to fit his body.

“So if we can’t erase them, then can we…. paint over them?”

“What are you saying Spencer?” You stayed stood, not trusting yourself to be close enough so that he could touch you. One touch and you’d be a goner just like last night.

You wished he’d given you warning that he was coming over. You were a mess, eyes still red from the tears you’d shed last night and this morning in the shower, and your hair was a tangled hive of knots.

But then again… He’d seen you at much worse. This was the man that had held your hair back whilst you vomited, had cleared up your soiled tissues when you had the flu. This was the man who had simply laughed and carried you into the shower the night you’d been having sex and your period had made an unexpected appearance. The man who stayed awake with you all night when your Nana passed away. He’d seen every part of you. Maybe he didn’t even see red eyes or the messy hair, maybe he just looked past them now.

*I let you see the parts of me*
That weren’t all that pretty
And with every touch you fixed them

“I’m saying that….. Oh god….I had the perfect speech planned out and it’s just gone. I’m saying that, I don’t want to be in a world where I’m not with you.”

What?

“Spencer…. What about… Everything? What I did, JJ? We can’t just forget they happened.”

You couldn’t… They happened, you’d always know that they happened.

But…. Here was the man who you’d hurt so badly, but still telling you that he didn’t want to be without you.

“I know we can’t forget it. But could we… paint over it, like I said?”

You wanted to say yes. But you couldn’t just white wash over the last few months.

“It’ll still be there Spencer. If we try to forget it and pretend it never happened, then the paint will start to flake off. It’ll still be there underneath. That was part of the problem. Both of us were feeling things that we didn’t talk about.”

*Now you’ve been talking in your sleep, oh, oh*
Things you never say to me, oh, oh
Tell me that you’ve had enough
Of our love, our love

“So you don’t want us to get back together?” He went to stand, the evening obviously not going how he’d expected it to.

“I’m not saying that, not at all. I just….. How can you forgive what I did?”

He settled back into his seat and looked up at you.
“Because I can understand why you did it”

*Just give me a reason*  
*Just a little bit’s enough*

“If I can understand why you did it. Just give me a reason, just a little bit’s enough. Because…. of JJ?” You whispered.

“That’s part of it yes. I know she’s felt her relationship with Will has become stagnant, and it was easier to reach out to someone else for comfort than to talk to him.”

“I didn’t think we’d become stagnant Spencer. We just….” You couldn’t think of how to word it.

“I was keeping things from you, because I didn’t want to worry you when you were injured. And that put up a barrier. What happened was my fault too, Y/N.”

*Just a second we’re not broken just bent*  
*And we can learn to love again*

Hearing the admittance that he felt this was somehow his fault too, made you sit down next to him. Because whilst you didn’t want to proportion blame here, you knew it was true. Had he not shut himself off and had talked to you about his own issues, then you maybe wouldn’t have felt so closed off.

“I’m still the one who did it, Spencer.” You said softly.

“True. But people make mistakes. I have a little more perspective on this now. Y/N, I love you. I didn’t want us to break up remember, that was you. I thought we could move past it. I never stopped loving you.”

“I never stopped loving you either. I just didn’t think we’d be able to get past it.”

“I think we can. In fact, I know we can. But we have to both really want it.”

*It’s in the stars*  
*It’s been written in the scars on our hearts*  
*We’re not broken just bent*  
*And we can learn to love again*

You did want it. But….

“But what about JJ. I know you’ve not told me what happened between you two but I know something did.”

“You’re right. Something did. We turned to each other in a time of sadness for both of us, for our own different reasons. You may have slept with someone else, but I did something almost just as bad. It’s different because I wasn’t in a relationship but it was still morally wrong.”

He paused to readjust his position, and then continued.

“JJ will never leave Will though. No matter how bad it gets, she won’t leave because of Henry. And their problems aren’t terrible, they just need to communicate.”

Right.

“So are you only here because she’s told you she won’t leave him? You can’t have her so you come back here?”
“That’s not it at all. I haven’t even asked her to leave him.”

“Really? Because everyone knows that you used to have a crush on her?” You were starting to get emotional again.

“Y/N, did you not listen to me last night? I said that yes I loved JJ, but not like I loved you. Not like I LOVE you.”

The emphasis on the love, without the d on the end.

“What happened between JJ and I was a mistake. It shouldn’t have happened and me and her have talked long and hard about it. We’re not going to bring it up again. And she’s going to talk to Will about their problems and try to work through them. Which is what I want to do with you. People make mistakes Y/N. We’re only human. I love you so much, yes you hurt me but you hurt yourself too. I know you well enough to see that you’ve spent the last six months beating yourself up about this. If I’m mistaken though…”

Oh, tear ducts and rust
I’ll fix it for us
We’re collecting dust
But our love’s enough

You were quiet for a moment, thinking.

“Y/N… Do you still love me? Answer me that.”

“Yes. I don’t think I’ll ever stop loving you Spencer. I just hate myself for what I did.”

You’re holding it in
You’re pouring a drink
No nothing is as bad as it seems
We’ll come clean

“Then stop. Forgive yourself. You did what you did and I understand why. I’ve made my own mistakes and I forgive myself for them. Because I have to, to be able to move on. I want to move on with you, no one else. You’re everything to me. The sun, the stars…the world.”

“How do we go back though?”

Just give me a reason
Just a little bit’s enough
Just a second we’re not broken just bent
And we can learn to love again

“We don’t go back. We go forward. If we can’t erase it, and we can’t paint over it, we’ll set it aside. A piece of artwork from a bad time in our lives. Maybe we’ll have to take it out occasionally and reflect on it and what it meant to us or for us, but we can start with a new canvas. We’ll take pieces of past works, all the good parts, the things that worked, and we’ll make a masterpiece out of them. The things that didn’t work, and let’s be honest Y/N, there wasn’t a lot was there? We’ll learn from those few things. We can do this. If you want to. Because I want to.”

So did you, more than anything. Could you forgive yourself?

Maybe with Spencers help, you could.
“I want to. So much. I love you Spencer, my life has been hell without you.”

“Mine too. I couldn’t stay away from you last night when I saw you leaving the room. And as soon as you were in my arms again, I knew that I never wanted to let you go again. We belong together.”

*It’s in the stars*
It’s been written in the scars on our hearts
That we’re not broken just bent
And we can learn to love again
The rain was hammering off the pavement as you searched for streets for a cab, not seeing one in any direction. The weather had been erratic all day and now a huge storm was brewing. You were anxious to get home so you could finally relax with a much needed glass of wine. You’d stayed late at office, turning down Derek’s offer of a ride to the train station. You wanted to slap yourself right now for that.

Seeing a fork of lightening in the sky you sighed and turned back into the building. Just poking your head outside for a few moments had soaked you through and through, and you begrudgingly accepted your fate that you weren’t going anywhere for a while. With the weather being how it was, any cabs roaming the streets would have been already snatched up before they reached your building. Your best bet was to call a cab company and order one. At least you could wait inside. You started to head back to the elevators, stopping as you heard the familiar voice of your work colleague Spencer Reid echoing through the lobby.

“A two hour wait for a car? Are you joking?…. Yes, I can see the rain, I’m not blind…. Yes…. Yes, I understand that but…. Fine. No, don’t bother. I’ll call another company.”

“Reid?” you tapped his shoulder as he disconnected the call, seeing him jump slightly before spinning around.

“Y/N? What are you still doing here?”

“I could ask the same of you. I thought I was the only one aside from security, still here. I was finishing some old paperwork.”

“So was I. Kind of. I was down in archives searching for something.”

“Oh? Did you find what you were looking for?”

“I did. At it will wipe that smug smirk of Morgan’s face come Monday morning. Just a shame I have to wait that long.”

You vaguely recalled a brief argument between the two earlier today. More of a… tiff than a full scale falling out. Derek was determined he was right about something and Spencer was certain he was too. Penelope was out for the day on personal business so neither of them could get her to check the computerised archives and Derek hadn’t wanted to head down archives just to prove he was right.

Spencer obviously had though, never one to let something drop if he knew he was right.

“So… Sorry for eavesdropping, but I’m guessing you had no luck with a cab?”

He shook his head. “Nope. That was the fourth company I’ve tried as well. I’m guessing your car is still in the shop?”

“Yup. Til Tuesday at least. The rate it’s going it would have just been cheaper for me to buy a new one. Damn engine. I should have took Morgan up on his offer of a ride but I wanted to get fully caught up so I could enjoy my weekend. Looks like I won’t be doing that for a while.”

“Probably not. It’s a least a two hour wait for a car and the last train to our district leaves in one hour forty. We could call Morgan or Hotch. Oorrr you could check out a government vehicle? Aaron
won’t mind if you explain we were stuck here.”

Another loud crack of thunder sounded and the lights in the lobby flickered. You shuddered, hating storms.

“I’m not driving in this. Even if I had my car, I’d be waiting this out. How about you drive instead?”

Spencer shook his head. “I’m a nervous driver at the best of times as it is. This storm… Just no.”

“Guess we’re stuck together then. Shall we go back up to our floor? I’ve a change of clothes up there and at least we have the vending machines and coffee.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

You both nodded at Andrew, the night security guard before heading up the stairs back to your floor. The lifts would have been much quicker, but you weren’t taking any chances with the storm. When you made it onto the BAU’s floor, you looked at Spencer.

“Rossi’s office? He’s got the couch in there and I can log into my Netflix on my laptop?”

“What if the power goes out though, which given the ferocity of this storm…..” as if proving a point, another clap of thunder sounded through the building “….is extremely likely.”

“Please don’t talk about the power going out. Whilst I have no problems with the dark, I have issues with power outages caused by storms. Don’t know why. If I’m unfortunate enough for that to happen, I have a couple of movies downloaded to my personal tablet. Perfectly legal of course… So I’ll just link that up instead and we’ll rely on power bars. But we won’t need to. It’s all good.”

The lights flickered again and you closed your eyes briefly. You were good. If the power did go, at least you weren’t alone.

“Spence, if you go raid the vending machines, I’ll go and raid Penelope’s bat cave. I know she’s got some fluffy throw blankets in there somewhere. And I’ll get changed in there too and meet you in Rossi’s office.”

He nodded and scuttled off as you headed to Garcia’s office. You changed first into the sweatpants and vest you kept in your go bag, tossing a cardigan that was on the back of Pen’s chair over your shoulders. You found the blankets you wanted and walked to Rossi’s office, seeing Spencer setting out his finds on the large oak coffee table. He’d found some candles and flashlights from somewhere and he shrugged when he saw you looking at them.

“Just in case.”

Before long, you’d set your laptop up and switched on the lamp on Dave’s desk, turning off the overhead and closing the blinds to the outer office. Spencer slipped his shoes off and removed his tie, unbuttoning the top few buttons of his shirt, and the pair of you settled down to munch on chips, candy and soda from the machine, settling on an old British Comedy show you used to watch when you were in college which Spencer had never seen. He was soon chuckling away to himself and you smiled, glad that it was him you were stuck here with.

Three and a half episodes in and the storm was still raging outside, the lights flickering numerous times and causing you to tense up each time they did. Reid noticed this and placed a hand reassuringly on your arm and squeezing it.

“I get it, by the way. The fear of the power outage caused by a storm.”
“You don’t think I’m silly?”

“No. I’d never think you were silly Y/N.”

You gave him a soft smile and turned back to the computer screen in front of you, noticing that Reid hadn’t removed his hand. You didn’t mind, you were just surprised. Spencer wasn’t normally one for touching people or showing large amounts of affection. It was comforting though and he squeezed your arm again less than five minutes later when the thunder crashed and the lights flickered before finally going off.

“No no no no no” the room was still lit from your laptop although the screen had frozen as the WiFi had turned itself off.

“Y/N, we’re fine. It won’t be out for long.”

Spencer went to remove his hand from your arm, intending to light the candles and turn the flash lights on. You clamped your hand over his, suddenly panicking.

“Don’t let go of me. Don’t leave me” you blurted out, your breathing becoming faster as the room lit up with a lightening strike.

“I’m not leaving you I promise. I was just going to turn the flash lights on or light the candles” his voice was low and soothing.

“No no no. Don’t let go of me” you didn’t know why but it came imperative to you that Spencer didn’t remove his hand.

“Okay, okay” he leant back in his seat, turning to face you and placing his other hand on your shoulder, grasping it gently. “We’ll be fine Y/N. It’s just a storm. The power will be back any minute now.”

Another crack of lightening lit up the room and you gasped loudly, your breath catching in your throat.

“Alright, breathe Y/N. In and out, breathe with me” he could sense this could quickly escalate into a full blown panic attack and he was trying to soothe you, calm you down. His thumb started rubbing soothing patterns on your shoulder, his hand stroking up and down your fore arm.

“Breathe….We’re not in any danger, you’re not alone. You’re here with me and I’m not going to leave you. Breathe in and out.”

You followed his instructions until the panic started to reside, staring into his concerned hazel eyes. Finally, you began to feel better, still not completely okay but more relaxed.

“Thank you” you breathed out.

“That’s okay…. Are you feeling better?”

You nodded, wincing as the storm sounded again outside, rain hammering against the windows.

“I’ll be fine. I just need a distraction until the lights come back on.”

“Erm…. A distraction?”

“Yes. Something to take my mind off it. Distract me Spencer, that’s now your job until the power is back.”
“How exactly?”

You giggled slightly at the perturbed look on his face. “You’re the genius, you think of something.”

You could almost see the cogs turning in his brain trying to think of something, and you let out a little whimper as the room lit up again. You closed your eyes momentarily.

“Quickly Spencer…..” you could feel the worry starting to build again.

“Erm…..”

Suddenly, you felt a pair of soft lips pressed against yours.

Oh.

Ohhhh!

After thirty seconds of you not responding Spencer started to pull away, obviously scared he’d overstepped a mark.

Which on one hand, he had. On another…. You had told him to distract you. And kissing could be a very welcome distraction. Aaaand Spencer was extremely attractive, and you just might have been harbouring the tiniest of crushes on him for a while now……

Reaching out, you tugged on his shirt pulling his face back towards yours.

Tonight was proving to very interesting.
When The Lights Go Out - Part Two

As the thunder and lightening continued its show outside, you and Spencer continued yours, exploring each others mouths with your tongues, your hands gently caressing the back of his neck as his tentatively roamed your sides.

He was a good kisser, a great kisser actually. His lips were soft which was surprising given how often he bit them, something you watched him do constantly. He tasted of coffee and the fruity sweets he’d been munching on before the lights had gone out. Slowly you inched down the couch so that you were laying flat, pulling Spencer with you so that he was lying half on top of you and half to the side, his leg resting between yours.

Reaching your hand up to his face, you pushed back a lock of hair that kept falling forward tucking it back behind his ear. He pulled away at your touch, licking his lips as he stared at you, his eyes intense.

“Why have you stopped?” you whispered, your heart pounding suddenly with nerves.

“I think…. I think the storm is stopping” his eyes flickered down to your mouth and then back up to your eyes, his hand not moving from its spot on your side where it lay.

“Oh…. So the storm stops and we stop. You really were just trying to distract me” you tried to hide the disappointment in your voice. You liked Spencer, like really liked Spencer. But you’d never considered doing anything about it because you two worked together and you didn’t want to make things awkward. Perhaps if you’d have gotten any indication that your little crush was reciprocated you would have, but up until ten minutes ago when his lips found yours, you hadn’t. You fidgeted uncomfortably and looked away from Spencer, feeling embarrassed.

“Y/N…. I’m great at reading people most of the time, our jobs rely on it. But I can’t read you right now. Did I do something wrong by kissing you, you asked for a distraction, it was the first thing I could think of.”

Sighing slightly you decided to cut him a break. He didn’t know about your little crush, it wasn’t his fault. “No you didn’t anything wrong Spencer. It’s fine.”

The lights flickered and then came back on again, the small office lighting up with the beam from the lamp. Spencer didn’t move from his position on top of you

“Can I tell you why it was the first thing I thought of?” he asked quietly, his voice unsure. You nodded, holding your breath slightly. “Because every time I look at you, it’s all I can think about doing…."

“Really?”

He nodded, his cheeks turning pink. Placing your palms flat against his chest you pushed him off you, hauling yourself off the couch and quickly walking over to the lamp and flicking it off again, before walking to the office door and turning the catch, locking it from the inside. The thunder and lighting had indeed stopped but it was still raining extremely heavily outside. You walked back to the couch where Spencer had pulled himself into a sitting position, looking confused. Rather than sitting to his side, you sat with one knee either side of his lap, your hands on his shoulders.

“The power seems to have gone out again Spencer. I think you need to distract me some more.”
His eyebrows shot up and you grinned at him, lowering your mouth to his and hungrily resuming the kisses. This time, there was more to them. You knew he wanted you now, and he had to know that you wanted him too. Your lips moved against each other with a new passion and as you kissed, you gently started to move against his lap, earning a low groan from him at the friction you were causing.

The groan… Oh the sweet sound of it, sent shivers directly to your core and you worked against him wanting to hear it again. You pulled away from his mouth, trailing your lips along his jawline to his neck, nibbling on his ear lobe, your tongue swiping over the shell of his ear. He shuddered beneath you, his ears and neck sensitive to your kisses as you continued to softly kiss and suck at the skin there. Spencer’s hands slipped under the hem of your top, meandering upwards until they reached the curve of your chest, gently palming you over your bra.

Ugh…

You wanted more, you needed more.

Sitting upright again you tugged Penelope’s cardigan off your shoulders, pulling your vest up over over your head, discarding it onto the floor as Spencer sucked in his breath at the sight of you sitting a stride him wearing only a bra.

“Y/N….”

“Spencer….”

“I… Oh god, I don’t wanna stop but…. Is this too fast?”

“Perhaps if we’d only just met it would be. But we’ve known each other for how long now? And you just said you’ve thought about kissing me every time you look at me. And I’ve kinda had a crush on you for pretty much forever. I DON’T want to stop either…. I’m feeling incredibly turned on right now if I’m being honest. But I don’t want to make you do anything you’re uncomfortable with.”

Spencer licked his lips again and nodded at your words, his hand moving to the front of your body and trailing down to the waistband of your sweat pants.

“I really, really want to feel how turned on you actually are, Y/N. Can I?”

Jesus Christ…. He’d gone from surprising you with a kiss, to being nervous and concerned about how fast this was going, to more or less asking if he could touch your pussy.

And holy hell, that sentence had made everything down there worse. You nodded, and rather than pushing his hands into your pants like you expected, he gripped your hips and swung your bodies to the side so that you were lying flat again in the same positions as before. It was then that he slipped his hand under the waistband, his eyes on yours as he traced his long fingers over the cotton of your panties, rubbing between your legs gently. The slightest amount of friction there made your lips part as a small gasp snuck out and you watched Spencer’s lips twitch upwards into a smirk.

“I can feel you, through your panties. You’re so wet there already. Am I doing that to you?”

You nodded, thinking how completely unexpected his attitude right now was. This was not the Spencer you knew, the shy and quiet Spencer. This was…. different.

And you liked it.

“You’re surprised… I can tell” he went on talking, his voice low. His eyes were still on yours as his
fingers found your sensitive bulb of nerves through your underwear and he started lightly stroking over it. “In fact I could probably tell you exactly what you’re thinking right now. Something along the lines of ‘this isn’t the bumbling genius I work with’. Am I right?”

You nodded again, not trusting yourself to form words as he rubbed his fingers over your clit.

“I thought so. The thing is….I am bumbling, I am shy. I’m everything you think I am. But I’m also more. Now that I know that you like me and my feelings aren’t one sided, I’m suddenly feeling more…..confident, I guess you’d say. Because…. although this sort of thing rarely happens to me because of my inability to tell girls I like them, when it actually does happen, I know that I know exactly what to do. I’m good at almost everything I do Y/N. And sex is no exception to that.”

You were fairly certain your panties were now soaked, the combination of his words and fingers sending jolts of pleasure through your body.

“Spencer….. Ugh…. You’re right….oh fuck… I’m surprised. But….Mmmm, ah..Oh… I like it. A lot…”

“Good” he pulled his hand away suddenly, making you whimper at the loss of contact. Shifting his position, he quickly unbuttoned his shirt, pulling it off, his pants following so that he was just in his boxers. You eyes wandered to the sizeable bulge that was pressing against the fabric and you bit down on your lip. Spencer grasped the band of your sweat pants and underwear, and you lifted your hips up so that he could drag them down your legs. Reaching behind your body, you quickly unclasped your bra and pulled it off tossing it to the floor. You shivered slightly as Spencer lay back next to you, your bodies pressed tightly together on the small couch. He pulled the blanket you’d found over the lower half of your bodies, as you wrapped your arm around his neck pulling him to you.

“You realise I was nearly there then, right?” you asked him, watching that smirk reappear on his lips.

“I know… I wanted you naked first though. You’re so beautiful, Y/N. I just wanted to see every inch of your body. I wanted to be able to memorise it. Just in case this doesn’t happen again.”

“Spence…. This is happening again. I like you, I want you, not just for tonight because of the storm.”

“Good” he said again, lowering his head to yours to kiss you as his hand started to move over your body again. His fingers grazed over your nipples, your buds hard and puckered under his touch as he lightly rolled one between his thumb and forefinger, earning another moan from you.

You reached your hand between your bodies, intending on returning the favour and giving Spencer something but he stopped you. His fingers encircled your wrist and he pushed your arm up above your head.

“No” he murmured. “Let me enjoy you, please. You have no idea the things I’ve thought about doing to you, and now I can finally do them I don’t want you distracting me by touching me.”

You didn’t try to move your arm again, leaving it where Spencer left it as he explored your body with his hands, his lips kissing down your neck and across your collar bone. You shivered, his mouth hot against your skin as he made his way down to your breasts, his tongue flicking out over a nipple as his hand slipped back between your legs.

“Spencer…”

“Hmmm” his response hummed through your hard bud, his lips now wrapped around one as he
sucked and teased it with his tongue.

“You’re killing me here….”

His fingers found your clit again, rubbing it back and forth, side to side. Slipping lower, he ran a digit down your folds, groaning at the wetness he found there before finding your opening and pushing inside.

You gasped, arching your back as a second finger joined the first; curling against you as he started to pump them inside of you, the pad of his thumb working your clit as he did. You eyes fluttered shut as your legs began to twitch, the sensation of Spencer’s fingers inside you whilst he rubbed at you and suckled on your chest was far too much and soon your were coming, Spencer’s name on your lips as you moaned and whined through your orgasm.

When you could think straight you realised that Spencer had removed himself from you and was laying there watching you.

“What?” you asked him, feeling embarrassed suddenly.

“Nothing. I just thoroughly enjoyed watching you through that.”

“I’m glad… Now, seeing as you’ve fucked me with your hand, fancy doing it with your cock?”

“I definitely fancy doing that. Do we… need anything?” he asked as he shimmied his boxers down.

“Not unless you’re harbouring any STIs. I’m on the implant and I haven’t… erm, been with anyone since before my last check up six months ago.”

“You have no idea how pleased I am to actually hear that, cos I don’t actually think I have anything with me.”

“That would have been an interesting dash to the toilets.”

“Yep” Spencer grinned at you again and shifted his position so that he was between your legs, his hands resting either side of your body. You raised your legs to his waist, locking your ankles with each other and pulling him closer to you, reaching between your bodies and grasping his shaft. He grunted as you positioned him at your entrance, feeling how slick it was with your excitement.

He pushed inside and you both gasped in unison as he filled you inch by inch. He waited for a moment once he was fully inside and then he started to move, slowly at first but then quickly building his pace. You squeezed around him, falling instantly in love with the noises that escaped his mouth as he moved in and out of you. One of your hands was gripping his shoulder, the other holding his hair back so you could see his face.

“I’m not gonna…. last…. Oh fuck…”

You squeezed again, raising your head to capture his lips in a kiss.

A few more thrusts and he was spent, emptying himself inside of you and collapsing on top of you. You caressed his neck gently, waiting for him to cover.

“I’m sorry that wasn’t… very long…” he whispered, his words hoarse. “It’s been a while, which is another reason I wanted to make sure you got yours first.”

He turned his face to one side and you smiled sweetly at him.
“Spence… Seriously, you have nothing to worry about. This whole thing… Tonight…. Let’s just say I’m extremely thankful for the horrific weather right now. As scary as it was, it bought us together. And I’m glad about that.”

“I am too.” He kissed your mouth before slipping out and tugging his boxers back on, spying a box of tissues on Rossi’s desk, plucking a few free and handing them to you. You cleaned yourself up and tossed them into the bin, before pulling your underwear and top back on.

“What now? The rains still hammering down and the trains don’t start up again for a few hours?” you asked him as he pulled his shirt back on.

“We stay? Like we were originally intending on doing anyway. We’ll get a cab first thing, it’s not like anyone will be here that early tomorrow anyway. Maybe we can get breakfast or something together?”

Spencer climbed back onto the couch and you settled down next to him, his arms wrapping around you as you tugged the blanket over you both.

“Breakfast sounds good. And then you can just come back to my place and never leave, yeah?”

“If that’s what you want, Y/N. I’ll be happy to oblige.”

“That’s what I want.”

...

“AHEM!!”

You squinted, wondering where the noise that was interrupting the most fabulous dream was coming from.

Shit.

Fuck.

Oh crap.

David Rossi was standing by the couch with his hands on his hips, a very amused expression on his face.

You nudged the sleeping man next to you, hearing him mutter the same curse words that had filled your mind when he saw your colleague

“Rossi… Erm… It’s not what it…. There was this storm and we couldn’t get a cab and…. ”

“Neither of you are wearing pants” the Agent commented and you looked down to see the blanket had risen up during the night, exposing your bare legs which were tangled with each other.

“Ah yes…” you smiled weakly as Spencer pulled himself upright.

“I’ll email you the link for a replacement couch. It can be your first purchase together as a couple” Dave strolled over to his desk and picked up a few folders.

“Now, I’m heading off to play golf. But Aaron did mention he was heading into the office today as well so you pair might wanna move swiftly.”
Yes, you and Spencer glanced at each other. That was something neither of you wanted to deal with today.
Breathe Again

Car is parked, bags are packed, but what kind of heart doesn’t look back
At the comfortable glow from the porch, the one I will still call yours?

Everything felt like it was breaking. Your heart, your body, your soul. And the look on his face when you’d told him you were leaving was a look you would never ever forget.

“Why?” he’d asked, over and over. Each time you’d shook your head not quite being able to put your feeling into words, only knowing that you had to leave.

All those words came undone and now I’m not the only one
Facing the ghosts that decide if the fire inside still burns

“Please, Y/N. I love you and you love me, don’t you?” Spencer’s eyes pleaded with you, his voice cracking with misery and despair.

“I do. But it’s not enough.”

Spencer looked at you confused. And you couldn’t blame him. You did love him. You felt horrendous for doing this, and you’d deliberated over this for weeks. But it no longer felt right staying with him.

“How… How is it not enough? Y/N…. Please. I don’t understand. We’re happy aren’t we? We don’t argue, we want the same things; a family and a future together. I’d do anything for you, I’d die for you.”

Extreme, but desperation sometimes made people extreme. And he was right again. You and he didn’t argue, you never fell out. He’d already mentally picked out the little house with the white picket fence where you’d live after you were married. And you thought you wanted all of that. But…

It was his last line. “I’d die for you.”

“All I have, all I need, he’s the air I would kill to breathe
Holds my love in his hands, still I’m searching for something
Out of breath, I am left hoping someday I’ll breathe again
I’ll breathe again

Spencer’s face fell and crumpled, as he sank down into the couch. You didn’t move from your spot in the arm chair where you’d sat to tell him you were leaving. You wanted to go and hold him, but it would make things worse.

Open up next to you and my secrets become your truth
And the distance between that was sheltering me comes in full view

Three years you and he had been together, moving in with each other after a year. Ten months ago your sister lost her husband to cancer and you’d spent weeks comforting her, hearing her crying over and over that she wished she could trade places with him, that she would have done anything to have him back.
And it made you think. And as horrible as those thoughts were you slowly started to realise that you didn’t have those same deep feelings for Spencer. You thought you did, but... the more and more you thought about it, the more you realised that there was something missing. A passion, that burning need for each other.

Sure, you didn’t want anything bad to happen to him because you did love him. He was a fabulous boyfriend, there was really no faulting him there. There was a just a piece missing some where. Like when he was away on a case, you didn’t really miss him, you just got on with life. You worried but it didn’t bother you that he was away so often. You actually sometimes preferred it when he wasn’t there.

There were so many thoughts and feelings that had been running through your mind for weeks. And ultimately it came down to the fact that yes, you loved him.

But not as much as he loved you.

Not by a long shot.

And that wasn’t fair on him or on you.

_Hang my head, break my heart built from all I have torn apart_  
_And my burden to bear is a love I can’t carry anymore_

Both of you deserved someone who felt that fire inside for the other person. He may feel it for you, but you didn’t for him. You wanted to. You wanted to so fucking badly. You wanted him to be your reason to wake up in the morning, you wanted him to be the love of your life. You wanted so badly to feel head over heels, irrecoverably in love with him. But you didn’t and you couldn’t make yourself feel that for him. So you needed to go. Give him the chance to find someone that would feel that for him and to give you the chance to feel that way about someone else.

_All I have, all I need, he’s the air I would kill to breathe_  
_Holds my love in his hands, still I’m searching for something_  
_Out of breath, I am left hoping someday I’ll breathe again_

“Spencer. I’m sorry. So so sorry. It’s such a cliché to say but it really really isn’t you here. You’ve done nothing wrong. And neither have I. Not really. I just…. I love you but I’m not in love with you. Not the way I should be.”

He looked up at you with tears streaming down his face.

“How should you be?”

Brushing swaying a falling tear of your own you tried to explain it.

“I should…. I should miss you when you’re not here and I don’t. I look forward to seeing you but it’s not the highlight of my day. I love you but I know I have more love to give. I don’t yearn for you and I don’t burn for you. Not in the way that a partner should. You deserve more than this from me.”

“But… What if… What if I’m happy. What if I accept that you don’t love me in the way that I love you and we just…live with it. I don’t need more, I’m happy with what we’ve got.”

He was clutching at straws and he knew it. In time though, he’d realise that you were right to leave.

You stood up and placed your house keys down on the table. Your car was packed up and your sister was expecting you in her spare room for a few months.
“Spencer, I’m not. You deserve more than me and I deserve more than this. I want to feel like I couldn’t live without somebody. That’s when I’ll know that they are the one for me. And I know…. I’m sorry but I know that I can live without you.”

It killed you to walk out of that room, out of that apartment that you’d called home. It killed you to get into your car and to start the engine. And when you made it to your sisters, you collapsed in her arms in tears.

Because you truly did love Spencer Reid. Just not how you should have done despite your best efforts, despite trying so hard to make him the one you wanted to live for.

But he just wasn’t. Was that person out there? Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe Spencer was the best you were going to get and you’d thrown it all away.

Or maybe someday in six weeks, six months or even six years time you’d walk into a room and lock eyes with someone and just know that they were the person you couldn’t live without. The person that would become your oxygen, your reason.

All I have, all I need, he’s the air I would kill to breathe
Holds my love in his hands, still I’m searching
All I have, all I need, he’s the air I would kill to breathe
Holds my love in his hands, and still I’m searching for something
Out of breath, I am left hoping someday I’ll breathe again
I’ll breathe again, I’ll breathe again,
I’ll breathe again, I’ll breathe again,
I’ll breathe again, I’ll breathe again
“Thanks for coming guys!” You stood by your door waiting to let them out, hugging your colleague and friends, and thanking them for your birthday gifts.

You hadn’t wanted to make a big deal of your 29th birthday, just a small meal with your favourite people.

“You are welcome!” Penelope Garcia hugged you tightly, smacking her lips to your cheek. You rubbed awkwardly at the lipstick mark you knew you now had there.

“Where’s Reid?” You asked her, looking around your apartment.

“Just putting the wine back in your kitchen, he’ll be out in a second.”

As if by magic, he then appeared, running his hand through his messy hair and then shrugging his coat on.

“Did ya do it Spencer? Did ya put the wine back in the kitchen?”

You frowned slightly at Penelope, seeing Spencer roll his eyes at her, a light blush on his cheeks.

“Yes Penelope. I put the wine back in the kitchen.”

She let out a small squeak, composing herself quickly and you looked between the two. Reid shrugged and you accepted that perhaps your friend had just simply had too much to drink.

“Take care of her okay, you know what she’s like when she’s been drinking. Make sure she gets home okay,” you leaned in to hug your closest friend on the team, hugging him slightly tighter than normal.

“You are welcome!” Penelope Garcia hugged you tightly, smacking her lips to your cheek. You rubbed awkwardly at the lipstick mark you knew you now had there.

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“Take care of her okay, you know what she’s like when she’s been drinking. Make sure she gets home okay,” you leaned in to hug your closest friend on the team, hugging him slightly tighter than normal.

“Of course…..designated driver and all that, I’ll see her right to her door. Happy birthday Y/N.”

In a very un Spencer like move, he kissed your cheek lightly before pulling away and smiling at you. You smiled back at him and waved them out of the door, hearing him mumbling at Penelope.

Laughing to yourself, you closed the door and started to collect up the rest of the empty bottles. Tonight had been a good night. Dinner and drinks with friends, a truly wonderful evening filled with laughter. And the amazingly thoughtful gifts they’d all got you, especially Spencer.

Since your break up with your boyfriend eleven months ago you started spending a lot more time outside of work with him. You’d always got on, enjoying a shared taste in films and classical music. You’d drifted apart slightly when you’d gotten into your relationship, Joel didn’t like you spending so much time with another male and you of course had wanted to keep your boyfriend happy. The boyfriend that had then proceeded to cheat on you. But that was eleven months ago and now yours and Reid’s friendship was stronger than ever.

His birthday gift to you had been perfect, two tickets to the opera. Madame Butterfly to be exact. You’d take Spencer, naturally. And you knew that you’d have a fabulous evening, you always did when you were with him.

More recently you’d been starting to wonder if there wasn’t anything more between you. You enjoyed his company an incredible amount and you always felt comfortable and safe around him.
When he’d had to go out of town for two weeks to assist with a case down in New Orleans, you’d missed him far more than you thought you should have done. But yet, you didn’t want to risk anything. Your friendship was too precious for you to risk blowing it by suggesting that maybe this could be more.

Entering your kitchen your arms full of empty wine and beer bottles you spotted a small gift wrapped box on your counter. Relieving yourself of the bottles you curiously picked it up, noticing Spencer’s scrawl on the label.

“Happy birthday, love Spencer”

His other gift to you had simply read ‘from Spencer’. Why the difference, and if he’d gotten you another gift, why hadn’t he stayed around to see you open it? You peeled off the gift wrap carefully. There was a box under the wrapping, a card perfectly cut to the box size resting on top, words again written in Reid’s scrawl.

“If I could, I would. This is the closest I could get.”

Frowning slightly you opened the box, gasping when you saw what was inside.

Resting on purple tissue paper was a beautiful silver necklace, a circular pendant attached to it. On the pendant was a perfectly miniature painted map of the world, glazed over with some sort of varnish that made it shimmer. Tears sprung to your eyes as you recalled a conversation you’d had with him nine months ago. You’d still been raw over your break up with Joel and had been lamenting the misery of your love life.

“I just want someone who would love me unconditionally, ya know? Someone who would give me the world and only ask for my love in return.”

You slipped the pendant around your neck and grabbed your bag, slipping on a pair of ballet flats.

Heading out onto the street you spotted a passing cab with its light on. Luck was on your side today and you successfully flagged it down, giving him Spencer’s address. Arriving there ten minutes later, you paid the cabbie and hopped out, buzzing Spencer’s apartment. No response, but then again he had been dropping Penelope off first before returning home. Settling down on the steps outside his building you waiting, silently cursing yourself for not bringing a jacket.

Spencer pulled up ten minutes later, parking across the street and walking to his building. He only saw you when you stood up, waiting for him. He balked slightly, shoving his hands into his pockets as he strode awkwardly over to you, his eyes on the new piece of jewellery adorning your neck.

When he was close to speak to, you didn’t think anymore, the words just falling from your mouth.

“You gave me the world.”

“Because you deserve it,” he spoke quietly, unsure.

“I just want someone which would love me unconditionally. Someone who would give me the world and only ask for my love in return…..” You quoted your exact words from nine months ago.

“I’m not… I’m not asking for anything in return…. I just wanted you to know that…that erm, there is someone willing to give you everything. I’m not expecting anything in return… ”

You stepped closer to him. “What if I want to give you something? What if… what if I want to give you my love in return?”
You stared at each other, your eyes searching each others as you waited for him to respond. He breathed deeply before he did.

“Then that would make me the happiest man in the world.”

Lunging forward you wrapped your arms around his neck, his arms embracing you tightly, the heat of his body warming you.

Turning your head to the side you whispered into his ear, “Thank you. It’s beautiful.”

“Just like you are.”

Breaking apart, you grinned at him.

“Smooth, Spencer. Now… Can we go inside, I’m freezing here. I rushed out as soon as I found the necklace, and I’d rather not get hypothermia before we get chance to have our first kiss.”

He chuckled lightly, reaching into his deep coat pockets for his keys.

“Let’s go inside then, I definitely don’t want you to catch hypothermia.”
"How much longer are they keeping you in here? I’m loooneely at home" Y/N pouted at her hospital bed ridden boyfriend, Spencer, plopping down into the chair at the side of his bed and putting her long legs up on the mattress.

Spencer eyed her bare legs, cursing the hot weather. Being laid up in the hospital awaiting surgery on his ankle was bad enough but his girlfriend had waltzed in in extremely short shorts and a vest top that should quite frankly, be illegal.

Tearing his eyes away from her figure, he adjusted himself on the bed wincing slightly and then responded to her question.

"At least another week. They’re doing the surgery on Tuesday and then they think it will be around another five days before they can release me, and that’s providing there’s no issues."

Y/N sighed dramatically, leaning forward and grasping Spencer’s hand. The movement caused her chest to jiggle, drawing his eyes back to her torso.

"I’m sorry, Y/N.”

She smiled softly “It’s not your fault. Perks of the job, I guess. It’s just I hate sleeping alone. I can cope when you’re away cos I know you’re hunting down the bad guys but it sucks so much ass that you’re in a bed eleven blocks from our apartment building. I miss you is all. I miss kissing and snuggling you at night, although in this sodding heatwave it would get pretty hot and sticky fairly quickly.”

Spencer raised his eyes brows. He could think of plenty of ways he wanted to get hot and sticky with his girlfriend. Ways he definitely didn’t want to be thinking about whilst he was stuck in a hospital bed. Still, at least he had a private room. Maybe he’d try to take care of things later.

Y/N swung her legs off his bed and stood up, perching on the edge of his mattress instead and leaning in for a kiss. Spencer’s hand moved to her thigh, thankful she’d sat on the side without the drip protruding from his hand. She deepened the kiss, missing the feeling of her partners lips on hers and taking any opportunity to get close to him right now. His hand started to draw lazy circles on her thigh, creeping higher up her warm skin. Hearing a moan escape his lips, she quickly pulled away.

"I’m sorry. Do I need to get a nurse? Is the pain back?’’

He shook his head, his cheeks flushing slightly “It’s not my ankle.”

She cocked her eyebrow, awaiting his explanation.

Spencer found his gaze drifting back down to Y/N’s cleavage, quickly shaking himself out of it and coughing uncomfortably to clear his throat.

“ Erm… It’s you.”

“Me?” Y/N didn’t understand. Did he not want her here for some reason. Spencer nodded and bit his lip.

“You’re not the only one of us missing bedtime snuggles….. And you’re not wearing many clothes at all.”
“Oh…. Ohhhhh” Y/N looked to the door, an idea forming in her brain. A terrible, terrible idea.

“What time do they normally do rounds here?”

Spencer looked to the clock on the wall. “It’s normally in another hour or so.”

“And you’re not expecting any other visitors this afternoon?”

“Nope, as far as I know the team are all stuck in the office. Derek said he might swing by this evening though. Why?”

Y/N grinned, a playful glint in her eyes as she drew her chair level with Spencer’s midriff and climbed onto it, kneeling.

She placed her hand over his groin above his thin pajama pants, dragging her palm slowly across where she could feel a distinctive bulge. Watching Spencer’s mouth open to protest, she stuck her tongue into her cheek teasingly, locking her eyes on his.

“Sooo there’s not much we can do in the way of “snuggling” here, but…. I thought of something. If you want to of course.” she slowly licked her lips making sure there was no way he could mistake her intent. His eyes kept flickering from the door to her mouth but she’d already felt how hard he grown.

Y/N could see the internal struggle on her boyfriends face, it increasing as she applied more pressure with her hand, a soft whimper leaving his lips. Finally, he nodded.

Being careful with her movements so as not to knock his leg, Y/N tugged his pants and boxers down slightly, releasing him from his constraints. Leaning over the bed she licked her lips against, moistening them and slowly pumping her hand up and down his length. After a few moments, she lowered her head and allowed her lips to slide over his tip, inching him into her mouth.

Spencer’s hands immediately moved to her head, tangling in her hair and lightly scratching at her scalp. Looking up through her eyelashes she swirled her tongue around the end, before sucking hard enough to cause a slurping noise to fill the room.

Hollowing out her cheeks, Y/N bobbed up and down on Spencer’s cock, gripping him firmly with her hand as she did. It wasn’t long until she tasted salty fluid leaking from his tip as he grew nearer and nearer to his end.

Spencer’s gasps grew louder and Y/N could see he was desperately trying to stifle them. His fingers curled against her scalp and she allowed her lips to slide from the tip to the base and back again, having learnt years ago how to suppress her gag reflex.

"Y/N… You.. might wanna… move” came his choked cry as his hips bucked as much as his injured leg would allow.

Y/N continued her actions, sucking harder and faster before she felt him shudder as his orgasm released itself into her mouth. She gulped it down quickly, not wanting to keep it on her tongue for too long. When she was sure he was done, she dragged her lips up to his tip once more, a final soft ‘pop’ as she removed him from her mouth, looking around for a drink and spying one on his night stand.

Just as she reached for it, a knock sounded on the hospital room door, the visitor not waiting for an invitation, swinging the door open as both Spencer and Y/N hurriedly reached for his bottoms, tugging them back up.
“Well well well. Guess I’ve interrupted something here. Should I, come back later?”

Spencer blushed red and avoided his colleague, Derek Morgan’s face. Y/N just reached for the beaker of water and gulped it down, waiting for Morgan to finish chuckling.

“I think we were about done actually, weren’t we Spence? Well, you were. I’ll finish off at home later I think. Keep your phone by your side, I may send pictures.”

The smirk fell from Morgan’s features as he took in her short shorts and vest.

Y/N could always remember his reaction to finding out she was Spencer’s girlfriend. It had been one of shock, disbelief, and eventually begrudging respect.

“I’ll let you two talk for a bit, I’m gonna go find some decent coffee. You want?”

Both men nodded at her as she grabbed her bag and made her way out of the door, smiling as she heard Derek’s final comment.

“Dude….. Duuuuuude. How, just….. how. I’m dating someone that works here and even I’ve never managed to convince her to get down and dirty with me on one of the hospital beds.”
“Y/N, please….put the gun down. My name is Spencer Reid. I want to help you.”

You shook your head and waved your gun erratically. You knew how this would end, you knew you weren’t coming out of this alive.

“No one can help me now!” Your head hurt, your arms hurt, and you could feel your leg bleeding where you’d cut it on glass as you escaped the school.

“That’s not true,” the agent tried to reason with you as your brain briefly flashed back to the images of the carnage you’d committed earlier that day.

“Yes it is…. If I come with you, I go to jail.”

“That’s true… I can’t keep you out of jail. But I can make sure you get the help you need to recover from what they did to you.”

The agent crouched to the ground and placed his weapon on the floor before walking towards you, ignoring the call from the other agents.

“Y/N I know… I know what they did to you. And whilst I can’t begin to comprehend how that felt for you, I do understand why you felt you had to do this.”

“You…. You do?” You wavered slightly, tears streaming down your blood flecked face.

“I was bullied in high school… Horrifically so. I know what it’s like to be the butt of everyone’s jokes, I know what it’s like to get shoved into lockers everyday, I know what’s is like to be ridiculed on a daily basis…”

Your back was up again. “I wasn’t just ridiculed. They used me… The whole…. the whole football team… They… they…..”

You couldn’t say it, the word was just too raw in your throat.

“I know,” the agent whispered, close enough for you to hear his quiet words. “I know what they did to you. And I know that the school looked the other way, and that the local police department dismissed you and didn’t investigate. That’s not acceptable at all.”

“They… they had to pay. Before they did it to someone else…”

“And they have paid Y/N,” Spencer had seen the crime scene, the bloodied bodies lining the locker room, bullet holes in the walls from where she’d missed her targets before correcting her aim.

“They’ve paid for what they’ve done to you and they can’t do it to anyone else. And the head of the school will be fired, and the police department will be investigated for not taking you seriously.

Please though… Please put your gun down. If you don’t, my supervisor will be forced to take you out…..and I don’t want that to happen to you.”

“Why?… I’ve killed people, I deserve to die. I WANT to die. Everytime I close my eyes… Everytime I try to sleep I can feel them on me, inside me. I can still hear them laughing…..”
“I know. And I know that will be hard to live with but we can get you the help that will make it easier. You’ll go to jail but the judge will take into account what happened to you, why you did this. You’ll still be able to see your mom, your baby sister. You don’t want to leave them do you?”

“My mom will hate me for what I’ve done…”

“No,” Spencer could feel the glare from his supervisor willing him to move out of the way. “Your mom loves you. And she’s sorry she wasn’t there for you… Please Y/N. Let me help you. If you die, they still win.”

They would. Whether you did it by your own hand or suicide by cop, he was right. They’d win. Even though they were dead, they’d still win. If you lived, maybe one day you’d get out of jail. Maybe you could get over this, if the agent could get you the help he was promising.

You took a deep shaky breath and crouched to the floor, placing your gun down before standing back up.

“Y/N?” the agent stepped closer. “I have to cuff you now okay. But I’ll stay with you when they take you in. And I’ll make sure you get to see your mom and sister.”

You nodded wearily, suddenly feeling so very tired as you held your wrists out in front of you.

Spencer cuffed you as gently as he could before placing his hand on your back and walking you forward.

They couldn’t win. They wouldn’t win. Not now.

Chapter End Notes

It's a big ask but if you’re enjoying my content and you’re financially able to then you may consider buying me a Ko-Fi as a way of financially supporting my writing. Many thanks to you if you do, it means so much to me that anyone might enjoy my work enough to donitate to me

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Gotta Catch Em All

Feeling your phone buzz you pulled it out of your pants pocket and stifled an excited squeal.

Your colleague and boyfriend Spencer Reid glanced up from his desk, raising a questioning eyebrow at you.

“Where’s Rossi?” you asked him casually.

“Out for lunch. Why?”

Excellent.

“No reason. I erm, left some important files in his office. I’ll be right back.”

Scurrying up the stairs to the Agent’s unlocked office, you aimed your camera at the room and threw the pokeball at the Tauros sat on the desk.

Yes!

Grinning, you spun around to see Spencer leaning against the doorway.

“You promised,” him stuck his bottom lip out and gave you his best puppy dog eyes.

Aww crap.

“But… I just… You have to catch em all, Spencer.”

“You promised. No catching pokemon at work. We were gonna do this at the weekend.”

Ugh.

Your cell buzzed again and you instantly knew how to make it up to him.

“There’s a Moltres in Hotch’s office. I’ll let you have it.”

“Hotch is in his office though?” he didn’t even try to hide the fact that he wanted it.

“So… I’ll distract him. Come on!”

Grabbing his hand, you dragged him down the hall and into Aaron’s office.

“Agent Y/N, Dr Reid. What can I do for you?” your supervisor glanced up from his papers.

“I just… I had some questions about the case from last week,” you saw Spencer slip out his phone and discreetly press some buttons, trying to look like he was reading a text document as he searched for the Moltres.

You tried your best to distract Hotch, asking him question after question as Spencer slowly spun around, definitely not looking like a fool. You swore you could see Aaron’s lips twitch.

“Dr Reid. Try behind the plant pot. I caught a Ponyta there two days ago and Jack swears he saw a Mewtwo.”

Stifling a laugh you watched as Reid bounded over to the plant pot, a triumphant look on his face as
he caught the creature.

“Will that be all?”

“Erm. I think so!” you grinned at your boss.

“Good good. Now when you’ve finished your paperwork, I’m led to believe that the parking garage on the second floor is a haven for Dragonite’s. At least that’s the word in the break room.”
Y/N was tired, she’d been awake for over 36 hours and the team was not making much progress with the latest case. She was practically falling asleep at the round table when Hotch dismissed her, telling her to go and find some where to get a couple of hours sleep, they’d let her know if they made any head way.

She wandered out of the briefing room and down into the empty office space below. She wanted a desk to lie on, somewhere hard to stretch her back out on. Her desk was full of various crap but the desk opposite hers, the one belonging to her colleague and long time office crush, was not. Spencer wouldn’t mind, she thought as she shifted his desk phone to one side and crawled atop of his desk, her legs dangling off the edge. Ahhh, she could almost feel her back cracking as she sprawled out resting her head on her arms on closing her eyes.

Just an hour or so she thought, then she’d be okay.

…

“Reid, go and get Y/N. We need her back here now,” Hotch commanded the younger profiler who sprung to his feet almost immediately.

Finally the team had had a breakthrough, Garcia managing to track down a vital piece of information. He exited the office looking down into the bull pen and spotting Y/N straight away. She was lying face down on top of his desk, her head buried in her arms.

He crept down the stairs hating the fact that he had to wake her up, she looked so peaceful asleep on his desk, so beautiful. And he tried not to read too much in to the fact that she had chosen his desk to fall asleep on.

Spencer liked Y/N, alot. Not that he would ever tell her because there was no way that a girl like her would look at him twice. She was beautiful, smart, funny and just so lovely. And she was kind to him, not making fun of his the way the others did sometimes.

Approaching his desk he hesitated slightly before touching Y/N’s shoulder gently.

She snored softly, her lips opening.

“Spencer…”

“Y/N. Hotch needs you. We have a lead.”

“Oh Spencer… Mmmmm. Don’t go, stay…”

It was then that he realised she was still asleep, dreaming.

Oh god. She’d said his name. Was she dreaming of him? No way. He touched her shoulder again, crouching down so his face was level with hers.

“Y/N…”

“Mmmm… Hold me Spencer.”

Oh christ, she was. He felt his face burning red as he squeezed her shoulder more firmly this time.

“Y/N, please wake up. Hotch needs you.”
Her eyes suddenly flew open and she bolted upright awkwardly, wiping her mouth with her sleeve.

“Shit… How long was I out for?” Y/N felt a blush creeping across her cheeks, recalling the dream she’d just been having about the man standing in front of her.

“About an hour or so. We’ve got a lead.”

Y/N nodded and slid off Spencer’s desk, wobbling as she stood. He caught her arm and steadied her.

“Y/N?”

“Hmmmm.”

Could he ask her? Should he ask her?

No. He couldn’t. He’d only make a fool out of himself.

“Erm… You head into the office, I’ll go fetch you a coffee.”

“Okay. Thank you. Sorry for snoozing on you desk.”

“It’s fine…. I’ll see you in a minute.”

Reid walked away, looking back at her with a strange look on his face. She smiled, thinking back to how close they’d been in her dream and then suddenly having a horrifying thought.

A roommate in college had once told her she sleep talked. Had she been? Oh fuck. Had she said his name and he’d heard?

Was that what the weird look was for?

Could she… Could she ask him? Should she ask him?

No. She couldn’t. She’d only end up making a fool out of herself.
Spencer wanted her. He knew it from the moment he’d laid eyes on her at Penelope’s party, the second he over heard her talking with Emily and JJ. Something overcame him, his usual shyness around women thrown out of the window and he’d strode over and introduced himself, ignoring the wide eyed looks from his colleagues.

Now, he was walking her home, ever the gentleman. She only lived a few blocks from Garcia’s apartment block but after spending the evening talking with her he couldn’t let her go without at least the offer of an escort home.

Y/N had grinned and speedily accepted his request. She knew all about Spencer Reid from Penny and when she’d finally got the chance to meet him, he was everything her friend had described him to be and more. Penny had described him as shy explaining that if she liked him, she’d probably have to make the first move. Yet here he was, being the perfect gentlemen currently but she hadn’t escaped the looks he’d been casting her all night. She also hadn’t ignored the looks of surprise from his colleagues at his demeanour towards her. He clearly wasn’t normally like this which only signified one thing to Y/N. He wanted her, and the feeling was very much mutual.

When they reached her apartment Spencer dashed his tongue out across his lower lip and she watched it entranced. She wanted to feel that tongue on her, feel his mouth on her. Unlocking her door she turned back to him, cocking her head for him to follow her inside. He did without a second thought and when she spun around from locking her door, he was there.

Their mouths crashed against each other as Spencer pushed Y/N’s back up against the wood of her door, his hands finding her waist quickly. The kisses were hot and heavy, tongues dancing with each other as hands started to tug at clothes. Y/N’s head hit the door as Spencer began to mark a trail with his lips and teeth, down her throat and across her collar bone, pulling her light shrug off and slipping the strap of her dress and bra off her shoulder, and down her arm. She whimpered quietly as warm lips kissed over the curve of her breast, suckling lightly before moving lower and lower. Pushing the fabric out of the way, Reid flicked his tongue over the pink peak that was now exposed, already puckered and hard. The noise that left her throat sent shivers down his spine making his already rock hard cock throb with wanting.

Attaching his lips to her nipple, Spencer started to suck, flicking his tongue over the sensitive nub feeling Y/N’s fingers tangle in his hair holding him close to her. His hands continued their exploration of her body, reaching up and pulling her other strap down so that her breasts were exposed completely to him. Spencer kissed across her chest not wanting to neglect the other breast, lavishing it with the same attention, his hands now slipped under the hem of her dress and caressing her thighs. Creeping higher as she gasped softly, Reid allowed his fingertips to rub over the lace of her panties, Y/N’s legs parting almost immediately for him.

Fuuck, the fabric was already soaked and Spencer started to drag it back and forth over her centre. Y/N’s legs juddered every so often, she was struggling to hold herself together now as his mouth and fingers were launching their attack on her senses. She glanced down seeing his eyes focused on her face as his lips pursed at her nipple sending jolts of pleasure through her core.

“Spencer…Oh fuck…” His fingers had started to increase their ministrations on her, the lace adding an extra layer of friction as it was moved over the sensitive bundle of nerves between her legs. She was going to come, and soon if he didn’t stop. But she needed something else.

“Spence….. Spencer. I want you inside me, I want you to fuck me.”
He released her breast from his mouth and kissed back up her neck, his fingers slowing but still gently circling her clit.

“Where…” he whispered into her ear “and how?”

Y/N eyed the arm of her couch, the perfect height for being bent over it and taken from behind. Placing her hands on Spencer’s chest she pushed him away lightly and led him to the couch.

“Here…. From behind. Hard and fast, don’t stop until you’ve come” she told him, her hands moving to his pants and unfastening his belt.

“I’m afraid that won’t be long, not in that position, Y/N.”

Spinning around and leaning over the arm of the couch, Y/N hiked her dress up and shimmied out of her panties.

“Spencer, I really don’t care. I need you, and I need you now. Do you have anything?”

“Yes, give me a sec.”

Hearing the sound of foil tearing Y/N waited as he sheathed himself, her hand slipping between her legs to continue what Reid had started. She heard him groan when he saw what she was doing, his own hand snaking around and laying on top of hers. Using his knees he gently nudged her legs further apart and then positioned himself, finding her entrance. He pushed forward as Y/N pushed back, them both gasping as he filled her, inch by inch. Y/N’s fingers stopped rubbing as she adjusted her position slightly, placing both her hands flat at the cushion in front of her.

“Okay?” he asked, his voice hoarse.

“Uh huh. Just move, go for it” she breathed.

And he did, starting slowly at first as their bodies got used to each other and then finding his pace. He started to thrust harder, faster, one hand gripping her hip tightly as the other found her clit again.

Y/N was in heaven, his dick hitting her inner sweet spot just right as his fingers worked her bulb of nerves. Her gasps were coming quickly now, her walls tightening around him as he moved, grunting loudly with each thrust he made.

“Harder…” Y/N begged and he obeyed, the sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room as her legs began to tremble as she came, his name slipping from her lips over and over.

Seconds after she’d come she felt a twitching inside of her followed by a few shorter thrusts and a series of loud groans before Spencer slumped forward, his front laying on her back, his body now spent.

“Jesus fucking Christ…” she mumbled hearing a groan of agreement from the man behind her. He slipped out of her and she righted herself, holding onto the couch as she stood back up. Spencer was tucking himself back into his pants, the used rubber stuffed carefully back inside it’s wrapper. She took it from him, intending to toss it in the trash.

“Drink? I’m thinking we could both use one right about now” she offered, pulling her dress back up and walking over to her kitchen. Spencer followed her, a sheepish look on his face.

“Y/N… I erm, I don’t normally do things like that…..”
Y/N tossed the rubber and rinsed her hands under the tap, drying them quickly and then pulling two beers out of the fridge.

“Neither do I, trust me. And… Penny had told me how shy you normally are so I was quite surprised if I’m telling you the truth. She’s been telling me about you for months, talking you up to me and trying to convince me to come and meet her friends.”

She uncapped both beers and handed one to Spencer, taking a long swig herself.

“She has? Really?”

“Yup. Penny thinks you’re a catch, if only you’d have a bit more confidence when talking to girls. At least that’s the way she put it.”

“And what…. Erm, what do you think?” His neck now flushed as he drank the cool beer.

“I definitely think you’re a catch. And from what I’ve seen, you’re definitely not lacking in confidence. Or anything else. I’m extremely glad I went to her party tonight.”

“So am I.”

The pair grinned at each other.

“Do you wanna stay? Talk some more…. And stuff.”

“I’d love to. Though, is Garcia likely to ask you about this? She knows I walked you home.”

“Spencer, I can guarantee you that if we both check our cells we’ll have at least two messages each from her. You know I’m right. So let’s not check them. Let’s just…. Take these beers into the bedroom and get comfy. Although I’m suddenly ravenous, like I could eat a horse. Do you fancy pizza, there’s a late night opening one a few blocks away that delivers?”

“That sounds great to me.”

And it did, all of it sounded great to Spencer. He liked this girl, a lot. And it appeared that his feelings were very much reciprocated. Tonight might have moved a lot quicker than either of them had intended it to, but they could work with that.
Spencer shoved Y/N against the wall, her head hitting the plaster with a soft thud as a groan left her parted lips. He was hard, straining against his pants, and when she took his hand and pushed it between her legs, he could feel how wet she was for him.

“We shouldn’t… Shouldn’t be doing this here…. ” he murmured as she ground herself against his hand. The records room at work was neither the time or place for this. But they both needed this desperately. Something about the last case had made them seek each other out again, for another round of something primal, something animal, that would make them momentarily forget the horror of the last few days even if only for a few minutes.

“Don’t care…. Need this. Need you… ” the emphasis on the you as she nipped and sucked at his collar bone, making sure it was in places that weren’t visible to the others.

Reid understood and pushed the thought that they really needed to speak about whatever was going on between them to the back of his mind. The pads of his fingers found Y/N’s clit through her panties and he began to rub, softly at first and then more frantically as her groans grew more desperate.

Her own hands had fumbled for his belt buckle, undoing it and then slipping inside his boxers. Her fingers were now clasped around his throbbing cock, stroking up and down and making him want to empty himself all over her already. He bit down on his lip trying to stifle his grunts.

“Spencer…. Oh fuck…. Oh god…. ”

He loved the sound of his name on her lips, the way it sounded when she choked it out. He slipped two fingers inside of her feeling her walls clenching around him instantly, the hot slippery heat of her coating his digits. She whimpered and then gripped his wrist, pulling him from inside her.

“I don’t want your fingers, I want your dick.”

Jesus fucking christ, he nearly exploded then and there, still unaccustomed to how filthy she could sound when they were together, such a contrast to the Agent she was out in the field. He obliged as quickly as he could, moving them to the table that was next to the door. He swiftly followed by shoving his pants and shorts down, then yanking her panties to the side so he had better access.

He pushed inside of her quickly, knowing in her current state of arousal she could take it. The moan that escaped her throat should have been illegal, it sounded so good. She wrapped her legs around his waist crossing her ankles behind him and pulling him close. Y/N tugged hard on his tie, bringing his face down towards hers. They didn’t kiss, they hadn’t kissed again since the first time they’d ended up in this situation months ago. They just breathed in eachs others oxygen, their breaths heavy and thick as Reid moved inside of her, one hand still between their bodies working her sensitive bundle of nerves.

“Faster…. ” Y/N keened, slipping her fingers under his shirt and raking her nails up and down his back. Oh fuck, that felt good.

Spencer pounded into her quickly, knowing he wasn’t going to last long. It appeared that Y/N wasn’t either. Her eyes were half closed and she rolled her head back letting her orgasm overtake her.

Her body shuddered, her walls clenching and pulsating around him sending him over the edge and
with a few more thrusts he felt his own release, ecstasy coursing through his veins as he came.

After a moments pause Y/N unhooked her legs from his waist, shuffling back on the table so that he slid out of her. Hurriedly using her panties to wipe him off her she slid off the ledge and straightened herself up as Spencer tucked himself away and set about making himself presentable.

He wanted to talk to her about this, needed to talk to her. He could no longer count on one hand the amount of occasions this had happened in various settings.

“Y/N…..”

She looked up at him, her cheeks still flushed. When she saw the expression on his face, hers changed. It was no longer the serene afterglow of a woman who’d just orgasmed, but something he couldn’t read. That was something he hated. Out of all of his colleagues he could never read her.

“No.”

“No?” he asked her.

“I know what you’re going to say. We DON’T need to talk about this. I thought this was a mutually beneficial arrangement? I thought you were cool with that?”

She’d always had no problem reading him though, something else that irritated him greatly.

“It is! I am…. I just…” Spencer sighed. He didn’t want to mess this up. “It doesn’t matter, forget it.”

“Good. Now, I’m headed off to the ladies room to clean up. That was fun, as always Dr Reid, thank you.”

“You’re… welcome?”

She giggled, the sound like a wind chime on a summers evening.

“Spencer, don’t over think this. It’s nothing more than what it is. I enjoy how you make me feel and you enjoy how I make you feel. Come over later if you want…. I bought some more stockings after you ripped the last pair.”

She raised an eyebrow at him and Spencer wanted to say no, to shake his head. But he wouldn’t. He knew he’d be there that evening, knew he’d give her everything she asked him for. He was intoxicated by her and he’d take whatever she was willing to throw his way. He nodded.

“Good. Can’t wait. I bought some other new…. things too, if you’re interested.”

He wondered briefly what she’d bought. They’d only made it to her bedroom that very first time and he vaguely recalled seeing a pair of handcuffs in her drawer as she’d reached for a condom. His dick twitched again at the thought of her cuffed to her bed frame, spread open for him, although he knew it could easily end up the other way around.

“I’m interested. I’ll see you later.”
“I just can’t decide. Hawaii or Greece, I just can’t choose between them.”

You and Penelope had been discussing your plans for your summer vacation for the last thirty minutes, Spencer and Derek who were at dinner with you, losing interest a while ago.

“Okay, okay,” Garcia clapped her hands together. “I’m gonna solve your problem for you.”

You raised your eyebrow at her and waited for her to continue.

“I’m gonna ask you a series of quickfire ‘or’ questions and you need to answer with your first instinct, no thinking about it.”

“Alright….”

“Then when you’re least expecting it, I’ll throw in Hawaii or Greece. You won’t be expecting it so you’ll answer with where you actually want to go.”

The boys had turned their attention back to the two of you now.

“Okay…. Go for it,” couldn’t hurt, right?

“Yay….Now.. Let me think for a second,” Penelope closed her eyes momentarily, a smile spreading across her lips.

“North or south?” she asked.

“South.”

“Black or red?”

“Red.”

“Cats or dogs?”

“Cats.”

“Swallow or spit?”

“Swallow” You barely registered the guffaw from Derek.

“Vodka or gin?”

“Vodka.”

“Kiss Hotch or Rossi?”

“Hotch.” Again you barely registered the snicker from the boys.

“Tattoos or piercing?”

“Piercing.”

“Fuck Spencer or Derek?”
“Spencer.”

“Hawaii or Greece.”

“Greece.”

Garcia squealed. “See! It worked. You’re going to Greece.’

“I guess it did.” You grinned widely, pleased that particular decision had been made. You glanced around the table seeing Derek with a smirk on his face and Spencer with a pink hue to his cheeks.

“Now” Penny leant forward, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

“Can we go back to the part where you chose fucking Spencer over Derek…. ”
Raccoons

Goggles… Just what you needed.

Penelope had dragged you to the sports store to get new work out gear and you’d spotted them just as you were heading to the check out. You grabbed them and tossed them in the basket.

“You hate swimming, what are you buying them for?”

She was right, you did hate swimming. But they weren’t for that.

“Erm… Things…”

She cocked an eyebrow at you.

“Things…? Share with Penelope.”

Knowing she wasn’t going to let it drop, you ushered her into an empty aisle and away from the family that had just started browsing nearby.

“Things you cannot tell anyone else. On pain of death.”

“Y/N, you’re my best friend. Of course I won’t say anything…… Ooooh does this involve sexy times with our boy genius? Does he have some freaky goggle kink?” her hand flew to her mouth and you giggled.

“No… Not quite… But.. Ugh. I can’t believe we’re having this conversation….”

“But we are. So tell Aunty Penny all of your’s and Spencer’s sexy little kinks.”

“Okay, okay. He kinda really really likes…. Erm, being sucked off in the shower….but it’s really awkward for me. His shower is like ridiculously powerful and I’m constantly getting water in my eyes. I hate it but… Well, he likes it.”

“So? If you hate it that much just don’t do it…. ”

You shook your head.

"But I want to. And if I do that for him then… Well then I get rewarded…“

Penelope squinted slightly and then frowned. “You know what, I don’t wanna know anymore.”

“That’s probably wise. But anyway… I figure if I can sneak the goggles on and off whilst he’s… distracted…then he still get his fun and I don’t get blinded.”

“Oh sweetie… If anyone can make goggles sexy, it’s you.”

“Lets hope so.”

…

You slid down Spencer’s body, kneeling on the floor of the tub and peppering his wet thighs with kisses. His eyes would be closed, they always were right about now so you snaked your hand around him reaching behind the shampoo bottle to where you’d stashed the eye wear.
Carefully you snapped them on and into place, resuming your kisses and reaching the rather hard appendage that was at your eye level. Just as you were about to open your mouth and get to work you heard a rather loud:

“What the fuck Y/N!?”

Guess he’d opened his eyes.

“Errrmm….”

“Swimming goggles? What? Why?” he was looking at you questionably, his apparent excitement waining in front of your eyes.

You sighed and pulled yourself up carefully, pulling them off your face.

“it’s just… To protect my eyes? From the water… It hurts sometimes.”

“Oh,” his eyes filled with concern and his voice softened.

“Y/N, we don’t have to do that in here… If it actually hurting you then we can just save it for other places.”

“Yeah but… You like it. And I like that you like it.”

“And I like that you like that I like it… Wait, what? Anyway… I don’t like that it’s making you uncomfortable.”

“Well it won’t anymore,” you waved the goggles at him. “That’s why I bought these!”

“But…. Goggles? You kinda remind me of a raccoon in them.”

“A sexy raccoon right?” you pushed your body up against his, feeling the water sluicing over you both.

“Erm…”

Slipping your hand between your bodies you started to stroke him, feeling him quickly becoming stiff again.

“A sexy raccoon… Yes?” you asked him again, leaning forward and nibbling his neck.

“Erm… Okay fine. Yes, a sexy raccoon…”

“Good.. Thought so. Now, do you want me to put the goggles back on and finish what I started?”

He looked somewhat conflicted but you knew what was going to win.

“Yes. Put the goggles back on.”

As you slipped them back on you briefly wondered if there was anyway you could tell Penny about this conversation without having her hack his computer and fill it with pictures of raccoons.

No, there probably wasn’t.
“Guys I’m out,” Spencer slid off his barstool and looped his messenger bag around his body. Two beers in and he was done. No amount of alcohol was going to make him comfortable in this club. The strobe lights flashing were going to give him a headache and he could barely hear himself think over the sound of the bass thumping.

His colleagues and friends protested but he shook them off. They’d have much more fun without him anyway, and at least they wouldn’t have to worry about taking it in turns to keep him company as the rest of them danced. He threaded his way through the bodies grinding together on the sticky dance floor and exited the club, breathing in the clean air of the autumn night. He walked a few paces and then stopped, noticing his lace was loose. He stooped down to retie it.

A few yards ahead of him he could see a young woman leaning against the wall, her phone in her hand. A man was by her side, touching her arm and face, leaning into her. The woman was looking around and Reid could hear the volume of her voice go up. He listened for a few seconds more until he was certain he wasn’t misreading the situation.

“My boyfriend will be here any second, he’s just collecting his coat. If you don’t leave he’ll be pissed,” to anyone else the girl seemed calm enough, but Reid could detect the slight panic in her voice.

“Oh please sugar, I’ve been watching you all night. You didn’t come with no boy, only that sweet little brunette that left an hour ago. Now why don’t you let good old Johnny boy here take you home. I’ll take care of you, show you a good time,” the man was drunk, wobbling from foot to foot.

“My boyfriend will be here any second” the woman spoke again, this time through gritted teeth. Reid noticed she slipped her hand into her bag searching for something, pepper spray perhaps?

“Why you lying to Johnny, baby? Give it up, you know you’re gonna come with me in the end…..”

Spencer couldn’t listen to anymore, he straightened himself up and strode over hoping the girl would understand and not think he was another creep.

“There are you sweetie, I thought I told you to wait directly outside the club for me?” he touched her lightly on the shoulder giving her a pointed look.

A relieved smile spread over her face. “I was going to but I thought it might be easier to get a cab a bit further up. And then Johnny here came over and started…. talking to me.”

Spencer looked over at the man who now had a confused expression on his face.

“Yeah I heard Johnny here talking to you,” Reid’s voice was cool and edged with steel.

“Hey man, I was just chatting to your lady friend here. Didn’t mean nothin’ by it,” Johnny held his hands up and backed away slightly.

“Really? You didn’t mean nothing by telling her to give it up because she knows she’s going to go with you in the end. I’m fairly certain you meant something by that.”

Spencer’s hands curled into fists in anger, although he managed to keep them by his hand. The girl touched his arm lightly.
“Sweetie, relax,” she spoke softly to him.

“Yeah dude, chill out.”

Reid took a deep breath, knowing he was getting worked up over this guy's actions but that he couldn't actually do anything as he hadn't technically done anything. He stepped closer to Johnny, keeping his voice low and controlled.

“Leave. Leave this bar and don’t come back here again. If I ever catch you talking to women like you to talked to her, I will dig so far into your past and find something that I can arrest you for. I work for the FBI, I’m a profiler if you even know what that is. Just studying you for a few minutes tell me that it’s not a case of if you sexually assault someone, it’s when, and if I could arrest you now, I would.”

“Erm…….erm…….” Johnny stuttered a few times, looked fleetingly at the girl and then turned on his heel and bolted.

Spencer and the girl watched him go, before she turned to him.

“Are you really an FBI Agent?” she asked.

Reid nodded and slipped his wallet out of his pocket, flipping it to his credentials. She peered at them, her eyes squinting.

“Dr Spencer Reid……….Well, thank you Dr Reid. You saved me from pepper spraying his ass,” she grinned at him.

“I did see you going for your bag, thought I’d try to save you the hassle of having to replace that stuff.”

“Well you did. Although had I had to replace it, I would have billed my so called best friend for the new bottle. She dumped me here to go home with a guy a while a go. Didn’t even know she was gone until she text me, I thought she was at the bar getting drinks.”

“Well she sounds like a fabulous friend.”

“Doesn’t she just. Anyway, I’m sure you have other damsels in distress to rescue, and I need to find myself a cab. That’s what I was doing before Johnny boy showed up,” she looked up and down the empty street and sighed. “I live like ten blocks from here, I shouldn’t even have to take a cab home.”

“You’re totally right, you shouldn’t.” Spencer agreed with her whole heartedly. “I hate that women feel like they can’t walk around alone because of jerks like him, it sucks. Listen…..I don’t live too far from here either. If it’s not too weird I could walk with you, or just share a cab and make sure you get home okay.”

The girl pursed her lips in thought and then tapped away on her cell phone quickly.

“You’re googleable, and there’s a picture too. I’d say you wouldn’t believe how many guys around here claim to be FBI Agents to get female attention but you probably would.”

Spencer nodded, he’d seen Prentiss, JJ and Garcia shut down guys pretending to be Agents to get their attention before. It was always extremely entertaining to see them pull out their own ID’s and to watch the guys flailing.

“If you honestly don’t mind being my knight in shining armour for a while longer then I live on fifth.
We could walk?”

“You live on fifth?” Spencer raised his eyebrows in surprise. “Me too, Fuller Apartments.”

“Seriously? You live opposite me. How strange.”

The girl smiled at him again, the grin lighting up her whole face.

“So, shall we walk then?”

Reid nodded and the two began their walk through the streets, the fifteen minute walk home ending much sooner than he wanted it too. During their brief stroll he learnt she was two years younger than him and worked as a teacher at one of the local elementary schools. She was single and had lived opposite him for eighteen months, having moved from Chicago.

When they reached her apartment building they stopped, Spencer glancing across the road to his own building.

“So, thanks again for coming to my rescue Dr Spencer Reid!”

“You’re welcome……erm……” he realised that during the whole of their brief encounter she hadn’t even told her his name.

“Y/N. It’s Y/N.”

“Well….you’re welcome Y/N,” he grinned at her, watching her awkwardly tuck a lock of her hair behind her ear.

“Erm….So this is probably totally inappropriate and I’m so definatly way off base here but……” Y/N bit her lip nervously before continuing. “Do you wanna maybe get brunch with me tomorrow morning? My treat to say thank you.”

“Oh!” Reid was schocked, he hadn’t intervened to get anything out of this. But….he would like to see her again.

“Erm….yeah. That would be really, really great.”

They made plans to meet up in the morning and exchanged numbers, Spencer waiting for her to enter her building before crossing the road to his own, a huge goofy smile on his face.

Tonight hadn’t been a lost cause afterall.
A Little Help From My Friend

Penny was worried, her friend Y/N hadn’t answered the phone to her in two days. She knew Y/N had been going through some things recently and she so badly wanted to be there for her friend.

But Y/N was one of those people who always felt as if she was being a burden. She didn’t like to ask for help, didn’t want to bother people with her problems. She was anything but a burden though, and Penelope knew she needed to see her friend.

After work, Garcia made her way to Y/N’s apartment building. She knew the concierge there, she was a regular visitor after all. After explaining that she was worried about her friend, the concierge agreed to let her into the apartment.

“Y/N?” Penelope called out tentatively. The drapes were drawn in the seating area and her bedroom door was closed. She crossed the room and pushed open the door, seeing her friend huddled under the blankets.

“Y/N….”

Her friend rolled over, her eyes bleary and red, her dark hair tangled and matted from days of not brushing it.

“Penny? What… What… How did you get in here?”

“Managed to sweet talk Jorge into letting me. You know that man has never been able to resist my charms. Good job I’m not a serial killer right?”

A tiny twitch at the corners of Y/N’s lips told Penelope that this wasn’t a wasted trip after all. She was going to cheer her friend up…. Somehow.

“Sweets you really should get outta bed you know?”

“Don’t wanna,” she sounded like a sad child and it broke Garcia’s heart.

“Please? We don’t have to go anywhere? Just come sit in the living room with me for a while. We can talk… Or just watch TV.”

Y/N shook her head and sank back under the covers.

Alright. Different tactic. Penelope left the room, searching for her friends house keys and leaving the apartment.

Fifty minutes later she was back, her arms full of supplies. She raided Y/N’s linen cupboard and rearranged the furniture in the living room, draping the sheets out and arranging the cushions carefully. She lit a few candles and switched on the lamp in the corner. Then she set her laptop up, loading in the first movie.

“Y/N…..” she entered her friends bedroom again, climbing onto the bed next to her. “I built us a fort.”

“You…. What?” her friend rolled over again and Penny could see fresh tears had been shed.

“I built us a fort. And I have all of your favourite treats, and Harry Potter is set up ready to play. You wanna come watch it with me, the fort’s all cosy?”
Y/N’s face was conflicted, she didn’t want to leaves the bed but she wanted to join Penny in the fort. Finally she nodded.

“Good girl. But… One condition first. You reek, my little ball of sunshine. Go shower, put on your favourite slytherin pajamas and then we can watch. We don’t have to talk if you don’t want to. I just wanna be here for you.”

“Okay…. I’ll come.”

Grinning, Penelope rolled of the bed and tugged her friend up. Y/N grabbed her pajamas and wandered off to the bathroom whilst Penelope quickly changed into the set she’d bought with her from home, settling down inside the fort and opening some of the snacks.

Twenty minutes later Y/N joined her, her hair still damp but smelling of her cinnamon shampoo. Much better.

She giggled as she clambered inside the fort Garcia had built, settling in amongst the cushions and blankets.

Penelope reached out and hit play on the laptop, the first few notes of the opening theme starting up.

“Pen…?”

“Hmmm?”

Garcia turned to look at her friend, pleased she looked at least a little bit happier.

“Thanks for this. You really are the best.”

“Nah…. It’s you that brings out the best in me Y/N.”

The two friends snuggled down next to each other, Y/N resting her head on Penelope’s shoulder, ready to enjoy an evening of her favourite movies inside a fabulous blanket fort. This was just what she never knew she always needed.
Inside Out

“Stupid FUCKING…. ARGHH!”

Your arms ached, you were starting to sweat, and you were ready to give up. You’d been at this for thirty minutes.

How hard was it to change a duvet cover seriously?

Usually you waited for Spencer to be home and you’d do it together. He’d hold the cover inside out and between you both, you’d unfold it over the duvet. Five minute job at most. But he’d been called in to work today so you’d thought you’d be nice, you’d do it yourself. You were an adult. It was a skill that all adults possessed.

Right?

No. Wrong

You collapsed on the bed, tangled up inside the cover where you’d crawled to untangle the bulky duvet.

“Y/N?”

Your apartment door unlocked and you heard your boyfriend call out.

Relief! Salvation!

“I’m in the bedroom!”

A few moments later you felt his presence in the room and when he spoke you could hear the grin on his face.

“What are you doing?”

“Digging a hole to China, what does it look like I’m doing… ”

“Y/N… Baby. We’ve talked about this…. We change the duvet together because neither of us are coordinated enough to do it alone.”

“I know… I just wanted to… Oh, hey!”

Spencer had found the opening and had poked his head up inside the cover, his hair mussed up.

“You wanna come out? And we can change it together?”

“Or you could come in and we can pretend it’s a tent?” you offered suddenly feeling childish.

“Or you can come out and we can change the cover like adults… And then maybe do some other adult things. That involve kissing… And messing the nicely made bed up again.”

Alrighty then. That sounded much more appealing. You started to inch backwards, feeling for the floor with your feet and standing up, your hair all over the place.

“Hi” you grinned widely at your partner.
He just laughed at you.
When I Think About You

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Nope.

The cold shower hadn’t worked.

You hated the week on the run up to your period. You were always extra worked up and spent most of the time in a constant state of wanting to bang anything and everything that moved and was legal. It was even worse now that you had a boyfriend though.

A sweet, kind hearted boyfriend who was fit as fuck but who hadn’t actually tried anything more than kissing in the five weeks you’d been together. Penelope had told you he was shy and it had taken seven months of you “bumping into him” conveniently at places that Penny told you he’d be, before he struck up the courage to actually ask you out. You’d met him when Penny had dragged you out one night months ago and you seemed to take a shine to each other, spending most of the night chatting to him. But when you’d called Penny the next day, she’d told you that Spencer was ridiculously shy and unassuming when it came to girls, and that her team had never seen him ask a girl out.

So you made it your mission to be that girl, the first girl he DID ask out. And five weeks ago, after months of dropping hints in front of him and having him just hand them back to you, he finally asked you out. Result.

Spencer had spent the afternoon with you, visiting a local bookshop you both enjoyed and then going for a walk along the river, take out coffee in hand. He left you on your doorstep, saying goodbye with a kiss that made you want to drag him upstairs with you and never let him leave. He wished he could spend all day and evening with you, but he had paperwork he needed to complete.

You’d gone straight upstairs and thrown yourself on your bed. You knew you had to take it slow with him, you didn’t want to scare him away with your man eating ways. You liked Spencer, really really liked him.

But if he continued to kiss you like that, then you’d might end up breaking his back with how quickly you’d jump on him.

Your hormones were driving you crazy and as you lay back on your bed after your shower, you started to think about his kiss again.

Bad move… Such a bad move.

You could take care of things yourself but you really, really didn’t want to. Not today. Unless you absolutely had to. Making a snap decision, you got dressed and put some light makeup on, and then drove the few blocks to Spencers apartment building.

He opened the door confused when you knocked, obviously not expecting company.

“Y/N! Is everything okay?” He moved aside to let you in.

“Everything’s fine… I just….”
I’m horny as fuck and really wanted to be within seducing distance of you. In fact, I just wanted to look at your face for a bit even though I know it’ll get me worked up?

Nope, you couldn’t say that.

“I erm….just wanted to be around you some more. I won’t bother you, I promise.”

HA. You’d try not to bother him.

His face softened and he smiled at you. “Okay, well I’ve still got a few more papers to finished but if you’re okay with hanging out for a few hours then I’ll finish as quickly as I can and then maybe we can watch a film later?”

“Can we have some snuggles and making out later too?” You asked quickly.

Spencer looked taken aback at your boldness and coughed, to clear his throat. “Erm… Sure. That’s something we can do too.”

“Excellent. That’s just what I need.”

Actually, what you needed was his mouth to be in various other places on your body, but you’d settle for kissing. You could work with kissing. Then maybe a little dry humping.

You made your way over to his couch and flicked his TV on, making yourself comfortable. Spencer had told you to help yourself to any food or drinks you wanted, but you didn’t want any food or drink. Sure, you were thirsty. But not for liquid. You kicked off your converse and lay down on his couch, unzipping your hoody and shuffling so that your tank top was pulled down slightly, the swell of your breasts very visible.

You channel surfed until you found a channel that was showing reruns of an old sitcom from the nineties and you settled on that, letting out a giggle every so often.

From your position on the couch, you could see Spencer sat at his table leaning over his papers, a pen in his hand and his hair falling forward slightly. Whenever you laughed, he’d smile and look up over at you giving you a grin. You watched him more intently than you should have been wondering if he could feel yours eyes on him. At one point he got up to go the kitchen, asking if you wanted anything as he passed.

“Yes.” You reached your hand out to grab his as he walked by, stalling him.

“What can I get you?”

“A kiss. Just one, to tide me over.”

He blushed and bent over, giving you a quick chaste kiss on your mouth. That wasn’t going to do. You pulled on his t-shirt as he went to straighten himself up and he laughed.

“A proper kiss, Spencer.” You told him, licking your lips. He lowered his head again, giving you a long and slow smooch that would have had people in the movies cheering. You sighed against his mouth, letting out a little whimper as he pulled back.

“More?” You raised your eyebrows at him suggestively and he flushed again.

“W-when I’m done. I won’t be too long I promise.”

Ugh.
You let him continue on his way, sitting back down after retrieving two sodas from his refrigerator. He resumed his work and you resumed watching TV and glancing at him out the corner of your eyes.

Every so often he bite his lips, rolling the bottom one between his teeth and slowly releasing it.

Fuck me….

You’d seen him do this once or twice before but in your heightened sensitively you couldn’t help but imagine him rolling something else between his teeth. His tongue would poke out too, licking his now bitten lip before disappearing back into his mouth. It was hot as hell and you couldn’t tear your eyes away from him, you didn’t want to miss him doing it again.

Spencer glanced over at you. “Are you okay? You’re breathing really heavily and you look kinda red.”

Shit!

“Do I?”

“Yes you do. Are you too warm, I can turn down the thermostat if you are.”

“I’m fine. It’s fine. I’m good.”

“Okay.” He lowered his head back to his work and poked his tongue out between his lips in concentration.

“Ugh.”

His head shot back up.

Okay, even you heard it that time.

“Y/N?”

You averted your gaze back over to the TV, willing the heat you know felt in your cheeks to go away.

Spencer put his pen down and came over to the couch, perching on the small strip of space next to you and looking at you carefully, chewing on his inner cheek as he thought. His looked at you and then quickly travelled up and down your body before settling back on your face.

“So you’re not ill or anything. And you’re not too warm.”

“Nope.” You told him, feeling the warmth emanating from him.

“You know I’m a genius right, and my brain is currently working through all the information it holds trying to come up with a reason for that noise you made, your heavy breathing and your flushed skin.”

“What’s it coming up with?” You asked him.

“Erm…. Well. I was going to discount this reason until I came closer to you and realised that I could see …. Erm…..” He glanced down at your chest and you followed his gaze, suddenly cursing the thin lacy bra you’d worn.
“Y/N…. Are you…. Are you.. Aroused?… Wait. Oh god, forget I said that please.” He turned away, his hands going to his mouth as if he couldn’t believe he’d asked that.

“Spencer. Yes. I am.”

He slowly turned back to you, his hand dropping back down to his side and his mouth parting in shock.

“Is that why…. why you’re here?”

You giggled and gave him a sheepish look. “Honestly. Yes. I’m horny as hell and I thought that I might be able to seduce you once you’d finished your work.”

You could visibly see the cogs turning in his brain as he processed what you’d told him. Suddenly you realised the immense about of pressure you’d just put him under.

“Oh god Spencer, I’m sorry. We don’t have to do anything, I know we’re taking it slow. I don’t want you to think that I’m only here for that. I just… I’m sorry. We can go at whatever pace you what. It’s my stupid hormones, and the kiss you gave me earlier.. It was so good and I just wanted more. Ignore me.”

“My kiss made you want more?” Okay so he didn’t sound like you scared him or shocked him too much.

You adjusted your position on the couch, sitting upright so that you were shoulder to shoulder with him.

“Yeah it did….. You’re an amazing kisser Spencer. And it just got me wondering about what else you’d be amazing at. And… Well this is too much information here, way too much.. But fuck it. I get super horny on the run up to my period.”

His lips twitched, the start of a smile forming. “When is that….. When is that due to start.”

“Four days. Give or take.” You were on the pill which meant you were like clockwork.

He turned his head and leant in, capturing your lips in another kiss, his arm slipping around you as he moved his mouth against yours. As your lips parted and your tongues met, you moaned into his mouth. He pulled away quickly and stood up, reaching for your hands and tugging you off the couch.

You looked at him curiously.

“The paperwork can wait. It’s not due for another week.”

“What about taking it slow.. Penelope said…”

He kissed you again and you immediately forget everything your best friend had said, only knowing that the feeling of that man’s lips on you was something you needed right now.

When he broke away again he spoke quietly.‘I don’t know why everyone has the opinion that I’m some innocent little virgin who needs to be protected.”

“Hey, I don’t have that opinion. I just… I didn’t wanna scare you off.”

“You could never scare me off.” As if to prove a point, he slipped his hands under the hem of your tank top and tugged it upwards, you grinning as you raised your arms over your head.
“Beautiful.” He appraised your semi naked torso, your nipples hard against the lace of your bra. He bought his hands up to your breasts, swiping his thumbs over them and causing you to shudder, a smirk playing over his mouth.

“I swear to God Spencer, this had better be leading somewhere because I will literally combust if it doesn’t.”

“It’s leading somewhere. But I think we should head to the bedroom first if that’s okay.”

Your heart did a little flip and your brain started to send messages to your lady parts. ‘We’re gonna get some, we’re gonna get some’ it was singing.

“That’s definitely okay.”

You let him take your hand and lead you to his room.

You were so glad you’d come over tonight.

Chapter End Notes

It’s a big ask but if you’re enjoying my content and you’re financially able to then you may consider buying me a Ko-Fi as a way of financially supporting my writing. Many thanks to you if you do, it means so much to me that anyone might enjoy my work enough to donate to me.

https://ko-fi.com/cherrywhisp
our boyfriend had been quiet all evening, which considering you hadn’t seen him all week because he’d been out on a case, was strange.

Not wanting to push, you waited until bedtime. You’d discovered that Spencer was more likely to talk at bedtime. Something about the darkness seemed to make him open up. So you waited, eating the meal you cooked and watching a film, snuggling up against him on the couch until it was time for bed.

Changing into your pajamas, you crawled between the sheets, wrapping your arms around him when he climbed in next to you and lay his head on your chest.

“You okay?” You said softly to him, stroking his hair gently.

“Mmmm.” Came his response.

“Spence, talk to me.”

“I’m just…..The case we were on. There was this kid, Sammy. He was so smart and some intelligent, but he’s autistic, so it’s unlikely he’ll ever be able to share that with the world.”

“Okay…. ” You waited, knowing there was more.

“It just makes me wonder. What it would have been like for me if I was worse.”

“Spencer, you’re not autistic though?”

He shifted on the bed, so he could look at you.

“Not diagnosed no. But I fit a wide range of traits on the spectrum, and it explains how my brain works so differently to others. And then it makes me think about my Mom. Her illness is hereditary. What is I develop it, or pass it onto our children?”

“Our children? Spencer, you think about having kids with me?” You were shocked and felt butterflies in your stomach.

He suddenly looked unsure of himself, his eyes flickering away momentarily.

“Erm…. Yes. I have…. I’m sorry, I know it’s early in the relationship and, oh god, have I scared you off by mentioning kids? You’ve never even mentioned them to me but I’ve seen you with Jack and Henry and… and…”

“You haven’t scared me off. I’m just surprised, but pleasantly so. I know we’ve only been together for ten months but I can honestly say that you are IT for me Spence. If I believed in soul mates, then I’d say that you are mine. And as for you possibly being on the autistics spectrum or developing schizophrenia, well we’d deal with that if that happens. Same goes for our children. I’m in this for the long haul, for as long as you’ll have me. Nothing will change that. Okay?”

He still looked unsure so you cupped his chin in your hand, handing his face so that he couldn’t look away.

“Okay. Whatever gets thrown at us, we’ll deal with together.”
“Okay… I love you, Y/N.” He smiled sweetly at you and you grinned back.

“I love you too. Now… Whilst kids aren’t on the cards yet, what do you say we get some practice of actually making them in?” You raised your eyebrows at him suggestively.

“Practice does make perfect.”

“It does indeed.”
Bad Dreams

“No!”

A sudden yell pulled you out of your slumber and you shot up in your bed, clicking on the lamp and looking quickly around your hotel room.

What the hell was that?

Who the hell was that?

Or… Had it just been a dream?

Thirty seconds later and there was a pounding at your door.

Shit.

“Y/N…. Y/N, it’s Spencer. Open up…. Please!” he sounded as if he was begging and you wondered what on earth had happened to him. You slipped out of bed and padded across the room, opening the door and tugging down the oversized shirt you wore as a nightie.

Almost as soon as the door was open and your colleague and friend had flung his arms around you, hugging you tightly.

“Oh thank god… thank god you’re okay,” relief flooded his voice and it wasn’t until you coughed loudly that he released you, a sudden sheepish looking falling over his face.

“Spence…. You okay sweetie?”

“I erm… I had a dream, a nightmare really. You were killed, in front of me and I couldn’t save you,” his voice sounded small and frail, not at all like the Spencer you knew and adored.

“I was so scared… And so devastated, and when I woke up, I had to check. I’m sorry for waking you up.”

You gave him a small smile, “It’s okay. I have dreams like that too sometimes. It’s horrible. Are you okay now?”

He nodded and ran a hand through his even more messier than usual hair.

“I’m okay, I’ll erm.. Leave you to get back to sleep.”

He hesitated as he turned and you suddenly felt terrible for him. He’d looked and sounded so relieved when he’d seen you alive which made you realise he must care deeply for you.

“Reid… Do you wanna sleep in here? Beds big enough for two?”

He looked unsure at first until you reached out your hand and gently tugged him inside your room, shutting the door behind you both.

You climbed back in to bed, scooting over so you more to one side than you had been before as Spencer climbed in next to you.

“Come here,” you held your arm out and patted your chest signalling for him lay his head on you.
Tentatively he did, his arm laying over your tummy and his head tucked into the crook of your neck.

“I’m sorry…. I shouldn’t have woke you up….”

You smoothed his hair back and gently started to run your fingers through his hair.

“Shhhhhh, it’s okay.”

“I just… I couldn’t stand the thought of losing you.”

“You won’t…”

Both of you were whispering and you could tell from Spencers breathing that he was drifting off to sleep.

“Promise”

“I promise Spencer. You’ll never lose me.”
Desperately Seeking Warmth

Being stuck in the office and playing air conditioning wars with your colleagues was hell.
They all seemed to run at a higher temperature than you did meaning that whilst you were freezing your tits off, they were all just fine.

“Honey bee, another coffee. Really? That’s like the fourth you’ve had in an hour,” Derek Morgan and your resident older brother glanced over at you as you returned from the kitchenette.

“It’s hot chocolate. I need something to warm myself up, and apparently bringing in my sleeping bag is frowned upon.”

You tugged the sleeves of your shirt down again and cradled your mug with your hands. Normally you kept various cardigans in the office or your car but last weekend you’d taken them all home for cleaning and stupidly had forgotten to bring them back. It was fairly warm outside so you hadn’t even thought about it until you’d set foot in the office and had immediately felt like you’d entered Antarctica.

“Where’s Spencer?” you nodded to the Dr’s empty chair, his navy cardigan slung over the back of it.

“Records room. He and Rossi have been down there for the last hour.”

Ah. Okay. You glanced at the cardigan again. It looked so warm and snuggly. And you’d bet it would smell of Spencer too. He always seemed to smell so nice.

Screw it. He obviously didn’t need it. You reached for it and shrugged it on earning a raised eyebrow from Derek and a small grin from Garcia.

The three of you worked for the next forty minutes, pouring over the files laid out on the table until Spencer and Dave returned.

Reid frowned when he entered the room looking over to the chair where he knew he’d left his jacket but where it now no longer was. Morgan coughed loudly to get his attention and then nodded his head in your direction.

Spencer didn’t say anything, a small smile forming on his lips

When the team was finally dismissed you’d completely forgotten you were wearing it, heading over to your desk to collect your things. As you made towards the exit you heard Derek whistle and you turned around.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?”

Oh. Shit.

Reid had only been a few steps behind you, and you started to shrug out of his cardigan. He shook his head.

“Are you still cold?” he asked.

“I’m cosy. It’s warm and it smells nice.”

“Then wear it home. Bring it back whenever. It kinda… It kinda suits you.”
And that was how you ended up with Spencer Reid’s cardigan.

How you ended up with his t-shirt and boxers is an entirely different one…
Broken Doors

“Spencer, are you busy?” You asked your best friend, praying to God that he wasn’t. It was a Friday night and you knew he didn’t have a case so that meant he’d more than likely be at home.

Spencer glanced at the young woman he’d met two weeks ago in the book store, holding the cell close to his ear.

“What’s wrong Y/N?”

“I’m…um. I’m locked in my bathroom. And I can’t get out.”

Spencer’s brow furrowed and he mouthed to his date ‘excuse me’, removing himself from the table and walking into the foyer of the restaurant where they’d been eating.

“How the hell are you locked in your bathroom?” he asked.

“Well, I was taking a bath and then when I was done I went to open the door, and the knob came off in my hand. But it’s somehow caused the locking mechanism to jam and I’m stuck. You still have my spare key. I need your help! Please…”

Spencer sighed internally. The date hadn’t exactly been leading to the bedroom but it also hadn’t been going badly. The girl was nice and they got on well together. They’d just finished their first course and were idly chatting as they waited for their mains to arrive.

But he couldn’t leave his friend trapped, he wasn’t like that. You were his best female friend and he’d never abandon you in your time of need.

“Give me thirty minutes. I’m across town,” he told you.

“You’re not at home? Where are you?” You were surprised to discover that he wasn’t in his apartment two floors below yours. If he’d gone out with his team, you normally got invited to tag along and you hadn’t been.

“It doesn’t matter, I’ll be there in a while.”

Reid disconnected the call and went to make his excuses, a family emergency he’d say.

…

Forty minutes later and you heard your front door opening.

“Y/N….?” Spencer’s voice called out.

“I’m in the bathroom…. Still” you were cold and fed up. The one time you hadn’t bought your pj’s in with you, which meant you’d been sat on the lid of your toilet in just two towels playing candy crush on your phone to kill time.

You could hear him mumbling to himself as he came closer to the door, fiddling with the door knob on the other side.

“I still don’t understand how you managed to pull the handle off, Y/N.”

“Neither do I. Maybe I have some sort of inhuman strength. Now can you let me out please.”
“Erm…” he jiggled the door again.

“Erm? You’re an FBI Agent, don’t they train you to kick doors down?”

“Morgan does all of the door kicking.”

“Well…. Get your gun and shoot out the hinges then,” you’d seen that done in movies, it would work right?

“Y/N do you have any idea how much paperwork would be involved if I were to discharge my firearm. Not to imagine the fact that someone in the building would probably call the cops. Do you have a screwdriver?” he sounded annoyed.

“Somewhere. Wait, I think it’s in my beside drawer”

“Which side?” Spencer asked.

You closed your eyes to think and then cringed. “The side you definitely don’t want to go in.”

“Why don’t I want to…. Wait, never mind.”

You stifled a laugh imagining the uncomfortable look upon his face.

“Don’t you have a screwdriver?” You knew the answer already but maybe he’d picked up one.

“Yes because I’m definitely the type that spends their weekends doing DIY.”

“Alright, alright. Spencer?”

“Hmmm,”

“I’m cold… And hungry.” You were and you really wanted to get out of this room

“Okay… Where do you keep your bobby pins? I know you have because I keep finding them in my apartment whenever you’ve been round.”

“Top of my dresser in a the little ceramic pot with the cat on it” so that was where your bobby pins kept disappearing to. You heard footsteps as Spencer moved into your bedroom, returning moments later.

A creaking noise came from the door, then the sounds of metal being pushed against metal. Then a loud click and with a twist of the knob on Spencer’s side, the door swung open.

“I’m free!” You quickly hugged your rescuer tightly, forgetting that you were clad only in a towel. He hugged you awkwardly, not knowing where to quite put his hands.

“Thank you thank you thank you!”

“You’re welcome. I’ll call Morgan tomorrow and see if he can come and replace the handle for you. Don’t close it properly until he does. Now, go and get dressed. I’m ordering Chinese which you’re paying for seeing as you owe me.”

“I guess I do. Where were you anyway?”

A flush crept up Spencer’s neck and he scratched the back of his head with his hand. “I was….
kinda on a date.”

Spencer… On a date?

“Why the hell didn’t you tell me. I could have waited.” You probably could have waited. Maybe.

He just shrugged.

“Are you seeing her again?”

“I don’t know. Running out mid meal to go and rescue another woman doesn’t really give the best impression does it?”

“Or, it actually gives the BEST impression, that you’re some kind of hero.”

“Well… We’ll see.”

“Okay. Well, order my usual and I’ll be back once I’ve reacquainted myself with my pj’s.”

You scurried off into your bedroom, a strange feeling inside of you.

Part of you was for some reason extremely pleased that you’d interrupted his date.

Hmmm.
What They Don't Know

“So spill kid, what’s got you in such a good mood today? Did you finally figure out how to solve that math puzzle that was in The Times last week?”

“Nope, but I will figure that out. It’s just a matter of time.”

You glanced up from your desk giving Spencer a smile. He’d walked into the office this morning whistling, with a huge grin on his face, and had dished out coffee and muffins to everyone.

The whole team had been trying to figure out what was causing him to be in such a good mood, Morgan especially. Derek was becoming increasingly frustrated that his friend wouldn’t tell him why he was so happy and you’d been amusing yourself watching their exchanges this morning.

Derek had gone through everything he could think off that would put Spencer in the cheerful state that he was in, before he finally asked what you personally thought was the most obvious question.

“Kid, did you get laid?”

“A gentleman never tells.”

Really Spencer. Dead giveaway there, pal. You leaned back in your chair watching Derek’s eyes widen and a smirk spreading across his face.

“Reid… Maaaan. Who’s the lucky girl then Pretty Boy. It is a girl right?”

Spencer rolled his eyes at Morgan’s comment. You knew he hated those jokes. You waited to see what he’d say.

“Yes it was a girl. Well woman actually. A hell of a woman.”

Derek slapped Spencer’s back the way men did when they were congratulating each other, and you detected a hint of a blush forming on the geniuses cheeks.

“You seeing her again?”

“Erm yes. Tonight actually. I’m cooking her dinner at my apartment.” The pride in his voice was adorable and you had to fight to keep the grin from breaking out all over your face.

“You’re actually cooking for a female, in your apartment? Well well well. I might have to stop round and pick up those books you keep offering to lend me.”

Reid’s face dropped causing Derek to chuckle.

“Morgan, seriously… Please don’t. I like this girl a lot and I don’t wanna scare her off by having you turning up and interrogating her. If things continue to go well, then you can meet her. When the time is right.”

Sensing the anxiousness in Spencer’s voice Morgan stopped his teasing.

“Reid, you know I’m jesting. I’m happy for you Kid. Just don’t keep her from us for too long. Anyone interesting enough to grab and hold your attention must be pretty special.”

“She is.”
The two men nodded each other, with Derek clasping Spencer’s shoulder firmly before wandering off in the direction of Garcia’s office. Spencer dropped down into his chair, shuffling it closer to the desk in front of him, as you quickly typed an email to him.

“So, do need me to bring anything later?”

The reply came back seconds later.

“Just yourself. I’m sorry I couldn’t keep it to myself, Y/N.”

Awww. He was just so sweet. As well as many other things you were recently discovering.

“Spence, it’s fine. They’ll find out soon enough anyway, what they don’t know right now won’t hurt them. Although if anyone knocks on your door this evening, we are NOT answering it. Deal?”

“Deal.”
The team watched Spencer leaving the ballroom less than ten minutes after SSA Y/L/N had.

“Prentiss, are you sure there was nothing going on between those two before she took that promotion and transfer? You were the closest to her,” Derek turned to his brunette colleague who took a long sip of her wine.

“If there was she didn’t tell me. And as a bunch of profilers you’d think that if there was something going on right under our noses we’d have been able to pick up on it.”

“You would think so,” Rossi leaned forward, a thoughtful look on his features. “Yet to get to the Spencer’s room he’d have had to leave through the north exit of the ballroom. Y/N’S room is on the third floor of the west wing….”

“How do you even know that?” JJ interrupted him seeing him smile devilishly at Garcia who was tucking her cell back into her purse. “Penelope! Seriously…?”

“What! It’s not my fault the hotels database is so easy to access. We should really complain about that to be honest. It’s the FBI annual ball, people really shouldn’t be able to hack the database to see what rooms people are in. It’s a matter of security.”

“Anyway, as I was saying,” Dave continued. “To get to Y/N’s room, one would need to exit through the south exit. Which is exactly where Spencer has gone.”

“Perhaps Reid just wanted to make sure she was okay. She did say she’d had a little too much to drink,” Aaron interjected, ever the voice of reason.

“Then why not just say that? Why make an excuse about having a migraine?” Morgan looked around the table at his colleagues.

“Maybe it’s not a migraine as such. Maybe it’s a tension headache…..” Emily smirked.

Penelope caught on to her friends train of thought. “And we all know what’s great for relieving tension headaches.”

“I can’t believe we didn’t know….?”

Reid hurried through the hallways searching the numbers on the doors for Y/N’s. He hadn’t been shocked to see her here, it was the FBI Annual Ball after all. He had been shocked though that she’d been so forthcoming and open with him.

They’d been secretly dating for around seven months when she’d got the call to go and interview to head up the New York field office. Their relationship had been hot and heavy, something that surprised them both. Y/N hadn’t expected to find that one thing in Spencer that she’d been so desperately searching for. A connection, a deep connection. And Spencer had been astounded that they had managed to cultivate a hidden relationship, one that was full of secret get togethers, subtle looks and steamy text messages. It hadn’t just been physical though, it had been more, so much more.

When Y/N had gotten the call to say that the job was hers, she’d been torn. This was what she’d
worked for, what she wanted. But Spencer was what she wanted too. She’d made some calls, arranged a job for him there so he could go with her. But he hadn’t wanted to leave the BAU, hadn’t wanted to leave the life he’d built for himself, his friends. So after much discussion they’d ended it. Long distance could have worked if Y/N was on a temporary placement, if there was an end in sight to their separation. But there wouldn’t be. So long distance wouldn’t work they decided. They’d split. Amicably. They exchanged letters occasionally, kept up with each others lives, even met for coffee the last time she was in the city visiting friends.

Tonight though, Reid had seen her across the room looking stunning. It wasn’t just the way her body looked encased in her dress, it was the look of happiness on her face. And when she turned and saw him, her smile grew even more and she’d rushed across the ball room to him, greeting him like the old friend he was and joining him and the rest of the BAU for drinks. When the music had struck up she’d begged him to dance with her and much to the surprise of himself and his friends, he’d agreed. Away from the ever curious ears of their friends they’d talked. Caught each other up on their lives since they’d last spoken, stopping for drinks in between songs. Before they knew it two hours had passed and both Y/N and Spencer knew that they weren’t ready to leave each others company yet.

“Spencer…. I miss you. I miss…. being with you,” she’d whispered into his neck, her body flush against his.

He’d felt his cheeks burn, recognising the tone of her voice.

“I miss… I miss that too. I miss everything about you.”

“I’m suddenly feeling a little light headed. Like I need to lie down,” Y/N pulled away from Spencer’s embrace, giving him a pointed look. “Perhaps you might want to check on me later. Room 315…”

She spun on her heel suddenly making her way towards her own team and chatting to them briefly before leaving the room. She didn’t look back, trusting that she didn’t to, that Spencer would make his excuses and follow her.

“Y/N okay?” Derek had asked when Reid had returned to his group.

“Just a little too much to drink.”

Emily and Garcia had exchanged a glance then remembering girls nights out with her. Y/N could handle her drink like a pro, often drinking them under the table.

Spencer had waited a respectable fifteen minutes before squinting his eyes and rubbing his temples, making his own excuses and leaving. The team had of course put two and two together, remembering how close Reid and Y/N been but not knowing to what extent.

Now he was searching for her room, adrenaline coursing through his veins. And she was pacing hers, having spritzed herself with Spencer’s favourite scent. If he made her wait much longer, she’d start alone.

A sharp knock on her door alerted Y/N to his presence and she hurried to the door, having already discarded her heels. Flinging open the door, the two stared at each other, their eyes wide with desire.

Y/N made the first move just like she had before, reaching out and tugging on his suit jacket, pulling him towards her and pressing her lips to his. Reid kicked the door shut instinctively, feeling himself being backed against it as hungry plump lips moved against his. His hands went to Y/N’s waist, remembering the curve of her body, the way she felt pressed against him. He groaned, the memories
of her flooding back, their hot and heavenly nights together.

And then…. how it had all ended.

He stiffened, no longer returning her kiss and she retreated, her eyes searching his and seeing his doubt.

“Spencer?”

“We shouldn’t… We’re not together anymore.”

“I know. This doesn’t have to mean anything though.”

He baulked at her words and her expression softened realising what she’d said. Y/N tried again.

“I don’t mean that. Spencer… I miss you, I miss us. I know that we’re not together, that we’re not going to be together. It doesn’t stop me wanting you though. Knowing that we can’t be doesn’t stop me wanting to feel you all over me one more time. Knowing that you’re not my boyfriend doesn’t stop me wanting to taste you again, to feel you inside me again.”

Reid’s breathing hitched in his throat and she stepped forward, her hands reaching behind her back.

“I can look past the fact that we’re not together, if it means I get to enjoy you once more.”

He heard the sound of a zipper being pulled and with a few shimmys of her hips, Y/N was standing there clad only in lace panties.

“Can you?” she breathed, her chest flushing lightly.

Spencer didn’t look down, keeping his eyes fixed on hers. He knew her body like a map he’d drawn himself, he’d explored it so many times. He knew that if she lifted her left arm he’d see a scar to the side of her breast from an injury from a case. Or that if she turned around he’d see a tattoo of stars flowing down her spine. He knew that at the top of her inner right leg she’d have a cluster of freckles, only there and nowhere else on her body. He knew he curves, where she was softer, the skin dimpled slightly on her butt. He knew it all. And he wanted it all. He shouldn’t but he did. So badly.

He licked his lips, not even realising that he had, and Y/N knew she had him. He wouldn’t leave like she’d been scared he would, taking away something she needed so badly tonight. Someone she needed so badly. He stepped towards her again, his fingers moving to her chin and tilting her face up to his. Nodding at her, finally responding to her question, he lowered his mouth to hers again.

And that was it. As soon as their lips touched again it was like they both exploded with lust. Hands were everywhere, Spencer’s jacket slipping to the floor as he toed his dress shoes off, their teeth clacking together as they tried not to break their kiss. Y/N’s hands moved to his neck, tugging his tie undone and off, making quick work of his shirt buttons. Once he too was topless, she pressed her chest to his, her bare flesh hot on his as she tore herself away from his mouth and began trailing kisses down his throat, nipping at the skin in places she knew he found sensitive.

“Y/N… Oh….. ” he groaned as she lowered herself still, lips and teeth catching his nipples, her fingers tracing up and down his sides and then meeting at his belt, working on making that barrier disappear. She grinned as she unthreaded his belt, loosening his pants and pushing them down his legs. Palming him lightly over his boxers she dropped to her knees.

“W-what are you doing…” he looked down at her through hooded eyelids.
Swiping her tongue over her lips she hooked her fingers into the waistband of his shorts and slowly pulled those down too.

“What does is look like I’m doing?” she asked mischievously, not waiting for his answer. Leaning forward she ignored the obvious appendage that was very prominently in her eye line, instead placing her lips to his thighs and peppering light kisses over them. Her hands cupped his butt, squeezing lightly and she moved from one thigh to the other, kissing and nibbling at the skin and hearing Spencer’s breathing change with the anticipation of what she would do next. When she’d kept him waiting long enough she slowly dragged her fingertips along his flesh and around to his front, her fingers skimming through the neatly trimmed hair that was there and causing him to shudder slightly. She knew he was ticklish there, finding it hilarious when she’d first discovered that. Grinning to herself she wetted her lips and placed her hand at the base of his length to aid her, then slowly and deliberately slipped her mouth around his tip.

Spencer groaned softly as she flicked her tongue out, tasting the hardened flesh as she slid her lips down his cock before pulling back up again. Y/N retraced her steps again, a seal formed with her mouth and her cheeks hollowed out slightly as she used her hand to assist herself, it following her mouth as she bobbed up and down. The moans from above her and the hand that was suddenly on her shoulder gripping tightly encouraged her as she worked his dick with her mouth and hand just the way she remembered he liked it.

Spencer was experiencing sheer ecstasy with Y/N’s hot mouth engulfing his dick. He wanted to tell her to stop, feeling that somehow he should be giving her pleasure rather than the other way around but it felt too damn good. He could feel himself hitting the back of her throat as she took him down as far she could comfortably, her hand working alongside her lips. His fingers gripped her shoulder, more to keep himself steady than anything as the things she was doing was causing him to go weak at the knees. Obscene wet sounds left her mouth as she sucked him down, the warmth of her mouth and the flesh of her tongue feeling almost as good as being between her legs, inside her pussy would. And oh, how he knew how good that felt. As she sped her pace up it suddenly became too much for him and he knew if he didn’t stop her now he’d be losing himself far too suddenly in the night.

“Y/N,” he tugged lightly on her hair knowing she didn’t mind that. She didn’t slow her pace though, instead thinking that he was just warning her, which essentially he was. He tugged again, harder this time, squeezing her shoulders with his fingers. “Y/N, stop…. Please. I don’t wanna come in your mouth tonight, I wanna come in you.”

With one last suck Y/N released him from her mouth, still lightly stroking with her hand. A smirk formed across her mouth as she used the back of her hand to wipe her lips which were damp with a mixture of saliva and his precum.

“Is that so?” her voice husky and low. Spencer nodded, licking his own lips and pulling her to her feet, steadying her as she wobbled from kneeling for so long.

“It is,” he lowered his head to hers, kissing her lips softly before pulling back. “But first, there’s some other things I’d quite like to do.”

Kicking his trousers off and away completely, he walked her backwards until she was in front of her bed, kissing her neck and running his hands all over her torso as he did. When her legs hit the bed he stopped, pushing her gently until she was laying down, her legs over the edge. Bending over her Spencer let his mouth follow the map of her body that he knew so well. Teeth nipping at her pulse point on her neck before slipping lower, his lips pursing around each nipple in turn, sucking and nibbling in a way that made her gasp and buck her hips with pleasure.

Y/N was aching for some form of release by now, Spencer’s moans when she’d been giving him
head had thoroughly turned her on and she could feel how wet she was without even being touched between her thighs. His mouth was hot on her body, his hair falling forward and tickling her torso as he slid lower and lower, kissing, licking and nibbling in all her sensitive spots until finally he had slid off the bed and settled between her legs. She looked down at him, his eyes locking on hers as he slid his fingers into the waistband of her panties and dragged them down her legs, tossing them to the floor. Gently he pushed her legs further apart, opening her completely up to him and she gasped as the cool air hit her. He glanced down, his tongue darting out and swiping over his lips. His eyes found hers again and it was his turn to smirk at her, she knew it was because he could see how obviously ready she was for him already.

Spencer breathed in deeply, inhaling the intoxicating scent of her arousal for him. Her pupils were dilated with lust, her normally bright blue eyes seeming almost black. Her skin was flushed all over and as he licked his lips again he could have sworn she quivered on the bed. No longer wanting to make her wait he lowered his head, kissing the inside of her thighs, quickly making his way to her centre, his lips becoming coated almost immediately with a different kind of wetness. Hooking an arm underneath her leg, he used the leverage the move himself closer to her, his tongue darting out and licking a thick stripe from her opening to her clit, the sensitive bulb of nerves engorged with wanting. Hearing a delicious groan coming from Y/N he got to work, suckling her clit between his lips and teasing it with his tongue. He felt her leg twitch and her breathing quicken, a soft gasp leaving her other lips.

Reid smirked again, wondering if she could feeling him smiling or if the other sensations he was causing as he used his mouth on her most sensitive area were overpowering everything else. More likely the latter, he knew how she would lose herself when she was receiving pleasure, sometimes unable to be aware of anything else in the room.

Y/N was breathless, Spencer’s actions between her legs causing her to pant and gasp as his tongue and lips flicked and sucked on her clit. He’d always had a magical mouth, being able to bring her to an orgasm at an almost alarmingly quick rate, much faster than her other lovers. It seemed that once he’d done it the first time, he’d memorised every little movement he’d made that caused her to whimper and shudder, repeating them to bring out the same reactions in her. Her hands grasped at the bed sheets as she felt that familiar knot forming in the pit of her tummy, that building sensation that meant she was so very very close. When he introduced his fingers into the equation, slipping first one and then two digits inside of her, she knew her undoing would be quick.

Spencer began to pump his fingers, curling them inwards towards that pebbled area of flesh on her inner wall, hearing a loud gasp each time he hit her sweet spot. Increasing his ministrations with his tongue he felt Y/N begin to shudder, a cry leaving her throat as she suddenly clenched around his digits as she came.

“Oh fuck… Oh… Ah… Oh God,” she trembled on the bed as Spencer continued to flick his tongue across her clit, dragging out her orgasm until her hands reached down to his hair, tugging him upwards harshly.

He reluctantly released her, retracting his fingers from her warmth and wiping the silky fluid that coated them on the bedsheets, quickly wiping his mouth with his hand. Crawling back on to the bed he found himself being attacked by Y/N’s mouth as she pulled him down on top of her, wrapping her legs around his waist. He kissed her back hungrily, his dick twitching at the knowledge that she could taste herself on his lips. Her hands roamed his back, clawing at him almost as their tongues danced together.

“I need you inside me,” she rasped out between kisses. “I need you to fuck me like this is the last time we’ll ever do this.”
'Isn’t it?“ Spencer thought momentarily before quickly shoving that thought to one side and obliging her request. He pushed inside of her, grunting as her walls welcomed his dick. She was so wet and warm, the moan that left her own mouth as he pushed his entire length inside was pornographic, a sound that should have been illegal it was so good.

He adjusted his position to get a better angle, shifting so that he was rested on his arms.

"Do it,” Y/N whined, staring intently at him. “Move, hard and fast.”

Knowing he would not last long he moved positions again, pulling her legs up and over his shoulders so that she was bent at the waist. He knew she loved the position, he hit her in exactly the right way like this. She grinned and he began to move, pulling nearly all of the way out before thrusting back inside of her, the tightness of her pussy almost too much to bear. He did it again, quickly settling into a rhythm which he would not be able to maintain for long. He wouldn’t need to though. Y/N slipped her hand between her legs, rubbing her own clit as he pumped in and out of her, their groans becoming a chorus of pleasure that anyone in the rooms nearby would hear. She didn’t care though and neither did he, thrusting faster as she rubbed herself to another orgasm, biting her lip as she came.

“Spencer! Fuck! Oh.. Oh… Oh!”

Her pulsating walls helped him along to his end and a few thrusts later and he experience his own sweet release, pleasure coursing through his veins as he trembled, collapsing on top of her body, well and truly spent.

Her legs slipped back down onto the bed as she wrapped her arms around him, softly stroking his hair as they both struggled to return their breathing to normal.

Moments past and both Spencer and Y/N knew that they should move and clear up their mess but neither wanted to leave the others embrace.

Finally it was Spencer who shifted first, lifting himself up to look at Y/N, her face still flushed and her make up smudged.

“Y/N, we should tal….”

“No. Please, let’s not. Not tonight. In the morning perhaps but not tonight.”

Her eyes pleaded with his not to be bring up the conversation she knew he wanted to have. She knew sex for him could never be casual, that an encounter with an old lover would bring up so many questions for him. And she’d tried to kid herself earlier that it could just be a one off, that it could just be simply an encounter. She’d wanted him and he’d wanted her that was all there was to it.

But now, she didn’t think it could be that simple. She needed to think. But not right now.

“Spencer please, just stay the night. We’ll talk in the morning.”
Jealousy

*I take it all back*
All that I said
It comes out too fast
So I just couldn’t help
The way that I felt
I started the fire.

You regretted it, opening up to him, telling Spencer you liked him, that you were fairly certain you were in love with him.

Your timing was shitty yes, he’d started seeing someone, a bartender he’d met whilst you’d been working a case. As his best friend you’d actually encouraged him to ask her out, not even realising you had feelings for him that way until he’d actually done it and they’d started dating. And then suddenly you couldn’t stand it, you hated hearing him talking about, hating hearing him breathe her name. But he did, all the time, asking you for advice on what to wear on dates, where to take her.

When they’d been dating for two months he brought her along on a team night out. And she was nice, if she was anyone else you would have befriended her, gotten along with her. But you couldn’t. When she spoke you felt irritated with her, seeing Spencer’s hand on her leg made you somehow furious, you’d wanted to smack it away.

Sitting next to them at table, you’d been able to hear them as they leaned in close to each other, whispering to each other. And then suddenly you couldn’t take it anymore, grabbing your coat and heading outside for a breather.

Watching you walk
I followed you there
Standing too close
It’s hurting.
I pictured the words
The warmth of your breath.
I started the fire
It’s burning.

It had been Emily that had followed you, bringing a bottle of water with her in case you’d just had too much to drink. But she caught you looking through the photo gallery on your phone, sifting through the many photos you had of you and him together.

“Oh Y/N,” she’d sighed putting her arm around your shoulder.

You’d looked at her confused, not even knowing what she was “Ohing” at.

“Why didn’t you tell him first?”

“Tell who what, Em?”

“Spencer…. That you like him.”

“But I don’t…. ”

And then suddenly it all made sense. He was your best friend, the first person you’d connected with
at the BAU, which after a girl’s night out you’d discovered didn’t happen with Spencer often. It was him that you told all your secrets to, him that you went to when you were upset. It was him that you felt the most comfortable around, knowing that you could turn up at his apartment dressed in yours pajamas with no make up on and he wouldn’t judge you. Somewhere along the way your feelings had changed from loving him as a friend, to wanting more from him. To perhaps even being in love with him. But you hadn’t realised until now. Until he’d finally found a girlfriend, one that you’d encouraged him to get.

As your brain had processed the words Emily had said you’d found yourself breaking down and sobbing.

“Shit. Oh shit Emily, I like him. Oh fuck.”

And it feels like jealousy
And it feels like I can’t breathe
And I’m on, down on my knees
And it feels like jealousy.

She’d taken you home in a cab and sat with you whilst you’d cried, before you finally pulled yourself together resolving that there was nothing you could do about this now.

The look on Emily’s face said that there was but that she’d leave that matter alone.

She did, and so did you, choosing to distance yourself from him instead. Since she’d come on the scene your nights in together had reduced drastically anyway. But the few times he asked if you were free you lied, saying you had plans. He didn’t question you, until the one night you bumped into him at your local take out when you’d lied and told him you were out of town that weekend.

Seeing a light
A face in the crowd
My lonely heart is racing.
And my whole world
Is under attack.
What kinda love am I facing?

His face had contorted into a strange look when he saw you enter the take out, see him there and quickly walk out. One of confusion, hurt and disappointment. He’d quickly followed you, abandoning his order on the counter as you raced back to your apartment building. Spencer having longer legs, quickly caught up with you, grabbing your arm and spinning you around to face him just as the heavens opened and it began to pour with raining.

Standing outside your building he begged you to tell him why you were avoiding him, why you’d lied to him. You were his best friend, he missed you. And as the rain fell down and soaked you both you gave in to your feelings and told him, hating yourself as you did.

“I can’t be around you anymore Spencer, because it hurts okay. If you must know, it hurts me.”

“But why? What did I do? I don’t understand.”

Of course he didn’t, and he looked so sad and confused as he tried to work out how he’d hurt you.

“You didn’t do anything. I did, I fell for you and I didn’t realise it.”

“Wait…you what? You fell for me?” he shook his damp hair out of his eyes and you nodded sadly.
“I fell for you and I shouldn’t have. Because I can’t have you anymore, you’re with her. And I’m jealous. That’s why I can’t be around you anymore. That’s why I’m avoiding you.”

Reid looked perplexed, stuttering for a second before blurtling out a sentence that gave a hope that it shouldn’t have.

“W-w-what, what if I wasn’t with her?”

If he wasn’t with her? Then you could have him. All the scenarios you’d played out in your head when you’d been moping and torturing yourself, could be a reality.

“But you are Spencer.”

“But what if I wasn’t?”

Taking a deep breath and pushing your hair off your face you stared him straight in the eyes.

“If you want me, you can have me,” before turning and walking away, hurrying into your apartment.

*Is it me that you want*  
Cause it’s me you can have  
Can you give me an answer?

And then you waited. The conversations you’d had with Emily had very much given you the impression that he liked you too. Emily had suggested that Spencer had just been too shy to do anything about it, but she was sure that your feelings were not one sided. And standing in the rain with him, hearing him ask what if, that had solidified what Emily had said. Or else he wouldn’t have asked. Right?

Yet, nothing. He didn’t come banging on your door hours later with the revelation that he’d ended things. He didn’t call you the next day. Instead, things went on as they had. Except he no longer asked if you were free, no longer messaged you for advice. He barely spoke to you at all in fact.

*I’m tired of waiting.*  
*I’m tired of thinking.*

Another two months passed by and yours and his friendship had deteriorated to the point where the rest of the team ran interference between the pair of you. They knew something was up but not quite what. And neither of you would tell them. Your feelings for him didn’t go away, they actually got worse, more intense because you missed him so much. You shouldn’t have told him, you should have just left it and continued being his friend. Why had you opened your stupid mouth?

*And it feels like jealousy*  
And it feels like I can’t breathe  
And I’m on, down on my knees  
And it feels like jealousy.

You were home alone on a Friday night, drowning your sorrows with a glass of wine. Emily and JJ had invited you out for drinks but you’d made up an excuse, cancelling on them. A loud knocking on your door jolted you from your thoughts and you hauled yourself to your door, thinking it was Emily.

It wasn’t.

“Why did you have to tell me. Everything was fine until you told me,” Spencer looked angry, his
hair dishevelled as if he been pulling at it in frustration.

You opened your mouth but no words came out.

“Why Y/N, why then? Why not before, before I was happy with her. Could you not bear to see me happy, was that it?”

I’m tired of waiting.
I’m tired of thinking.

“No! It wasn’t like that all,” you finally found your voice. “I didn’t realise okay. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean for it to happen, I didn’t want to fall in love with you, but I did. I just wish I’d realised before.”

His face softened, “So do I.”

You didn’t know how to reply, what to say to him now or why he was even here.

“Do you still have those feelings for me, Y/N?” his eyes explored your face, looking for any signs that you’d be lying. You nodded at him and he took a deep breath.

“It’s over between me and her, because of you. Because I couldn’t get your words out of my head. Because I felt the same way. Can I come to inside please, I think we need to talk.”
"You seriously made $10,000 at a charity event just by kissing people?" Derek stared at you with a look of disbelief on his face.

"Yup. I swear I must have kissed the entirety of the college campus plus some that weekend," somehow the conversation had turned to the strangest things you had all done in college and whilst this wasn't exactly the strangest, you knew it normally got a reaction.

"Are you really that good a kisser?" Spencer asked, taking a sip of his beer.

"Apparently so. I had a number of repeat customers, and a number of requests for dates after that." "$10,000.... I just. Really?" Emily took a long drink of her cocktail and turned to you.

"Really. Honestly I'm not shitting you here. Apparently I'm a great kisser." Across the table Derek smirked, "If you really that good I think you're gonna have to prove it."

"I actually agree here Y/N. We need proof," Emily nodded along with him and you looked mischievously between your two friends, glancing briefly around the table.

"Alright... Fine. But I'm not kissing all of you to prove this," You slid off your stool and started circling the table slowly, touching each of your colleagues on the shoulder as you passed them by.

"Duck.... Duck.... Duck..... Duck.... Who shall my little goose be I wonder?"

Derek and Emily were too obvious, and they'd tease Spencer far too much for it to be any fun for him. Hotch gave you the tiniest shake of his head as you passed him by and you knew it would be completely inappropriate to kiss him. Rossi was an option, the italian stallion that he was but when you got to the next chair you decided to just go with it.

"Goose?" you raised your eyebrow to your blonde friend, smiling when you saw JJ open her mouth in surprise before she titled her head lightly and licked her lips.

"Goose," she agreed.

Knowing you now had everyone's attention you slowly lowered your mouth to Jennifer's, pressing lightly at first and then more heavily as her lips parted. You bought your hand to the back of her head, caressing her neck softly as your tongue teased against hers. You heard a groan coming from one of men, presumably Derek as you deepened the kiss somewhat, JJ's own hand reaching to your shoulder. You relaxed the tongue action and started to break away, nibbling briefly on her lower lip as you did so before leaning away completely and leaving her wide eyed with her lips still parted as if she wanted more.

Glancing around the table you saw the men shifting uncomfortably in their seats with both Emily and Garcia resting their chins on their hands as if they were entranced. When it seemed like no one was going to comment, JJ broke the silence with a small cough.

"Well.... Wow... I can honestly say that I now completely understand how you made that amount of money. That was just... I don't think I've ever been kissed like that, ever...."

She took a large gulped of her drink and you left her side and hopped back up until your bar stool.
"Point proven guys?"

"Nah... No way. You and JJ could have planned this! Kiss me as well!" Derek exclaimed suddenly.

"Oh honey... No. But if you really want a go, then.... I'll take cash or credit card. I guess I could use a new purse... "
"Spencer! I can't you believe you did that? Oh my God, look at the mess," you stared down at the mess in front of your eyes, throwing your hands up in the air in disbelief.

"I had to! I was attacked, I had no other choice," Spencer looked around the room, his eyes wild and his chest heaving with adrenaline.

"Of course you had a choice, you always have a choice. Murder is never the way to go, you know this."

"But I.... B-but I had to...."

"There were other ways Spencer, other options. You didn't have to do this," you touched his arm softly, trying to calm him down.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I didn't know what to do. It was all so sudden and I was so scared.... Oh gosh, do you hate me? You hate me now, then, right?"

"No baby, no. I love you. You're a murderer but I love you."

"What do we do now?" he looked at you desperately, needing the guidance he knew you'd give him.

"Well, first you need to get the dead body out of here and clean the floor. Then you can head down to the bookstore to get me a new copy. I can't believe you used my favourite book to kill a spider. Next time, trap it under a glass or something and I'll take it outside when I get home."
You strolled into the bullpen, coffee in hand. You gave a curt nod to your colleagues and received bright hello's from them all in return. Even after six months they were still making their best efforts to become your friend.

You, not so much. You didn't go to work to make friends, you went to work, to solve cases. If you profiled yourself you knew this stemmed from growing up as an army brat. Moving from base to base every few years meant that very early on in your life you'd stopped trying to make friends knowing that that you'd lose them soon enough anyway. That attitude had been carried with you into your adult life. You knew it made you seem cold hearted, even hearing some people referring to you as the ice queen. But you were over it, it was just the way you were.

As you approached your desk you frowned. A small box was placed on it, one that hadn't be there when you'd left last night.

There a small tag attached to it, messy handwriting you recognised as Dr Spencer Reid's.

"Y/N, I overheard you telling that little girl a few weeks ago that this was your favourite book and that you'd been heartbroken when you'd lost it and couldn't find the same edition again. I was visiting my favourite bookstore this weekend and I think this is the one you were talking about? I hope it is, and I hope you enjoy it.

Spencer."

You were taken aback that he'd even thought of you. Carefully you opened the box to see that it was indeed the same edition of your favourite childhood book. Sure you'd been able to locate other editions over the years but this particular one had been particularly special. The illustrations had filled your dreams for weeks on ends, comforting you during each family move. You had been gutted when it had been misplaced and your family hadn't been able to find another copy.

Picking up the book you thumbed through the pages, a wide smile spreading over your face as the images jumped out at you. Glancing up and over to Spencer's desk you could see him watching you.

"Thank you" you mouthed to him, not wanting to make a scene in front of the rest of the room. You'd find him alone later and tell him how grateful you were. He grinned back at you.

Across the room Derek and Emily had watched the entire exchange.

"Well, would you look at like," Emily raised her coffee to her lips. "She actually looks happy for once."

"I know right. I always thought it would be Penelope that would finally break her with kindness. But I guess it's going to be Spencer that will be melt that frozen heart of hers."
"Twenty boxes?"

"There's not twenty," Spencer pouted as you stood with your hands on your hips staring at the shopping cart.

You counted again, "Yes there is. And there's four pop tarts in each box. That's eighty. We do not need eighty pop tarts."

"But... But they're on sale!"

"No. You eat enough junk food as it is. Put them back."

"But I like them. And I want them. I'll go to the gym more, I swear it," he was like a petulant child bargaining with his mother rather than a grown man out shopping with his girlfriend. You knew should have never let him control the cart.

"No! Put them back. You cannot get that many pop tarts. You can have two boxes."

"Ten."

"Two."

"Six?" he tried again.

"Two."

"Four then. Let me have four."

You sighed and shook your head. Next time you were doing the shop online. It was not worth this every time.

"Three. And that's it. And you are not to ruin your dinner by eating them before."

"Yay! Thanks, love you."

He grabbed the cart and scurried off back to the aisle to put them back. Another woman who was having a similar debate but with her child, glanced over and caught your eye.

You smiled and started to walk away, hearing the child try to argue.

"He got three boxes, why can I only have one?"

God help if you and Spencer ever had kids...
Prompt: You know you're not meant to use the stove without supervision.

What was that smell?

You rolled over in bed ready to nudge Spencer awake to find out his opinion only to find he was already gone.

And the smell was getting stronger. It smelt... Smokey. Like something was burning.

Burning.

Shit!

You sprang out of bed and into the kitchen just in time to see a cloud of smoke engulf Spencer as he dropped a pan into a sink full of water.

"Spencer! Are you okay, what did you do?"

You could hear your boyfriend coughing slightly as he opened the small window, wafting the smoke out with a newspaper.

"I'm fine, I'm fine! I wanted to make you breakfast in bed. But I erm....."

"Got distracted by the paper and forgot about it.... Again?"

Now the smoke was clearing you could see him nodding, a sheepish look on his face. This was not the first time this exact chain of events had occurred.

"I'm sorry, I just wanted to do something nice."

"I know baby, I know. But you know you're not meant to use the stove unsupervised unless you give it your full attention. We talked about this remember?"

You'd been trying to teach him how to cook, to wean him off the diet of take out that he was living off. It had quickly become apparent why he couldn't cook though, he would get distracted by a book or a volume of text and would let his mind wander. Cooking didn't hold his attention the same way words did.

"I know. Next time I won't bring the paper into the kitchen."

"And you'll set an alarm to check the food?"

"Yes! That too."

You were becoming cold and felt bad for him so you stepped forward and wrapped your arms around his waist.

"I appreciate the gesture Spencer, I really do. Let's clean up and go out for breakfast okay?"

"Okay...you know, if you'd have let me buy all those Pop Tarts then we could have just had... Ouch!"
"... I can smell your fear, the only reason I'm here is to wreak havoc."

You pressed the blade to Dr Reid's neck, keeping his hands pulled tightly behind his back. He'd been shocked that you'd managed to capture him but your cunning ways had won out right and now he was yours.

"DROP THE WEAPON Y/N! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED!"

Dammit. You'd been so careful.

You craned your neck to see that the federal agents you hadn't taken out yet, were in fact lined up behind you, guns poised at the ready.

"No! You'll never take me alive!"

"You have one more chance to surrender Y/N. Is suicide by cop really the way you want to end this?" Agent Rossi called out, his finger never leaving the trigger of his weapon. You pressed the blade harder against your struggling victim.

"If you shoot me, you'll kill Dr Reid too. You don't have a clean shot!"

"I do though."

The voice came from off to the side and when you looked you could see the dark hair of Agent Emily Prentiss. She had a direct shot to disable you from sideways on, sparing your victim. If you moved quickly, you could still finish this by slashing his throat although given that he was a good few inches taller than you it would be awkward to get a clean cut and your arms were already beginning to ache. You knew you should have used your gun here too but you'd so wanted to try a different tactic.

Before you had chance to consider your surrender you heard the tell tale sound of the trigger being pulled and then felt the thump as the bullet hit your side, the force knocking you off balance and causing you to drop your knife and to reach for the wound, covering it with your hands. Dr Reid spun out of your grasp and stared at you as you dropped to the floor, writhing in pain.

"You'll pay for this! You'll pay! My death will be avenged, I promise you this!! MY DEATH WILL BE AV...... " you trailed off as your eyes closed, one final breath heaving from your chest.

"Alright Agent Y/N, you can get up now, the show is over," Agent Hotchner strode into the yard and you opened your eyes to see the rest of your team surrounding you, Spencer leaning down and offering you his hand to help you up, the red paint from the paint ball shot shot smearing onto his hand as you took it.

"Great shot Prentiss, but team I'm honestly surprised at how long it took for her to be caught. And at how many Agents she took out in the process."

You grinned at your boss, proud at how long you'd managed to last. You were certain you had the highest kill rate now for a lone unsub, something else you could add to your list of achievements.

"I have already had a request from the other teams though Y/N. They won't take part in the training excercise again next time if you're the unsub. And SSA Summers from the New York office has some
concerns about you. She thinks you got into the part a little too much and that there might be some underlying issues..... "

The rest of the team chuckled and you took this as your moment to take a bow.

"Sir, you know the only underlying issue I have is that I don't get to express my acting skills often enough. Those high school drama classes I took clearly had an impact on me and have left me with skills that demand to be demonstrated!"
"Henry, no!" you dashed over to the other side of the room just in time to stop your baby sitting charge from putting the sucker back in his mouth.

"But... Three second rule!"

You plucked it from his hand and inspected it, noting the small hairs from the carpet that had stuck to its surface.

"The three second rule doesn't apply to sticky foods. Look," you held the red sucker closer to his face so he could see the hairs. He just shrugged.

"So? It's only carpet. Mom vaccumed earlier so it's clean."

"Fine. You wanna eat it, eat it. Your Uncle Spencer will be back soon. Remind me to get him to explain about all the lovely germs that live in the carpet and what they'll do to your insides....."

Henry frowned. He loved his Uncle Spencer but hated it when he got lectured. He could go on for what seemed like forever and Henry didn't want that this afternoon. He wanted to have fun with Y/N and Spencer, not be bored to death.

"I'll go get a new one," he finally relented, hauling himself up off the floor.

"Thought so...." You smiled to yourself knowing exactly the thought process that had gone through his head.
The back of your head hit the wall with a loud thump as Spencer thrust into you. A loud moan escaped your throat as your legs tightened their grip around his waist, pulling him closer to you.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck!" you were so needy for him right now. The aching between your legs had begun when you'd watched him take down the unsub that very morning, seeing him all dominant and powerful did things to do you that you couldn't explain. You hadn't been able to wait so when the rest of the team had fallen asleep on the jet you'd more or less dragged him into the bathroom. Turned he was still full of adrenaline from the take down himself, soaring high on the feeling. He hadn't taken much convincing and now he was ploughing his rock hard cock into you, his lips suckling on your neck as you squeezed around him.

Another groan left your mouth as he drove into you, your nails digging into his shoulder.

"Y/N, you need to be quiet. The others will hear," he paused momentarily, his words hushed.

"I can't, I don't wanna be quiet."

"You have to!"

A thought crossed your mind and you suddenly felt extra turned on, a fresh feeling of excitement pouring over you.

"Make me then. Put your hand over my mouth."

He looked shocked, his mouth opening wide. "No! I can't do that, what if I..."

"Spencer, just this once, don't argue with me. Do it. I'll bite if it becomes too much. Please... I need this."

He still looked unsure but he carefully placed his hand over your lips, muffling your moans as he resumed his thrusts.

And fuck, the added feeling of him covering your mouth, preventing you from screaming out his name, dominating you.... All it took was another minute of him pumping his hips against yours and you were done. The sensation of your walls pulsating around him as you came was enough to send him over the edge too and you felt him release himself into you. As he removed his hand you sucked the air in, feeling only slightly light headed.

"Fuuuck..."

KNOCK KNOCK

"Guys are you done?" Derek's voice came through the door. "Cos I need to pee here...."
Drabble Prompts: Blood

A/N: I'm not sure if this is anything like what the requester was after but here goes...

...

Spencer loved cooking dinner for his girlfriend. Y/N was fabulous, she'd turned up out of the blue after a terrible case that had him thinking that nothing was right with the world and over a year later, they were very much in love.

"Spencer?" Y/N called out as she entered the apartment.

"In the kitchen!"

He spun around from where he was chopping vegetables, knife still in his hand, to see her come speeding towards him her arms outstretched ready for a hug.

She didn't see the knife and he didn't drop it in time.

She ran straight into it, it plunging deep into her stomach.

Rather than hearing the anguished cry out that he'd expected, she started rambling about her day, asking what was for dinner and what he'd been up to. Reid stared helplessly down at her stomach, the black end of the blade sticking out from her dress.

"Y/N?"

"Hmmm? What?"

He gestured wildly down to her abdomen, confused as to why she couldn't feel the pain.

"Are you... Okay? How can you not feel that? We need to get you to the hospital."

She glanced down at her tummy, spotting the object protuding from it.

"Oh... This?" she gripped the blade and pulled it out, not even wincing. She placed the knife on the counter and continued talking, Spencer not even taking in what she was saying.

"Why aren't you... Why is there... There should be blood? There's no blood. Why is there no blood?" Reid felt light-headed suddenly, like the walls were closing in on him. This didn't make any sense.

"Why would there be blood sweetie?"

"I.... I stabbed you? You ran into the knife. There should be blood! Why aren't you bleeding?"

Y/N grinned at him sweetly, "Why would I bleed? I'm a figment of your imagination, I'm not real. Only real people bleed. You should know that silly!"

What?

Spencer started to hyperventilate, everything suddenly feeling fuzzy as he felt a sharp prick at the side of his neck. Then everything slowly faded to black.

...
The Doctor looked over to his assisting nurse, a sad look on his face.

"It's such a shame. He seemed to be making progress."

"Do you think he'll ever recover?" the nurse asked him.

"It's hard to say. He's been here for eighteen months now. He was such a brilliant man too."
Walking the halls, Spencer felt like he was in another world.

He'd woken up moments ago confused by the unfamiliar bedroom. It was grand, a huge four poster bed with soft fluffy carpets. At first he thought perhaps he'd been in an accident, he couldn't remember anything from the previous 24 hours. But he didn't feel any pain anywhere and he wasn't hooked up to any machines.

Had he been taken captive somewhere?

Unable to find his cell or gun, or even his own clothes for that matter, he slipped out of the room tugging on a thick lush dressing gown that he'd found on a hook on the back of the door, slipping his feet into the slippers that had been nearby. Carefully he opened the door and padded as quietly down the hallway as he could.

The walls were adorned with paintings, none of which he recognised. Each door he came to he attempted to open, but none would allow him access until he came to the end of the hall.

The doorway that opened to him there led into a huge room, with floor to ceiling bookcases all lined with books. The room was flooded with light from a glass ceiling and he could smell the familiar smell of coffee and cake. He ventured into the room spotting a table with two chairs towards the back. One of the chairs was occupied and as he grew nearer he could see the occupant was playing chess.

"Excuse me..?"

The person didn't look up until Spencer was right by his side and when he did Spencer became more confused than ever.

"Ahhh, finally. Someone decent to play against. Pull up a chair and I'll reset the board."

"Gideon? What... Where am I?"

His old mentor gave him a sad smile as Reid sat down opposite him.

"This is a dream, right?" Spencer asked although it felt like no other dream he'd had.

"No Spencer, it's not a dream."

"Then.... How?"

"Take a look around you son, at the other tables."

There hadn't been any other tables, Reid had been sure of that. But now there was. And the occupants of each table confused him more and more.

His old college lecturer, Dr Ainsley. His father's sister, Sarah. His old unit chief, Erin Strauss. His grandmother. In the furthest corner he could see a brunette, someone he'd only ever had chance to talk to in person once, Maeve.

And opposite him, Jason Gideon.

The events of the last 24 hours suddenly came flooding back. The gunfire, the pain in his chest. The
ambulance sirens, the sound of Derek begging for him to hold on a bit longer.

"Gideon... Am I...?" he couldn't say the word, not yet.

"I'm so very sorry Spencer."
"I think I'm gonna need to borrow a shirt again... And maybe a pair of your boxers until we can get the flour off my jeans."

You surveyed the mess in front of you. What had meant to be an afternoon of you teaching your best friend Spencer how to bake had turned quickly into a food fight. Eggs and flour were all over his kitchen counters and floors, and the pair of your were streaked with various ingredients.

It had been fun though. And the amount of time it would take to clear the mess up was worth the look on Spencer's face when you'd cracked the egg on top of his head.

You both cleaned up and then he told you to help yourself to his shower and clothes. The plan was to order in take out and watch a movie... And eat the cake you'd never got around to baking. You changed in his bedroom, admiring the walls you'd helped him paint only a few weekends earlier. An event that had again led to you wearing his shirt and shorts afterwards whilst your own clothes had been tossed into the washing machine as they'd been plastered with paint. As you walked out into living room area, Spencer glanced up.

"You might as well stop wearing clothes when you come over."

Your eyes widened and seconds later his did too as he realised the implications of what he'd said.

"I meant... I meant... "

"Wow Spencer, so throwing paint and eggs at me were just ploys to get me out of my clothes...."

"No! I meant... You always seem to end up... "

He'd turned bright red.

"You really should say if you want me to just take my clothes off.....do you want me to? If you really want to see me naked then I'll be happy to oblige... Do you want to, just say the word?" this was fun.

"Yes! Wait.. I mean no. Don't get naked, I don't want that."

"Oh... So am I ugly to you? Do you not find me attractive. Why wouldn't you wanna see me naked?"

"Of course you're not ugly! You're beautiful but... B-but.... I... I um... You're... We're... Er.. You're... "

"I'm your best friend and I'm messing with you, you big bozo. Go and get cleaned up and I'll order food."

You grinned at him and his blush slowly started to fade as he strode past you into his room.

"Great line though Spence. Try that again sometime on me if you ever decide you wanna change this friendship up.... "

The last line was said to yourself in your head. You'd never say that out loud to him, you couldn't. You were too scared to.
Prompt: You're being too loud, we're going to wake them up.

... "JJ look at them! They're so cute.”

"Shhhh, you're being too loud. We're going to wake them up."

"Lemme just get one more picture. Garcia will just eat this up."

Y/N wasn't asleep. She rarely fell asleep in this position. But she faked it so often that she was a pro at it. And Spencer definitely didn't seem to mind. In fact, he also seemed to enjoy it. Whenever she snuggled up next to him and lay her head on his shoulder he would start stroking her arm gently, resting his own head atop of hers. After a while, he would fall sleep, the soft sounds of his chest rising and falling comforting Y/N. She loved being this close to him but pretending to be asleep was the only time she felt she was able to be. The first time it had happened was quite accidental, but everytime since then.... Well she kinda planned and faked it just to be near to him. She joked that he was her sleep buddy, and the rest of team joked once both their eyes were closed, that they were in love and just couldn't see it. She could see it alright, at least from her side of things. But not for one second did she think her feelings were reciprocated.

Spencer wasn't asleep, he rarely fell asleep like his. He was too aware of the sleeping beauty next to him, her head nestled into the crook of his neck. Sometimes she'd fidget and her hand would end up on his arm, sometimes gripping it as if she were having a nightmare and needed him close to comfort her. He loved being this close to her, feeling her warmth next to him, the smell of her hair, her sweet scent. The first time she'd fallen asleep with her head resting on him, he had actually dozed off. But the next time it happened and all the times afterwards he couldn't let himself miss it. He wanted to remember the sensation of her snuggled up next to him, knowing it would never happen outside of the jet. It was just because she was sleepy and he was comfortable. She joked he was her sleep buddy and he laughed along with her, all the time knowing he wanted to be so much more than that but knowing that his feelings would not be reciprocated.

"Em, when do you think their actually going to admit they like each other?"

"Honestly Jayge? Never.... I think we'd have to spell it out to both of them. You'd think that as profilers they'd pick up on the fact that their so irrecoverably head over heels for each other. She told me one night, you know. When she was drunk. And then swore the next day that it had just been the wine... Nah, I don't buy it."

"He told me too. He likes her, a lot. He just doesn't think she'd be interested."

"They're so stupid." Emily unfolded the newspaper she'd been reading, ready to begin the puzzle page she'd found.

"I know right?" JJ went back to her book, both women missing the small smiles that had spread across Spencer and Y/N's faces.
You wandered back from the bar, a free pitcher of beer in your hand. Plonking it on the table you grinned at the others.

"Courtesy of the lovely Jacob behind the bar.... "

You'd spent the last ten minutes flirting with him and making a big show of taking his number, not that you had any intention of using it. You just enjoyed flirting.

"You know, the way you flirt is just shameful," Spencer commented, his usual cheery demeanor gone.

"It's just a bit of fun!" you exclaimed, wondering who'd crawled into his ass and pissed him off. Penelope and Emily nodded along with you, refilling their glasses.

"To you maybe. What about the poor saps you're leading on?"

"I don't lead anyone on. I tell people I have a boyfriend even though I don't. It's not my fault they still push their numbers onto me. When you think about it, they're the ones in the wrong," you were appalled at Spencer's attitude towards you all of a sudden.

"They wouldn't push them onto you if you didn't show so willing to take them."

"Spencer! What the hell is wrong with you tonight?"

"Oh just ignore him Kitty Cat, " Derek gave his colleague a sharp nudge. "He's probably just jealous or something."

"Pffft," both you and Reid scoffed although he did at least shut up.

You and the girls went off to dance, deciding to leave the bar at around one.

"You two gonna share a cab?" Derek glanced over to you and Reid. You both lived quite close to each other, over the opposite side of town to the others. It was handy, meaning you often had someone to carpool with and to occasionally have someone nearby to hang out with at the weekends.

"As long as he doesn't accuse me of flirting with the cab driver."

Reid flushed slightly at your dig, looking mildly uncomfortable. You'd been so taken back by his comments earlier. It was so unlike the kind and sweet man you'd come to call your friend. When you'd first met him, you'd been stunned by how handsome he was too, quickly realising that flirting was not something he took to. Which was a shame, you'd have very much liked to flirt with him, one of the few people you could have seen it actually leading somewhere with. You'd pushed that fleeting thought to the back of your head pretty fast. Spencer didn't date. In fact, no one on the team was 100 percent sure what Spencer's deal actually was.

Derek hopped into the first cab with Garcia and Emily, Garcia being a little worse for the wear. When you were left alone with Reid, an uncomfortable silence descended over you. When ten minutes had passed by and you hadn't spotted another cab you took your cell out and decided to take
matters into your own hands.

"Fuck this, I'm ordering an Uber," you loaded up the app and started tapping in the details, walking up the street slightly away from the bar. You rested your back against a store front as you finished your order, Spencer in front of you.

"You didn't have to do that, it'll probably cost double the amount at this time of night."

"Just over double actually. But I just wanna go home. It should only be another five minutes."

He nodded, sticking his hands in his pockets and shuffling his feet awkwardly.

"What was up with you earlier anyway?"

"What, when?" Spencer pulled a face, feigning ignorance.

"Earlier? Your snarky attitude towards me for having a harmless flirt. Christ Spencer, for a second I actually considered Derek's suggestion that you were jealous."

Reid bit his lip and a flush covered his cheeks, his hands being shoved deeper into his pockets. The unthinkable suddenly crossed your mind.

"Wait, were you jealous?"

"No!"

"Oh my God... You were!"

"No I wasn't!"

And denial was just a river in Egypt. Every little bit of his body language right now was telling you that you were right.

"Yes, you were. Derek was right."

"No he isn't."

"Spencer come on... Admit it, it all kinda makes sense now."

"There's nothing to admit, shut up!"

You licked your lips and stepped closer to him, more sure than ever about this.

"Make me."

"What?"

"You heard. You were jealous earlier and there's a reason for it. You won't admit it and you want me to shut up about it. So make me shut up."

Either way this went you were quite sure you were going to get the answer you wanted.

And seconds later after seeing conflict cross Spencer's face, you had the answer.

Soft lips crushed against yours and you were moved back against the wall, his body pinned against yours. You reached up and tangled your fingers into his hair, feeling his tongue flick out and requesting access. Lips parted and tongues met, the taste of alcohol in both of your mouths. And
although it was the alcohol that had made this interaction possible, you knew that it wasn't happening because you were drunk. You wanted him and he wanted you. After a few frenzied minutes he pulled back, almost breathless. You didn't release him from you though, holding his head close to yours.

"Admit it... " you breathed.

"I was jealous, I'm sorry."

A grin broke over your lips, "You really don't need to be. You could have just said something to me..."

"I didn't know how to," his hazel eyes gazed into yours and you pressed your lips to his once more, this time more sweetly.

BEEP BEEP.

You broke apart seeing a car pulled up to the curb as your cell started to vibrate. Your ride was here. Spencer held the door open for you and you both slid in, buckling up.

"I have down two drops, is that right?" the driver glanced into his mirror and stole a look at Reid.

Reaching across the seat you took Spencer's hand and squeezed it.

"No, just the one please."

Chapter End Notes

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https://ko-fi.com/cherrywhisp
"Please, just step back over."

Spencer pleaded with the young girl he'd been talking down from the bridge for the last hour. He never usually came home from work this way and he was convinced that if he wasn't there then a body would have been found in the river the next day.

The girl was distraught, convinced that she had nothing to give the world, nothing to offer. That no one would notice if she wasn't here. She was worthless in her eyes.

"You might not think it but I can assure you that you do have an impact on the world. You mentioned your mom earlier, and your older brother in college? Think how hurt they would be if you didn't get home, how much pain they would go through knowing that you had done this. You are not worthless."

"Yes I am!" she sobbed, shaking in the cold.

Spencer changed tracks.

"Tell me... Just this week, have you made someone smile? Think hard."

The girl frowned, wrinkling up her nose in confusion.

"Think for me."

"Well uh... The other day I told my friend she looked really pretty and she smiled. And this morning I told my teacher I really enjoyed the reading assignment she'd given us. She liked that, said not many students told her they enjoyed her assignments."

"Did she smile?" Spencer pressed on and the girl nodded.

"If you can make someone else smile, you have had a impact on their day. You have made them feel good for a few moments, possibly told them the only good thing they'll hear that day. If you can bring a smile to someone else's face then you certainly aren't worthless and you definitely have had an impact. You've made someone else happy. That's worth something so that means YOU are worth something."

The girl's eyes widened somewhat as she took in his words.

"Oh..."

"Now please, just take my hand. I'll pull you back over."

Hesitating momentarily, the girl slipped her hand into Spencer's and he breathed a sigh of relief.
"Spencer?"

He wasn't in bed again and the bedroom door was wide open. Sighing, you flicked the bedside lamp on and climbed out of bed.

Padding into the living room you could see him stood in the middle of the room in his pajamas, pointing at something and muttering to himself.

He was sleepwalking again. This wasn't new, and although it scared the shit out of you sometimes, other times it was funny.

"Spencer, baby," you crept across the room to him and lightly touched his arm. His eyes were wide open but he wasn't seeing anything. Not anything that was there anyway.

"Why is the dog covered in peanut butter?"

Pardon?

You didn't have a dog.

He kept pointing at the imaginary dog. "All that peanut butter. Wasted. Did Henry do it? Did I do it? So much peanut butter...what am I meant to have on my toast now?"

Well alrighty then.

"Spencer, come back to bed. We'll clean the dog tomorrow. And we'll get more peanut butter from the store," you kept your voice low and quiet and carefully steered him back around towards the bedroom. Sometimes you struggled to get him back in there but this time he plodded forward compliantly and climbed back into bed.

His eyes closed almost immediately and very soon after you could hear light snoring.

The next morning you awoke to find him in the kitchen, munching on toast.

"Morning Y/N. I had the strangest dream last night.... "

"Did it involve peanut butter and pooches by any chance?"

A sheepish look spread over his face. "Was I sleep talking again?"

You nodded, giving him a large grin.

"And walking. I found you in the kitchen asking why the dog was covered in peanut butter."

"Oh... Least that explains why I woke up craving peanut butter on toast!"
Drabble Prompts: Naughty Girl

A/N: alright so I cheated and combined two prompts to make this one.

…

“No.”

“Spencer…. Please. You have to, it’s for the case,” you pleaded with your colleague, ready to get on your knees and beg. This had been your idea and the team had gone along with it. Your first big plan and now he was backing out.

“There is no way I’m wearing that!” he frowned and pointed to the tight running shorts and vest that you’d found for him. The unsub was targeting males out a local running track and you needed someone to act as bait.

“I’ll look ridiculous! Why can’t Morgan do it?”

“You know why.” Morgan was too big and bulky. The victims were all slim and lean.

“What so cos I’m the scrawny guy I get the short straw?”

“Spencer no. This is not the time to be having a body confidence crisis,” he pouted as you continued. “You’re not scrawny, you’re slim and toned. And to be honest I personally find that much more attractive…”

A look of surprise crossed his face. “You do?”

“Yes I do. Now will you please get changed?”

“Fine!” he slunk off into the changing room coming out a few minutes later looking extremely uncomfortable and tugging at the lycra.

The shorts were far too tight, displaying almost everything.

Niiiice….

Although this was not the time to be sexually objectifying your colleague.

Those shorts really did look obscene though.

As he turned around you realised why. They had Naughty Gurl 69 displayed across the butt. You’d hastily pulled them out of the small cache of clothes that were kept for undercover work. Dammit, now you’d have to send someone out to the store instead.

Reid caught sight of himself in the mirror, craning his neck round to see the writing on his ass.

“Naughty gur…..No. Just no. I’m not going out wearing these. I’m sorry Y/N but no…. ”

“It’s fine… I thought they were guys shorts. I’ll send someone to get some different ones. You can get changed again.”

Relief crossed his face and he started to head back to the changing area, the lycra encasing his buttocks nicely.
“Spencer,” you couldn’t help yourself. He turned around momentarily.

“You know, with a body like that, you got a right to be naughty.”
"Where's Y/N?" Spencer entered Penelope's office looking for his friend.

"She erm... She went home early. She's not feeling too good," Garcia looked sadly at Spencer. They both knew Y/N struggled from time to time. She had a brilliant mind but that mind became overloaded with thoughts and feelings that she couldn't process and sometimes those thoughts and feelings erred on the bleaker side of things.

"Right...okay. I'm going to speak to Hotch, see if I can slip out then."

Forty minutes later and Spencer was at her apartment, letting himself in with the key she'd entrusted him with months before. The room was dark, the drapes still drawn. He could see his friend slumped on the floor, her back leaning against her couch. He joined her, sitting quietly besides her for a few moments.

"What happened?"

She sniffed, pushing the curtain of hair that had fallen forward back.

"I don't know. I just... Had this thought. All those TV shows or movie sequences where someone is having a terrible time and like a vision in a dream comes to them from the future and tells them that everything will get better, everything will be okay? What if... What if that vision came and told you that it wasn't going to get better. That you'd had your chances in life and you'd made the wrong choices. You weren't getting any more chances and what you had now was all you were ever going to have?"

"Y/N, did you have that dream?" Spencer probed gently.

"No... Yes? I don't know. I was awake really late last night and with everything's that's happened recently I just... I know I don't have a bad life. I have a decent job where I make a difference, I have good friends. I just, I dunno. I thought it would be different somehow? And it's not. It's the same stuff over and over and sometimes it's so hard. I can't explain it, I just thought my life would be different."

"Y/N, you are in control of your life. Not a vision from the future. If you thought your life would be different, then do what you can to make it different."

"I can't Spencer, I can't. Everything seems so black right now, so dark. I just, don't feel okay anymore. I feel alone and so small and just so insignificant."

Reid took a deep breath and reached for her hand in the dark.

"You're not alone. And it may feel like it's so dark right now but I promise you that you are not alone in that darkness. I will sit with you until it becomes light again Y/N. Everything will be okay."

She didn't believe him, she rarely did when he said those words to her and he'd said them so many times before.

But it helped. And feeling his presence beside her, his warm hand on hers, made a flicker of light appear in the gloom that was her mind.

"I promise you Y/N, everything will be okay."
You were distracted again. The way his tongue swiped over his lips every few moments, he didn't even realise what it was doing to you.

"Y/N?"

"Hmmm, Spencer."

He glanced over in your direction. "Is something wrong? I can feel you looking at me and I'm finding it hard to focus when you look at me like that."

Shit. Okay, perhaps he did realise.

"No! Nothings wrong. Carry on...."

You averted your eyes and ignored Derek's snigger, getting back on with your work.

*later on*

Finally finished filing you made your way back down the corridor to the BAU. Just before you got there you saw the door to the supply cupboard swing open, an arm reaching out and tugging you inside. You'd squeal except you'd been expecting it all afternoon.

"So I make you lose focus now?" you whispered as your boyfriend pressed his body against yours, backing you against the wooden shelves that lined the room.

"When you stare at me like that, yes" his lips started attacking your neck sending shudders of pleasure down your spine.

"I can't help it, when you lick your lips I just.... I imagine you licking somewhere else," you ran your hands over his pert butt, squeezing lightly as he nipped at your ear lobe.

"I will be later. I'll be the one making you lose focus instead," he murmured into your ear at you felt an instant gush of wetness at his promise. You moaned and pushed your body against his, feeling a tell tale hardness pushing back.

A sudden sound made you both leap apart as the door swung open, revealing JJ and Garcia. You hurriedly busied yourselves grabbing empty files and stationery.

"Thanks for helping me Spence!" you said as brightly as you could seeing him reaching for a large folder and placing it in front of him strategically.

"No problem, always happy to help. You know me."

You both exited the cupboard, nodding at your colleagues as you edged passed them with the items that you certainly didn't need.

Once you'd re-entered the BAU office JJ turned to Penelope.

"At what point do you think they'll realise that there's a security camera in here?"

"I really don't know. But I hope it's not for a while, I'm compiling a montage of their little meetings for when they finally come clean to us," Garcia giggled back at her friend.
You parked your car as close to Rossi’s front door as you could and exited, getting ready to collect your boyfriend of ten months from his boys night in. He’d text you thirty minutes ago, a text that you’d struggled to decipher but had decided it meant you needed to collect him.

“Hey Y/N, come on in. We’re all in the kitchen,” Derek Morgan answered the front door, a wide grin on his face. You followed behind him into the brightly lit kitchen. Spencer was sat at the table, an empty tumbler. His eyes lit up when he saw you, a huge goofy grin spreading over his face. He bounded over to you, nearly kicking his chair over in the process and threw his arms around you.

“Y/N! Look everybody, it’s Y/N,” he proceeded to sloppily kiss your cheek, his hands running up and down your sides. Gently you stopped his roaming hands and pulled away.

“Alrighty, someone’s a little drunk.”

“A little…..” Alvez scoffed in the corner, taking a sip of his beer.

“I’m not drunk!” Spencer tried to kiss you again, hiccupping into your face and giving you a beautiful second hand whiff of whiskey.

“Derek,” you turned to his best friend. “Why is he wasted and you guys aren’t?”

Morgan shrugged his shoulders, not prepared to take any responsibility for this at all. It was Rossi who turned from his spot at his coffee maker.

“I believe the theory was that if he was drunk, he couldn’t keep kicking their butts at poker,” he took a long sip of his coffee.

“You guys played poker against Spencer?”

Derek nodded as you put your hand on Spencer’s chest, trying to push him back slightly. He was currently trying to nibble on your neck, seemingly forgetting he had an audience.

“Luke didn’t believe that he was as good a player as he claimed to be.”

Luke had a rather sheepish look on his face.

“Aaaand,” you probed, looking pointedly at Alvez.

“Alright so I was wrong. Even after six whiskies he kicked my ass.”

“Dude, I told you there was a reason he’s band from pretty much every casino in Vegas,” Morgan laughed.

You turned to your boyfriend who was still grinning from ear to ear.

“Wanna see my winnings?” he asked you, not waiting for your answer. He thrust his hands into his pockets and came out with a huge bundle of cash, a Rolex watch which you recognised to be Rossi’s, an extremely expensive sports watch that you presumed was Luke’s and a folded piece of paper.

“That’s an IOU for two weeks at my beach house down in Florida,” the teams newest recruit Walker spoke up.
You took the wad of cash and flicked through it. There was close to a thousand dollars there you estimated.

“Well, guess I’ll be buying myself a new outfit tomorrow then,” you grinned before taking the two watches and handing them back to their owners, ignoring the protests from Spencer. You halved the cash as well and set it back on the table.

“The IOU, we’re keeping if that’s cool. You have a beach house?”

“Keep it Y/N, the Kid deserves it. I swear he’d have had the shirt of my back if he could have,” Stephen replied.

“But…. but, that’s my winnings!”

“Sssshh baby. You know it’s not fair to play against these guys.”

“Yeah but…. ” Spencer pouted, his bottom lip sticking so far out you wanted to laugh.

“No, yeah buts. Now let’s go home,” you pushed him gently in the direction of the door.

"Next time boys, tequila is the way to go. Whisky has very little affect on his poker skills for some reason. After three tequila shots though, even I’ve beat him.”

You neglected to tell them that you’d been playing strip poker at the time and he’d been distracted by other things…

The whole ride home was spent pushing Spencer’s hand off your thigh. He’d start off sweetly stroking your leg and then would inch higher and higher up. Normally you wouldn’t mind but you hated driving so late at night and Rossi lived a little way out of town so you needed to concentrate.

“Wait until we’re home!” you lightly smacked his hand away, trying to stifle a giggle.

“But…. I don’t wanna… You’re so pretty and your skin is so lovely and I just wanna…. Let’s pull over! Let’s do that thing we both like in the car.”

There were lots of things you both liked, none of which were happening in the this car.

“I don’t really fancy being arrested for indecent exposure, so nah. Have patience,” you told him, knowing exactly what would happen as soon as you got home.

“But I’m an FBI Agent. I know alllll the cops. They won’t arrest me.”

Not true, they would. And then Emily would have to pull some strings whilst teasing you both incessantly.

“Spencer chill out. We’ll be home in ten minutes and the you can do whatever you want to me.”

“Okay… Okay good. Cos I wanna do sooo many things to you,” he started to list the numerous sexual things he was promising to do to you and you just nodded along. If he was sober you’d find it sexy, but he was wasted so it just ended up being amusingly cute. When you finally reached your apartment you parked up and waited for him to stagger out of the car. He wobbled only slightly, tripping up a few times on the way up the three flights of stairs to your home.

His hands made their way around your waist again as you unlocked the door, his lips attacking your neck. Which again would have been sexy except the alcohol was making him drool slightly and his lips were a lot wetter than normal.
“Come on baby, let’s get you to bed,” you kicked the door shut behind you and led him to your bedroom. You pushed him down onto your bed, laughing as he pulled you on the top of him, his hands searching for the hem of your vest.

“Can we do those things now?” he asked excitedly.

“Sure baby, let me just slip into the bathroom first okay. Why don’t you take your clothes off and get ready and I’ll be right back.”

You clambered off him and made your way to your bathroom, wincing as you heard the thud of his converse hitting your floor as he tugged them off. You brushed your teeth and changed into your fluffy warm pajamas then stopped by the kitchen, grabbing two bottles of water and a can of coke.

When you re entered your bedroom Spencer was passed out on his back, loud snores leaving his throat. He’d managed to strip down to his boxers and climb under the covers himself. Chuckling to yourself you placed one of the waters and the coke on the bedside cabinet next to him and climbed in the other side, searching your drawer for your ear plugs.

That boy could not handle his drink.

But no doubt he’d make up for it in the morning.
I've Got A Theory

A/N: if you get the title reference, then we should totally be best mates.

...

Spencer groaned watching the images on the screen, his dick in his hand as he worked it up and down.

You had been away for three weeks and those three weeks had been hell. Before you'd gone he made a ridiculous pact with himself that he wouldn't touch himself until you were back. But it was too much, he'd become used to having regular sex and three weeks was killing him. Finally he'd given in and got his laptop out, sitting on the couch and indulging in some good old fashioned porn. Sure he'd only have to wait another day or so to see you but given how long it had been, he knew he'd go off like a rocket as soon as you touched him. And he didn't want that. So he decided to give his pipes a clean out. Desensitise the sausage.

The girls on the screen weren't as hot as you was but they were getting the job done.

...

You were exhausted but pleased you'd managed to catch that early flight. Now you could surprise Spencer. You'd checked in at the BAU, making sure he hadn't been pulled out on a case whilst you'd been away guest lecturing, so you knew he was at his apartment. Hauling your suitcase up the few flights of stairs you stopped just outside his door, searching your bags for the spare key he'd given you.

And that was when you heard it.

Moaning.

The distinct sound of a woman moaning. And then the groan that you recognised without a doubt as your boyfriend's sex groan.

Well then. That was it. He was cheating on you. Brilliant.

You leaned in to the door, fighting back anger and tears.

Wait a sec.

Nope.

The female moans were tinny, like they were coming through speakers.

Which meant one thing.

He was watching porn.

Spencer was watching porn.

Well, least he'd be ready and raring to go.

You found your key and slotted it into the lock.
Shit shit shit shit shit!

Spencer heard the tell tale sound of his front door unlocking. His mashed at the keyboard, quickly deleting the Internet history and pulling up You Tube, clicking it to the first video he saw and then shoving his dick back into his pants.

Only Morgan and you had a key to his apartment and he knew that if Morgan found him watching porn he’d never live it down, and if you found him watching porn surely your feelings would be hurt. Women didn't like their guys watching that sort of stuff, did they?

You swung open the door and dragged your suitcase in expecting to see a very specific site in front of you.

Except, nope. His pants were up and a cutesy video of some sort was up on the screen. Seeing you there, he tossed the laptop to one side shutting the lid so that it closed down automatically, and rushed over to you.

"Y/N! What are you doing back so early!"

You scrutinised him carefully. Face flushed, pupils slightly dilated, lips chapped from biting down on them. All the tell tale signs that he'd been doing something. You knew he masterbated, almost everyone indulged in a little do it yourself. You'd even caught him doing it before and it turned into a very hot and heavy session. So why was he being so weird about it?

"I caught an earlier flight. Thought I'd surprise you. Is everything okay?"

His eyes flickered over to the laptop and back to you.

"Everything's fine! Why wouldn't it be? I've just missed you that's all, and I'm super happy you're home."

"Are you sure? You're acting a little weird right now, like your on edge. Did I.... interrupt something? Because if I did, we can always head to the bedroom to carry on," you raised your eyes provocatively and touched your hand to his groin. He'd definitely been doing something.

"No! Wait... No, you didn't interrupt anything but yes let's head to the bedroom."

He took your hand and led you to his room, quickly distracting you with his mouth. And because he himself was so distracted by the thought of what you'd say if you'd caught him watching porn, he didn't go off like a rocket.

In fact it took him so long to finish that you were starting to wonder if something was wrong. So when you'd both finally finished and he had fallen asleep, you slipped out of the room and powered his laptop back up. You knew his password just like he knew yours.

And the only thing in the Internet history was a video which showed cute little bunnies frolicking around on a hill side.

Bunnies.

Fucking bunnies?

He'd definitely been wanking before you'd entered the apartment.
To bunnies?

He'd been getting turned on by bunnies?

...

You tried so badly not to freak out. People had fetish's, some people had majorly weird fetish's.

You just never expected Spencer to have one. How had he managed to hide it from you for so long? Or was it a reasonably new thing? Had he stumbled across sexy bunnies when you'd been out of town? You couldn't bring yourself to watch the video. Given the female moaning you'd heard through the door you could only presume that some sick fuck had tweaked the video, laying sound effects over it. After an hour or so of pacing the apartment and trying not to have a meltdown, you finally calmed down enough to get back into bed.

Where you lay with your arms straight by your side, not touching Spencer and not sleeping. Your mind was in overdrive.

By the time the morning rolled around you'd just about accepted it. You loved Spencer, everyone had their own kinks and this was just his. Maybe you could work with it. Bunnies were cute right? Maybe you could dress up as one. He'd clearly not been as into you last night as he normally was, perhaps a cute pair of bunny ears and a tail would change that?

Yes, that's what you'd do.

...

Spencer was finishing up in the bathroom and you were getting ready to surprise him. You'd done your best to act normal around him today, you loved him and no weird little kink was going to turn you off him.

Unless it turn out that he'd actually been fucking bunnies somehow in which case you figured you might have to call someone.

After a nice breakfast together you both went out to run errands, going your separate ways for a few hours. And in those few hours you'd found a costume shop. You'd been torn between a playboy bunny leotard with the collar, cuffs, ears and tail, and a full blown furry rabbit outfit that would cover you from head to foot. In the end, you'd gone for the playboy option. At least that way you wouldn't feel so weird. And if it turned out that it didn't turn him on, well you'd go back to the store and purchase the other one.

You finished drawing whiskers onto your face, assessing yourself in the the mirror. You actually looked pretty good. You just hoped it would be enough. The door to the bedroom swung open and Spencer walk in, stopping dead in his tracks as you stood posed with your hand on one hip.

"Hey there, big boy," why on earth you'd decided to lead with that you didn't know. His eyes raked over your body, taking in the outfit and a smirk spread across his face. He strode over to you and captured your lips in a breath taking kiss before releasing you and pulling back.

"Not that I'm complaining, but to what do I owe this pleasure?" his voice was low and gravelly, the way it was when you knew he was turned on. You breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh thank God. So this will get you going then? I thought I'd have to go back to the store and get the other one."
"Huh?" confusion crossed his features. "Why wouldn't it get me going. Although you should realise that you don't have to dress up to do that?"

"I don't? Is dressing up not part of it then? Do I need to like, get on the floor and wiggle and twitch my nose or something instead? Should I fetch a carrot from the kitchen, I bought a bunch just in case."

"Y/N, what on earth are you talking about?"

Oh God, you'd hoped he'd just accept your outfit and efforts and that you wouldn't have to deal with his denial.

"Spencer, I know okay. You don't have to hide it from me. I mean, sure I was a little freaked out to begin with but then I remembered how when I was a little girl I used to be weirdly attracted to the fox version of Robin Hood. I get it, it's fine."

"Get what exactly?"

Ugh. This was worse than you imagined.

"Spencer, I know that you get off to bunny porn okay!"

His jaw dropped.

"W-what... W-hat... B-bunny porn? What even is t-that," he hadn't stuttered around you in ages. He must have been super nervous. You moved forward and took his hands.

"Last night, when I came home early. I could hear moaning through the door so I knew you were doing something. And then you tried to hide it and practically threw the laptop across the room. So after you'd gone to sleep I looked. I saw the bunny video on YouTube Spencer, I know that's what you were watching whilst you were wanking."

He started to speak but you interrupted him. "I was freaked out. I'm not ashamed to say it. But I love you and if bunnies are what turn you on then...."

"Jesus fucking christ Y/N," he jumped in, cutting you off. "I wasn't watching bunny porn, I was watching normal porn."

"Babe, that's not normal to most people. I know it is to you but...."

"No!!" he was starting to turn red now. "Bunnies do not get me off, no animals do. I was watching regular porn but I thought you'd be pissed at me so I quickly deleted my browser history and clicked on the first video I found."

Wait, what?

Huh.

That actually sounded logical.

"So you weren't getting off to rabbits?"

He shook his head, "Fuck no! Just normal standard, run of the mill porn."

"Oh thank God."
"You seriously thought that I...?"

You nodded furiously, "Yes."

"So you dressed up like this for me?"

You nodded again. "I love you, I want you to be happy. And if dressing as a rabbit made that happen then I would dress as a rabbit."

His face softened into a loving smile. "As weird as this all is, that's really amazing that you'd do that. I love you so much."

"Good, you'd better do. Because I've been in turmoil about this for the last 24 hours."

"I can't believe you'd think that I'd find bunnies sexual..... I mean I know the British caramel bunny is quite provocative looking but she's a cartoon."

You raised your eyebrows at him. "What was I meant to think? You'd clearly been masturbating and I'd heard noises - which if I can head through the door by the way then you gotta think your neighbours could hear too, ever heard of headphones Spencer? Anyway, I knew you'd been doing something and then all I can find on your laptop is bunnies. Do you really think I'd be pissed at you for watching porn?"

He nodded.

"Spencer, baby. Watch all the porn you want. As long as it doesn't affect our sex life then go for it. Hell even I've been known to watch the odd porno when I've been alone and feeling frisky."

"You have?"

Now it was your turn to nod. "Yup, it's not just for men. In fact if you do your research I bet you'll find that the percentage of women who watch is a lot higher than you'd think. Now, now that I know you're not into cutesy little bunnies, I'm gonna take these ridiculous ears off."

Spencer looked you up and down and then bit his lip. You knew that look.

"You want me to leave them on don't you?"

"You do look super sexy. It's not the ears, it's the outfit as a whole. And you did go through a lot of effort, would be a shame to waste it."

"Are you gonna show me how much you appreciate the effort?"

He grinned and pulled you towards him, his hand reaching round to your ass and squeezing your fluffy tail.

"You betcha, bunny."
Emily was exhausted. The latest case had taken the team out of state for ten days, and it had been a tough one. She just wanted to fall into her girlfriend’s arms and sleep. It was late but she knew Y/N wouldn’t mind her using the spare key she’d given her. She unlocked the apartment door and flicked the lights on. It was past midnight so Y/N would be in bed, which was fine. Emily would just slip in next to her.

Depositing her go bag on the couch, she kicked her shoes off and looked around the apartment she’d come to love. And then she saw them. Birthday cards.

Shit.

Fuck.

She hadn’t forgotten, she hadn’t. She known about this date for weeks, had a present hidden away in the bottom of her wardrobe. She’d even spoke to Y/N multiple times by text over the last few days including today. Why hadn’t she mentioned it to her, reminded her? The biggest question though was why hadn’t Emily remembered herself. Right, she could fix this. She’d go home now and collect her present. Then she’d find an all night store and get ingredients to make Y/N breakfast in bed. Tomorrow was Sunday so they didn’t have anywhere to be. Paperwork could wait for 24 hours.

She was just pulling her boots back on when the bedroom door opened.

“Em?” Y/N stood there, her hair tied up in a messy bun and the shoulder strap of her nightdress slipping down one arm.

“Y/N, oh my God I’m so sorry,” Prentiss discarded her boots again and rushed over to her partner, praying that she’d forgive her.

“What on earth for?” Y/N rubbed her eyes and tugged her strap back up. She smelt like apples and Emily just wanted to bury her face into her neck.

“Your birthday, I didn’t wish you a happy birthday today. Well, yesterday. Fuck, I’m such a terrible girlfriend, how can I not remember to wish you a happy birthday. I just need to go home and get your present. I’ll make it up to you I swear. I’ll…”

“Em, relax. It’s fine.”

“No it really isn’t fine. I can’t believe I didn’t remember. Why didn’t you remind me? I’m so shit.”

Y/N reached her hand out and took Emily’s. “Seriously, it’s fine. Alright I was a little miffed earlier. But then I remembered that you’re off saving the world from serial killers. Sometimes, there’s more than important things. It’s not like I don’t have a birthday every year…”

“Yeah but I should have remembered. It’s what girlfriends do.”

Y/N shook her head with a soft smile on her face.

“You knew it was my birthday right? You just said you had a present at home.”

Em nodded, “Yeah, I’ve had it for weeks. It took me ages to find.”
“So it wasn’t like you forgot. You were just busy saving the world again.”

“But I shouldn’t ever be too busy to forget to wish you a happy birthday,” Emily was close to tears, something she rarely found herself.

“You messaged me this morning telling me you loved me and that you’d see me soon. It wasn’t like I didn’t hear from you at all. You have an important job, and I knew that when we started dating. I accept that. And it’s not like you forgot about me, you still messaged me, you still kept in touch so I knew you were okay. Please don’t beat yourself about it, Em.”

Y/N caressed her cheek gently, hating seeing her girlfriend upset. Everything she was saying was true though. Sure, she’d been a little bit annoyed in the morning but she knew Emily was out on a big case, she knew that days tended to blend together for her when she was out in the field. Emily had once told her that she’d forgotten her own birthday, it was only when they returned from the case and her teams technical analysis had greeted her with a pile of gifts that she’d remembered. Y/N leant forward and kissed her lips gently.

“Seriously Em, please don’t worry.”

She smiled at her girlfriend again and Emily finally began to relax.

“Okay, but I’m still going to make it up to you.”

Y/N grinned. “I won’t argue with that. And I can think of a way you can start right now if you like?” She raised her eyebrows suggestively and licked her lips.

Emily grinned and took her girlfriends hand, more or less pulling her to the bedroom. She’d spend all night making it up to her if she could.
Broken Showers

You hadn’t spoken to your colleague and boyfriend the whole ride back to your apartment building. You were pissed at him and he knew it.

“Y/N….” Spencer began and you shot him a look. Now was not the time, not whilst you were driving.

So he waited until you were home, following you into your apartment, two floors below his. It was one days like this that you wished you’d never followed his recommendation and moved into his building. You just wanted to be angry at him for a bit, take a shower and go to bed.

“Y/N please…. You can’t get annoyed at me everytime I do my job,” he looked at you with puppy dog eyes - the eyes he’d come to learn over the five months you’d been officially dating - worked on you almost every time.

Not this God damn time though.

“I’m not annoyed that you did your job. Because you DIDN’T! You defied a direct order from Hotch and put yourself in danger!” you glared at him, kicking your boots off angrily.

“Yes but it paid off didn’t it?”

He didn’t get it did he?

“It doesn’t matter that it paid off. You defied an order. Spencer, anything could have happened. What if he’d have shot you like he threatened? What if your reverse psychology hadn’t worked?”

“Then I guess we’d be having this conversation from a hospital.”

Your eyes widened at his words and you pointed to your door, “Leave.”

“Y/N…. No! I’m not leaving when you’re angry at me. I just don’t get why you’re so angry at me. Hotch has already ripped into me, I thought you’d be happy that the case was over.”

“Spencer, I am happy that it’s over. But I’m not happy that you put yourself directly in the line of fire without a God damn vest. You could have died today. I have waited far too long to find someone who I truly love, just to have them torn away from me like that,” you were yelling at him now and he looked taken aback.

“What did you just say?” he mentally replayed the conversation in his head, as did you.

Crap.

That was not how you wanted to tell him.

“Y/N…. You love me?” Spencer asked, his brown eyes full of hope.

“Erm…” Ah fuck. You’d never said those words to another man before because you’d never really been in love. Sometimes you would argue with yourself that how could you tell this was love if you’d never fell it? But you knew. It was just… there. Your heart hurt when you were away from him, your skin prickled when he was close.

Spencer stepped closer to you and you stepped back, hitting the back of your couch.
“Say it again…. Please,” his words were a whisper, almost as if he couldn’t believe you said them.

Alright fine. It was out in the open now anyway.

“Spencer… I love you. That’s why I’m so angry at you. I thought I was going to lose you without ever getting the chance to tell you.”

“Are you sure?” he asked and you stifled a small giggle, your anger fading but only slightly.

“Yes I’m sure.”

“Okay…. I know we’re not done arguing but erm… I love you too. So much. And… I’m sorry. I won’t defy Hotch again.”

“Because he threatened to fire you or because of me?”

“Bit of both…. ” He grinned and you sighed knowing you couldn’t be mad at him for much longer. That was one of the most annoying things about him. He could wind you up no end, but then he’d smile his glorious, perfect smile and that was it. “Can I kiss you now?”

You rolled you eyes and nodded, allowing him to tug on your blouse and pull you forward, sinking his mouth onto yours.

What started off as a sweet, soft kiss, soon turn into fire, Spencer nipping at your bottom lip with his teeth, his hands quickly pulling your blouse loose from your pants and pushing his hands up your torso.

“Hey hey  hey…” you pulled back from him, seeing his brown eyes dark with desire.

“Hmmmm?” he wasn’t deterred and attached his lips to your neck, just below your ear.

“Spencer we’ve been on the road for two days… We need to shower. I stink.”

He muttered something into your skin and bent his legs, gripping you just below your butt and picking you up. For someone so tall and slim looking, the guy was surprisingly strong, something that had shocked you the first few times you’d gone to bed together. You wrapped your legs around his waist as he walked you to your bathroom.

Within minutes both sets of your clothes had been discarded and you were standing under the hot stream of water pouring from your shower. Spencer was stood behind you, his hands roaming your body as he licked and sucked at your neck, the water running between you. You leant forward, resting your head on the cool tiles as he caressed your breasts, rolling a hardened nipple between his thumb and forefinger gently. You gasped out in pleasure, rolling your hips against his groin and hearing a delicious groan from his own chest as you made contact with him.

A hand slipped between your legs, feeling for your special place and massaging it carefully. You quickly pulled him away.

“Nope…”

“No?” Spencer asked, his lips suckling your collar bone.

“Remember the last time? We broke the shower rail.”

“You need a better bath and shower,” he whispered, turning you around and lowering his mouth to your chest, pursing his lips around a nipple and slipping his hand back between your legs. You gave
in, knowing you wanted this. He could buy you another rail if worst came to worst. Reaching out with your hand, you felt for him, taking his hardened length into your hand and slowly stroking up and down it.

His fingers working their magic on your clit and your working yours on his dick had you both moaning and gasping for each other shortly after.

“Let’s try this again shall we?” he asked, removing his hand which was wet with something other than water, and gently pushing you to the wall. Your shower was angled in a way that you now weren’t getting any of the spray, instead it was sluicing down Spencer’s back and running off the curve of his ass.

He nudged your legs apart, picking one of your legs off the bottom of the slippery tub and resting your foot on the ridge. You reached up, feeling for the bar that the shower head could be slid up and down to adjust it’s height. You gripped it, making sure you had a firm hold. Pressing his body close to yours, Spencer took his cock in his hands and positioned himself at your entrance, pushing inside slowly.

“Oh fuck…” You groaned as he filled you. His hand joined yours on the bar as he started to move inside you, his other hand tightly grasping your hip and holding you close to him.

Biting down on your shoulder he started to move faster, hitting against your sweet spot perfectly, your free hand digging into the flesh of his back. He thrusted too hard and you cried out as your head knocked back on the tiles.

“Are you okay? I’m sorry,” he asked slowing his pace until you nodded, signalling for him to go on.

“I’m fine… Promise,” you assured him squeezing your inner walls around him and seeing his eyes close in bliss. He resumed his thrusts, grunting and groaning as he pushed in and out. Your own moans started to come thick and fast and you felt your leg begin to tremble, struggling to hold yourself upright.

“I’m nearly there Y/N,” Spencer rasped into your neck, his teeth grazing your skin. You’re not but it’s fine. You know Spencer will finish you off afterwards. This feels good enough for now though and you squeeze down on him, releasing and then slowly doing it again.

“Oh fuck… Ugh… Fuck… ” he gasped again and a few thrusts later you felt him releasing himself inside of you. He moved a few more times, losing momentum as he finished himself off, placing both hands on the wall either side of you and pressing his forehead to yours when he stopped, slipping out of you.

“I’m impressed,” you told him. “We didn’t break anything this time.”

Spencer chuckled and placed a tender kiss on your mouth.

“Practice makes perfect,” Pulling away, he looks you in the eyes. “I really do love you Y/N .”

“As I do you, Spencer. Just.. Try not to give me heart attacks at work anymore. I can’t stand the thought of losing you.”

“I won’t. I promise. Now….” He smirked at you, licking his lips. “Let’s get you cleaned up and onto the bed. I’ve had my turn, I believe it’s yours.”

You grinned, knowing what’s coming once you get out the shower. Spencer slowly backed away from you and you settled both feet down on the floor of the tub watching in horror as you boyfriend
suddenly started to slip.

Reaching for the shower curtain, he successfully steadied himself.

Unfortunately, his tug on the curtain was way too hard and you winced as it came clattering to the ground, the thin rail snapped in two.

“We’re not doing it again in here, are we?”

“No Spencer, we’re not.”
When SES Cruz walked into the offices of the BAU with two other Agents, the team knew something was wrong. Cruz gathered the team in Prentiss' office, a solemn look on his face.

“These are Agents Davidson and Killane from internal affairs. They’re here to interview you all separately. I need you to be honest with them, and not let your personal relationships cloud you.”

“Mateo,” Jennifer look over at her superior. Only she could get away with using his first name in front of other Agents. “What’s happened?”

“Dr Reid has been absent from work these last five days I understand?” he replied, glancing around the room and taking in the expressions of his team. JJ and Alvez nodded whilst the others began to look even more concerned than they already were.

“His - his mom was sick. She’s been staying with him for the past six months and he needed to take a few days out,” Jennifer’s heart had sank into the pit of her stomach the moment Spencer’s name had been mentioned. She’d spoken to him only four days ago, checking in with him that everything was okay. Since then, she’d not made the time to contact him, something she now felt incredibly guilty about.

“Diana Reid was found dead in Dr Reid’s apartment this morning. The ME will be examining the body shortly and CSI are on scene currently.”

Collectively the teams shoulders all slumped, the men in the team shaking their heads sadly whilst Penelope covered her mouth to stifle a sob. JJ tried to speak but found that she couldn’t, her mind instantly concentrating on one thing, that she needed to see Spencer.

Emily was more composed, having taken in the information that in their sudden sadness, the rest of her team had missed.

“Why are CSI on the scene? Why is it a scene, Cruz? And where is Spencer?”

Agent Davidson stepped forward, speaking for the first time since their arrival.

“This is exactly what we’d like to know Agent Prentiss.”

Over the next few hours as the team were interviewed one by one they learnt that Spencer had been missing for four days. The last contact he’d had was with JJ and when the call had been traced, it had put Spencer just outside of New York City. Since that last call, his phone had been switched off and Spencer had seemingly disappeared off the grid.

Had any of them suspected that anything was wrong with Spencer’s mental state, they’d all been asked.

Did any of them have any concerns about his relationship with his mother?

Did they know why he would be in New York city?

Did they believe that Spencer was capable of murder?

Over the next 48 hours, they were called back one by one for further questioning.
Did they know about Spencer’s trips to Mexico?

Did they know what he had been doing there?

Did they have any idea what the large withdrawals from his bank account that he’d been making over the last two years were for?

Did they believe that Spencer was capable of murder?

When the BAU finally managed to find out some information as to why they were being questioned like this, what they learnt was unbelievable to them.

In Spencer’s apartment CSI had recovered a broken syringe which when tested revealed a mixture of potassium chloride, pentobarbital and pancuronium bromide, the three drugs used in a lethal injection. A chemical spill on the carpet by his bed also revealed this drug mixture. In an unlocked safe in his wardrobe, they found bottles of a currently not FDA approved drug that was being tested in use with dementia and alzheimers patients. A drug that Spencer would not have been able to obtain legally. In his desk drawer, notebooks charting his mother’s progress, or rather lack of since she’d been ingesting this drug.

The ME had found traces of Spencer’s skin underneath Diana’s fingernails. Bruising around her mouth, as well as petechiae on the conjunctiva and the discovery of fibres the matched the material of the pillows on the bed led the ME to rule that death was asphyxiation, bringing the conclusion that she was smothered.

The final nail in the coffin was a discovery on Spencer’s laptop. A video made two years ago in which a seemingly lucid Diana Reid proclaimed that if her condition worsened to the point where she could no longer recognise her son or herself, that she wished to be euthanised. The time stamp on the video show that it had been replayed the date Spencer had called in sick to work.

All of these things had only one logical conclusion: that Spencer had killed his mother.
You dashed back to your apartment, the team would be arriving shortly and you were running late. It was your turn to host the team for drinks and nibbles, but you’d lost track of time whilst out running errands. Luckily one of those errands had been getting your hair done so all you literally needed to do was get changed and retouch your makeup up. Oh and put away all of the things you’d bought.

You’d managed to succeed just about when Spencer turned up. You buzzed him into your apartment building, telling him your door was on the latch and to just come in. Currently you were walking around your apartment looking for a place to put the last items you picked up.

“Hey Y/N,” Spencer’s voice called out and you turned to greet your colleague. He frowned slightly when he saw what was in your hand.

“Are those … are those maracas you’re holding?”

“Yup.”

“Why on earth do you have maracas Y/N?”

“I erm… I saw them at the store and thought they looked cool,” you gave them a little shake, wriggling your hips as you did. Reid laughed at you so you carried on, enjoying the smile on his face. It had been absent a lot recently.

You crossed the room, shaking the instruments at him wildly. As he continued to laugh you began to dance around him.

“I bought two sets Spencer, the others are on the kitchen counter. Grab them and join me!”

“No!!” he giggled, his eyes following you around as you danced ridiculously.

“Come on! Grab them. Shake my maracas Spencer, I know you want to.”

“Pardon?”

You looked over to your open front door to see Penelope and Derek standing there with amused expressions on their faces.

“Are we interrupting? Do we need to come back? Cos I’m sure you were just asking Spencer to shake your maracas….”

You laughed, ignoring the now red faced Spencer as he took in their innuendo.

“Oh Penelope I was,” you strolled across the room to greet the new arrivals. You gave her a little shake of your chest. “Not these maracas though.” You tossed her one of the Rumba Shakers and she caught it swiftly. “These ones! Shake it with me Penny!”

Giving Derek a shrug of her shoulders she joined in with your mad dancing and shimmying leaving the two men standing there wondering what on earth was happening….
“You coming round later Spencer?” you approached your colleague and friend who was stood with Luke.

“Sure thing Y/N. We just watching Netflix again?” he replied, causing Luke’s ears to prick up.

“Wait… Netflix?” Alvez asked you. “As in Netflix and chill or Netflix and chill….”

“Luke…” you shot him a warning look, ignoring the look of confusion on Spencer’s face.

“What!? It’s not like you invite everyone around to watch Netflix with you…. And you two do seem pretty close. I was just wondering what your deal was?”

“Who’s deal?” Emily walked by and joined in the conversation.

“Y/N and Spencer’s deal. Apparently he’s going around to Netflix and chill with her later.”

“Hey!” you punched your new colleagues arm lightly. “I never said that, I just said Netflix.”

“Yeah but….”

“Erm guys? I don’t get it? What’s wrong with us watching Netflix and ‘chilling’ out?” Spencer made air quotes with his fingers and Alvez and Emily both smirked.

“Google Netflix and Chill genius,” Prentiss told him. Spencer was still logged onto his desk computer so quickly Google searched the term.


“Jeez Spencer, I don’t think they quite heard downstairs how opposed you are to Netflix and chilling with me….Way to make a girl feel special.”

You walked off in a huff leaving Alvez, Emily and Spencer behind.

“I’m erm… I’m just gonna go after her and make sure she’s okay. I somehow feel like I messed up there…..” Spencer hauled himself up from his seat and hurried out into the hall after you.


“Your guess is as good as ours. We’ve been trying to work those two out for years….”

**out in the hall**

“Think Luke bought that I was pissed at you?” you asked your boyfriend of eighteen months. Emily was the only one that actually knew. As unit chief she had to know, but she played along and kept your secret as requested. Providing you occasionally got drunk with her and gave her the juicy details of your relationship.

“I reckon so,” Reid slipped his hand into yours briefly, squeezing it lightly. “And we’re definitely Netflix and chilling later right?”

“You got genius, you got it.”
“Large cappuccio and large mocha to go” the coffee barista called your order out and you collected it from the counter, walking to the exit and stopping to hold it open for the next customer, someone who was clearly going to struggle with the door.

Catching sight of the person’s face as they passed you, you stepped back into the coffee shop.

“Spencer?”

Your colleague turned, lowering the huge box he was carrying to the floor. “Y/N, hi!”

You eye his parcel curiously, “A keyboard?”

He nodded and you smiled softly at him. You knew what had prompted him to purchase it, the latest case the team had just returned from had involved a young autistic boy who was a whiz on the piano. Spencer had connected with the child and it had obviously piqued a new interest.

“Are you signing up for lessons anywhere?”

“Nope. I bought some manuals which I’ll read tonight. It’s all mathematics really when you think about it.”

“Sure sure, Spencer,” you grinned at him, shifting your coffee from one hand to another. “Well if you ever want a teacher, give me a shout.”

“You can play?” he looked surprised.

“I started taking lessons when I was five years old. To say I can play is an understatement. So drop round at the weekend if you like. I have an actual baby grand piano in my living room, it’s much move pleasant to play than a keyboard, not that there’s anything wrong with Yamaha’s.”

“I might just take you up on that.”

You said your goodbyes to him, not even thinking about the meeting again until three weeks later when you were sat at home one Saturday afternoon with your legs curled up underneath you and a book in your hands. You’d not mentioned your run in with Spencer in the coffee shop to anyone at work, never asked him how his self teaching was going on. You figured if he needed your help, he’d ask. But being the genius he was, he’d probably figured it all out himself.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Sliding your bookmark into place you shuffled over to your front door. You weren’t expecting any company so you were surprised to see Spencer standing in your doorway, a look of frustration on his face.

“I need you help. I can’t do it…. Well, I know that in theory I can, and I’ve taught myself to read music and I know where all the keys are but it’s the timing. I can’t do it.”

“Hi Spencer. I’m very well thanks. Nah, you’re not at all intruding, come right on in.”

His eyes widened and he coughed sheepishly. “All of that too? Hi Y/N. Sorry to bother you……”

“It’s fine. Come in,” you led him through to the kitchen. “Drink?”
You reached for two mugs when you saw him nod, setting about making two coffees and handing one to him.

“So… The great genius Spencer Reid has found something he can’t do?”

“There’s plenty of things I can’t actually do in practice. This just, well I wasn’t expecting not to be able to do it. I know what I’m doing but when I go to play, it sounds wrong, like my timing is off.”

“It probably is. Have you tried using a metronome?”

“Nope. I’ve never ever had problems with timing or anything before.”

“Well that’s probably where you’re going wrong then. Come on through.”

You took Spencer through to your large living room where your piano stood. It was your pride and joy and had been bought for you as a sweet sixteen birthday present by your grandparents who had always encouraged your playing.

“Wow,” Spencer was impressed. You sat on the bench in front of the instrument, patting the space beside you.

“Okay. I’ve never taught anyone to play before so I think even though you’ve read the manuals and stuff, it’s best if we start at the beginning and go back to basics.”

And so you did, spending the next few hours patiently going through the basics of piano playing with Reid and explaining the importance and helpfulness of a metronome, especially to someone who struggled to keep timing. Of course he spent the afternoon spouting off impressive facts about the instrument and it’s many many famous players, but you were the expert here. This was your forte and you let him know that. He was a quick learner once you’d taught him a few basic timing exercises an by the end of the afternoon you had him playing Heart and Soul with you, the first piano duet you ever learnt, and he managed to keep in time.

“See you can do it.”

He beamed, pleased with your praise. “Thank you! I was just getting so frustrated. Although when you said we were going back to basics I figured you’d have me playing chopsticks or something.”

“I can teach you that. I actually found chopsticks harder when I was learning because it’s faster. But I can teach you that next week maybe?”

“Erm… Yeah. I think I’d like that,” he shifted in his seat, wanting to ask you a question. “Y/N. Can you play something for me? Properly.”

It had been ages since you’d played for someone other than yourself but you nodded, shooing him off the bench and centering yourself as he settled in the arm chair.

“Is there anything in particular you want to hear? I have a fair amount of sheet music but there’s only a few that I know off by heart.”

“Play something you know off by heart if you don’t mind. Maybe something that you love?”

“Okay….erm…. Okay.”

After a brief moment of silence you allowed your fingers to find the keys and slowly lost yourself in your Grandfather’s favourite piece, “Clair De Lune”. You’d played it to pass one of your grades and
had remembered seeing him with tears in his eyes at your recital. The music was beautiful, breathtaking and it uncovered a thousand memories of long afternoons spent slaving over your old piano making sure you could play it exactly right. You'd played it so many times now that you could do it with your eyes closed, your fingers instinctively knowing what to do. When you came to the end you looked up from the ivory keys and glanced over at Reid who was sat with his mouth slightly agape and a look of admiration on his face.

“That was…. that was beautiful. You’re so talented, I can’t believe no one on the team knows about this.”

You shrugged, “It’s not as if playing the piano can help take unsub down.”

“True. Will you… Will you play for me again sometime? I really enjoyed that, it was like you went off into a different place and became someone else entirely when you were playing. I’d really love to hear you play something else.”

You grinned widely, pleased that he had enjoyed it so much. “Of course I will. If you want to carry on learning, then I can play something after each lesson? Think of something you want to hear for next time and if I don’t know it, I’ll find the sheet music.”

“Okay. Thank you, Y/N.”

“You’re welcome,” you heard a low rumble coming from your stomach. “Seeing as you’re here and I always buy enough take out for two anyone, do you want to stay for dinner?”

“Erm…. Okay sure. My treat though seeing as I intruded on your afternoon.”

You didn’t argue with him, instead pulling some menu’s from the pile by your phone.

“I’m thinking… Chinese maybe? All the talk about chopsticks from early has made me fancy some.”

“We can order Chinese food but I can’t act use Chopsticks,” Spencer told you.

“WHAT!? Another thing the genius can’t do? Well… We’re definitely ordering Chinese, with chopsticks. If I can teach you to play piano, I can teach you to use utensils.”
A/N so one of my lovely followers popped into my message box and asked for sequel to How Soon Is Now so I decided to indulge them. This can be read as a sequel but also could technically be a completely stand alone story.

…

Spencer breathed in the cool night air feeling suddenly overwhelmed. He walked a few paces and then stopped, leaning back against the brick building of the bar and just looking up at the night sky. He couldn’t keep doing this to himself, couldn’t keep forcing himself to come out with the team knowing that he was going to be miserable. Something had to give somewhere. If he didn’t want to be lonely then he needed to do something. But he was no good at in person, or at least no good at pick up lines. Perhaps… Perhaps he should give online dating a go. At least that way he could get to know someone first, although knowing his luck he’d end up getting catfished, a term he hadn’t until recently even understood the meaning of.

But still, maybe something would come of it. Maybe he’d connect with someone. Or maybe he should just head back to Nevada. If he simply wanted a physical connection then certain things were legal there. Although as an FBI agent it really wouldn’t do for him to be seen in those sorts of places. He sighed, feeling beyond frustrated.

“You okay?”

Spencer jolted, not even realising he had company. He looked over to where the voice had come from, noticing the brunette that had smiled at him inside standing a few feet away.

“Um… I’m…I…. I’m fine. Thank you,” he managed to stutter out.

The girl rummaged in her bag and pulled out some car keys, glancing back over at him and squinting slightly.

“You don’t look fine. Well… I mean, you’re fine as fuck but you don’t look okay.”

“Pardon?” Spencer was now extremely confused, wondering why this woman was even talking to him.

“I get the feeling you don’t get hit on a lot, do you?” she stepped closer to him, a smirk playing across her face. Spencer shook his head and she continued.

“I get the feeling you don’t get hit on a lot, do you?” she stepped closer to him, a smirk playing across her face. Spencer shook his head and she continued.

“I thought so. What I said was, or what I meant rather was that you’re fine as in you’re hot, but you look like something is wrong. You wanna talk? I was heading home but I don’t have to leave just yet.”

“I…. erm…. I…. You think I’m hot?” Spencer squeaked, a funny fluttering sensation in his stomach.

“Well you’d be hotter if you smiled and didn’t look so perplexed.”

“Oh.”

“So what’s got you looking like the weight of the world is sitting on your shoulders?”

Spencer debated whether to be honest, but he didn’t know the woman at all. But then again, maybe
that would help. He sighed deeply.

“...erm... Okay it’s hard to explain. But I guess, I guess I’m lonely.”

She raised an eyebrow and pushed her long hair back behind one ear. “You’re lonely? In what way? The ‘I have no friends and no one to talk to’ way or the ‘I wish I had someone to love’ way. Or just simply ‘I need someone to fuck that isn’t my own hand way?’” she gave a small chuckle at the last option.

“The latter two... I guess.”

“So go back inside and find someone then. You’re hot, plenty of girls would wanna take you home and ride you.”

Reid felt his cheeks flush red, his face burning hot. “It's not, it’s not that easy. I don’t find it easy to talk to women.”

“You’re talking to me.”

True, he was.

“Listen, if you want something you have to learn to go and get it. Talking to people you find attractive isn’t the easiest thing in the world, especially when your friends are around watching, but if you want to meet someone in a bar then you gotta learn. Or look elsewhere. Whether it’s just a casual screw you’re after or a meaningful relationship, you gotta learn.”

“That's easier said that done,” Spencer shot back. If it was that easy then he would have done it by now.

“That’s fair. Look... Do you need a ride home or something? I know I’m a stranger but I promise I’m not a serial killer. And I parked my car a few streets over and need to go down an alley to get to it. Be a gentleman and escort me.”

“How do you know I’m not a serial killer?” Spencer countered, surprised at her offer.

“Because you’ve been in that bar a few times. And I’ve been in the bathroom with the women you go in there with. I know they work for the FBI so I figure you do too. Am I wrong?”

“No, you’re right.”

“So can I give you a ride or are you going to be make me walk down that ally by myself?”

Spencer was originally just going to walk, he didn’t live too far and the night air would have cleared his head. But here he had what he’d been craving for a while now. Attention for a member of the opposite sex. And he wasn’t going to turn it away even if she only wanted someone to keep her safe.

“Okay sure. I’m Spencer by the way.”

“Nice to meet you Spencer, it’s this way.” The woman started walking, her heels clicking on the pavement. Spencer started after her, quickly catching up and walking by her side. She led him down the alley which was brightly lit and not at all dangerous, then made her way across the street to a small blue car. Bleeping it open with her keys, she slid in and waited for Reid to join her.

“So where am I taking you Spencer, where do you live?” she started the engine, turning the radio that burst into life down so she could hear him.
“It’s actually fine, I can walk. It’s only a few blocks.”

“Well you’re in my car now, so I might as well drive you. Where are we going.”

He relented and gave his address, sneaking a look at her as she pulled out into the road and started to drive. She really was quite attractive. He wondered why she hadn’t been up on the dance floor with the rest of her friends but didn’t dare ask.

“What’s your name?” he blurted out, suddenly realising that he was in a car with a stranger, a girl who’s name he didn’t even know but who knew his.

She pursed her lips and glanced over at him briefly before averting her eyes back to the road.

“Spencer, do you think I’m attractive?” she asked.

“What!?”

“It’s just a question. It requires a yes or a no answer. You come across as an over thinker, I’ve only known you for fifteen minutes but already that much is obvious. Don’t over think, just answer. Do you think I’m attractive?”

Spencer gulped before answering, “yes.”

“And when you said you were lonely one of the things you meant was that you wanted to screw someone that wasn’t your own hand, right?”

Where was she going with this? He nodded and then remembered that she was driving. “Y-yes.”

“So it’s much more mysterious for me to be the attractive stranger who accompanies you home to be that someone you screw, if I don’t tell you my name, don’t you think?”

She pulled into a parking spot opposite his building and turned to look at him, her eyes sparkling.

“I mean, if that’s what you want of course.”

Spencer’s mouth opened and then closed again, suddenly lost for words.

“So we’re here. You can leave this car alone and I was just a strange girl that gave you a ride and talked to you for a bit. Or I can come up with you and be a strange girl who gave you a ride but in a completely different sense of the phrase. Your choice Spencer.”

She bit her lower lip and waited, Spencer’s mind going into overdrive before he made a snap decision.

“I choose… I choose the second option,” his voice shook slightly as he spoke, seeing a grin break out across her face.

“Well then,” she switched the engine off and reached for her bag. “Lead the way.”
Spencer liked it best when she was sleeping. Simply because he knew she felt less pain when she was dreaming. Occasionally he would lie and just watch her, seeing her beautiful face relaxed and not contorted with the agony that her disease was bringing her. The disease that was killing her, the disease that had consumed four out of their five years together.

Spencer wanted more time with her, in fact he wanted to just stop time to give science chance to find the cure that would rid her of the monster that was eating away at her. But he knew that he wouldn't get that time, not unless a miracle happened. The doctor's had confirmed it, a conversation that had broken his heart into tiny pieces. She though, she had been surprisingly calm about it. It was almost as if she accepted her fate, something that he couldn't do. He wanted her to fight, there were other therapies they could try, alterative options that could buy her more time, buy them more time together. But she was tired of it all. Tired of being prodded with needles everyday, tired of having chemicals flushed through her bloodstream. And it was her body so as much as he hated it, he had to accept what she wanted. They would spend her time together at home and not in hospitals constantly. They could enjoy their time together pretending that she wasn't ill.

Like they had last night.

Last night they eaten his favourite meal and enjoyed each other, spending the night in each other's arm and tenderly making love; something she'd struggled to be able to do for months. It had been glorious, a perfect evening together.

He rolled over in bed, intent on snuggling up with her and waking her up with kisses. Maybe today they go out. Not far, just maybe to the park. She liked it there. Spencer reached his hand out and stroked up and down her arm. She didn't stir the way she would normally so he scooted closer, moving her hair to one side and placing his lips to the side of her neck.

It was then he felt it, how cold her skin was. He nudged her, gently at first and then more roughly as panic set in. Throwing the covers off completely he gripped her shoulders, pulling her from her side and onto her back, calling out her name as he did.

Nothing. There was no movement from her at all. No slow rise and fall of her chest, no soft snuffles escaping her lips. Her skin was paler and she looked different somehow, as if she wasn't her anymore. And then it hit him. She wasn't her anymore because she was no longer there. The beautiful soul that had occupied that broken body was gone.

Spencer swallowed deeply a few times before the sobs broke free and he clung to her, wrapping his arms around the lifeless body that was at his side. He thought they had longer together, thought they had at least a few more months. He thought he'd get to say goodbye.

Through the river of tears he saw it then. The envelope on her side of the bed, his name scrawled across it. And then the realisation. She had said goodbye last night. There was a reason last night had been so perfect, because she'd made it so knowing what was going to happen. Anger coursed through his veins and he let go, quickly climbing out of bed and pacing the room. He didn't want to read the letter, didn't want to know what it said.

All he wanted was her.

And she'd taken herself away from him without giving him chance to say goodbye. She was his everything, his all. And she hadn't let him say goodbye.
He walked up and down, not wanting to look at her but not being able to look at anything else. What was he going to do now?

In a moment of sheer compulsion he walked to his closet and entered the six digit number into his safe. Pulling out his gun he quickly loaded it and placed the barrel into his mouth, his finger on the trigger. As soon as he tasted the cool metal he recoiled, knowing he couldn't do it that. He let the gun fall to the floor and reached for his cell phone, dialing the only person he could think of right now.

"JJ.... Oh JJ, I need you. Please.... " he sobbed out, his words choked and barely audible to her.

"Please come."

He didn't even wait for her to answer, letting the cell leave his hand too and join his weapon on the floor where he followed a few seconds after.

He curled into the fetal position and wept.
He wished he’d never seen it, if he could rewind time and make it so he could change what had just happened then he would.

But Spencer knew that he couldn’t, so all he could do was to decide how to react. Because ultimately, you can’t control what happens, almost everything in life is out of your direct control. You can only react to it.

But how to react was Spencer’s issue.

Y/N was standing there shell shocked, her FBI issued weapon in her hand, it’s recently fired bullet lodged in the brain of a person of interest they’d been chasing.

Note the phrase person of interest rather than suspect or unsub.

Spencer and Y/N had been sent to question this man in relation to a series of sexual assaults that had taken place on and around a nearby university campus. They had no DNA evidence linking him, only circumstantial evidence, and even that had been questionable. Hence why they had been sent to question him and not arrest him.

The fact that the POI had run from the pair pulling out a handgun, had of course led Spencer and Y/N to think that perhaps he was more on the suspect side of things. Otherwise, why run? But the man hadn’t fired his weapon, only waving it around drastically when the two Agent’s had cornered him. He’d looked frightened, and something in his demeanor told Spencer that whilst this guy definitely knew something and was connected, he wasn’t the person they were looking for. But if they could convince him to cooperate, then he could assist the investigation.

But Reid hadn’t had chance to convince him, to explain that they would protect him if he could help the case. Instead, Y/N had fired her weapon, killing him.

Spencer knew why, he knew what had happened to her two years ago when she’d been held hostage along with two young girls. He knew that this case had triggered her somewhat, concerns that as her partner in the field, he should have raised with their supervisor or tried to help her. But he didn’t know the words. And now, a man was dead. A man who they had no proof that he was a criminal, and who had not fired at them or even threatened them with his weapon.

Spencer knew what that meant, Y/N could very well lose her job for this. He thought quickly, seeing her shoulders begin to shake, the realisation of what she’d done hitting her. And he felt flooded with guilt. He should have done something, said something to Prentiss, or even directly to Y/N. He could see this case was affecting her, bringing back the horrific memories of what she’d endured. But he hadn’t. This was his fault too.

Glancing around the area quickly he could see that there were no security cameras in sight, and no witnesses. They were in a wooded area, having chased the man out of his backyard and into the woods that backed onto his house. Miraculously, when he’d fallen to the floor, his gun had remained in his grasp and seeing that made Spencer realise what he was going to do.

Walking over to the body, Spencer tugged a crime scene glove from his pocket and pulled it on. He knelt and raised the dead man’s hand, manipulating his fingers with his own gloved ones and then Spencer fired the gun, aiming off to the side of Y/N.

She jumped, her eyes widening.
Dropping the man’s arm, Spencer then kicked the gun away, as he normally would, before he stood and returned to Y/N’s side.

“He fired at you and you reacted.”

“But…. but….” she stuttered, her face white.

“Y/N, he fired at you and you reacted. Okay?!?”

She glanced to the body on the floor, then to her own gun and then back at Spencer.

“Y/N!” his voice was full of urgency, knowing that he needed to call this in.

Y/N shook herself, seemingly pulling herself together. She nodded before parroting Spencer’s words back at him. “He fired at me and I reacted.”

Spencer radioed to base, calling in their location and knowing that the rest of the team would arrive shortly.

“Spencer…. Why? I…. I shouldn’t…. You…..” finally finding her words she blurted out. “We could lose our jobs for this Spencer!”

“Y/N, no we won’t. This is my fault, I saw how this case was affecting you and I didn’t do anything. He had a gun, he was clearly agitated and somehow connected to the case. All we have to say is that we tried to convince him to come down to the station but he fired at you and it was your instinct to fire back. You’ll be made to retake your fire arms qualification at most…. But I do think you should take some time off.”

She still had a look of disbelief across her face, not even filtering her reply. “You’re covering this up for me? This is against everything you believe in? I never even… This is not you Spencer, this is not something you’re capable of.”

Ten minutes ago he would have agreed with her but now…

He spoke again. “I think deep down, we’re all capable of unspeakable things.”

They stood staring at each other as the sirens sounded in the distance. They knew that this could not be spoke of again, that what had gone down here could ruin them both.

And they silently agreed that it would not do that.

They would lie.
“You want me…. to come….” Spencer’s words trailed off, unsure he’d heard his best correctly the first time around.

“To the abortion clinic. Tomorrow.” Y/N was sullen, seeing the shock on his face had made it all seem real. The judgement she was so scared of facing briefly crossing his face before he managed to check it. She’d been planning on going alone until an hour ago when she’d been reading support forums. They all said the same thing, the same thing the nurse and the counsellor had told her at her first appointment. To bring someone for support if she could. So she’d turned to her best friend, turned up on his doorstep with a request, blurring it out before she lost the nerve.

“Who’s…. Who’s….” again his words trailed off, making her completely regret this.

“Forrester’s,” she replied naming an agent from the New York office that up until recently she’d been seeing. She expected the next question before it even left his mouth.

“Does he know?”

“No,” Y/N shook her head, watching Spencer’s expression change again. “And even if he did, it wouldn’t change my decision.”

“Y/N, that’s someone else’s child inside your body. You can’t just…..” he stopped, suddenly seeming to realise how he sounded. And she got it, she understood. She knew Spencer wanted children of his own but didn’t think he’d ever be in a position to be able to have them. She knew what he was thinking right now but she’d hoped that he’d have been able to push that aside to be able to support her.

“Spencer I can. And I’m going to. Not because I hate Forrester for breaking up with me or anything like that. This isn’t to spite him. I just can’t do this right now.”

“I could help you!” He looked at her with a gleam of hope in his eyes, almost pleading with her to change her mind. “I could support you. We spend enough time together and I know we’d make great….”

“No!” Y/N interrupted his desperate flow of words. “I know that I’d have all the support in the world but I just don’t want this. The timing isn’t right for me. I don’t want to take a break from my career, I don’t want to give up everything I’ve been working towards. This is isn’t a snap decision for the me. I’ve thought long and hard and considered all my options. This is my body, it’s my life and it’s my choice. I want kids Spencer, some day. But not now. It’s not what I want.”

“But…”

“If I had a child’s right now, I’d love it yes. I’d take care of it and I’m sure I’d be a great mom. But there would always be that part of me that resented it. Because this isn’t right for me now. I don’t want to bring a child into this world that isn’t 100 percent wanted. So please don’t make me feel guilty about my decision. I came over tonight because I was hoping for support tomorrow. Not judgement, not you trying to change my mind. Because it can’t be changed. You’re my best friend and I need you right now. Will you come with me?”

She looked at him, her resolve set. And then in the tiniest flicker of his eyes she saw that his was too.

“Y/N… I can’t. I don’t think you should do this.”
With a sad expression on her face she nodded, turning on her heels and leaving his apartment.

…

She hated this. From the moment she’d walked through the door she just wanted to leave.

Not because she was changing her mind or regretting her decision, but because of the almost accusing looks she received from the other women in the waiting room. So much for sisterhood.

She couldn’t understand it at first, they were all here for the same reason. And then when the next woman entered the room, giving her name at the desk, Y/N suddenly did understand it completely. Because she stared too. It was inane curiosity, simply wondering what had bought them to this room. What had made someone consider this option?

Y/N knew her own reasons, her own story. But she knew that like every other woman in this room she was questioning what the others story was too. Was it something horrifically tragic? Were they just not ready? Were they going to be one of the percentage of people that climbed up onto the bed, and then ran kicking and screaming from the room, being unable to go to through with it and resigning themselves to a different fate.

The door opened again and everyone looked to see who the new arrival was, perhaps to start mentally making up a back story for this new person, to maybe try to make themselves feel better about their predicament. Or maybe to just distract themselves.

It wasn’t a woman this time, it was a man. An extremely tired looking man with ridiculously messy hair. He scanned the waiting room spotting her immediately and making his way over, and despite herself, Y/N smiled.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” Spencer said as he reached her. She patted the plastic chair next to her and he slid into it.

“It’s okay,” she told him.

“I was stupid, and judgemental. And literally the worst friend ever. Everything you said was right and I was so very….. ”

“Spencer, it’s okay.” Because it was, it really was. He was here now and that was what mattered. He had come through for her.
“Sweetie are you sure you won’t come and join us?”

Christmas eve and you were stuck in the states. Having originally made plans to return to your family in London some deranged psychopath had decided to scupper them by going on a killing spree nine days ago. And of course, working where you did meant that you couldn’t just say no, you weren’t coming in. Your team needed you, the people of America needed you. Your family understood, they were proud of you. And Agent Prentiss had promised you two weeks leave in January. Where she assured you that you would not be recalled. It would be different then as only you would be away, the team could work one person down. But at Christmas, everyone had families to be with so it was either you all give up your loved ones or…. more people got killed.

“JJ honestly, it’s fine. I don’t want to impose.”

“You won’t be! How many times do I have to tell you, you’re part of our family. Henry and Michael love you.”

You tucked the cell into the crook of your neck and wandered over to the fridge, pulling out a bottle of wine and surveying the ready meals you’d picked up at the store. The offer was tempting, extremely so. But you knew that although JJ and Will would go out of their way to make you feel welcome, as would Penelope, Rossi, Luke, Emily, Tara and even Matt, who had all offered you a place a their dinner tables, ultimately you’d feel more lonely. Being around families at Christmas when you couldn’t be with your own would have that affect on you.

“Please Jen, I appreciate the offer, you know I do. But I’d rather stay here. I’ve bought food and I made plans with my Tivo box. If it makes you feel better I’ll come round the day after. Give you a few hours reprieve from the kids and their new toys which I’m sure will be driving you insane by then.”

“You know it Y/N. I can’t believe Garcia saw fit to buy Henry a mini drum kit and that it was the one present he chose to open this evening.”

You chuckled down the phone and talked with her for a a few minute more.

“Alright, if you’re sure. You can always just turn up if you change your mind. I just can’t stand the thought of my two best friends being alone at Christmas.”

Her two best friends?

“Wait? Spencer isn’t going back to Vegas now either?” Your heart wept for your other friend. You knew how much he’d been looking forward to seeing his mom.

“Nope. Couldn’t get a flight this late without having to change a ridiculous amount of times. His mom told him not to come in the end, didn’t want him spending so long travelling just for a few days. He wasn’t even going to tell any of us, it was only when I called him to wish him a safe
journey that I could tell something was up.”

That explained why he hadn’t told you then. You’d messaged him this morning, sending your wishes to his mom and he’d replied, thanking you and wishing you a good Christmas day too. You just couldn’t work out why he hadn’t tried to make plans with you knowing that you’d both be alone. But then again, this was Spencer. Spencer who rarely asked for help, who would rather wallow in his own misery than risk thinking he was being a burden on anyone.

You ended your conversation with JJ and was just about to pour yourself a glass of wine when a light bulb went off above your head. Grabbing your keys and stuffing your feet back into your converse you headed out, unwilling to believe that you were going to fight the hoards of people last minute shopping at the store again.

…

“Spencer! It’s Y/N. Come downstairs, I need your help!”

7am on Christmas morning and you were stood outside your friend’s apartment building, boxes and bags at your feet. You’d been out for another three hours last night, having to travel two towns over to get all the supplies you needed. You hadn’t even got dressed this morning, standing in your batman pajamas with a thick parka on top. You’d parked around the back of his building, making at least three trips to get all the items from your car.

“Y/N?” Spencer sounded confused which you’d expected.

“It’s cold. Come and help me in.”

You heard the telltale click that told you he’d disconnected the intercom and a few minutes later the door to his apartment building swung open. Messy haired and also still in his pajamas, Spencer finally appeared.

“W-what are you doing here?”

“JJ told me you couldn’t get home either. Why didn’t you message me?”

“I thought… I figured you’d end up going to one of their houses for Christmas. I didn’t want you to feel you had to stay with me.”

You frowned at him. “Well why haven’t you gone to their house? I know JJ invited you.”

He sounded so sad as he voiced the exact reason you hadn’t. “There’s nothing lonelier that being surrounded by families on Christmas when you can’t be with your own.”

“Spence…. “ Unable to help yourself you flung yourself forward and wrapped your arms around his waist. After an unsure moment his arms wrapped themselves around your own torso and you sighed into him. He was warm and smelt like apples and all at once you knew you’d made the right decision by coming here. He was your friend, an extremely close one at that. And you loved and adored him. Breaking the embrace you smiled up at him.

“Let’s get all this stuff upstairs. I have all the trimmings for a Christmas dinner, plus a turkey that I nearly had to fight someone for. We need to get your oven on, and I possibly need to call my mum. I’ve never actually cooked Christmas dinner before.”

“Neither have I.”
“Well this should certainly be interesting then. Come on, it’s freezing outside.”

You started piling boxes onto him, hooking bags onto his long limbs.

“Y/N?”

“Hmmmm,” you were laden down like a donkey and ready to make the trek uphill to his apartment.

“Thank you.”

…

“Do you want to be in charge of decorations or the turkey?”

“Decorations?” Spencer wrinkled up his nose.

“I figured you wouldn’t have decorated and I was right. We can’t have Christmas without decorations, so I bought some of mine. Plus whatever the seven eleven had.”

“You got all of this food at a seven eleven?”

“Nope. In fact the story of how I got all of this food on Christmas eve is one I’d prefer not to engage in. It was a harrowing experience, one I’d prefer not to relive.” You started unloading the various food items onto his counter, clicking the oven on to preheat.

“You really didn’t have to do all of this for me ya know…. I mean, I’m grateful you have. But you didn’t…. ”

“Hush. I didn’t do it just for you Spencer, it was for me too. Whilst I didn’t want to be surrounded by other people’s families today I also wasn’t particularly looking forward to being alone. It was just easier to lie to the others. So today, we’re each other’s family. You can be my crazy brother from out of town okay!”

“Brother… Hmm, okay. Yeah sure.”

“Now, turkey or decorations?”

He opted for the decorations, of course he did. And two hours, three phone calls to England to get your mothers assistance, and two glasses of wine later and you were slumped on Spencer’s couch. The turkey was prepared and in the oven, the veg was peeled and ready to go in, and Spencer’s apartment looked a whole lot more festive than it had.

You still had a few hours to go before you could even start thinking about cooking the rest of the food so you’d set his TV up, streaming your Netflix account through it and watching old Doctor Who Christmas specials.

“I can’t believe you don’t have Netflix Spencer. Look at all the content you’re missing out on…. ”

He had indeed sat in wonderment when he’d realised the amount of episodes of Doctor Who that were actually available at the touch of a button.

“I know I know…..I’m just not here that often, it’s seems pointless. Plus, I didn’t realise it actually had this much available.”

“True, but you can download stuff to your phone to watch on the jet now so surely that alone makes it worthwhile.”
“Maybe…” He readjusted his position, slumping further into his couch.

“Aaaand, if you don’t have Netflix, then how are you meant to Netflix and Chill?” You smirked at him and then your jaw dropped slightly at his reply.

“I’d prefer not to have any distractions whilst doing that particular sort of chilling, thank you very much. I prefer to give a girl my whole attention and be sure that her focus is on me and NOT a movie in the background.”

You hadn’t actually expected him to even know what the term meant.

“Nice Spencer, I like your style.”

Twenty minutes in and you could feel your eyes drooping, you’d been up late last night and early this morning. Spencer had resumed his gaze on the screen as you settled down onto his cushions. You’d just close your eyes for a few moments, it wouldn’t hurt…

…

“JJ, I’m fine. Honestly…”

Shit. You’d fallen asleep. Your eyes snapped open to see Spencer standing by his kitchen counter with his back to you and his cell phone pressed to his ear.

“Seriously JJ, Y/N’s here….. Yeah she came round this morning and we’re cooking Christmas dinner together…… Mmmm…. Yeah….. No!…… No it doesn’t mean that at all, it just means she’s a caring friend….. No…. No… No I’m not going to tell her….. Jennifer, shut up please…… No and I’m going now, dinner almost ready….. Don’t you dare!…. Yes…. Yes…. Fine, I’ll see you tomorrow. Goodbye, love you too.”

You closed your eyes again, replaying the conversation in your head. It was obviously about you and you wondered why they were talking about you and what Spencer wasn’t going to say.

Also, dinner was almost ready? How long had you been asleep for? Hearing the sound of pots and pans clattering in the kitchen you made a big show of stretching out and yawning, opening your eyes slowly.

“Spence…..How long was I out for?” You rubbed your eyes as he wandered over to the couch.

“A few hours. You obviously needed it though. I’ve put the rest of the food in, it should be ready in about fifteen minutes. Did you want to eat at the table or on the couch?”

He’d finished the rest of the cooking?

Reading your thoughts he grinned. “I Googled the timings….. Table or couch?”

“Table. I’ll set it though, I just need to go to the bathroom to freshen up. I don’t suppose you’ve got a spare toothbrush?”

“There should be a new one in the cabinet, I always have spares in ready for my go bag.”

You were the same, you’d just forgotten to grab one this morning. Noticing that Spencer had changed out of his pajamas you picked your own bag up and slunk off into his bathroom. You’d bought clothes with you and make up. Just not a bloody toothbrush. Searching Spencer’s cabinet you quickly found the toothbrush. Right on top of a box of condoms.
Interesting…. Was Spencer dating someone? And if so why hadn’t he told any of you. Or was he just being prepared like a boy scout. As you changed and cleaned up the thought of your friend being in an actual relationship stuck with you. And for some reason bothered to you, for reasons you couldn’t quite put your finger on.

You pottered back to set the table, your mind racing. There had been a few times a couple of months ago when Spencer hadn’t gone out with the rest of the team after a case, saying he was meeting a friend. You hadn’t thought much of it at the time, he had mentioned a guy named Ethan from back home and a couple people he had been on a quiz team with with back in the day so you had just assumed it was one of them. Now you weren’t sure, what if by friend he’d meant girlfriend? It wouldn’t be out of character for him to keep something like that to himself. You loved the team like they were your family but they were the nosiest people on the planet.

Then your mind started to wander to what sort of woman she could be. Probably smart. No, almost definitely smart, genius level smart. They probably had conversations about quantum entanglement in Latin or Greek or something like that. Or they’d be having long conversation about stuff so complicated that it would sound like Latin or Greek to anyone else. Maybe that’s why Spencer hadn’t introduced her, maybe he figured that no one would be able to keep up with them, she’d be bored if she had to talk to regular, non-genius people.

No, as soon as that thought crossed your mind it felt wrong. Spencer would never think like that and he’d never be interested in someone who looked down on everyone else like that, he was too good.

Of course, she may not be smart. It could be an “opposites attract” kind of thing and perhaps she was a super outgoing, flirty, supermodel type. Ugh. They’d be two busy fucking like rabbits the entire time to have a conversation about physics or whatever. It had been an extra large box after all…..

Another thought crossed your mind, why wasn’t Spencer spending Christmas with her and her family? Did she think he wasn’t good enough to bring home? Was she ashamed of him? The thought made you flush red with anger. Screw her then, and her entire bigoted, supermodel family if they didn’t think-

“Y/N, are you okay?” Spencer was looking at you with concern. You went even redder still.

“Huh?”

“You’re laying out the cutlery kind of…violently. Are you upset?”

You wanted the ground to swallow you up right then and there.

“I…I was just think about everyone who doesn’t get to spend Christmas with the person they….care about because that person is selfish dick who won’t introduce them to their family,” you gabbled. Spencer stared at you.

“Okay,” he said slowly. “I guess that is kind of awful.”

There was no spark of recognition, no micro expression revealing a hidden torment, it wasn’t hitting close to home.

Maybe there was no secret girlfriend, maybe you were being ridiculous?

The question was, why did you care so much?

“The food is ready by the way,” said Spencer, bringing you back to reality.
“Great,” you replied, grateful for any kind of distraction.

…

“David Rossi, eat your heart out,” you said when you were finished. It had been an amazing meal if you did say so yourself. Once you had gotten over the awkwardness from earlier, you and Spencer had both devoured dinner and spent the time sharing your favourite Christmas memories from your childhoods. Spencer reminisced about watching old movies with his mom and learning to knit one year so he could make her a scarf for a gift, and you told him about the yearly board game tournaments your family had and how your mother would insist on Christmas karaoke despite the fact that none of you could sing.

“We could always quit the BAU and start a catering business together,” joked Spencer.

“That would be amazing!” you laughed. “Thought we wouldn’t get to eat everything we made and that’s the fun part.”

“What do you want to do now?” Spencer asked, clearing the plates.

“Christmas movie?” you suggested. “I bought every Christmas or holiday DVD I have. Sound of Music, Wizard of Oz, Nightmare Before Christmas, The Nutcracker?”

“Do you have A Muppet Christmas Carol?” asked Spencer.

“Do I have- Spencer, I’m insulted you even had to ask that!” you grinned.

“Set it up and I’ll be out in a sec!”

Spencer made a quick phone call to check on his mother as you got the movie ready and then he came to join you on the sofa along with a mug of eggnog for you both. The two of you sang along with every song and when he saw you shivering about halfway through, Spencer shifted so you could sit closer and share warmth. After the briefest of pauses you accepted, snuggling close and leaning against his shoulder.

The Sound of Music came next and you prepared to move back to your end of the sofa but Spencer made room and put his arm round your shoulder, it was definitely more comfortable to sit that way than squashed at either end.

You were beginning to feel sleepy again, lulled by the movie, the warm embrace and Spencer resting his head against yours. You felt your eyes grow heavy…

The sound of the end credits jolted you awake and a sudden movement from Spencer told you that you weren’t the only one who had drifted off. The two of you had obviously shifted while you were asleep, you were practically on his lap and he had both arms wrapped around you, pulling you close.

“Sorry,” you mumbled, clambering aside awkwardly.

“No it’s fine,” said Spencer, blushing. “It was nice”

Now it was your turn to blush.

“Yeah it was,” you replied with a soft smile. He reached out to tuck a stray strand of hair behind your ear, lightly brushing your cheek as he did so.

“Thank you for coming over,” Spencer said. “It really was the best present you could have given
“It’s been the best Christmas I’ve had in a long time to be honest,” you grinned.

“With your crazy brother from out of town?” chuckled Spencer, and for a moment you could have sworn there was a slight flicker of hesitation behind his smile.

“No..I mean… I mean…not really a brother. We don’t have a sibling-like relationship,” you stuttered, slightly flustered.

“No. I mean we’re friends-"

“Good friends. Really close friends.”

“Yeah super close,” agreed Spencer. “But not brother/sister”

“No. Nope. Nuh-uh,” you seconded, feeling more and more idiotic by the moment. Before you could stop yourself the question came tumbling out: “Are you seeing anybody?”

“No,” Spencer answered immediately. “No. I’m not seeing anyone. Why?” He shifted a little closer to you.

“I just wondered,” you said, not-so-casually. “I know you skipped out on some team time to hang with a friend and… I swear I wasn’t snooping but under your toothbrushes in the bathroom-”

“There was someone,” Spencer explained, hastily. “A little while ago. It wasn’t a big deal, it was a few dates but it didn’t work out.”

“I’m sorry,” you lied. “That sucks”

“I’m not,” he shifted in his seat again. “She could tell that I had feelings for someone else, even before I knew. She called it off and ever since then I’ve been trying to work out how to tell this other person.”

You studied his face carefully, everything you knew as a profiler was screaming at you right now but you couldn’t quite be sure. You didn’t want to risk misunderstanding him and then ruining your friendship forever. Was he saying what you thought he was saying?

A fraction of a second later his lips on your’s was answer enough. It was a hesitant kiss at first and when he pulled back, Spencer looked nervous, eager to gauge your reaction. You pulled him close again, kissing him harder this time, your fingers running through his unruly curls and his arms tightly around you.

“You know,” he said as you pulled apart. “JJ has been sending me texts all day asking me whether I had got my act together yet and told you.”

You laughed at that. It sparked a (very) fuzzy memory of a girls’ night when you may have made a confession or two about Spencer.

“Now you can finally put her mind at ease,” you grinned widely.

“Maybe later,” Spencer grinned back, pulling you close once again.
She stood there unmoving and as yet unseen. She didn’t take in the scene around her, didn’t see the looks on other people’s faces or hear any of their words. All she could take in was the view of him. She hadn’t thought she’d see him again. Had been so sure she wouldn’t be able to come today. But when it came down to it she didn’t have a choice. No one had forced her to come but she knew that if she didn’t, it would haunt her for the rest of her life.

All I want is nothing more
To hear you knocking at my door
‘Cause if I could see your face once more
I could die a happy girl I’m sure

He was deep in conversation or as deep in conversation as he could be. The long journey had weakened him further but he’d known it would, they’d all know it would. As drained as he looked though, she thought he looked happy. His chair was nowhere to be seen, the chair she’d become so accustomed to over the years and the chair that he had grown to hate. Perhaps he’d asked it to be removed, after all he wouldn’t need it again, she thought sadly, the lump in her throat now too large to even pretend it wasn’t there. She turned away briefly, wiping the falling tears from her eyes and in that moment, he saw her.

“Y/N? You… you came.” His words were slurred somewhat and she couldn’t tell whether it was simply from the latest stroke or from the medication.

“I couldn’t not Spencer.”

His mother moved from her perch on the side of his bed, the rest of his friends finally sensing her presence in the room and clearing a path for her. She stepped towards him and stopped, her eyes going to the clock on his bedside table. There was a schedule to this she knew, and as someone who had spent most of her life adhering to schedules and itineraries, this was one schedule she hated and did not want to be part of.

“Y/N….” He said her name again and she told her body to move, to go to him. That this was necessary.

Who for though?

She moved forward and sank onto the bed, Spencer reaching for her hand and taking it, a happy but lopsided smile adorning his face.

“Thank you. Thank you for being here.”

“I couldn’t not.” She repeated her words, unsure she could say anything else to him or to anyone else in the room. It didn’t matter to him though. All that mattered was that she had come.

His mother Diana, handed her a photo album, an album Y/N had put together for him especially, for
his many trips.

“Spencer wanted to look through this again. Perhaps you should look through it with it Y/N.”

Y/N nodded and turned the first page, not noticing his friends moving towards the back of the room in an effort to give them space, precious time alone. She smiled at the first photo as did he, fond memories filling both of their minds for the next hour.

So you brought out the best of me,

A part of me I’ve never seen.

You took my soul and wiped it clean.

Our love was made for movie screens.

The time recalling precious memories came to and end all too quickly as she knew it would. When the photo album was closed shut the door to the room opened and a woman entered. It was almost as if she had timed it perfectly, like she’d been waiting for them to finish. Aside from her name badge she was dressed in normal clothing, no uniform to make her stand out as a clinician.

“Dr Reid?” She addressed Spencer only, not actually asking him a verbal question. Still, with a glance to the clock he understood and he nodded.

“I need to ask anyone who is not prepared for the next steps to leave the room.”

Y/N waited yet no one else left. They were all here for him right until the very end. She couldn’t though. She just couldn’t. She moved off the bed and when she looked back, Spencer’s face hadn’t changed. He was still smiling at her.

“I know you can’t stay for this Y/N. But thank you for coming. I love you so much and I couldn’t have beared for you to not be here.”

She nodded and started to walk towards to door, trying to ignore the looks of his friends. She knew they were judging her for not saying it back. And she was just judging herself to. Just when she made it to the door she turned back.

“I…. I…. Goodbye Spencer.”

“T... I love you Y/N,” he repeated, his voice now weak and weary.

She walked through the door without saying it back.

But if you loved me

Why’d you leave me?

Take my body,

Take my body.

All I want is,

And all I need is

To find somebody.
I’ll find somebody.

She couldn’t wait outside the room, she couldn’t be there for the final outcome. Instead she got into her rental car and drove back to the hotel room, pouring an extremely large drink from the minibar and staring outside her window at the view.

She’d wanted to come to this country for years but now she knew that she could never come back to Switzerland.

*If you loved me*

*Why’d you leave me?*

*Take my body,*

*Take my body.*

*All I want is,*

*And all I need is*

*To find somebody.*

*I’ll find somebody like you.*
First Kisses

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Spencer Reid x reader

…

Kissing. More specifically, making out.

The mashing together of two people’s mouths and the exchanging of saliva. Doesn’t sound too hot when it’s put like that does it? But that’s what you were expecting to happen tonight and that was why you were nervously sat next to Spencer Reid on what was your fifth date.

For you, third dates usually meant the bedroom so to still be outside of the bedroom on the fifth date was concerning for you. But you liked this guy. He was sweet and slightly awkward and as of yet had only briefly brushed your cheek with his lips when he dropped you off at your door last weekend. Your concern at his lack of apparent eagerness to jump onto the next step had led to you contacting your mutual friend who you had met through.

“He’s just shy,” Luke had told you. “He definitely likes you though, he blushes whenever I mention your name.”

“But I’m not shy. And I’m not used to guys not having made the move to kiss me yet.”

“Have you made the move on him though Y/N?”

“I don’t wanna scare him off. I’ve dropped all the hints I possibly could but he’s barely breathed on me yet alone shown any interest in making out with me or getting hot and sweaty in the bedroom.”

Luke wrinkled up his face at that comment and you would have laughed except you wanted answers. He sighed. “Look, Spencer doesn’t date that often. In the whole time I’ve known him he’s not been out with anyone. For him, the first kiss with someone is a big thing. Just give him time.”

So you had. And in that time you had overthunk kissing to the extreme. The first kiss actually was a big thing, more than you had actually ever thought it was. Perhaps that was because of the amount of first kisses you’d had. You’d just become blasé to it. But now you were thinking about it you realised how awkward they could be. Not knowing where to put your hands, not knowing which way to tilt your head to avoid your noses clashing. Not knowing how soon to slip the tongue in, whether to add a little nibble in here or there, or when to slide your hands under someone’s shirt. Hell, you had thought you’d had this shit down but now…. now you were second guessing everything. And now you were sitting next to Spencer on the couch, not paying any attention to the movie that you were both meant to be watching, and trying to discreetly wipe your mildly sweaty palms on your jeans.

You didn’t think he was watching either. His head kept twitching oh so slightly, him trying to look at you out of the corner of his eyes. He’d shifted closer about fifteen minutes ago as well, your thighs touching on the couch and he’d done the typical male thing of slinging his arm across the back of the cushions, leaving it up to you as to whether you wanted to snuggle in or not. You had, moving your upper body closer and tilting your head slightly. Every so often you’d hear a breath hitch in his chest and you wondered if he was going to make his move or if you would make yours until finally, the decision got made for you.
By the movie.

The two main characters started heatedly making out, something you weren’t quite sure how it had happened as they’d hated each other less than ten minutes ago. But the scene on the screen turned the atmosphere between you two extremely heavy. And also extremely uncomfortable. If it didn’t happen now you decided, it probably was never going to happen.

You turned your head and licked your lips, and whether consciously or not, Spencer mirrored your action. He moved forward, just by a few millimeters almost as if he was waiting and judging your response. This time you mirrored his actions. So you’d both wetted your lips and moved slightly. You knew what came next, he knew what came next, but who was going to do it?

The characters on screen apparently. The female let out an extremely loud and erotic moan and you momentarily wondered if you clicked on the porno version of the film instead. The noise was a distraction enough and you both turned to look at the screen, seeing a mess of flesh and strategically placed bed sheets. Jeez, they’d moved fast. A grin flickered over your mouth and you started to chuckle, Spencer following suite.

You regained your composure moments later and made your decision.

“Spencer, unless you have any objections I’m going to kiss you now. Okay?”

His eyebrows shot up in surprise but he nodded, perhaps pleased that the pressure of making the first move was off him. You moved all the way forward, closing the space between you and pressing your lips to his. For the tiniest of moments he didn’t move and then suddenly he was. And it was… pleasant. His lips were soft and full and he was gentle and sweet. You tilted your head slightly and parted your lips but apparently he had had the same idea and your noses and teeth clashed together awkwardly, you both pulling back slightly and looking at the other. This was make or break.

“You wanna try that again?”

He nodded and you grinned. “Okay. You go left, I’ll go right.”

You moved forward again until he moved backwards, stopping you in your tracks. “Wait, your left or my left?”

You thought about it for a second and decided you couldn’t be bothered to voice the logistics. This felt like you were fifteen years old again and didn’t have a clue what you were doing when you knew very well that you did.

“Spencer, do you trust me?”

He nodded again, although the look of apprehension that crossed his face when you crawled onto his lap and straddled him was obvious. But he didn’t ask you to move so you figured you were good to go. Gently, you placed your hands on either side of his face, feeling slight stubble starting to form along his jaw. Then you moved forward, keeping his face straight whilst you tilted, this time your mouths slotting together almost perfectly. His lips began to move against yours, your tongues both coming into play at the same time. He tasted of the sugary drink he’d been sipping from and you hoped you tasted of the breath mint you’d been surreptitiously sucking twenty minutes ago. Lowering one hand to his shoulder you felt him move as well, his hands going to your waist and settling there as you began to gently caress his neck with your fingers. His shuddered, obviously ticklish and you tried not to giggle, apparently failing as he pulled away, a smile on his face.

“Sorry, sensitive neck,” he told you, his hands still placed on your waist.
“It’s okay.” You filed away that information for later, unsure of now what to say. You didn’t need to anything though as he reached his hand up to your face, gently pulling you in for another kiss before stopping, a frown crossing his features and his gaze now behind you on the TV. You twisted your body to see what was happening, now seeing the male dead on the floor with the female wielding an axe over him.

“What the….” Spencer started and then trailed off.

“I’m gonna be honest, I have no idea what’s happening or what’s even meant to be happening. Did you wanna restart it?”

“Nah.” Spencer reached for the remote which was on the arm of the chair and clicked the TV off. “I’ve got a better idea if that’s okay with you?” He pulled you in for another kiss, the awkwardness between you now gone and you decided that this idea was definitely okay with you.

Chapter End Notes

It's a big ask but if you’re enjoying my content and you’re financially able to then you may consider buying me a Ko-Fi as a way of financially supporting my writing. Many thanks to you if you do, it means so much to me that anyone might enjoy my work enough to donate to me

https://ko-fi.com/cherrywhisp
Reid x reader Smutty smut smut smut

…

“Jesus fucking…. harder Reid!”

Words that you’d never expected to be leaving your mouth were doing so. Ten minutes prior you’d been having an almost screaming argument in your office with your colleague, Dr Spencer Reid, and now you were flat out on your desk with your legs wrapped around his waist.

The argument had been heated, and also about something completely petty but it always was with you two. Since you’d joined the team as media liaison you’d always sniped at each other, somehow not bonding the way you had with the others. This evening you’d come back to the office late at night to pick up some files you wanted to check over and he’d been there, catching up on paperwork. The usual sniping had started, you couldn’t even remember over what, and then he’d followed you into your office.

Within seconds of being in there the door had been slammed shut and your mouths had been pressed together, the hatred now funneled into burning passion which apparently you both felt. Perhaps it was sheer frustration or perhaps Garcia’s teasing about there being blatant sexual tension between you both was true. You didn’t know. What you did know was that Spencer surprisingly had zero patience for buttons and your blouse was missing more than one.

He also clearly had zero patience for bra’s as the cups had been pulled down when he’d made his way from your mouth to your breasts, sucking a hardened nipple in between his teeth as his nimble fingers had work their way up your skirt, passing over your clit and causing a loud moan to escape your lips.

He’d liked that, roughly yanking your panties to the ground and pushing you back so you were sat on your desk. His hands pushed your legs apart and he sank to the floor, burying his head between your legs and hungrily lapping at your pussy with a sexual appetite you never even imagined Spencer could posses. One hand reached up and palmed your breast, tugging and tweaking at a nipple whilst the other made it’s way between your now soaked entrance, two fingers slipping in easily and finding a rhythm that satisfied you in ways you hadn’t felt in a long time.

Your hands had found themselves in his hair, gripping and pulling at his curls and making it messier than it already was. He was moaning himself, incoherent words vibrating through your centre as he flicked at your thriving bundle of nerves with his tongue and lips whilst his finger worked hard inside of you. Faster than a guy had ever managed, you felt yourself coming, your orgasm shooting through you as you tugged at his hair, pulling him upwards.

Barely able to catch your breath you whimpered to him, desperately fumbling with his belt buckle as you did. “Fuck me Reid, do it now.”

Your bag was on the table and you reached for it quickly, finding a condom stuffed into one of the pockets and handing it to him, noting how he hadn’t wiped his mouth clear of your fluids yet. He made quick work of dropping his pants and sheathing himself in the rubber, you spreading your legs wide for him and pulling him towards you. He ploughed into you, your orgasm reigniting and sending new waves of pleasure through you as he gripped the table for leverage, going hard and fast. Your legs wrapped around him, forcing him deeper inside of you as he moved as fast as he could, his
brow glistening with sweat. After what was probably only a minute or so his face furrowed and he thrust deep and hard once, twice, and then a third and final time, a deep groan exiting his mouth.

As quick as he had finished, the condom was off and his pants were back up, you both quickly righting your clothes as much as you could. Once you were semi decent you both stared at each other, unsure what to say.

“Well….” you began, stopping short when the right words didn’t seem to come.

“Yes… erm well….” A complete 180 from the man who minutes before had been fucking you senseless.

“So…. You wanna go argue some more at my place?” You threw caution to the wind. One boundary had already been crossed and now that flame had been ignited you wanted more.

He didn’t even hesitate. “I’ll grab my things and meet you by the elevator.”

You grinned, no argument from him this time. But one more thing.

“Reid, wipe your mouth.”
Fall At Your Feet

“You can’t go out dressed like that!”

You stared at your best friend Spencer Reid, your mouth open in shock at his exclamation. He’d never ever spoken to you like that before.

“I’m sorry… I can’t go out dressed like what exactly?” You narrowed your eyes, watching his expression carefully.

“Like… Like… Erm… Like that!”

“And what is that?”

It was Penelope’s birthday and Rossi was throwing her a party at his mansion. Her request had been that everyone dress up to the nines. So you had. You’d found a beautiful long black dress that from the back, just look like a normal dress. From the front though… It was slashed to your navel, meaning you’d had to use an alarming amount of tit tape to keep your babies under wraps. It also had a thigh high split in the other direction. You hadn’t worn anything like this in years, but you loved it. It was sexy and it made you feel like a goddess. Sure it was a bit risqué and you were fully prepared for Derek Morgan’s comments. What you hadn’t been prepared for was Spencer to be standing there looking at you like you were an alien. You didn’t live far from each other so you’d decided to catch a cab together to save money.

Spencer was struggling for words. He was sure he’d offended you but he couldn’t work out how to make it right. His crush that he’d been trying to hide for months now had suddenly risen to its full peak and he really really didn’t want you to leave the house dressed how you were. You were breathtaking to him and he didn’t want to risk someone else snatching you up, at least not until he’d figured out if he could tell you how he felt without ruining your friendship.

“Spencer… Answer the question.”

“I just… You look…. If you go out like that then some other guy will fall in love in you and I can’t handle that!”

Spencer was shocked. That wasn’t what he’d been planning to say at all.

You were also surprised but only because you never ever thought he’d say it. You knew Spencer liked you, the whole team did. You liked him too, what wasn’t there to like? But you’d wanted him to be the one to make the first move. For some reason, that was important to you.

“Why can’t you handle it Spencer?” You asked quietly, moving slightly closer to him.

He gulped, a blush forming on his cheeks as he quickly glanced over your shoulder to your apartment door. Could he make a run for it and just forget this had ever happened?

You moved closer still until you were standing in front of him. You placed the flat of your palm on his chest and asked him again. “Why can’t you handle it?”

Reid coughed, clearing his throat and looked down at you, his eyes meeting yours.

“I… I erm… Because… Because they’ll be falling in love with the way you look tonight. I’m in love with the way you look every day.”
Oh god. Oh god. Spencer could hear his blood rushing through his veins like it was the loudest sound in the room. Why oh why had he said that? It was the truth but... She was going to hate him.

“You…. You love me? I thought you just liked me?”

“Erm... Oh shit.”

You laughed, Spencer rarely swore. Although he was starting to worry you now. His breathing had picked up and his face was turning redder.

“Hey hey hey…” You moved your hand to his face, cupping it. “Calm down. I swear I can hear your heart beating right out of your chest.” You brushed his hair out of his eyes slowly, seeing how scared they looked.

“I... I...”

“Spencer, relax. I can’t deal with you having a panic attack right now. I don’t really want our first kiss to be me giving you CPR. I’d hoped for something a little more romantic. Like maybe under the stars or something. CPR is definitely not how I’d pictured it.”

“You’ve... You’ve pictured it?”

You nodded slowly, playing with the messy hair at the base of his neck.

“If I’d have known all it would have taken to get you to say something to me about your feelings was wearing a sexy dress then I’d have done this ages ago. I like you Spencer. As a lot more than a friend before you have to ask.”

“You do?”

“Mmmm hmmmm.”

“Oh. Oh! Well... That’s that then.”

You laughed again at him. “That’s that then? Are you not even going to ask me out then?”

“Erm... Y/N. Will you do me the honour of accompanying me to Rossi’s party. As... As my date?”

“I was going with you anyway but yes, I like the as your date part.”

“I just need to check. This isn’t a joke. You’re being serious about this?”

Poor Spencer and his lack of self confidence.

“You’re a profiler. Read my body language. Am I lying?”

You stepped back so he could look at you.

“I... I honestly can’t tell. The dress is distracting me and throwing me off.”

More like the lack of dress in certain parts was distracting him.

“I’m not joking Spencer. I’d never joke about anything like that with you. We really ought to leave by the way. Or else we’ll be late.”

You picked your clutch bag up and then moved forward again, taking his hand into yours and
squeezing it.

“Come on, Romeo. Let’s go.”

“Okay… I’m not leaving your side though. Men will literally fall at your feet in that outfit. You look… beautiful.”

“Spence, there’s only one man that I want falling at my feet and he’s with me now. So let’s go. Rossi has a very nice garden which in the moonlight would be a perfect setting for a romantic first kiss. Don’t you think?”

Spencer just nodded, not being able to believe that this all wasn’t a dream.
“Are you absolutely certain she said to come around tonight? I’m sure your mother said tomorrow?”

Your boyfriend and colleague Spencer Reid frowned from his seat in the car as you pulled into your mother’s driveway.

“She definitely said tonight. And apparently it’s important, which means she dating someone. Everytime she calls me to a ‘family meal’ it’s because she’s dating someone new.”

“Well good for her. I’m still sure it’s tomorrow though.”

You eye rolled at him and got out of the car, grabbing the bottle of wine you’d bought to gift to your mother. The whole “eidetic memory” thing was cute sometimes but it also made him think he knew everything other times. You were the one who had spoken to your mom so you knew when this meal was. And it was tonight.

As you approached the front of the house you did notice that the lights in the lounge appeared to be off which Spencer pointed out too causing you to huff.

“She’s probably just in the kitchen cooking.”

You used your emergency key to unlock the front door, knowing that your mom sometimes missed the doorbell if she was in the back.

As it turned out, she was in the kitchen. As it also turned out, Spencer had been right. The meal must have been tomorrow. Because you highly doubted your mother meant for you to walk in on the scene that you did.

“Mom, we’re heeeeee….jesus fucking christ…. Mom!!” The bottle of wine you’d been holding dropped to the floor and shattered and you stopped so suddenly that Spencer rammed into the back of you before looking to the sight in front of you both.

Your mother was sat up on the kitchen counter, her legs wrapped around the waist of a man who’s face had been very much buried in her neck. When they heard your exclamation both parties jumped apart and you could see that their shirts were both undone, as was the man’s belt buckle. Luckily, nothing else was hanging lose.

It was then that you got a look at the man’s face and your jaw dropped open.

“Hotch!?!?” It wasn’t you who spoke this time but Spencer, the shock of seeing his old supervisor making out with your mother very clear in his voice. Aaron Hotchner had been back within the city for the last few months but wasn’t fully reinstated within the team, consulting on cases instead rather than actively investigating them. He wanted more time to spend with Jack and had grown used to it when he had been in the witness protective scheme.

“Y/N!” Your Mom.

“Spencer! Y/N!” Aaron.

“I…. I… Nope. Just nope.” You spun around and grabbed Spencer’s hand, pulling him with you. Your mother and her… her Hotch? followed you down the hallway, quickly trying to make themselves decent.
“Y/N, please wait. Come into the lounge so we can talk..”

“Nope! Nope, nope, nope!”

You were being childish and you knew it but you had the image of your mother and your very esteemed, sometimes colleague burned into your brain right now and that wouldn’t do. And if you’d have walked in ten minutes later you were quite sure you would have been mentally scarred for life. When you reached the front door you tugged Spencer through it, ignoring your mom’s pleas to stop and talk and faster than you could say “my mom is fucking Aaron Hotchner,” you were in the car and reversing out of the driveway, Spencer scrambling to put on his seat belt.

“Well…. Y/N…..erm….”

“Nope.”

“Do you not want to talk about it…”

“Nope.”

“But you’re going to have to speak to….”

“Does this not bother you? That’s my mother, that’s Hotch. They were….” you shuddered.

“Well…. They’re both consenting adults. They’re not doing anything wrong.”

You glared at him, mainly because you knew he was right. But you did not want to deal with this right now. It was weird and odd and you did not like it one bit.

“You better hope that any serial killers keep their urges contained tonight because I’m getting drunk. Where’s the nearest liquor store.”

Spencer sighed and directed you. He knew you had to work through this revelation in your own way. He was shocked himself and he had never expected to see your mother and his ex boss in such a comprising position. He could do with a drink too he decided.

…

“Here. Coffee.” Spencer placed a mug down in front of you and you winced, the sound of the ceramic hitting the table was painful to your ears. You picked it up gratefully, sipping the dark liquid.

“So, are we actually going to the family meal tonight? Your mother messaged me to ask seeing as you’re not responding to her.”

One look at Spencer and he knew the answer. Apparently you were taking this badly.

“Agent Y/L/N, Dr Reid, you both have a visitor in my office.” SSA Prentiss had walked over to your desk and your heart sank a little with her words. Would your mother really dare come into your workplace?

No, she wouldn’t. She didn’t need to, she had someone already on the inside.

“Y/N, Spencer, I’m so very sorry you saw what you did last night. You weren’t meant to find out like that.” Aaron Hotchner was perched on the edge of Emily’s desk and you felt Spencer grab your arm to keep you from leaving. He knew you too well.

“Your mother is upset. You won’t answer her calls. She says you’ve never reacted like this before,
that you’ve always been respectful and pleased when she’s found a partner.”

“Well those partners weren’t someone I regularly work with!” You exclaimed in anger. “How long has this been going on for anyway? Did you know she was my mother?”

“I didn’t know she was your mother at first. And we’ve been talking for nearly a year now, we met online, before I was back in town.”

“My mother meets men online now? Christ almighty. How many horror stories do I have to tell her before she’ll let me run background checks ….. Not that I’d ever abuse my position here…..”

Aaron tried to hide a smile. Having worked for the FBI for as long as he had he had also been very dubious about online dating apps.

“When did you realise I was her daughter?”

Now he looked sheepish. “Not long after we met. Which was around six months ago.” He braced himself.

“Six months!! You’ve consultant on a number of cases with us during that time. How could you work with me knowing that you were going to home to my….” You shook your head, not wanting to continue.

“Look, I understand you’re angry and upset. But your mother and I, we didn’t want to tell you until we were sure there was something to tell.”

“What’s that meant to mean?”

Aaron shifted slightly and coughed, clearing his throat. “If it was just to be a… well a fling, then it would make things awkward between us here so we didn’t see the point in telling you. But now we know it’s not just a fling. Y/N…. I, well, I’ve fallen in love with her. It’s serious between us now which is why we called the family meal tonight so we could tell you.”

You focused on one part of that. “You love her?”

He nodded. “Very much so.”

“Oh. Well…. Oh.”

How could you be angry if it was love? You wanted your mother to be happy.

“Right. Well… Just don’t, don’t be a dick to her yeah?”

He raised his eyebrows at you and you realised what you’d said to someone that had held a much senior position than you. You held your ground though and didn’t apologise.

“Can I tell her that you’ll be joining us later?” Aaron asked and you sighed.

“Yes fine. I’ll be there. Now, this is weird and I’m still uncomfortable so I’m going to go and get some work done.”

Hotch nodded to you both and you left the room, making your way back to your desk with Spencer following you.

“Are you really okay with this?” he asked you tentively.
“Well I don’t really have much of a choice if they’re in love. I still can’t be believe it though. Aaron Hotchner is dating my mom.”

“Hotch is dating your mom!!” Penelope Garcia squealed and you realised that you had not been paying attention to your surroundings and that Penny had walked by at the exact moment those words had left your mouth. And she was loud, so very loud. You face palmed as the team quickly surrounded you and Spencer.

“Hotch is dating your mother? Is that true?” Emily asked, her eyes flickering up to her office where Aaron still was.

You groaned and decided there was no point in denying it. “Yes. I found out last night.”

“Oh my god!!” Garcia squealed again. “Oh my god, if they get married he’ll be your stepfather. Will you have to call him daddy??”

“Penelope, I don’t even call my actual father daddy anymore. The Internet has completely ruined that word for me.”

“Babe, you took those words right out of my mouth,” Tara commented and the rest of the team laughed.

“Now erm, can you all go away please. I got very drunk last night after this new revelation and you’re all breathing a little too loudly for my liking.”
The Wreckage On The Rocks

It had been a long week and Spencer was looking forward to finally getting to spend some time with his family. He was away from them so often and family time was so sparse that he had to value it when it came around. He should be home just in time to put the kids to bed our so he thought.

As he pulled into the driveway he could see that the bedrooms where the kids slept were dark, the only light in the house was the dim strip showing through the lounge curtains. He parked up and unlocked the door, entering the lounge where his wife was sat, a glass of wine in her hands. She paused the TV and turned to him.

“Hey Y/N. Are the kids already asleep? I thought I might make it home in time to get them settled for the night.”

Abby was eight and Jacob was five, it had been a while since he’d done bedtime duties but he was sure they wouldn’t have been down already.

“Nope, they’re not here. They’re with my mom for the weekend.”

“Oh. Any particular reason? I thought we’d spend some time together. It feels like ages since we did anything together as a family.”

“Exactly.” Y/N’s voice was curt, an edge to it he couldn’t place.

“Is something wrong?” he asked carefully.

"It has been ages since we’ve spent any time together as a family.” She rose from her seat and reached for the bottle that was on the coffee table, refilling her glass. “You know, Jacob had his parents evening six weeks ago. You were meant to be there…."

"I… I know, but we had that case where….”

"I know you had a case,” she interrupted him. “There’s always a case. Cases that make you miss parents evenings, cases that make you miss Abby’s recitals, there’s always something. Anyway, his teacher asked me if everything was okay at home. Said Jacob didn’t really mention his father at all, and when asked about you he apparently told her that he thought his daddy didn’t love him anymore.”

Spencer’s face crumpled. Of course he loved his son and his daughter. They were the lights of his life. “Why… Why didn’t you tell me?”

"I was going to but you didn’t come home. And then the case stretched on and on and you didn’t come home for over a week and by then, well, by then I’d started to wonder.”

She began to pace back and forth slowly in front of the fireplace and Spencer felt a sinking feeling in his stomach.

“T… I know you love your kids Spencer. But, you don’t see them. You don’t spend any time with them or with me.”

“But…. but it’s my job,” Spencer protested.

“Ten years ago when we first started dating, I got that. I thought you were a hero, a hero in a
cardigan off saving the world at any given moment. You were my hero.” She smiled, wistfully, remembering happier times. “And then Abby came along and we talked about you cutting back, taking more of those lecturing jobs Emily told you she could arrange, taking more of a consulting role rather than running out into the field and risking your life. And everytime I bought it up, you told me soon.”

“And I mean it! I want to spend more time with you all.”

“This was eight years ago Spencer! Eight years since we first had that conversation and for eight years you’ve been saying the same thing. When Jacob was born you promised me, you promised me you’d take a desk job. I didn’t ask you to leave the FBI just move to another role. I left my job entirely so I could be with the kids whenever they needed me, I don’t think I was asking too much for you to work regular hours and not risk getting shot or stabbed or blown to pieces every time you take someone down. You promised me. You promised the kids.”

She wasn’t even angry. Spencer knew when she was angry, she would clench her fists so tightly she would draw blood from her palms but her hands were relaxed aside from the grasp on her wine glass. She was calm. Resolved. A decision already made.

“I… I know I did. And I will. It’s just… It’s just not easy for me.”

“It’s not? I remember you telling me about your old boss, about how he ended up losing his wife and nearly his son because he constantly put the BAU first. I’ve been patient, so very patient. But I just…. You’re never here. I’m constantly waiting for the phone to ring, for you to tell me you won’t be home. I’m constantly waiting, trying to think of new excuses to tell the kids, to try to explain why their dad can’t take them out. And I just can’t anymore.”

“What… What are you saying?” His heart was pounding and his palms were beginning to sweat. He started to take a seat but she shook her head.

“You remember the house up on that hill in Maine? The one we first saw ten years ago when we took our first weekend away together?”

He nodded glumly.

"It looked like any given moment it would tumble off the cliffside, into the ocean. Every year we went back together, and then with Abby and Jake, and each year a small part of it would have disappeared into the ocean.”

She took another drink and looked directly at him, sadness in her eyes. “The last four years it’s been just me and the kids. No matter how we try to plan it, you always get that call and it doesn’t matter that they say you don’t need to go in, that they just want your opinion, you still go. It doesn’t matter how much the kids are looking forward to spending time with their dad, you still go. I’ve actually been relieved these last few times. I don’t actually know how we could spend two entire weeks with just each other and the kids. I don’t know what we’d say to each other anymore.”

He went to open his mouth but no words came out. She continued on. “This last time, three weeks ago, we went down there whilst you were in New York, tracking down another serial killer and risking your life again. That house on the hillside, it’s not there anymore. It’s fallen apart completely and it’s just crumbled into the ocean below. And you know, it reminded me of our marriage. Year after year with each broken promise, a piece of our relationship has crumbled away. And now there’s nothing left. We’re like that house, we’re just a wreckage on the rocks below. All that’s left is pieces that don’t fit together anymore, that can’t fit together anymore.”
“No, Y/N, no. We can fix this, I can fix this.”

“Spencer, we can’t. I’ve booked you a room at the Holiday Inn, you can’t stay here. And I’ve made an appointment with a divorce lawyer. I can’t do this anymore. I won’t stop you seeing the kids but you need to actually turn up and see them when you say you will. You can’t keep letting them down the way you have been doing because if you do… Well, they’ll end up hating you. You need to figure out what your priorities are because up until now, it hasn’t been us.”

Tears started to stream down his cheeks and he felt his chest begin to grow tight. Y/N motioned towards the door and he spotted a suitcase and a holdall he hadn’t noticed before.

“The Holiday Inn is booked for a month under your name. That should give you time to find somewhere else to stay. I need you to leave now please Spencer.”

“No, I can’t just…. You can’t just… We need to talk!”

“No, we don’t. We’ve talked time and time again and each time it’s the same thing. You make promises which you don’t see through. We cannot live like this, the kids cannot live like this. It will be better this way. For us all.”

“Not for me it won’t! You can’t just make this decision for me.”

“I didn’t Spencer. You made this decision years ago, when you didn’t cut back your hours. When you missed both of your children’s first birthdays. You made this decision, it’s just taken me this long to actually act on it. You need to leave, now. My lawyer will be in touch to make arrangements for you to see the kids.”

He had no choice, not anymore. And he knew deep down that what she was saying was the truth. With a breaking heart he picked up the bags she’d packed for him and made his way to the front door.

“Leave your key on the table.”

He placed them down on the table by the front door, the sound echoing in his ears. That was the sound of his marriage ending, the sound of his life falling apart. As he walked through the door he wondered what sound the house on the hillside had made as it tumbled into the sea.
“Guys, we’ve got another case. I need you all in the briefing room in five.”

Spencer glanced up at the clock, seeing it was approaching 5pm.

“Have a good weekend Spencer, we’ll call if we need your expertise.” Emily strode passed him, touching his shoulder as she did so. He had to admit that he missed the thrill of the chase, he missed the exhilaration of the adrenaline rush whenever the team would rush out to the jet. But at least he was still involved. Consulting from the office and by phone when needed wasn’t exactly what he had signed up for all those years ago but now he had something better, it had just taken him a while to realise that.

Now he had time with his kids. When Y/N had forced him to leave 18 months ago he’d felt like the bottom of his world had dropped out. He also resented her at first. Yes, he had promised to cut back when Abby had been born and he had promised again, year after year, but he’d hated her for ending things the way she had. For more or less forcing him to change his hours because otherwise he wouldn’t get access to his kids at all if he didn’t keep up with agreed visitation times. But now he realised that if she hadn’t done that, then he wouldn’t have changed. He would have missed his children growing up. The first few visits with them once he’d gotten his own place had been strange, he’d been so used to having Y/N there to parent them that he’d forgotten how to do it himself, perhaps he’d never really known how to actually do it himself. He’d also forgotten that his children weren’t babies anymore. They were small people with ideas, with hopes and dreams. They were small people who were outstanding, who were brilliantly funny and who he wanted to spend more and more time with. He’d missed so much of their lives by putting his work first and he now knew that he couldn’t miss any more.

As the clock hit five he logged off his desktop and grabbed his bags, waving to Penelope as she rushed passed him. She grinned at him. “Give those little munchkins my love!”

“I will, see you Monday Penelope.”

It had taken him a while to get used to office hours but now he had joined the hordes of the 9 to 5ers, he didn’t think he could go back. There was the odd weekend when he didn’t have the kids that he’d go in and help out with paperwork, and occasionally the team would call just to get his expert opinion on something, but once the call was dealt with, it was done. He’d go back to being a father and that was a job he was relishing. Y/N had filed for divorce the week after she’d asked him to leave and the paperwork had been pushed through quickly. She’d kept the house, it was where the children had been bought up and she was the one who had made it their home not him, so it made no sense to fight her for it. She was generous with visitation as well, as she said she would be with the stipulation that only exceptional circumstances could mean that he could miss a visit. So he’d gone along with it, the FBI being far more accommodating that he had thought they would be. He was still able to remain within the BAU which he hadn’t thought would happen, he just didn’t go out into the field at all. He spent a lot of time at the Training Academy, teaching, which he quickly learned to love. Every other weekend he picked the kids up on a Friday night and dropped that at school on Monday mornings, and the weekends he didn’t have them, he’d have them Tuesday and Thursday evenings for a few hours. As he proved able to keep to his arrangements, Y/N offered up holidays and extended weekends as part of the agreement and soon they had an arrangement that worked for them and for the kids.

What didn’t work for him though, was not being with her. Although she’d been right, they had grown apart, he still missed her terribly. He’d been able to salvage his relationship with his children
and he so hoped that he could do the same with her. Their separation had never been nasty, there were never any cruel words exchanged between them and once the initial awkwardness of the first few months had worn off, he found himself being invited in for a drink when he’d drop the children off. They were able to talk about their lives, to converse as two people who had a shared interest (their children) should be able to.

Tonight, they were meeting at the local sports complex where Abby and Jacob had their swimming lessons. She’d messaged him asking if they could have a chat whilst the kids were swimming and then he could take them home for the weekend afterwards. His heart had leapt a little at that request. They’d been getting on so well together recently, and he thought that maybe, just maybe, the chat would be her wanting to discuss getting back together. It was certainly what he wanted as well.

After a short drive and finding a place to park, he found Y/N in the cafe overlooking the indoor pool. She smiled when she saw him enter, standing up and giving him a kiss on the cheek.

“Hey, I timed that right. I’ve literally just been and got us both coffees and cake! It’s Friday so I thought we could be naughty and have chocolate cake!” She giggled as they both sat down, motioning to the huge slabs of cake on the table. “Just don’t tell the kids, yeah.”

“As if I would,” Spencer replied happily. There had been such a difference in her demeanour recently, she was happier, more like the girl he had begun to date all those years ago. She tuck into her cake and he did the same, trying to ignore the way her tongue flicked out over her lips to catch the loose crumbs. After a few moments she paused, swallowing her mouthful and placing her fork down. He did the same.

“So I wanted to talk to you about something.”

“Yeah, you said in your message.” His heart began to beat a little faster as she pushed her hair behind her ears, an old nervous habit she had.

“We’re good right, me and you? We’re friends now aren’t we?”

He nodded and she smiled.

“I’m glad about that. I’m glad we’ve managed to become friends. In fact, I think we’ve got a better relationship now than we did for those last few years.”

“I think so too,” he replied. “I’m so, so very so….”

She held up her hands, stopping him from his apology. “Spencer, you don’t need to do that anymore. Stop apologising. It was a shitty time yes, but we’re through it now and the kids adore you again. You came good in the end, you’ve changed and I’m so very happy about that.”

She took a sip of her coffee and then continued. “I wanted to ask you something. Well not to ask you something but more to tell you something.”

Was this going to be the moment he wanted?

“I’ve… I’ve erm, well you know how I went back to work?” He did. She had given up teaching when Abby had come along but had returned not long after he had moved out. “Well…. I’ve met someone there.”

“Like, a new friend?” Spencer asked quietly.

“No Spencer. Well, yes, he’s a friend but he’s a lot more than that. The kids already know of him, he
teaches at their school, but I want to introduce him to them as.. well as my…. Gosh, it seems so weird to say but, as my boyfriend.”

Oh. This was not the news Spencer had been waiting for. She didn’t want to get back together with him, she had someone new. Which could account for how happy she’d been recently.

“Spencer?” He realised he’d been quiet for a lot longer than was appropriate and she was looking at him worriedly.

“Yes, sorry. I was just…. “

“Surprised?” He nodded. “I know, so was I. I didn’t expect it to happen, I wasn’t even looking for anything but well, it did. Adam makes me happy and he’s great with kids, and he’s in a pretty similar situation to me really. Divorced for two years, he’s got a daughter who’s the same age as Abby as well. He just…. He makes me… “

“Happy, I get it.” Spencer was glum and she could see it. She reached across the table and rested her hand over his, squeezing lightly.

“I’m sorry Spencer. I didn’t… I don’t want to….”

She felt sorry for him and that much was obvious. And he didn’t want that. He didn’t want her to feel bad for him, in fact he didn’t even want her to feel bad at all. He’d made her feel that way for long enough and it was time for her to be happy. And it was time for him to move on.

He forced a smile onto his face and placed his own hand on top of hers, squeezing back.

“It’s fine, honestly, it’s fine. I just wasn’t expecting it. But you deserve to be happy and if he’s making you happy then I’m glad. So go ahead and introduce him to the kids as your partner, I’m fine with it.”

He wasn’t but he would make himself be fine with it.

“Thank you. I appreciate that so much. You know, it doesn’t matter how bad it got between us Spencer, there’s a part of me that will always love you. You gave me the most important thing, our children, and I’ll always love you for that.”

He smiled again, it still not quite reaching his eyes but it seemed to do the trick.

“Daddy!”

Two young voices sang out from across the cafe and then two bodies hurtled towards him. He stood up and let his torso take the impact as his kids wrapped their arms around him, immediately lifting his mood.

They were what was important now. He’d left it too long to salvage his romantic relationship with Y/N and he knew that, he should have realised that instead of holding onto hope. But she was happy now and his kids were happy.

So for the most part, so was he.
“Abby, are you sure this what you want to do on your sixteenth birthday?” Y/N asked her daughter who just eye rolled at her.

“Yes Mom, I’ve already told you. A nice walk along the beach with all the family and then we can have a barbecue in the back yard.”

“Only on the condition that your dad doesn’t cook. I still have remember his last attempt at grilling out but you probably don’t. We all spent 24 hours vomiting.”

Abby turned to her father who was turning a shade of red. “Did you really give us all food poisoning?”

Spencer nodded. “I’m rather ashamed to admit that I did. But this was a long time ago and I cook much better nowadays. Still though, if someone else wants to take the lead on the food side of things then I’d be happy to let them.”

Abby turned to her stepfather her was fielding a disagreement between Jacob and their youngest sibling, the three year old Nicholas.

“Adam, will you cook this afternoon. Mom said dad gave us all good poisoning the last time he barbecued.”

Adam paused his referring role briefly to the answer her. “Sure thing Abs. Whatever the birthday girl wants.”

“Thaaaaanks. Now come on guys.”

An hour later and the entire family were strolling down the beach, the wind in their hair and the sand crunching below their shoes. Both Spencer and Y/N had been suprised when they’d offered Abby a sweet sixteen party and she’d rejected the idea. No, what she really wanted to do was to go back to Maine. She hadn’t been since she was eight, since the divorce and she missed it. And she wanted all of her family there. So Y/N and Spencer colluded together and booked two separate holiday homes, right next door to each other. One for Y/N, Adam, Nicholas and Sophia, Adam’s daughter from his previous marriage, and one for Spencer, Ashley and their new baby girl, Jennifer, named of course after Spencer’s best friend who had had to deliver the baby during a freak storm. Jacob and Abby could go between the two houses as they pleased during the weeks vacation.

As they walked together, the kids running ahead and playing various iterations of tag, both Spencer and Y/N reflected on their relationship. Things had changed and they had changed for the better. Y/N regretted hurting Spencer the way she had those eight years ago but she knew she had to do it, for his and his children’s sake as much as her own. And as painful as it had been at the time, they both knew that it had been worth it.

Y/N had married Adam four years ago, Spencer and his then girlfriend Ashley attending with smiles on their faces. And when Spencer and Ashley had married last year, Y/N and Adam had been there to wish them the best of luck. There was no animosity between the two family’s, only mutual appreciation and friendship. As a teacher Y/N often saw the affects of unhappy parents on children and she was so pleased and thankful that she and Spencer had managed to save their failed marriage and turn it into something else.

As they walked further down the beach both Y/N and Spencer recognised the surroundings, they
had walked this path many a time together as a young couple and then with Abby and Jacob. Abby had chosen the route today, the birthday girl was making all of the decisions. As a very familiar hill loomed upon them both Y/N and Spencer stopped, coming to a halt next to each other. They had both seen the same thing.

Abby ran towards them both, her fair hair whipping around her face in the wind. She had bought them here for a reason. A few years before she had asked her mother to explain again why she and her father had divorced and her mother had told her a story about a house upon a hillside in Maine. She remembered seeing the house herself and remembered how the last time she had been here with just her mother, how sad she’d been. The house had disappeared, crumbled into the ocean. Y/N had explained to her daughter, feeling no need to hide the reasons behind her divorce, that the house reminded her of her marriage. A quick Google search had give the teenager an idea and a plan had been born. One that she knew would put a smile on her parents faces.

“You see it?!” Their daughter, so very wise beyond her sixteen years pointed to the top of the hill and both Spencer and Y/N saw what she was directing them to. Adam and Ashley stood off to one side, not quite understanding but knowing that their respective spouses would explain later.

Upon the hill was a new house, set further back from the edge. It looked like it had been lovingly built to resemble the first home that had been there, the style was the same but it was larger, extended somehow.

“They rebuilt it,” Y/N whispered to her ex husband, her friend.

“They did. But they made it different, they made it better. It won’t fall apart now.”

Standing there side by side Spencer and Y/N’s hands found each others, clasping them and squeezing briefly before letting it go.

They wouldn’t fall apart now, their family was stronger, extended, just like the house upon the hill. It was no longer a wreckage on the rocks.

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